Gospel Hymns

Nos. 1 to 6 Complete

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Gospel Hymns

Nos. 1 to 6 Complete

BY

Ira D. Sankey

James McGranahan and Geo. C. Stebbins

(DIAMOND EDITION)

The John Church Co.
CINCINNATI
CHICAGO | NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN, and GEO. C. STEBBINS, are now compiled in this volume under the title of

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 TO 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns renumbered in consecutive order from 1 to 739.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be found over 125 of the most useful and popular STANDARD HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE CHURCH.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

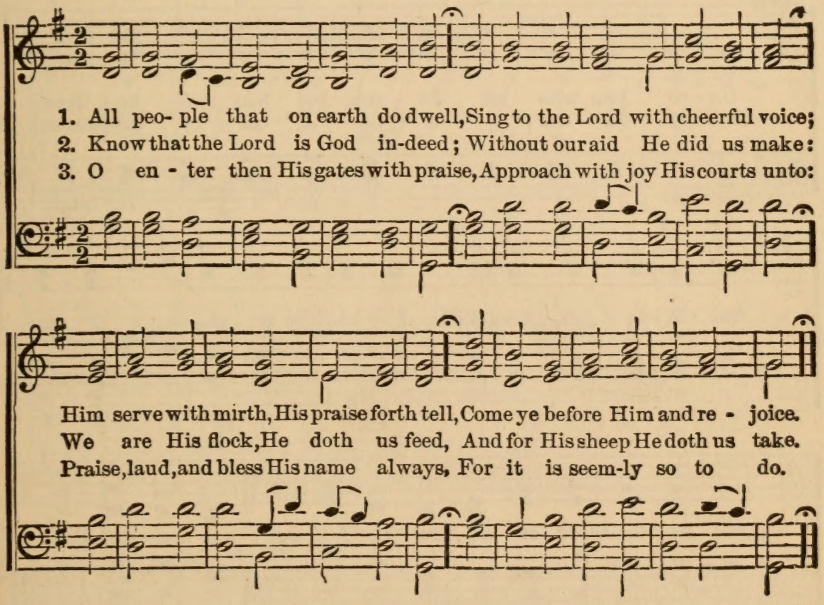
GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6 COMPLETE.

No. 1. All People that on Earth.

"Come before his presence with singing."—PSA. 100: 2.

REV. WM. KETHE. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) L. BOURGEOIS.


1. All peo- ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make:
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 2. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOS. KEN, 1697.

GRACE.

May be sung before and after meat.

No. 3. Blessing Invoked.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

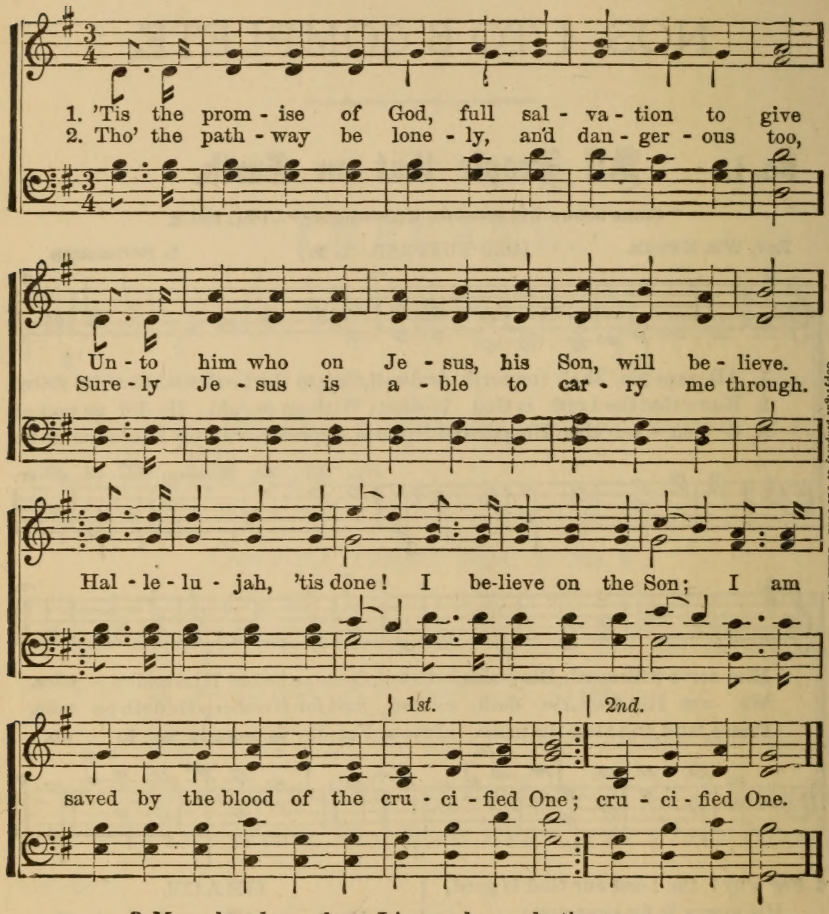
No. 4. Thanks Returned.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

No. 5. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
Un - to him who on Je - sus, his Son, will be - lieve.
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am
1st.
2nd.
saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

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3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

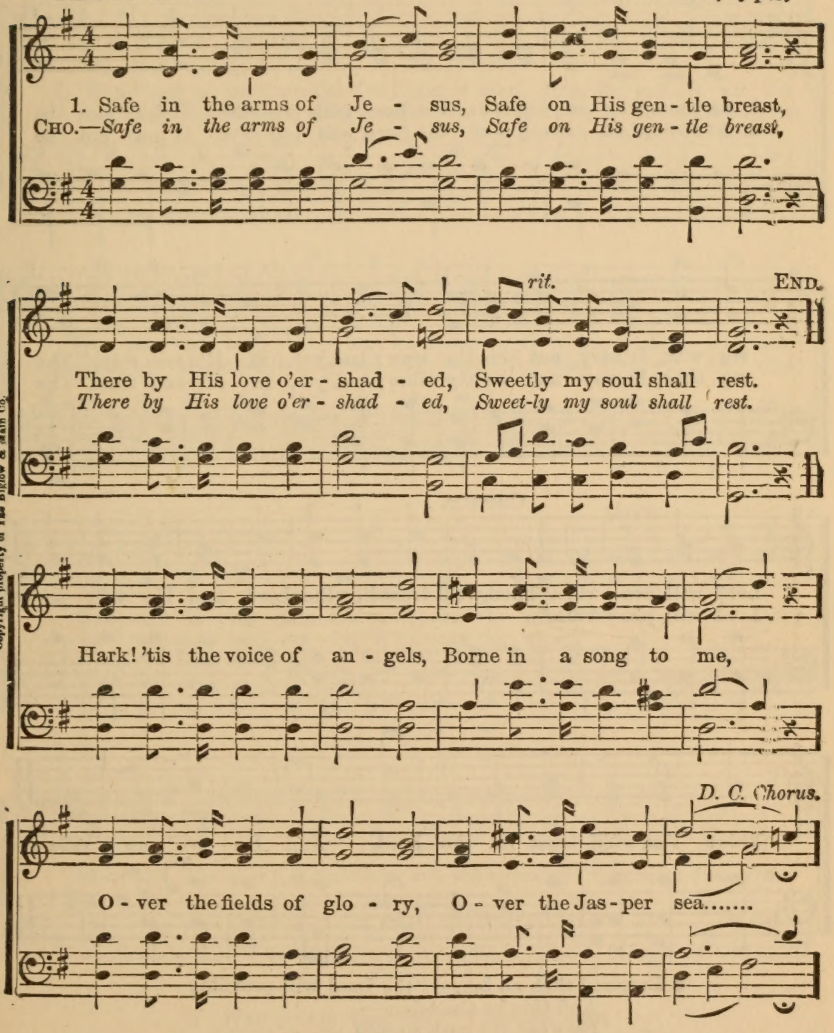
4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

No. 6. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
rit.
END.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
D. C. Chorus.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.....

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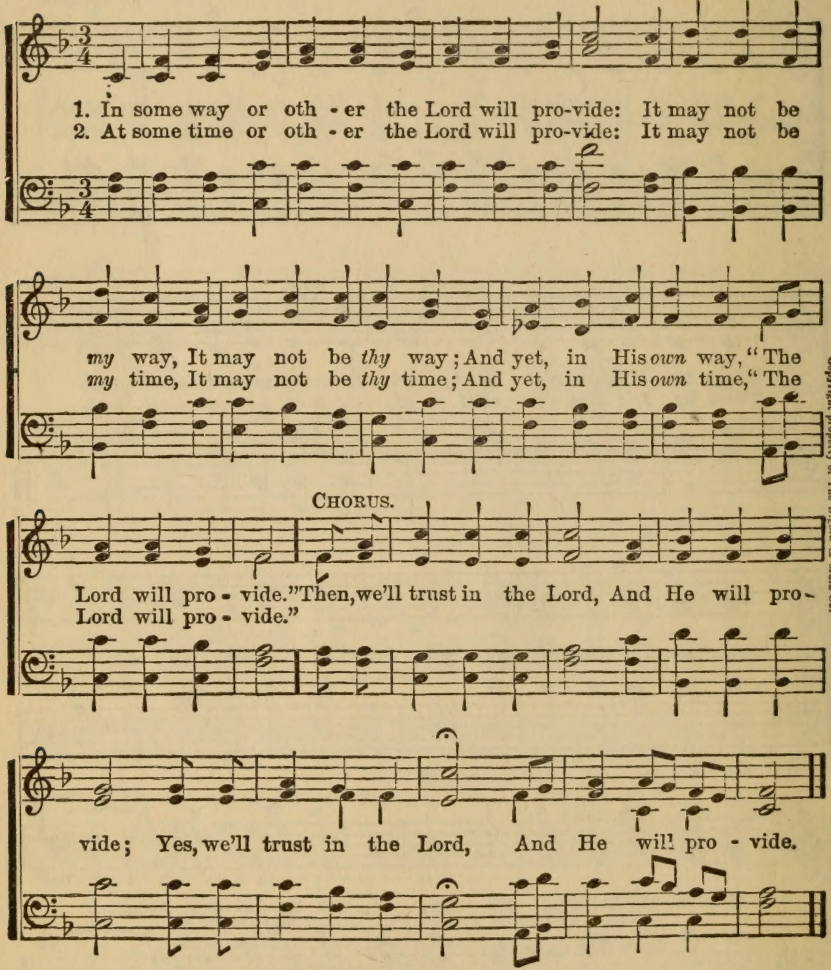
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

No. 7. The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5:7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.


1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be
my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in His own way, "The
my time, It may not be thy time; And yet, in His own time, "The
CHORUS.
Lord will pro - vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro-
Lord will pro - vide."
vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

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3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

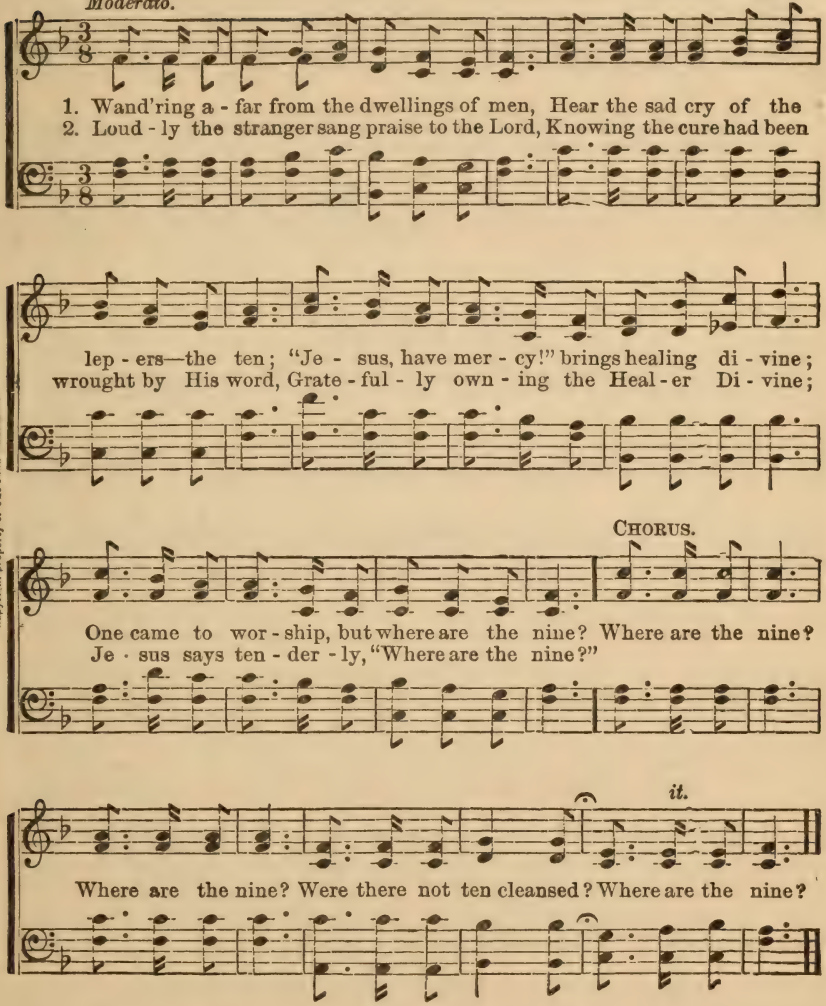
4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 8. Where Are the Nine?

Read Luke 17: 12-19.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Moderato.


1. Wand'ring a - far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the
2. Loud - ly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Knowing the cure had been
lep - ers—the ten; "Je - sus, have mer - cy!" brings healing di - vine;
wrought by His word, Grate - ful - ly own - ing the Heal - er Di - vine;
Chorus.
One came to wor - ship, but where are the nine? Where are the nine?
Je - sus says ten - der - ly, "Where are the nine?"
it.
Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

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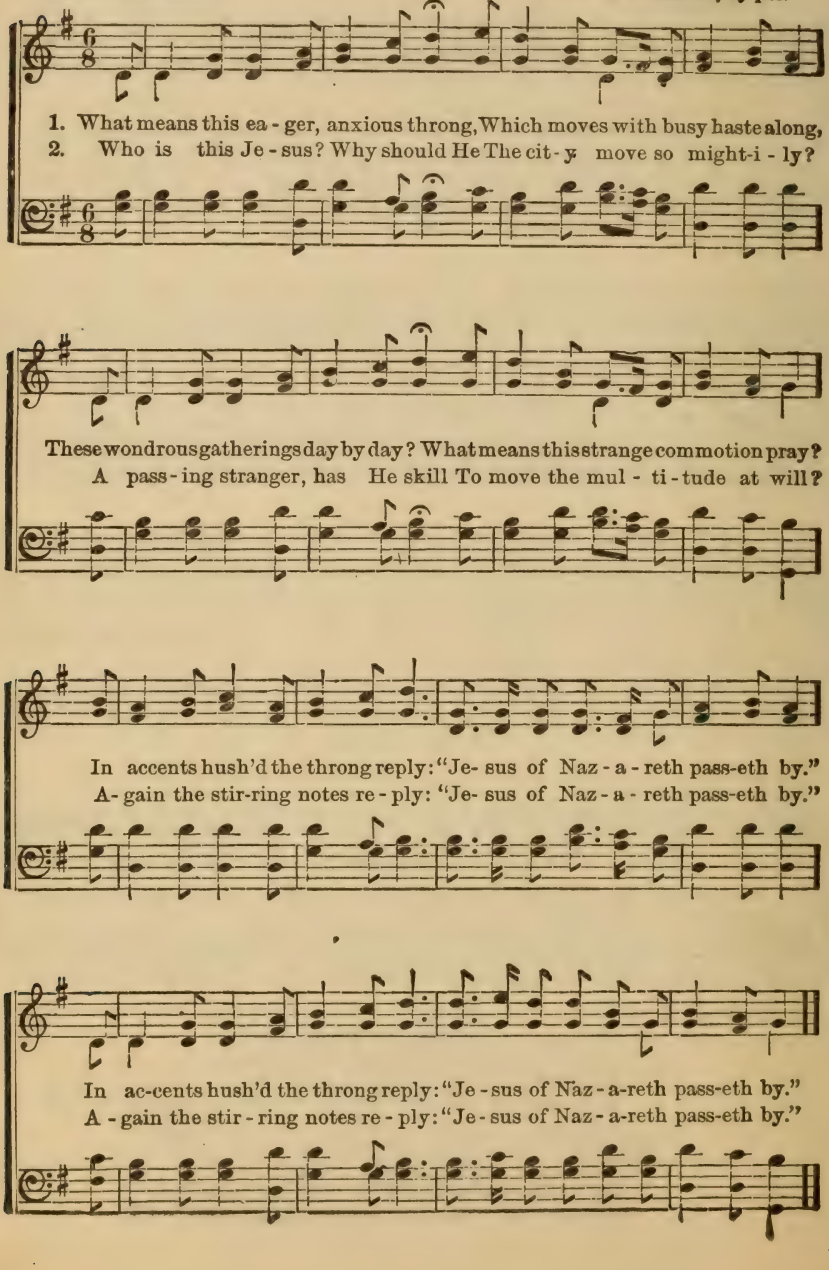
3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

No. 9. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that is was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.


1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along,
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might-i - ly?
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir-ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
In ac-cents hush'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."

Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

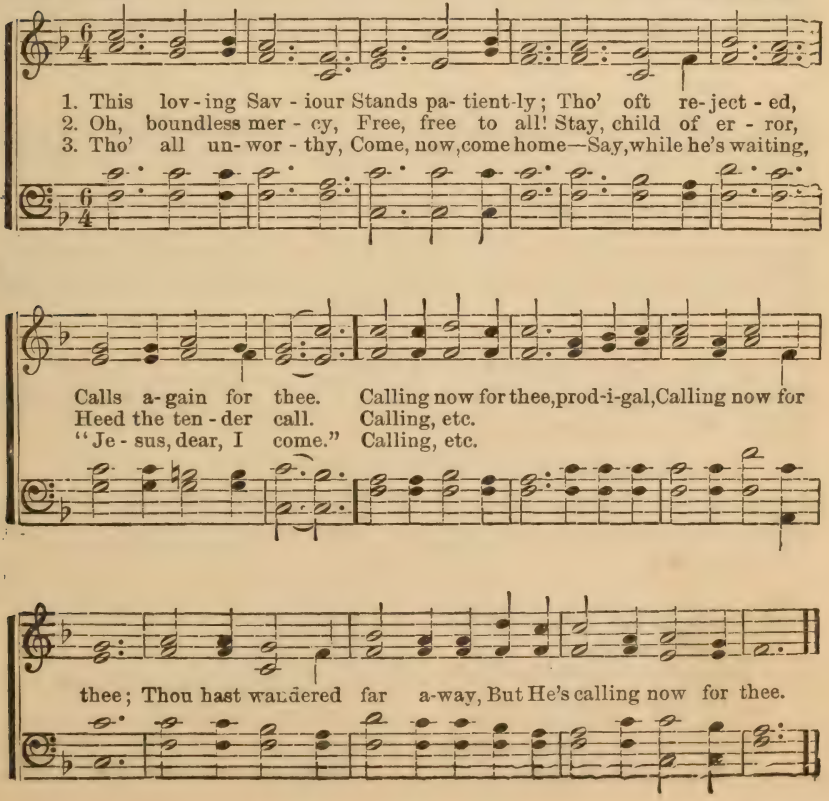
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 10. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

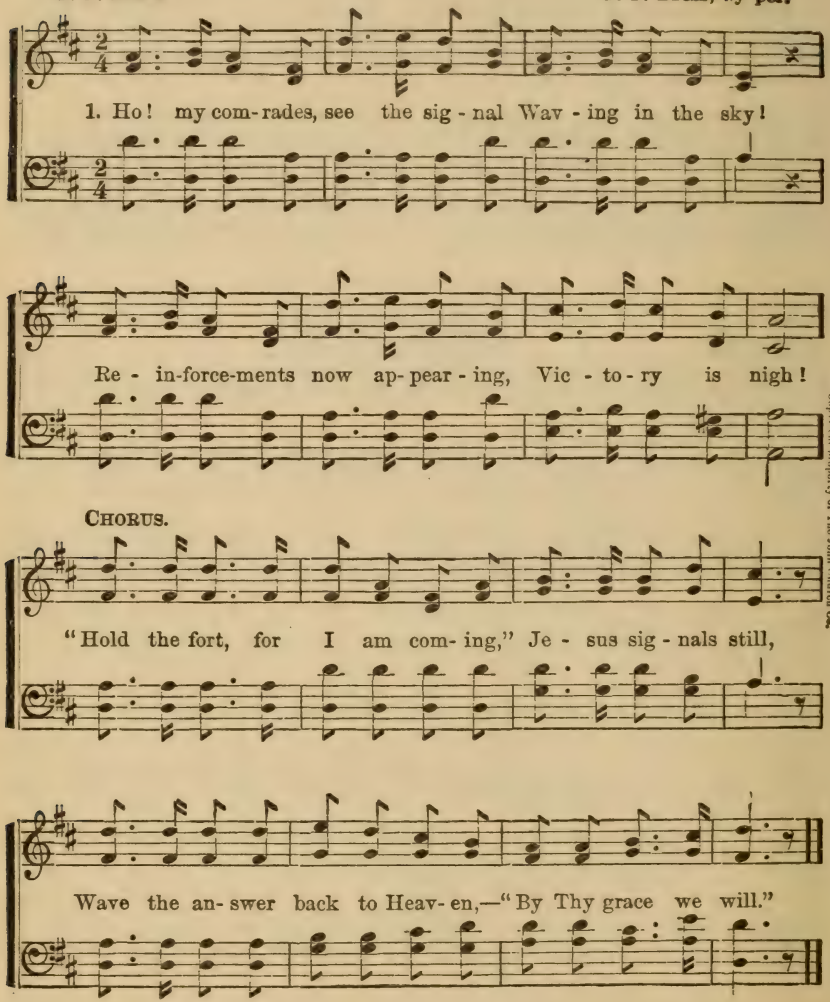
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. This lov-ing Sav-iour Stands pa-tient-ly; Tho' oft re-ject-ed,
2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,
3. Tho' all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting,
Calls a-gain for thee. Calling now for thee, prod-i-gal, Calling now for
Heed the ten-der call. Calling, etc.
"Je-sus, dear, I come." Calling, etc.
thee; Thou hast wandered far a-way, But He's calling now for thee.

No. 11. Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2:25.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh!
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still,
Wave the an-swer back to Heav-en,—"By Thy grace we will."

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2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

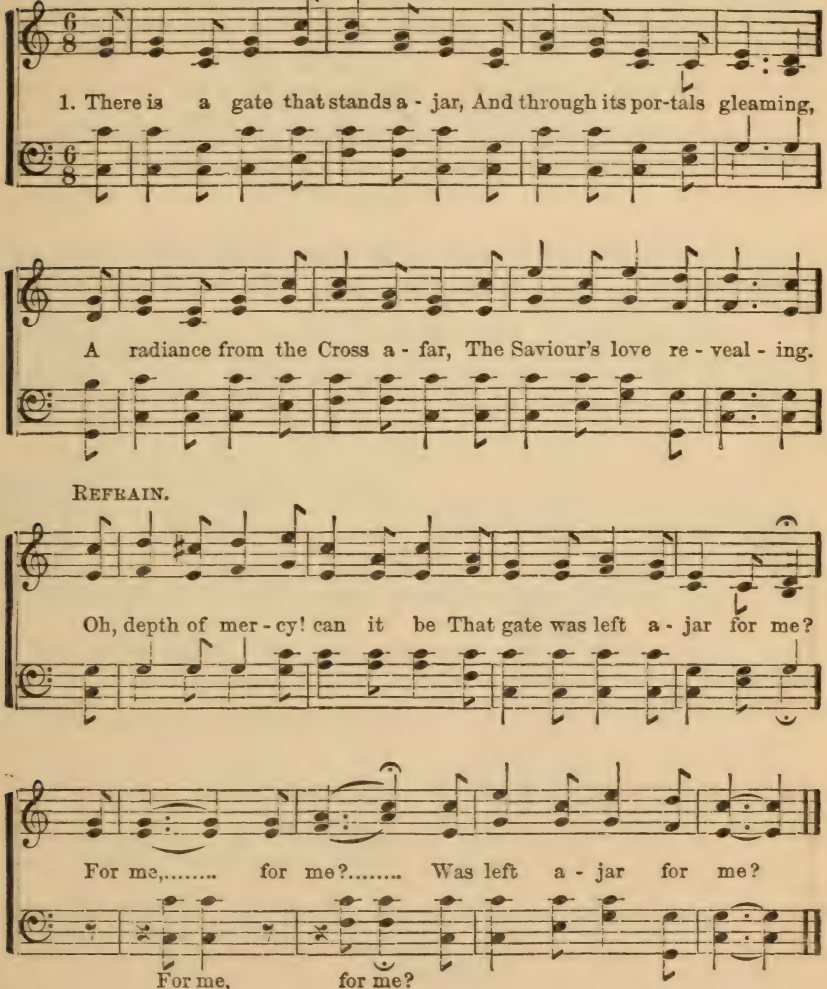
3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*

No. 12. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por-tals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
Refrain.
Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open:
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

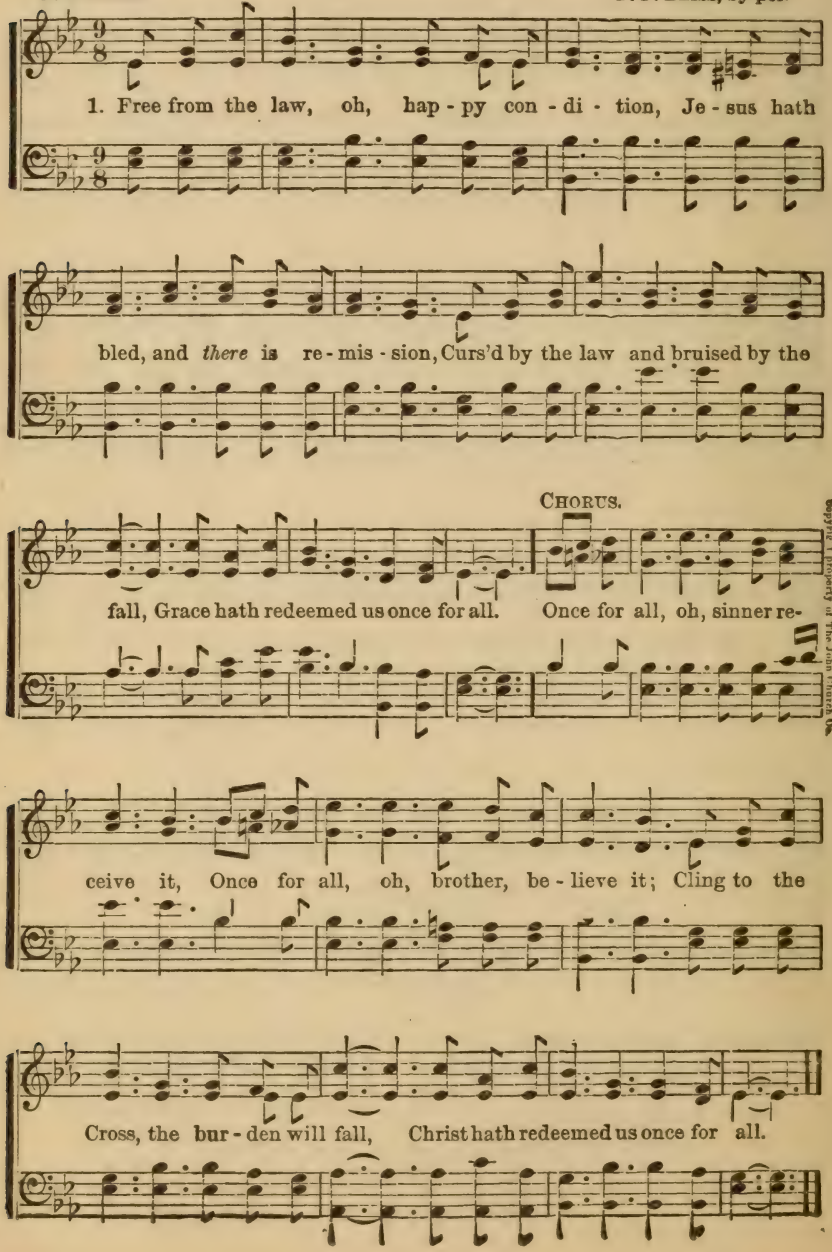
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

No. 13.

Once for All.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath
bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion, Curs'd by the law and bruised by the
CHORUS.
fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, oh, sinner re-
ceive it, Once for all, oh, brother, be - lieve it; Cling to the
Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

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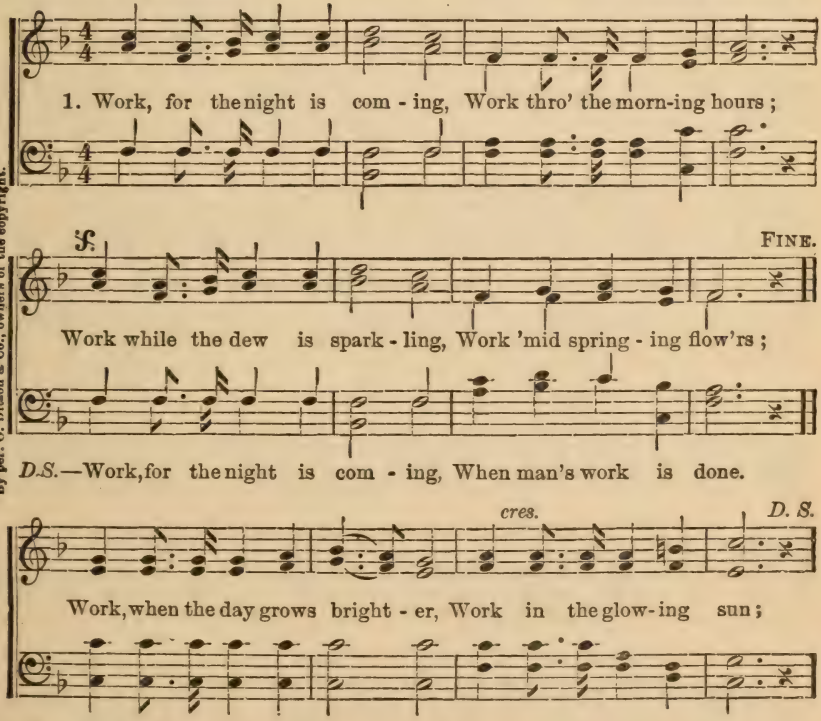
Once for all.—Concluded.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

No. 14. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
f.
FINE.
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
cres.
D. S.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

ery per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

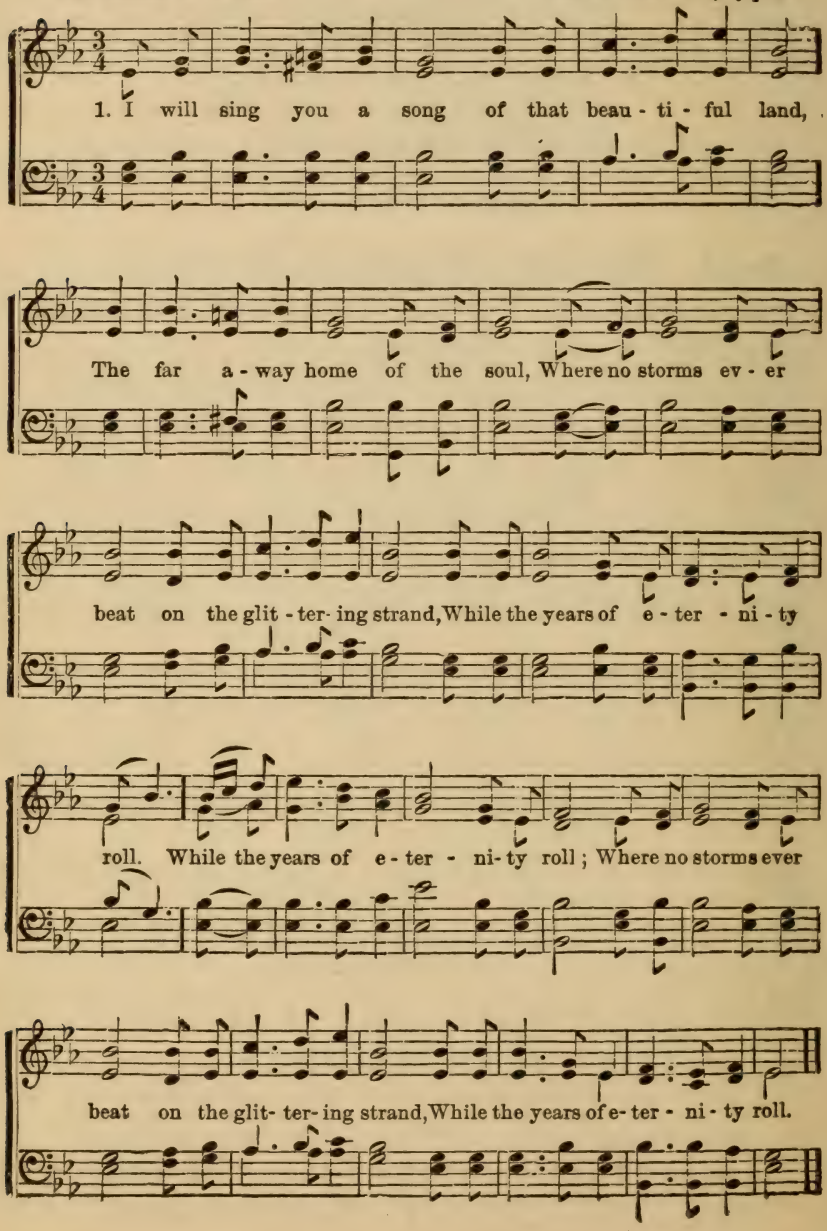
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 15.

Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
beat on the glit - ter- ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ever
beat on the glit- ter- ing strand, While the years of e- ter - ni - ty roll.

Home of the soul.—Concluded.

3 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖ Till I fancy, etc.

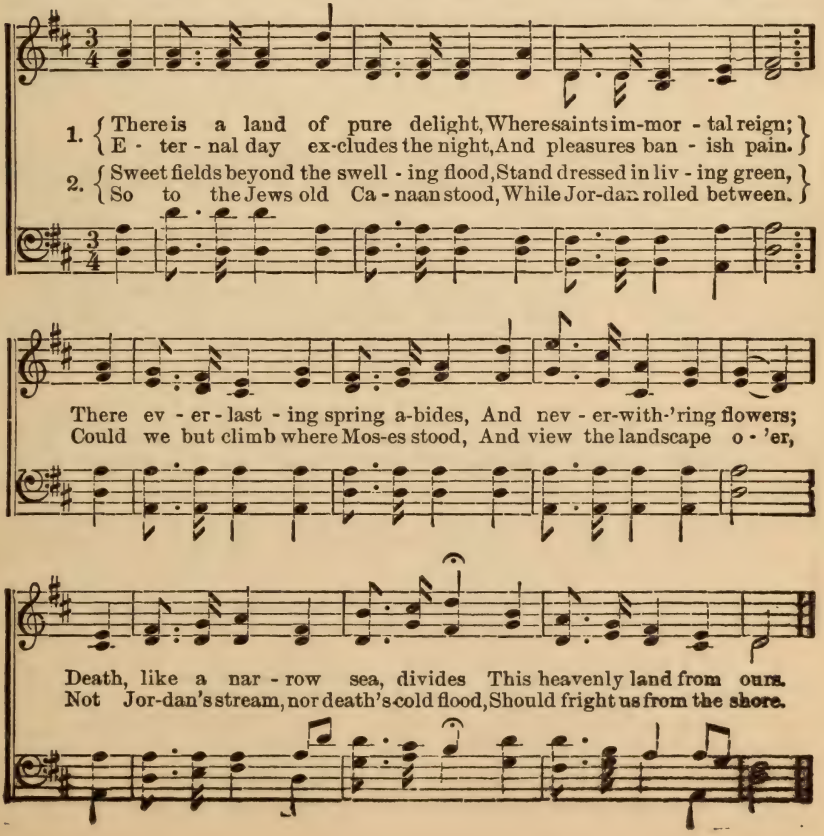
3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖ The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖ With songs on, etc.

No. 16. There is a land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

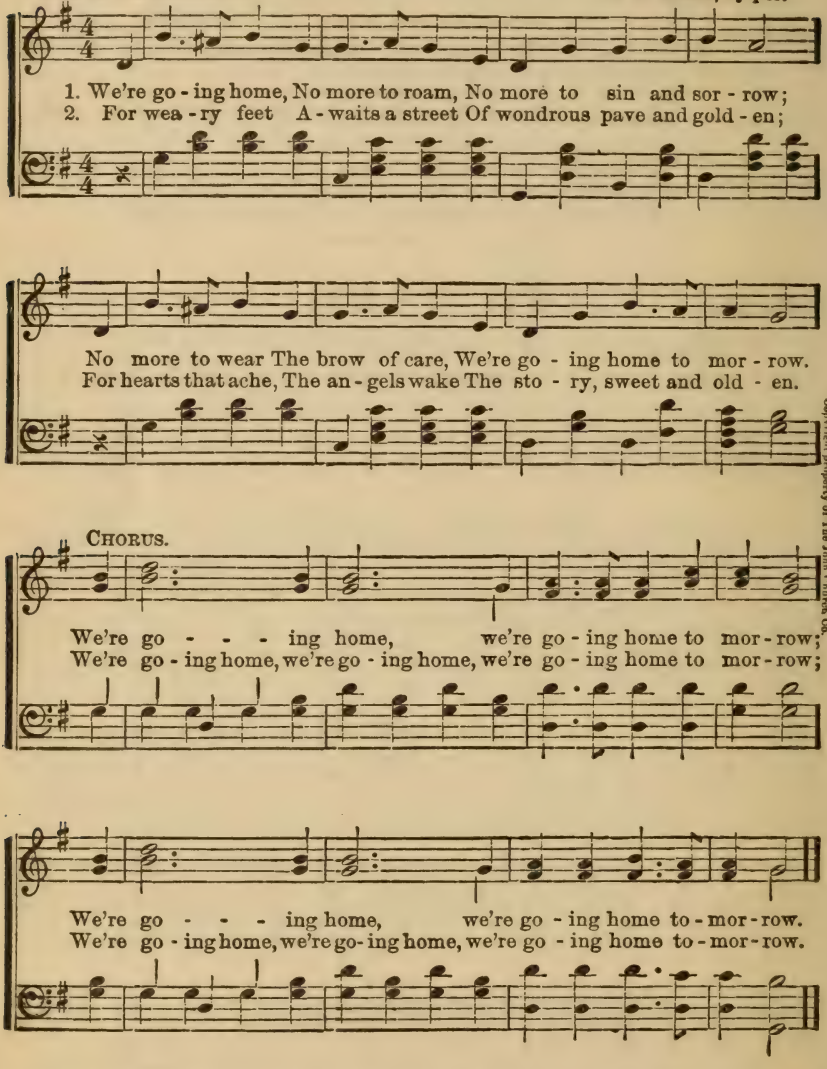
ISAAC WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor - tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
2. Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green,
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flowers;
Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the landscape o - 'er,
Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 17. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. We're go - ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor - row;
2. For wea - ry feet A - waits a street Of wondrous pave and gold - en;
No more to wear The brow of care, We're go - ing home to mor - row.
For hearts that ache, The an - gels wake The sto - ry, sweet and old - en.
Chorus.
We're go - - - ing home, we're go - ing home to mor - row;
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to mor - row;
We're go - - - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor - row.
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor - row.

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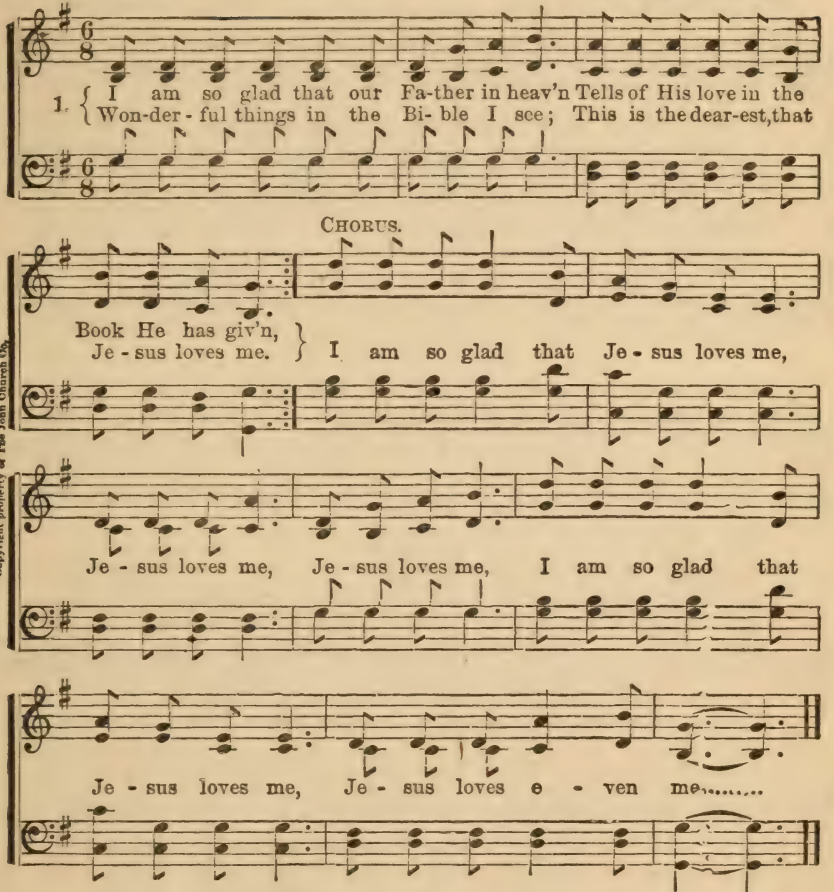
3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever:
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever!

No. 18. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4:8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that
CHORUS.
Book He has giv'n,
Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that Je-sus loves me,
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, I am so glad that
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.....

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2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

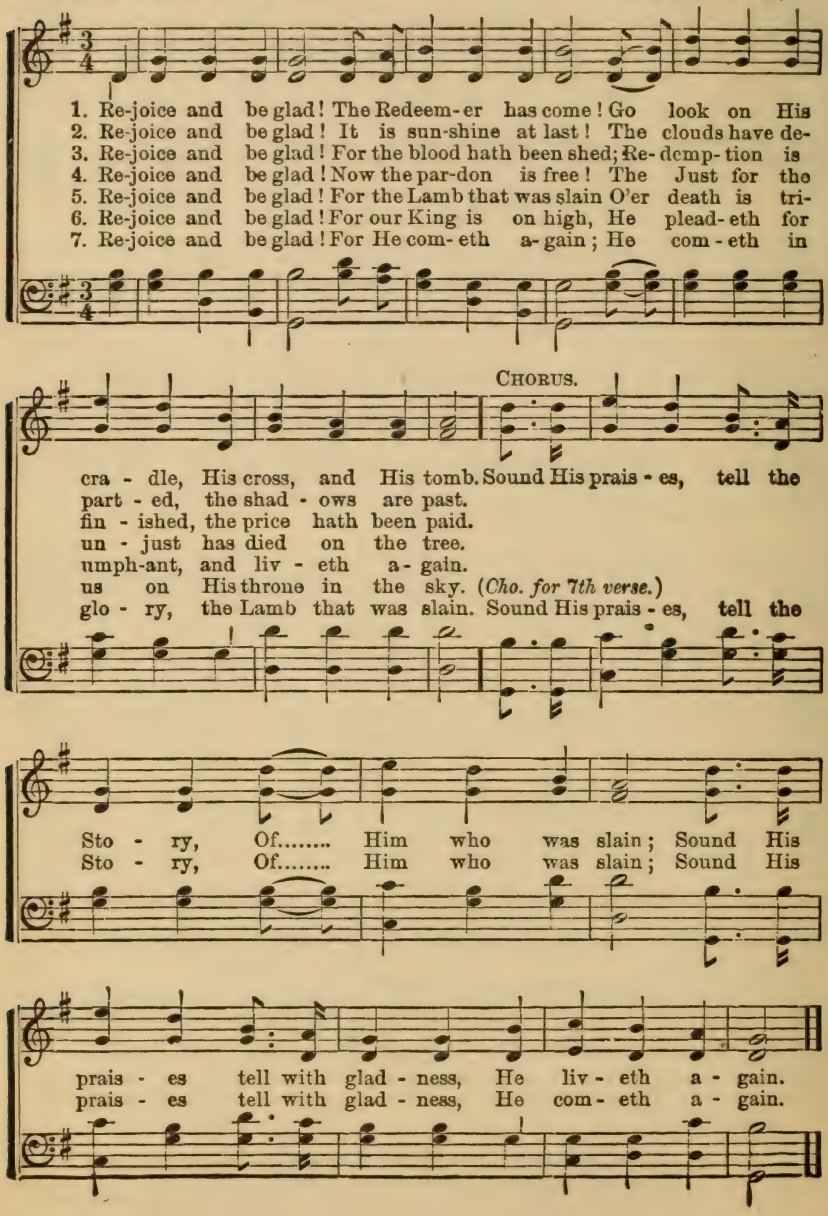
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

No. 19. Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1874. John J. Husband.


1. Re-joice and be glad! The Redeem-er has come! Go look on His
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The Just for the
5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri-
6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead-eth for
7. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a-gain; He com-eth in
Chorus.
cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais - es, tell the
part - ed, the shad - ows are past.
fin - ished, the price hath been paid.
un - just has died on the tree.
umph-ant, and liv - eth a - gain.
us on His throne in the sky. (Cho. for 7th verse.)
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais - es, tell the
Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His
Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His
prais - es tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.
prais - es tell with glad - ness, He com - eth a - gain.

No. 20. Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 18.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.

1 We praise Thee O, God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

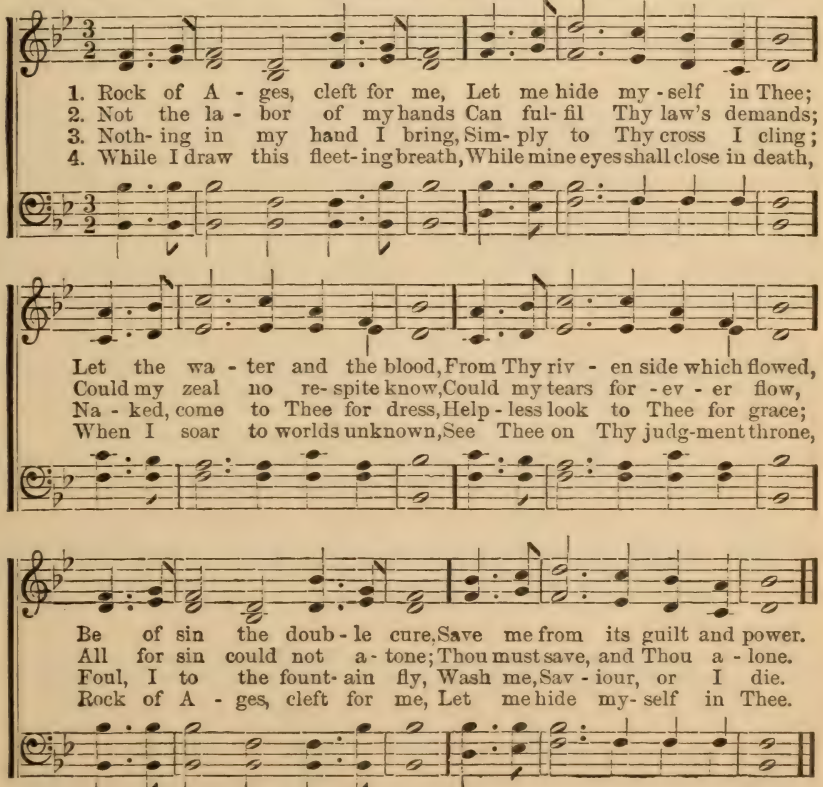
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY.

No. 21. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

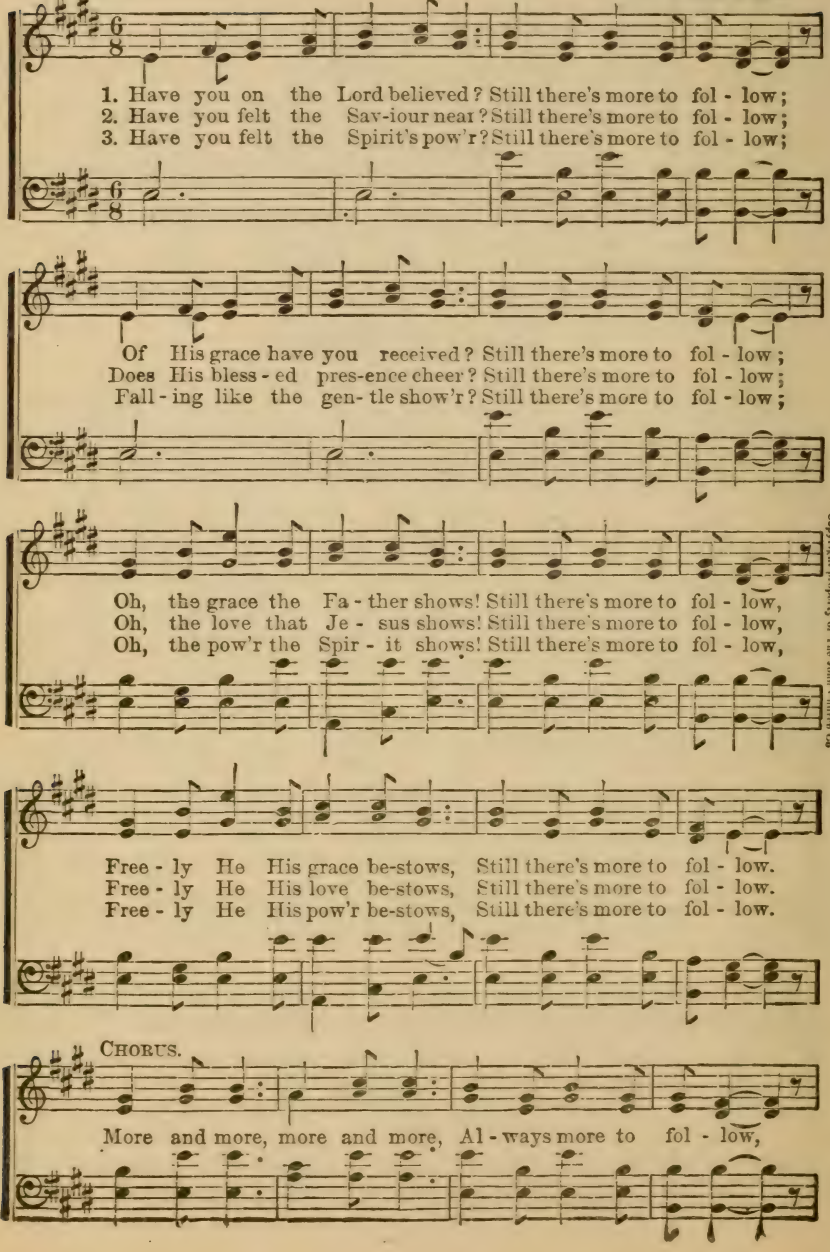
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY 7s. 6 lines.) Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful- fil Thy law's demands;
3. Noth- ing in my hand I bring, Sim- ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet- ing breath, While mine eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re- spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the fount- ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

No. 22. "More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4: 6.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol - low;
2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol - low;
3. Have you felt the Spirit's pow'r? Still there's more to fol - low;
Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to fol - low;
Does His bless - ed pres-ence cheer? Still there's more to fol - low;
Fall - ing like the gen- tle show'r? Still there's more to fol - low;
Oh, the grace the Fa - ther shows! Still there's more to fol - low,
Oh, the love that Je - sus shows! Still there's more to fol - low,
Oh, the pow'r the Spir - it shows! Still there's more to fol - low,
Free - ly He His grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.
Free - ly He His love be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.
Free - ly He His pow'r be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.
CHORUS.
More and more, more and more, Al - ways more to fol - low,

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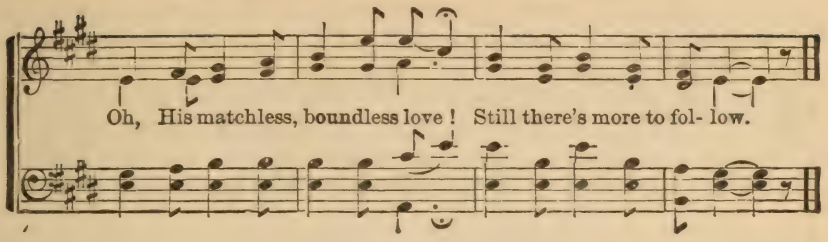
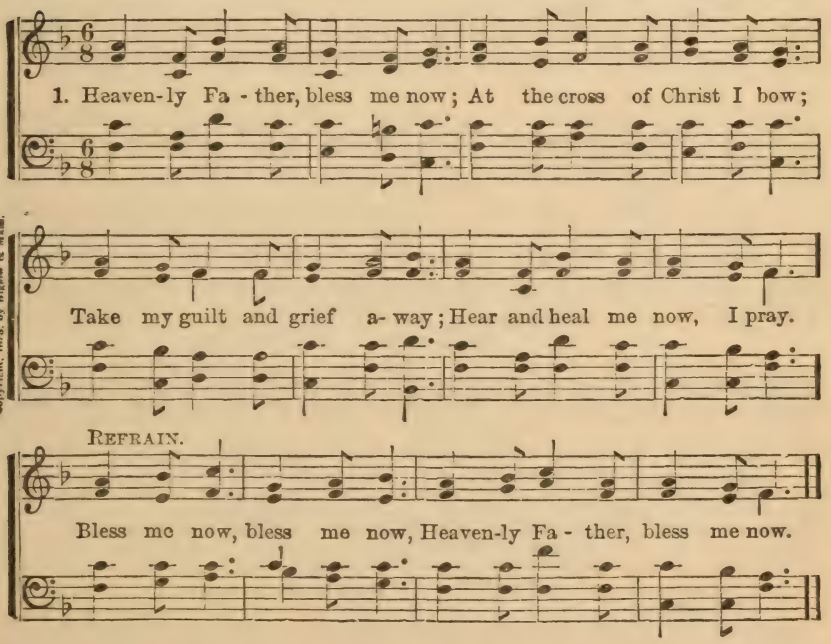


No. 23. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now's the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.


1. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief a- way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.
Refrain.
Bless me now, bless me now, Heaven-ly Fa - ther, bless me now.

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2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

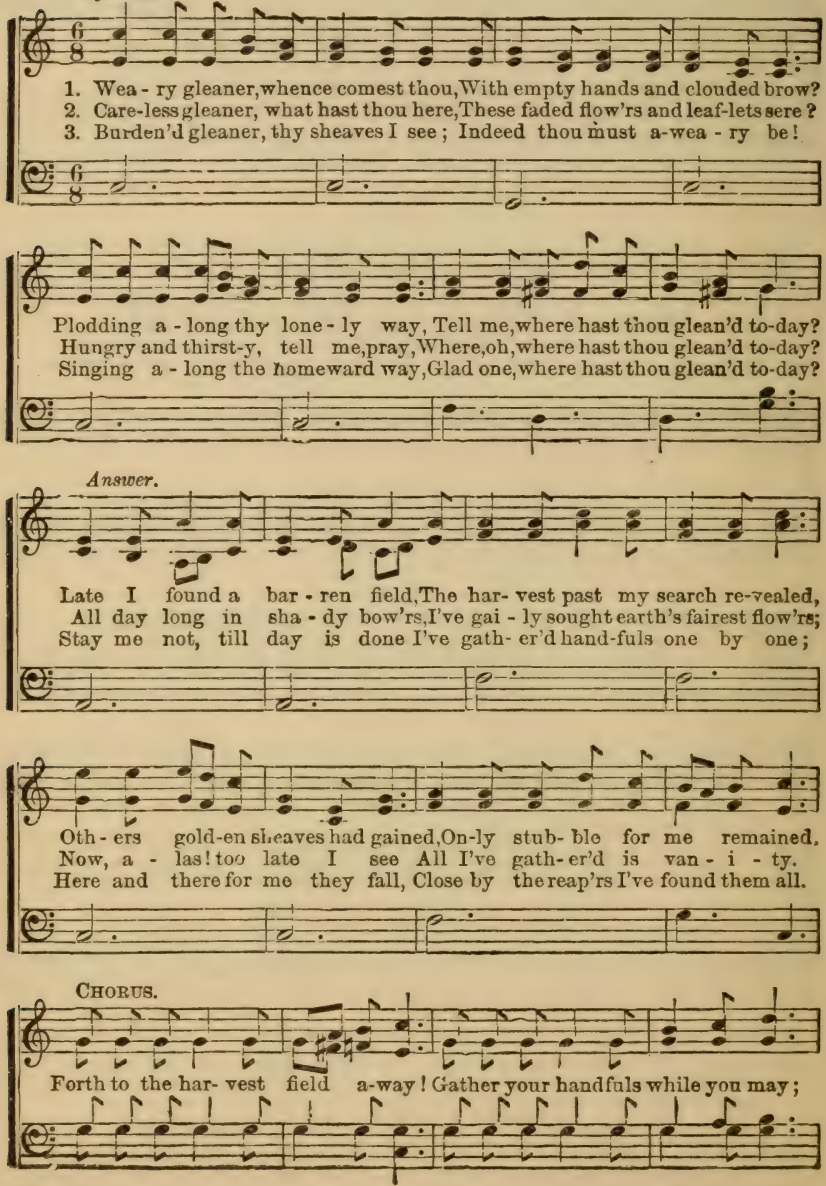
4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref.*

No. 24. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

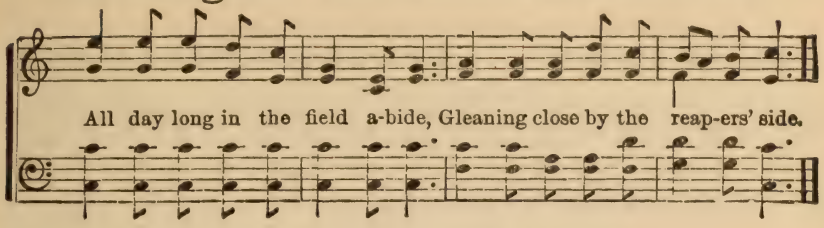
"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—MATT. 13: 38.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Question.


1. Wea - ry gleaner, whence comest thou, With empty hands and clouded brow?
2. Care-less gleaner, what hast thou here, These faded flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see; Indeed thou must a-wea - ry be!
Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Hungry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Singing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Answer.
Late I found a bar - ren field, The har- vest past my search re-vealed,
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath- er'd hand-fuls one by one;
Oth - ers gold-en sheaves had gained, On-ly stub- ble for me remained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gath- er'd is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reap'rs I've found them all.
CHORUS.
Forth to the har- vest field a-way! Gather your handfuls while you may;

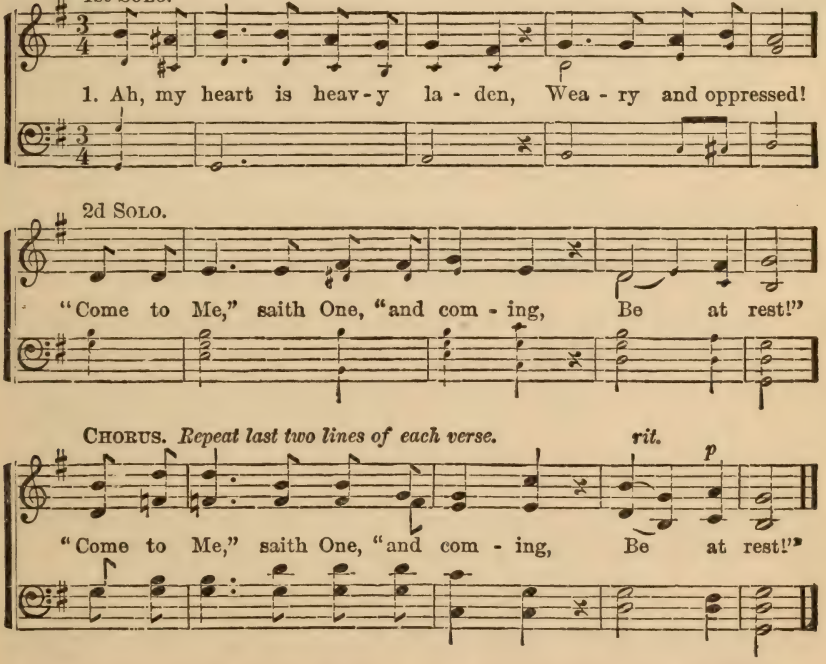
Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.



No. 25. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1st SOLO.
1. Ah, my heart is heav-y la-den, Wea-ry and oppressed!
2d SOLO.
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"
CHORUS. Repeat last two lines of each verse.
rit.
p
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."—*Cho.*

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

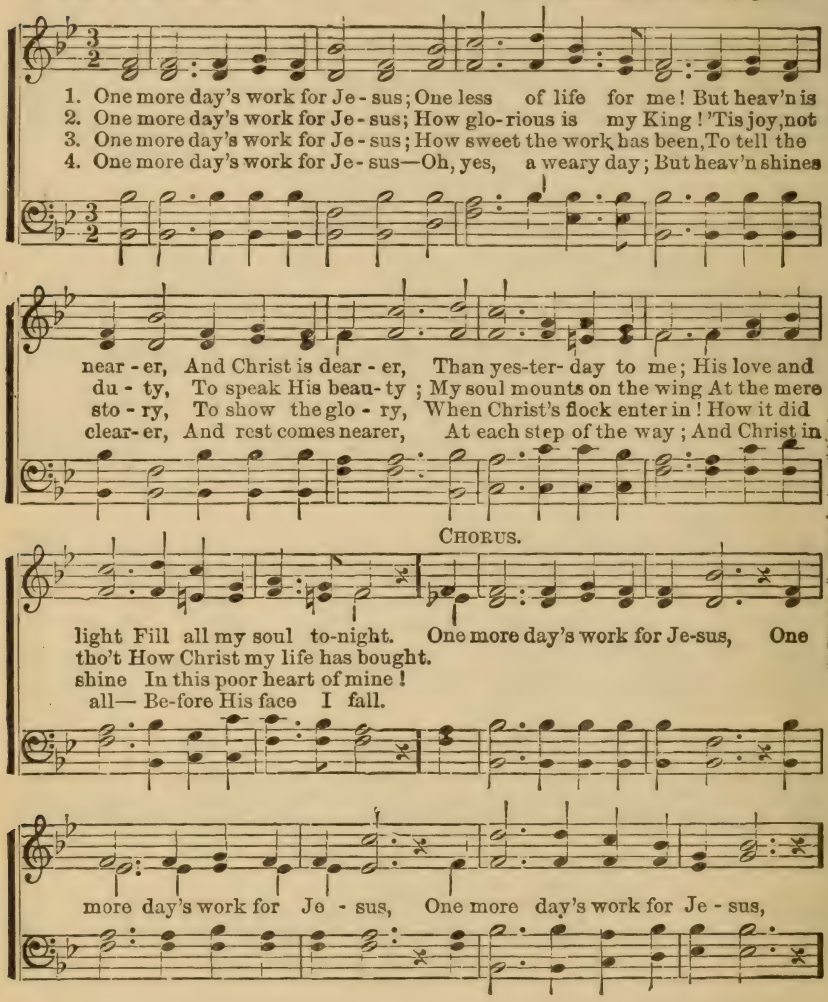
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

No. 26. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.


1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus—Oh, yes, a weary day; But heav'n shines
near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes-ter- day to me; His love and
du - ty, To speak His beau- ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clear- er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in
CHORUS.
light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je-sus, One
tho't How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine!
all— Be-fore His face I fall.
more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One less of life for me.

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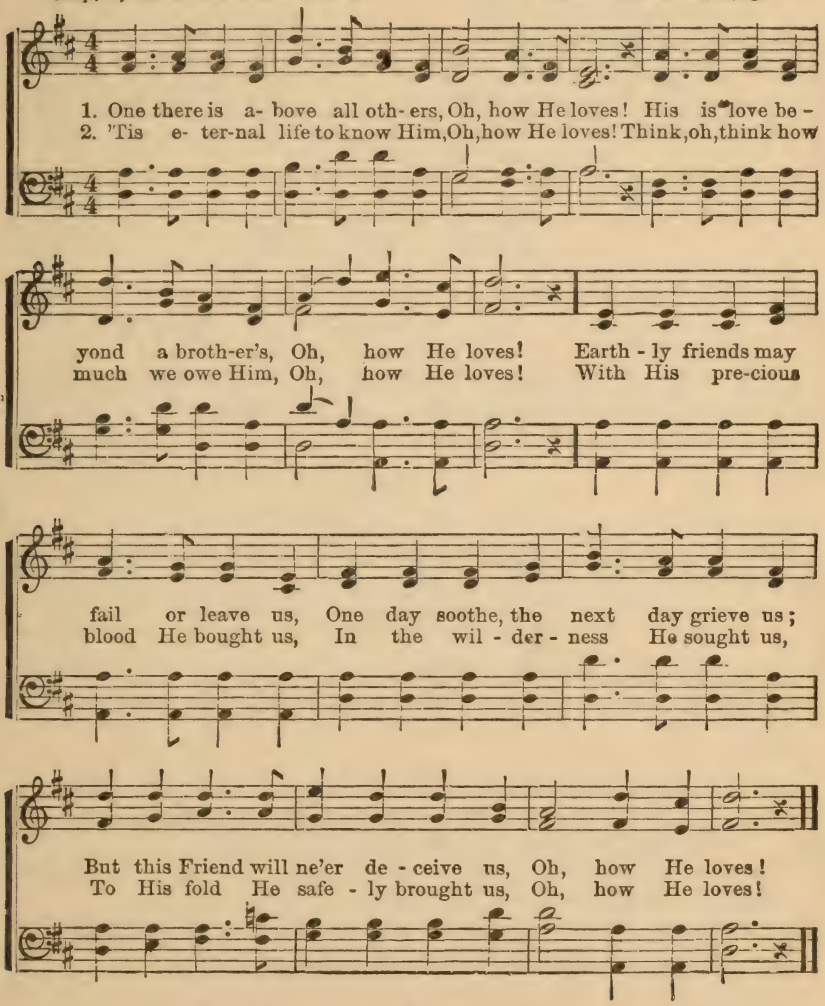
5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—Cho.

No. 27. Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. One there is a- bove all oth- ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be -
2. 'Tis e- ter-nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how
yond a broth-er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may
much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre-cious
fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,
But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!

3

Blessed Jesus! would you know him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

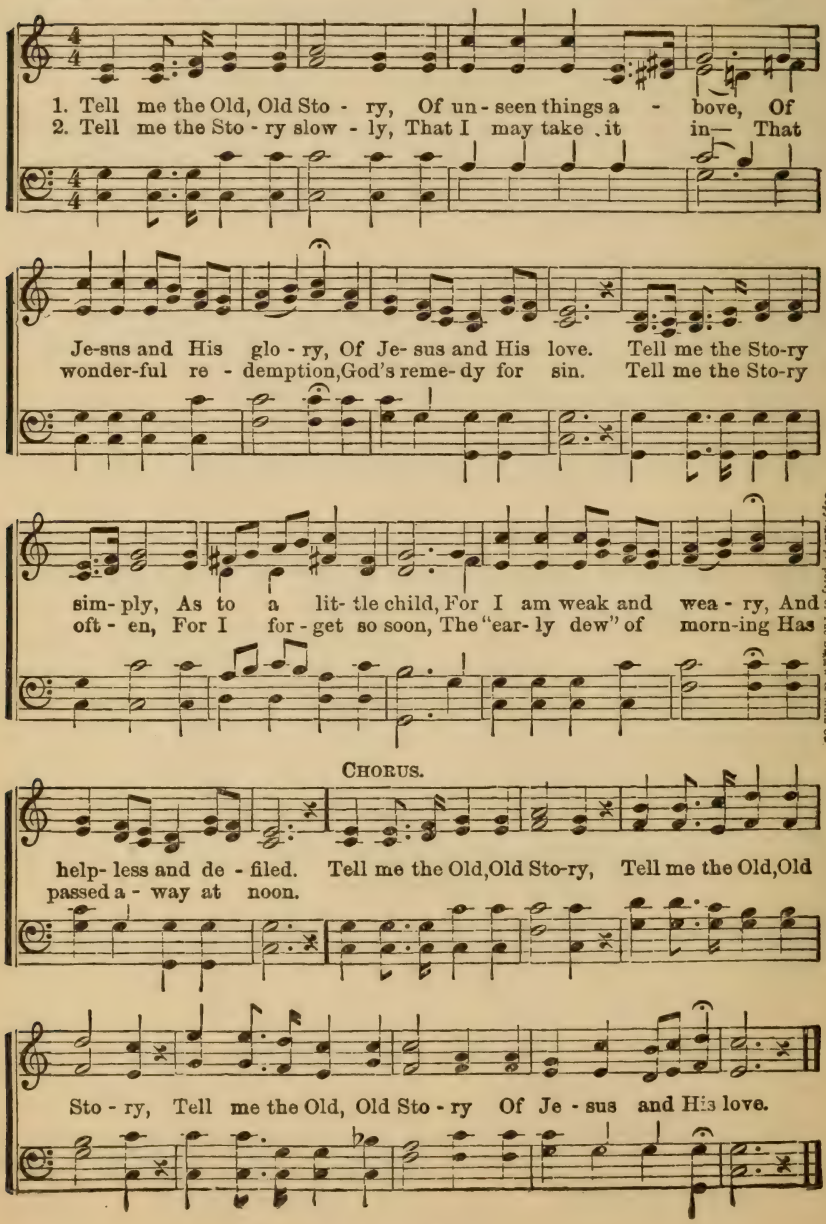
4

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 28. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je- sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry
wonder-ful re - demption, God's reme-dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry
sim- ply, As to a lit- tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear- ly dew" of morn-ing Has
CHORUS.
help- less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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Tell Me the Old Story.—Concluded.

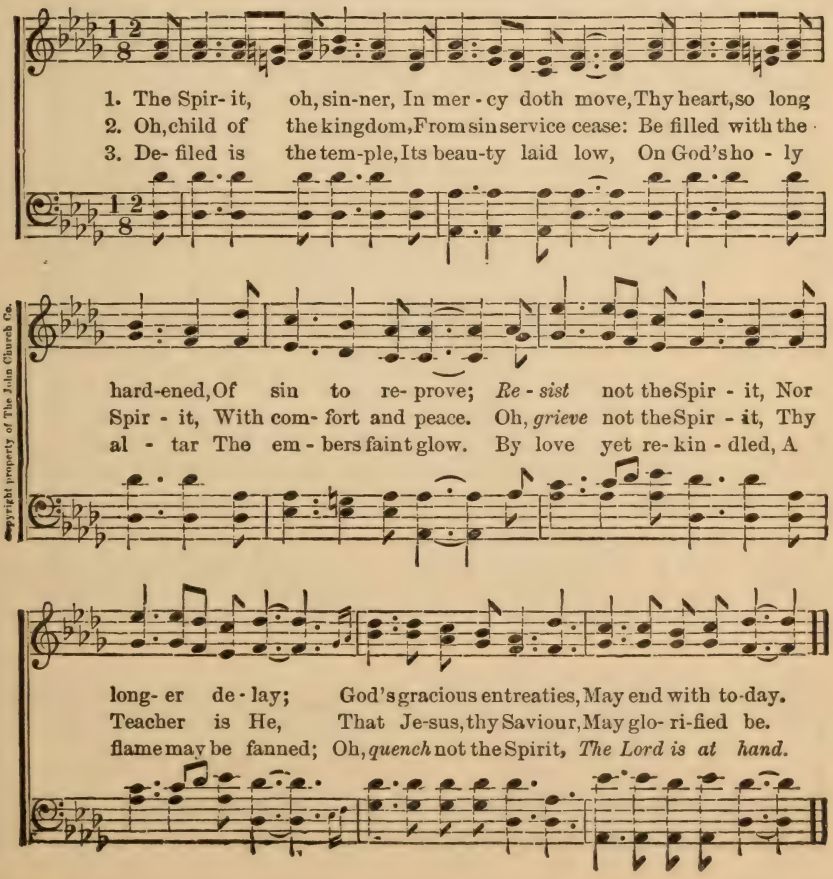
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 29. The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. The Spir- it, oh, sin-ner, In mer - cy doth move, Thy heart, so long
2. Oh, child of the kingdom, From sin service cease: Be filled with the
3. De- filed is the tem-ple, Its beau-ty laid low, On God's ho - ly
hard-ened, Of sin to re- prove; *Re - sist* not the Spir - it, Nor
Spir - it, With com- fort and peace. Oh, *grieve* not the Spir - it, Thy
al - tar The em - bers faint glow. By love yet re- kin - dled, A
long- er de - lay; God's gracious entreaties, May end with to-day.
Teacher is He, That Je-sus, thy Saviour, May glo- ri-fied be.
flame may be fanned; Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, *The Lord is at hand.*

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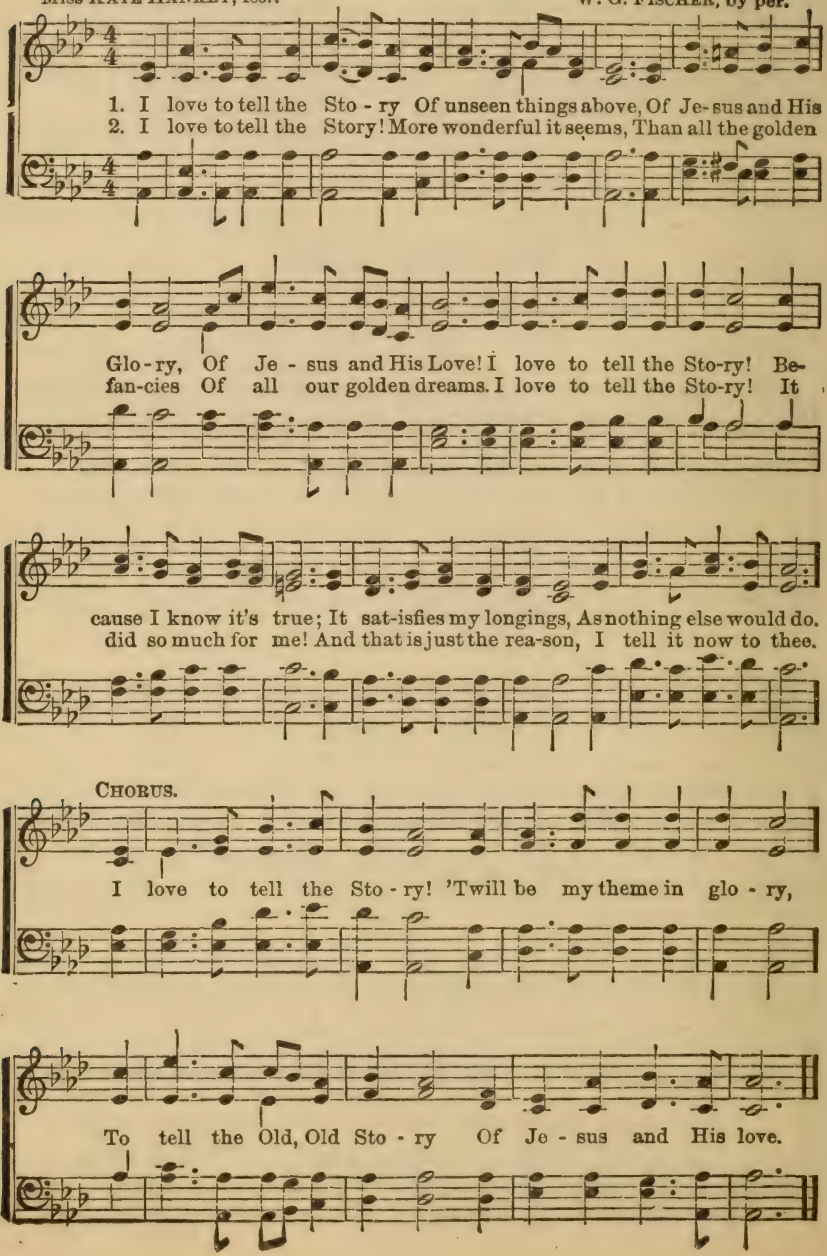
No. 30. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden
Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto-ry! Be-
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto-ry! It
cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to thee.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

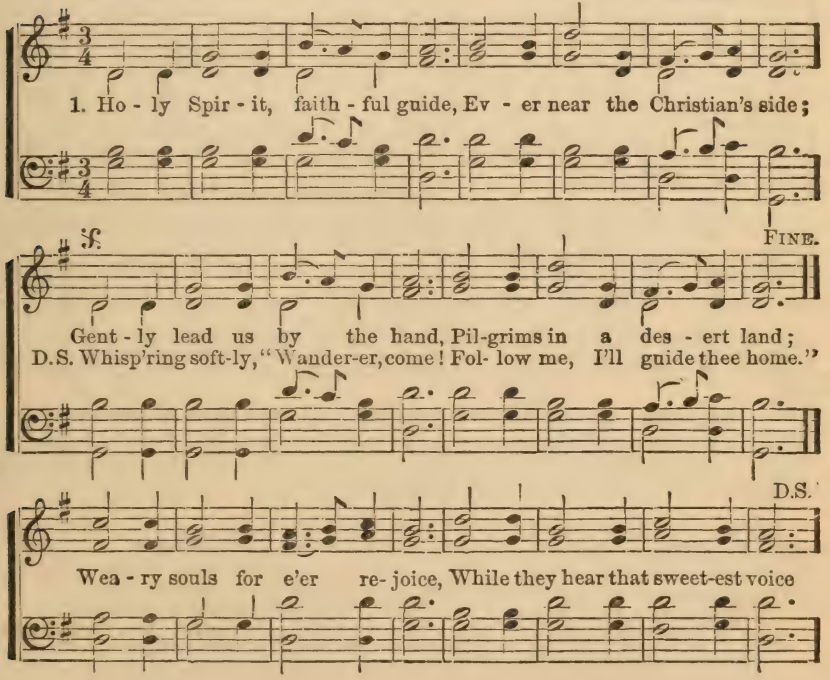
3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 31. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858. M. M. WELLS, by per.

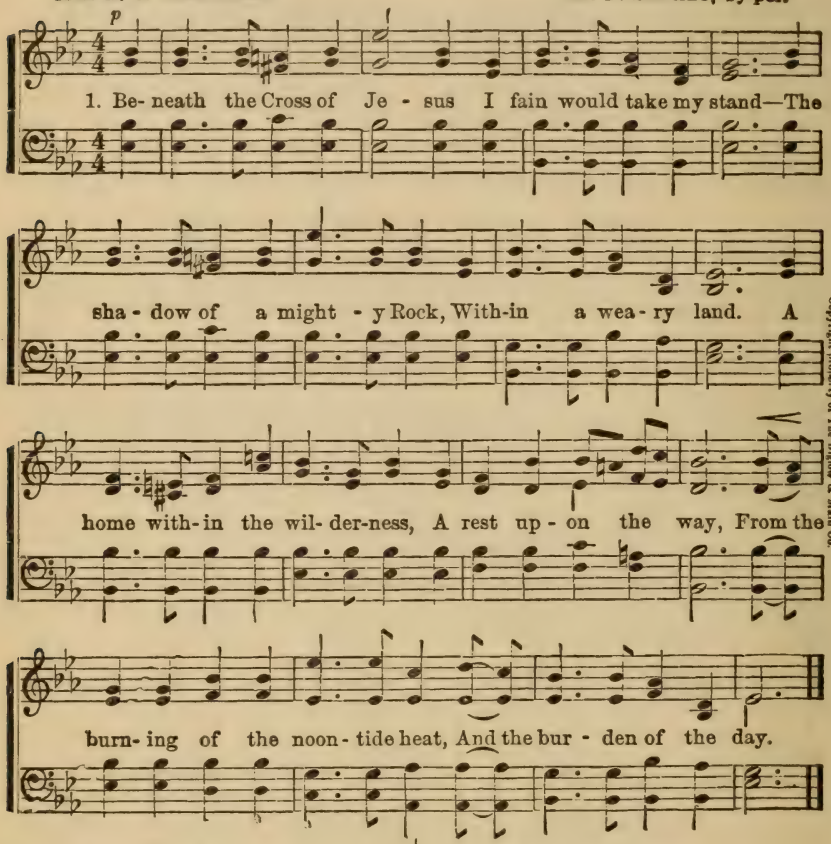

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
F.
FINE.
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
D.S. Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wander-er, come! Fol- low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.S.
Wea - ry souls for e'er re- joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 32. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. Be- neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand—The
sha - dow of a might - y Rock, With-in a wea - ry land. A
home with-in the wil- der-ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
burn- ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

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2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretch to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

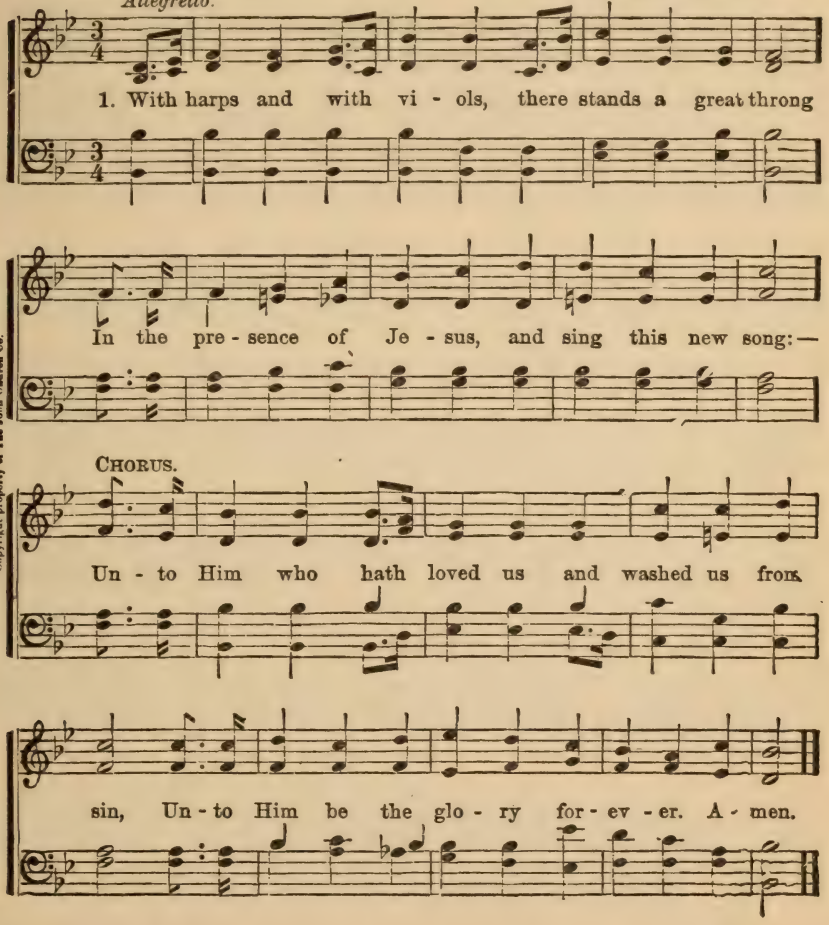
5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 33. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14:3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Allegretto.


1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stands a great throng
In the pre - sence of Je - sus, and sing this new song:—
Chorus.
Un - to Him who hath loved us and washed us from
sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

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2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing—*Cho.*

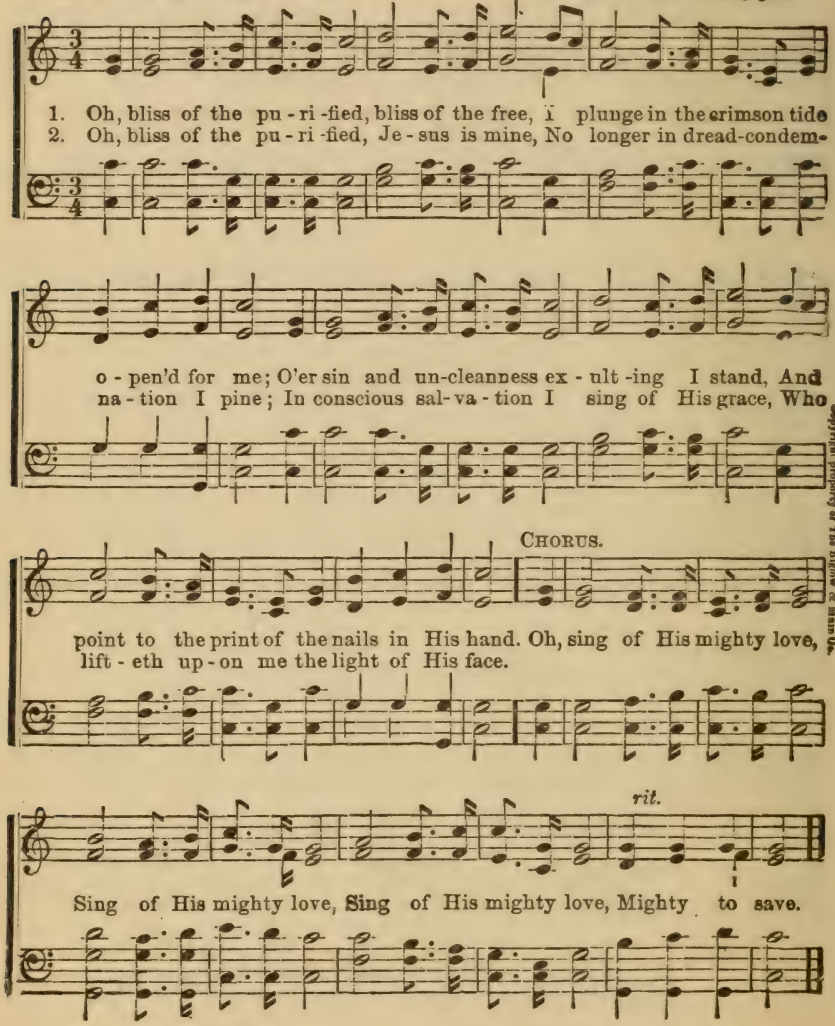
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

No. 34. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No longer in dread-condem-
o - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-cleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And
na - tion I pine; In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who
CHORUS.
point to the print of the nails in His hand. Oh, sing of His mighty love,
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.
rit.
Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

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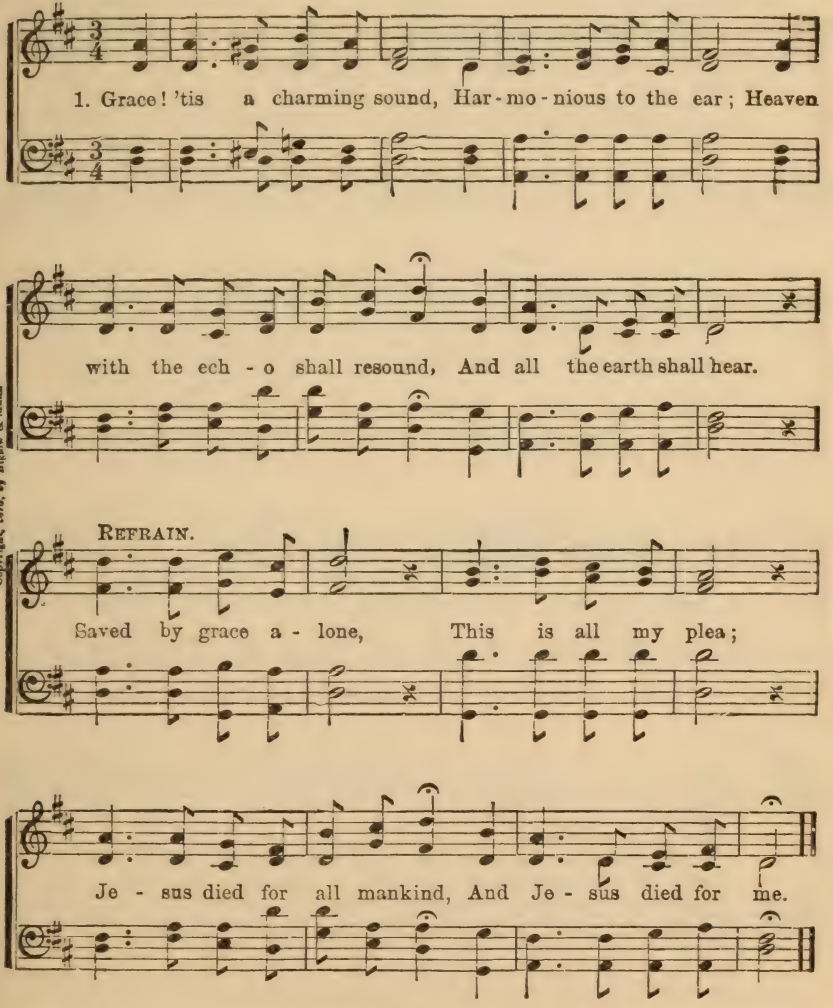
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Cho.*

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."—*Cho.*

No. 35. The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2 : 8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heaven
with the ech-o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
REFRAIN.
Saved by grace a-lone, This is all my plea;
Je-sus died for all mankind, And Je-sus died for me.

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2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

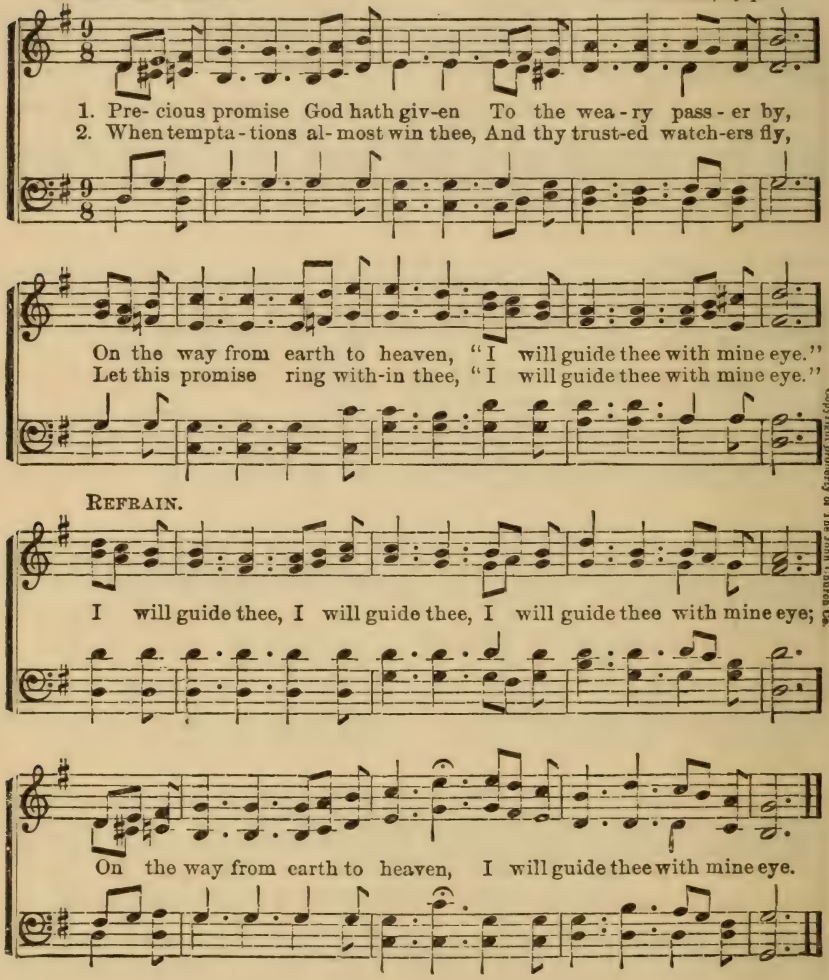
3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

No. 36. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1:4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Pre- cious promise God hath giv-en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When tempta - tions al- most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
On the way from earth to heaven, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
REFRAIN.
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with mine eye.

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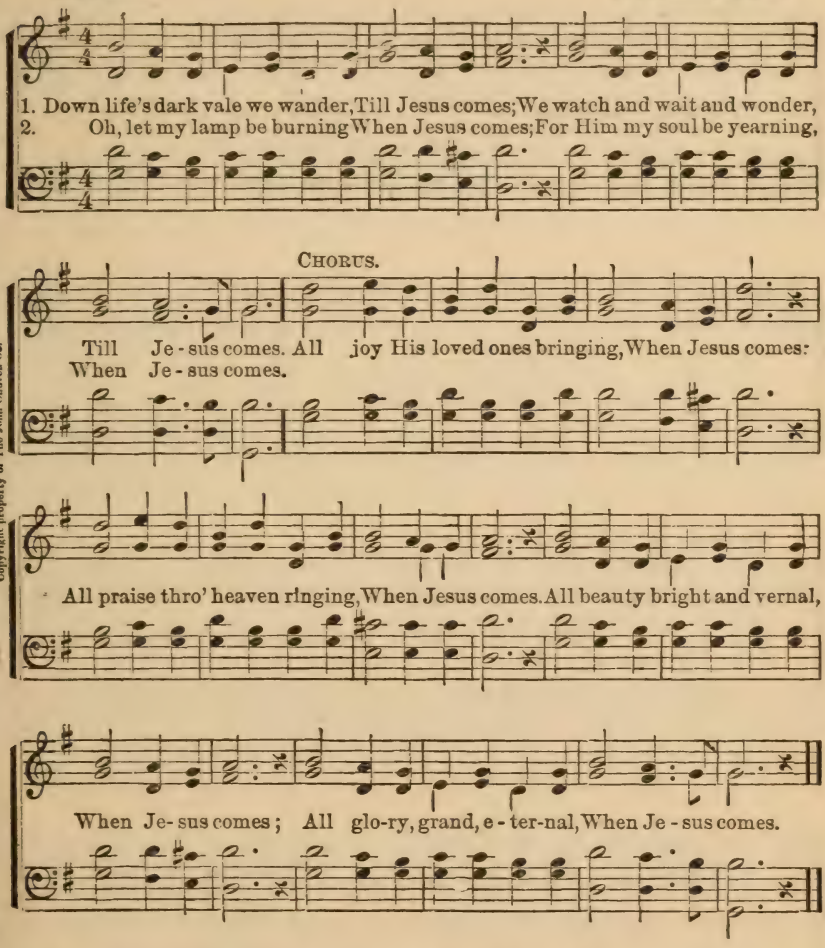
3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

No. 37. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9:28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,
CHORUS.
Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes:
When Je - sus comes.
All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes. All beauty bright and vernal,
When Je - sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e - ter-nal, When Je - sus comes.

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3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

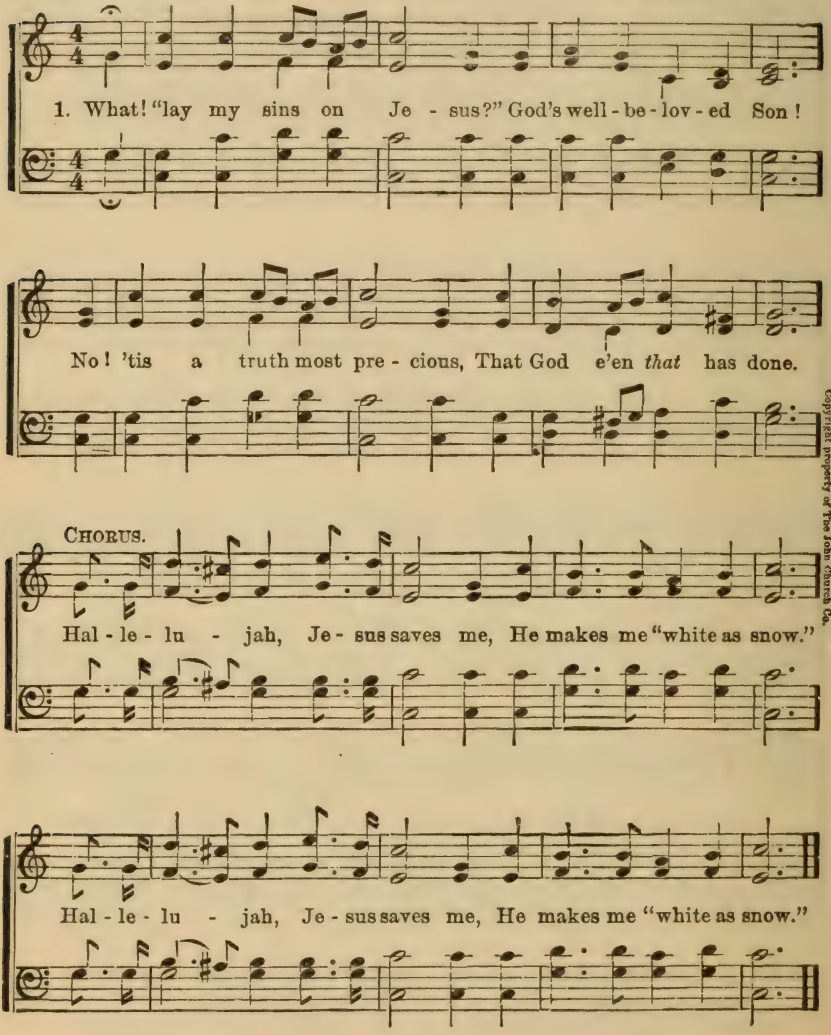
5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

No. 38. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

H. BONAR, arr. by L. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. What! "lay my sins on Je - sus?" God's well - be - lov - ed Son!
No! 'tis a truth most pre - cious, That God e'en *that* has done.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

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2.

Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.—*Cho.*

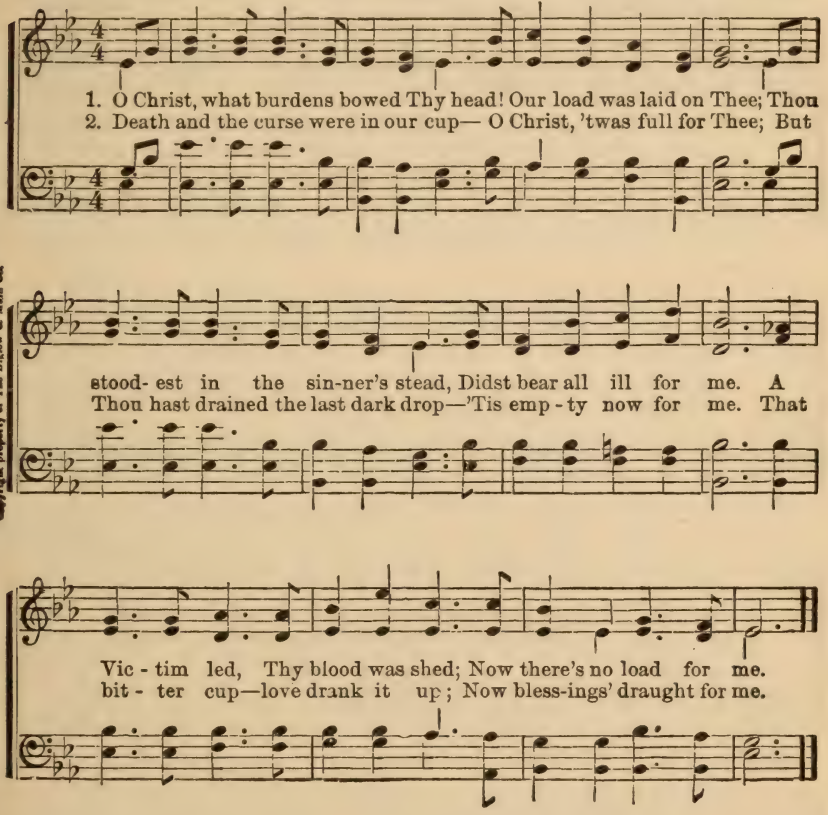
3.

What? "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And nought to do remains.—*Cho.*

No. 39. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ, 'twas full for Thee; But
stood- est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me. That
Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now bless-ings' draught for me.

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3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

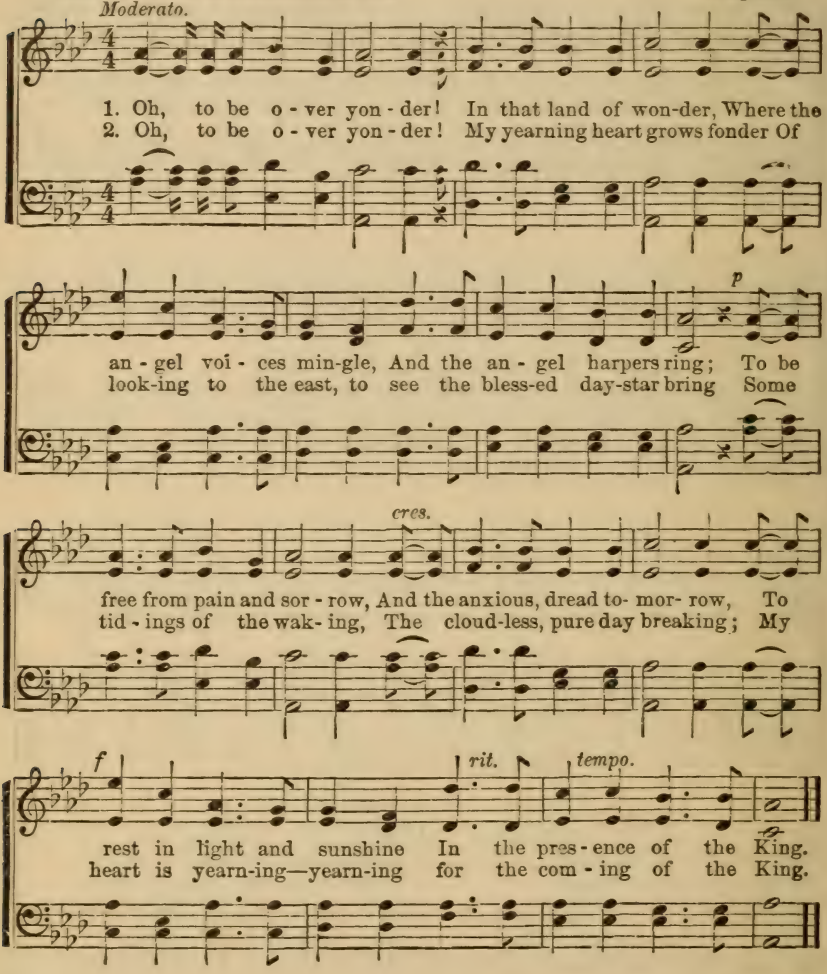
6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 40. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG, 1864. English.


Moderato.
1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won-der, Where the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of
an - gel voi - ces min-gle, And the an - gel harpers ring; To be
look-ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring Some
p
cres.
free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to- mor- row, To
tid - ings of the wak- ing, The cloud-less, pure day breaking; My
f
rit.
tempo.
rest in light and sunshine In the pres - ence of the King.
heart is yearn-ing—yearn-ing for the com - ing of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres-
ence of the King?

In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

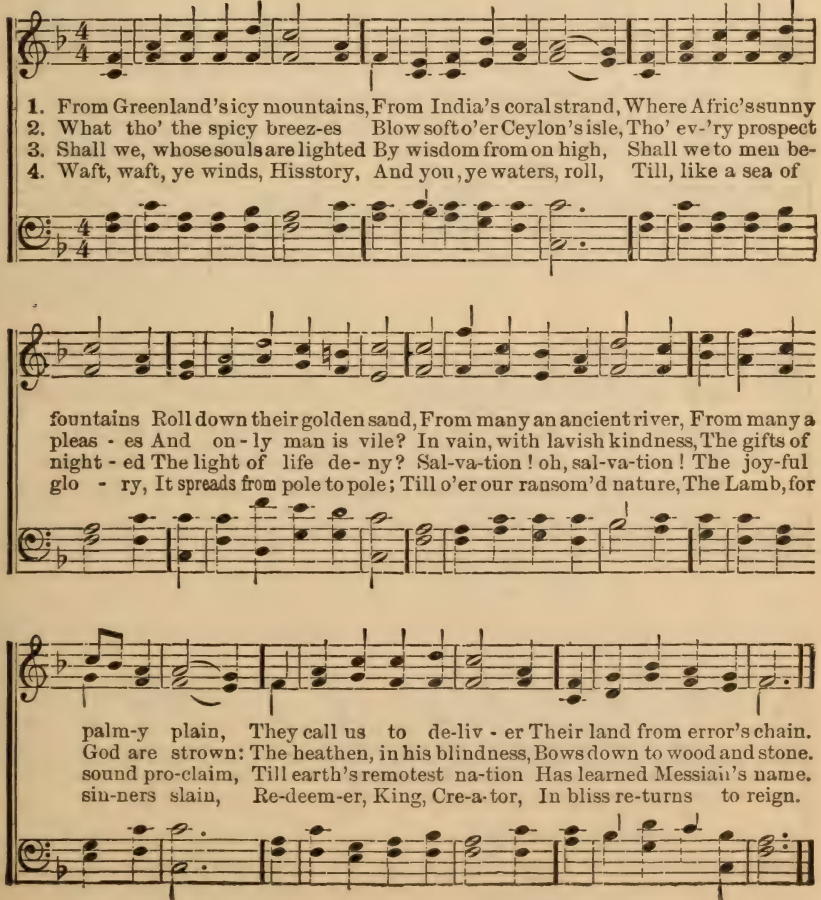
5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 41. Missionary Hymn. 7s, & 6s.

"Come over.....and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

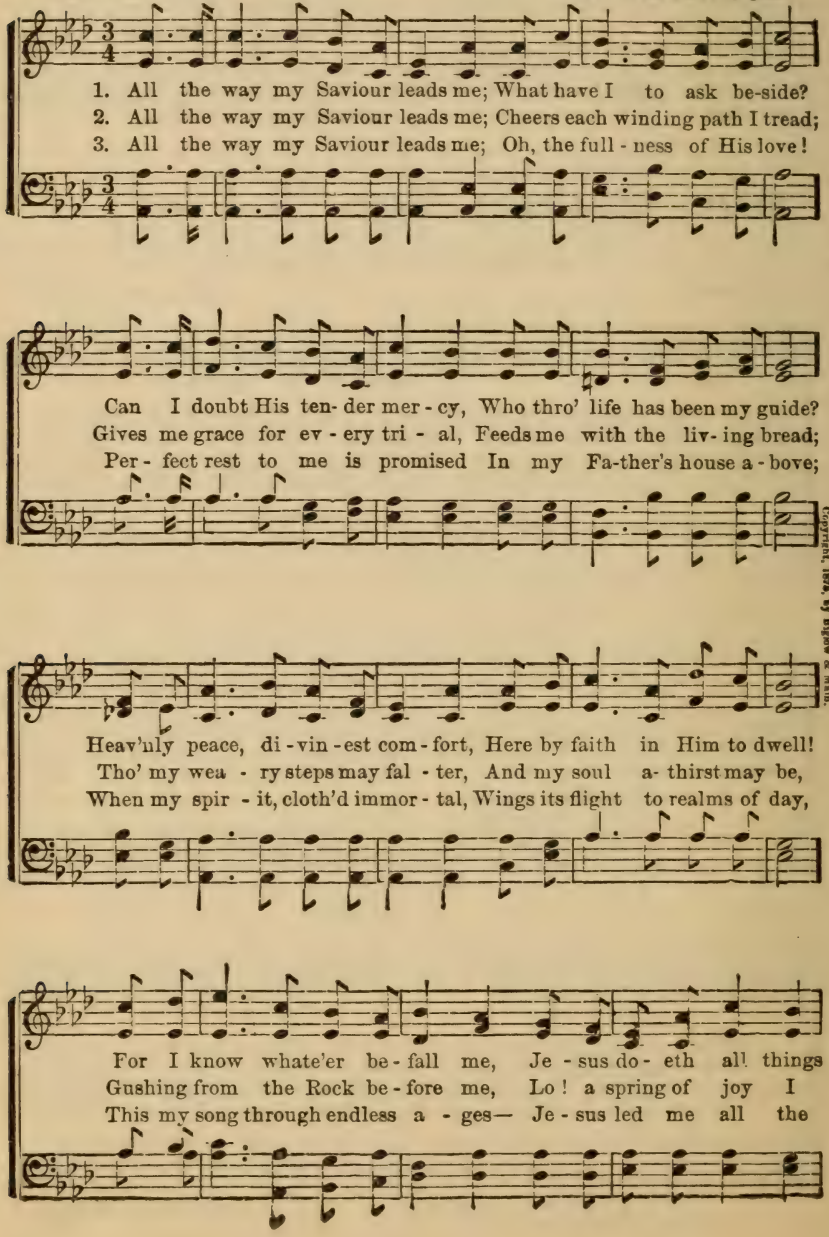
R. Heber. Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' ev-'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of
fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From many a
pleas - es And on - ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of
night - ed The light of life de- ny? Sal-va-tion! oh, sal-va-tion! The joy-ful
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransom'd nature, The Lamb, for
palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv - er Their land from error's chain.
God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 42. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.


1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten- der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - ery tri - al, Feeds me with the liv- ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is promised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;
Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a- thirst may be,
When my spir - it, cloth'd immor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song through endless a - ges— Je - sus led me all the

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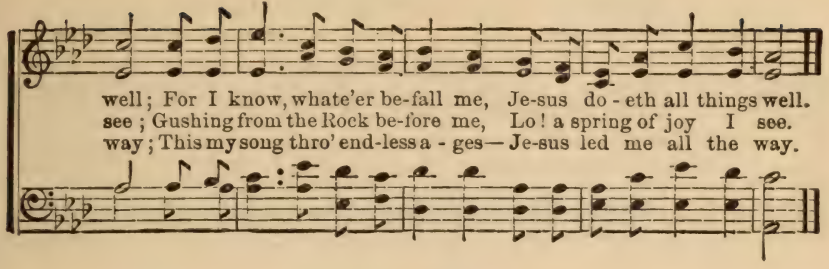
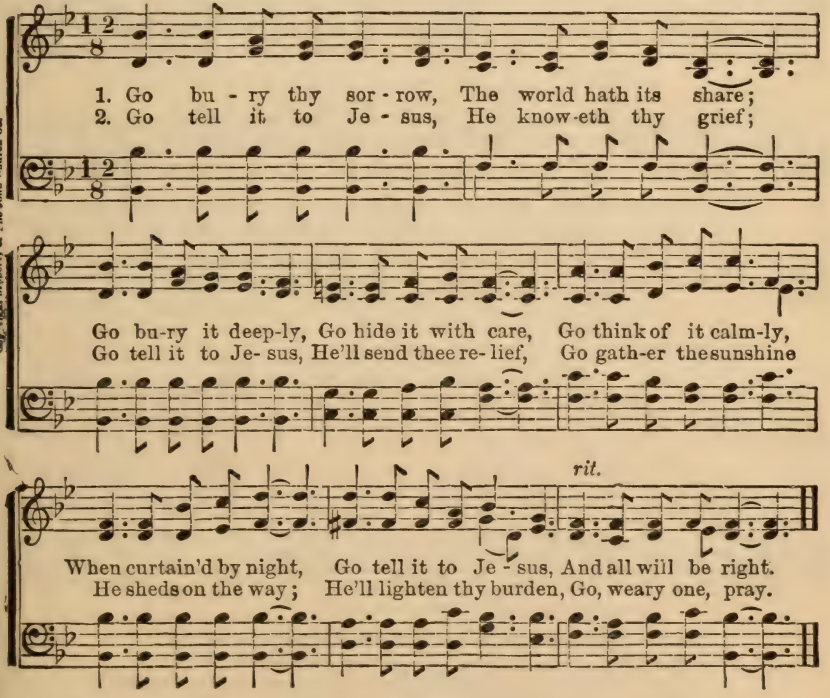
All the Way.—Concluded.


well; For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do - eth all things well.
see; Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
way; This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 43. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

MARY A. BACHELOR. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief;
Go bu-ry it deep-ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm-ly,
Go tell it to Je- sus, He'll send thee re- lief, Go gath-er the sunshine
rit.
When curtain'd by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
He sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, weary one, pray.

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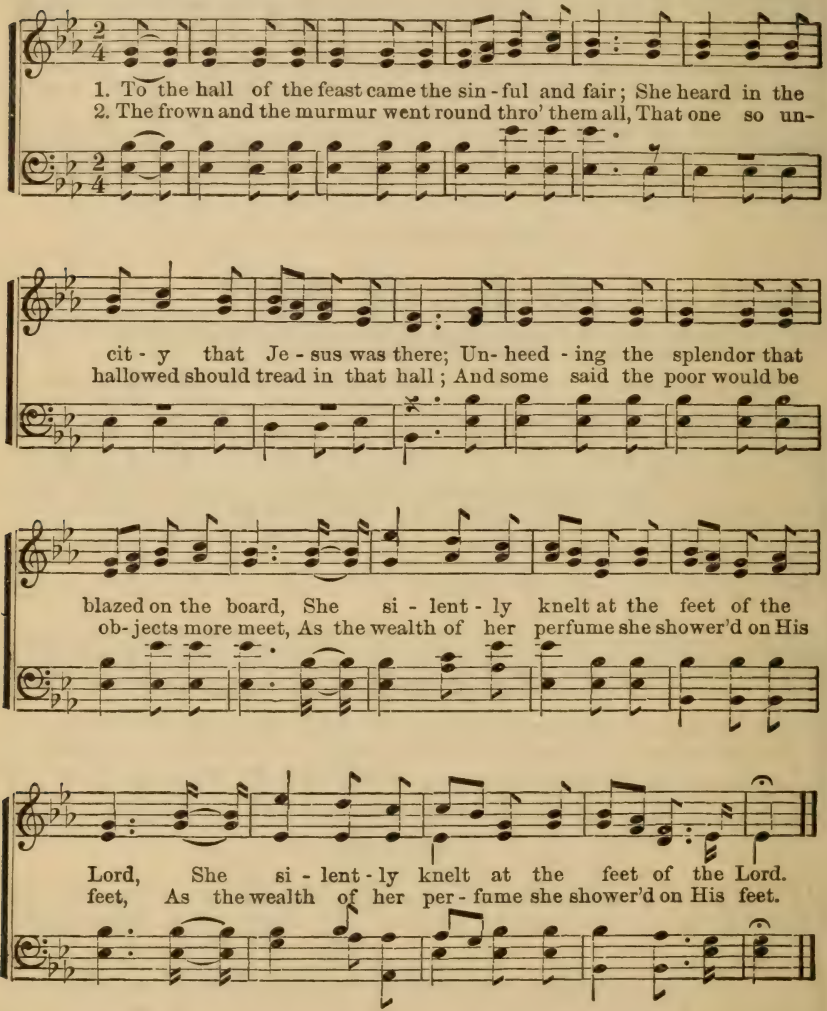
3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

No. 44. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN. Arr. by I. B. WOODBURY.


1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-
cit-y that Je-sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splendor that
hallowed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be
blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the
ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His
Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.
feet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on His feet.

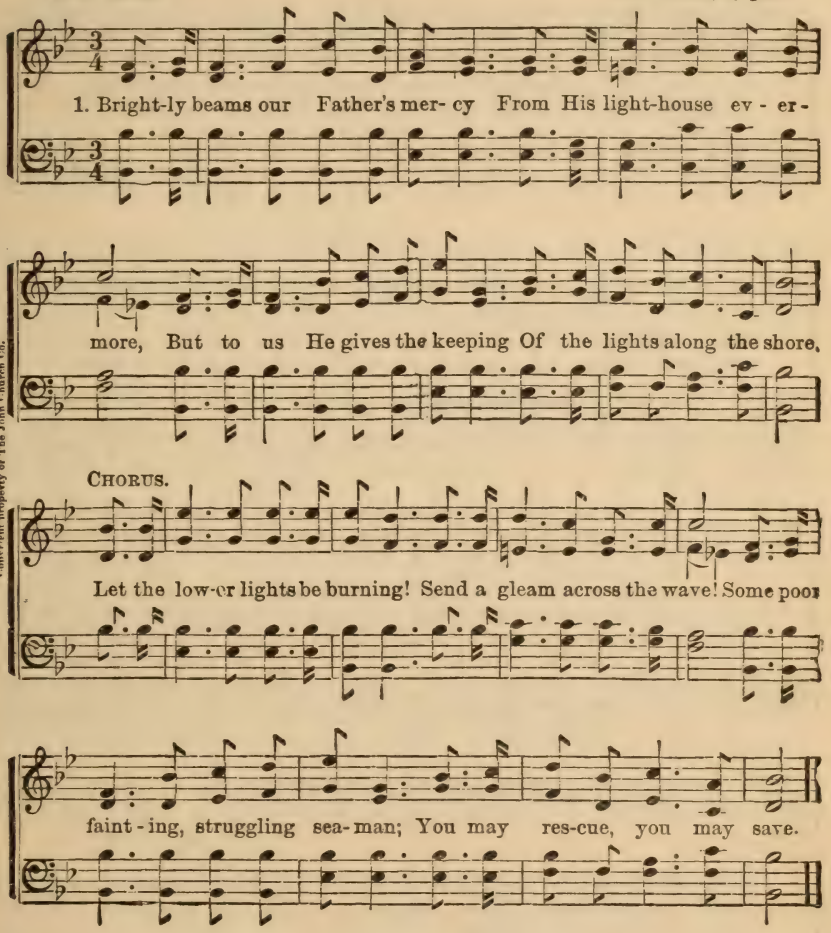
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 45. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer- cy From His light-house ev - er-
more, But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.
CHORUS.
Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor
faint - ing, struggling sea-man; You may res-cue, you may save.

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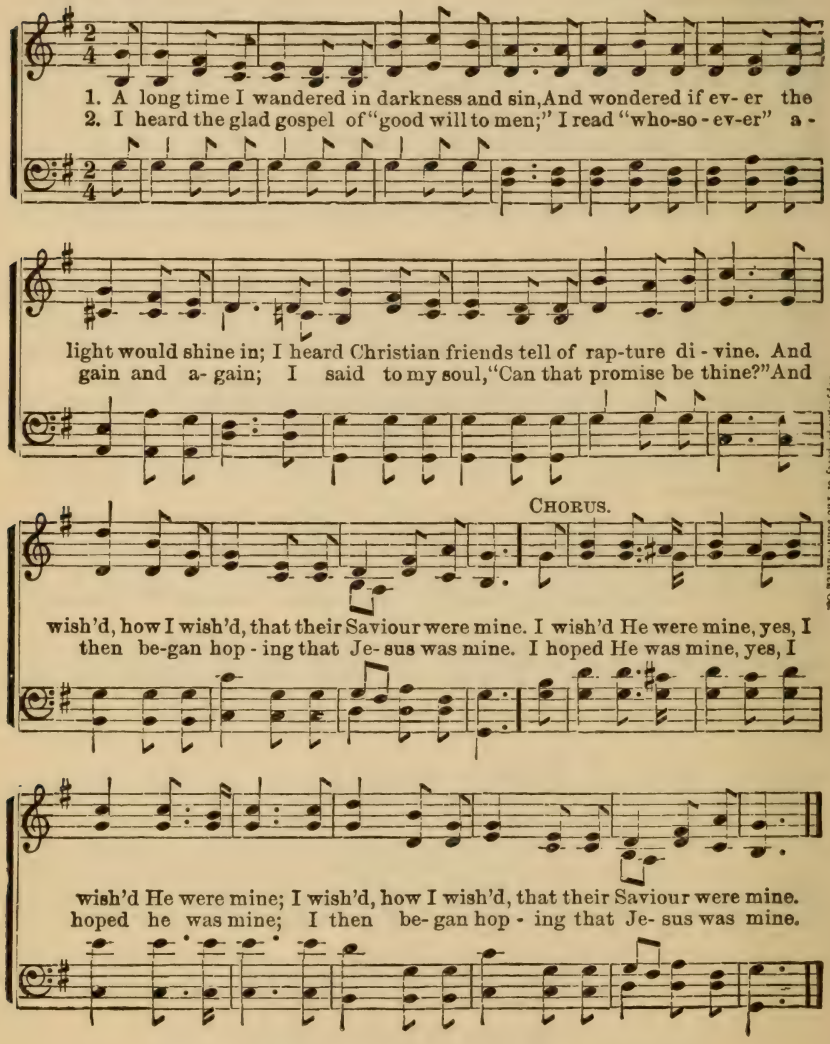
2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost*—*Cho.*

No. 46. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Songs of Solomon 2: 16.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. A long time I wandered in darkness and sin, And wondered if ev- er the
2. I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;" I read "who-so - ev-er" a -
light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rap-ture di - vine. And
gain and a- gain; I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?" And
Chorus.
wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine. I wish'd He were mine, yes, I
then be-gan hop - ing that Je- sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I
wish'd He were mine; I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine.
hoped he was mine; I then be- gan hop - ing that Je- sus was mine.

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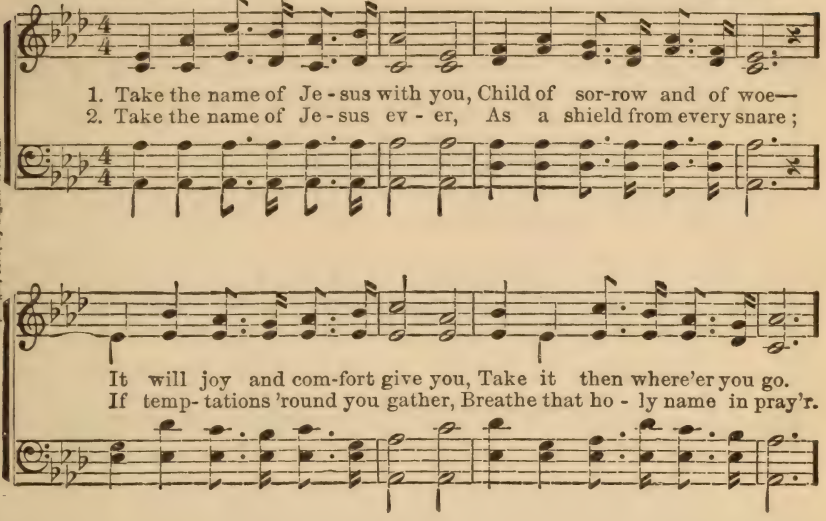
3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

Chorus.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

No. 47. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSA. 72; 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp- tations 'round you gather, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.

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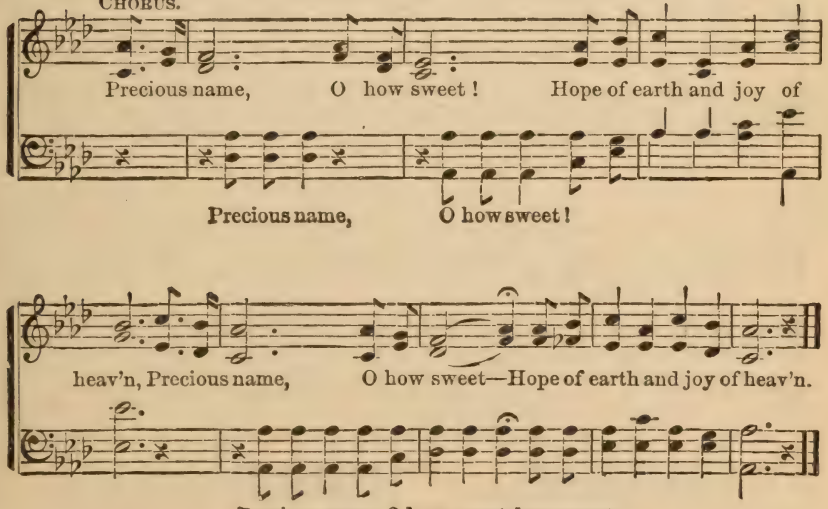

CHORUS.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
Precious name, O how sweet!
heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

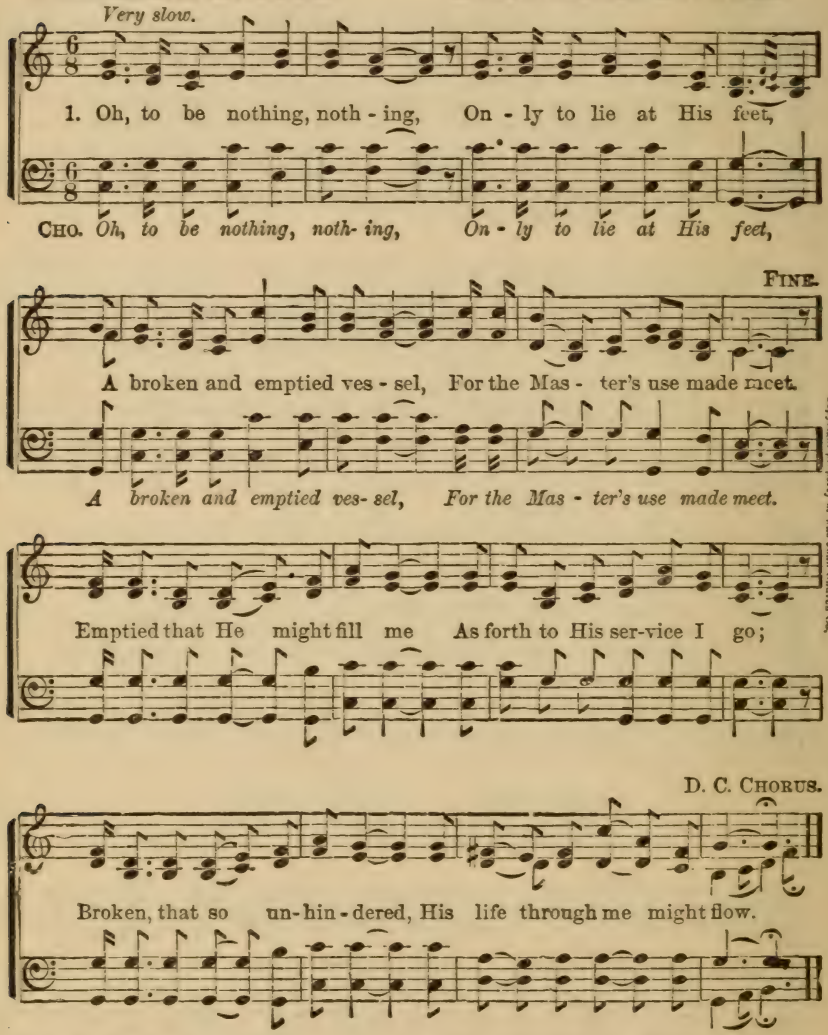
2 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. Cho.

No. 48. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869. R. GEO. HALLS. ARR. by P. P. BLISS.


Very slow.
1. Oh, to be nothing, noth - ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,
CHO. Oh, to be nothing, noth- ing, On - ly to lie at His feet,
FINE.
A broken and emptied ves - sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.
A broken and emptied ves- sel, For the Mas - ter's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His ser-vice I go;
D. C. CHORUS.
Broken, that so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.

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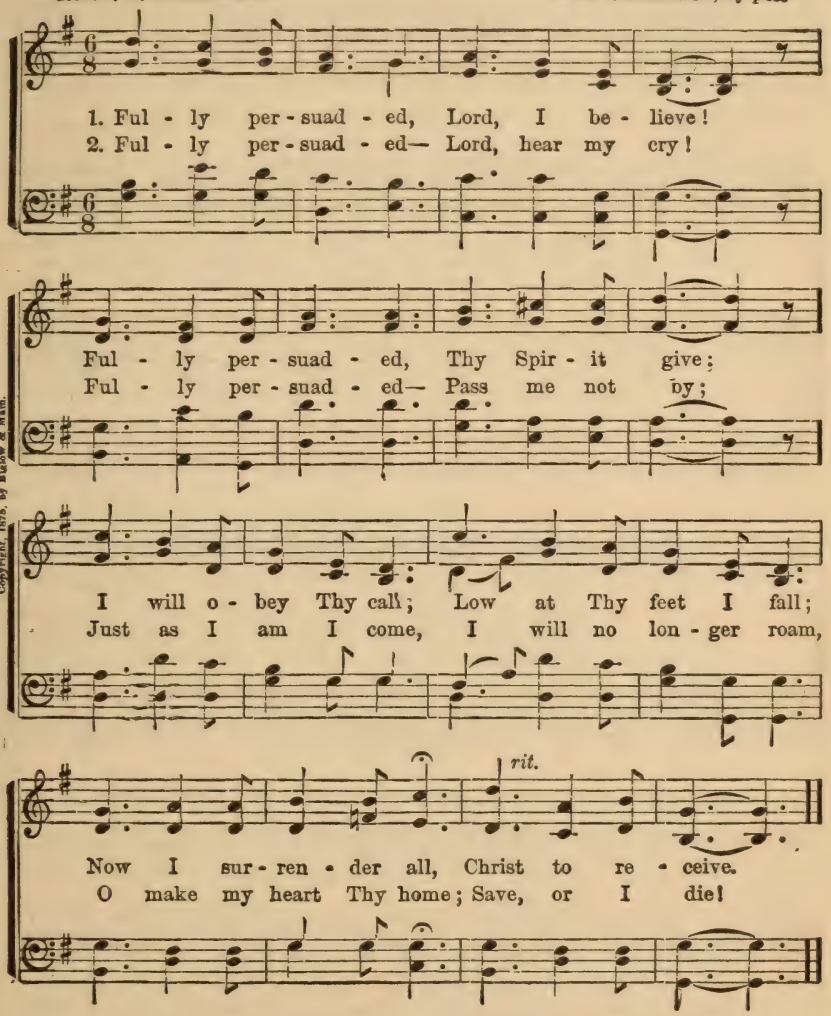
2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let our voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

No. 49. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.


1. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve!
2. Ful - ly per - suad - ed— Lord, hear my cry!
Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Thy Spir - it give:
Ful - ly per - suad - ed— Pass me not by;
I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall;
Just as I am I come, I will no lon - ger roam,
rit.
Now I sur - ren - der all, Christ to re - ceive.
O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!

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3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

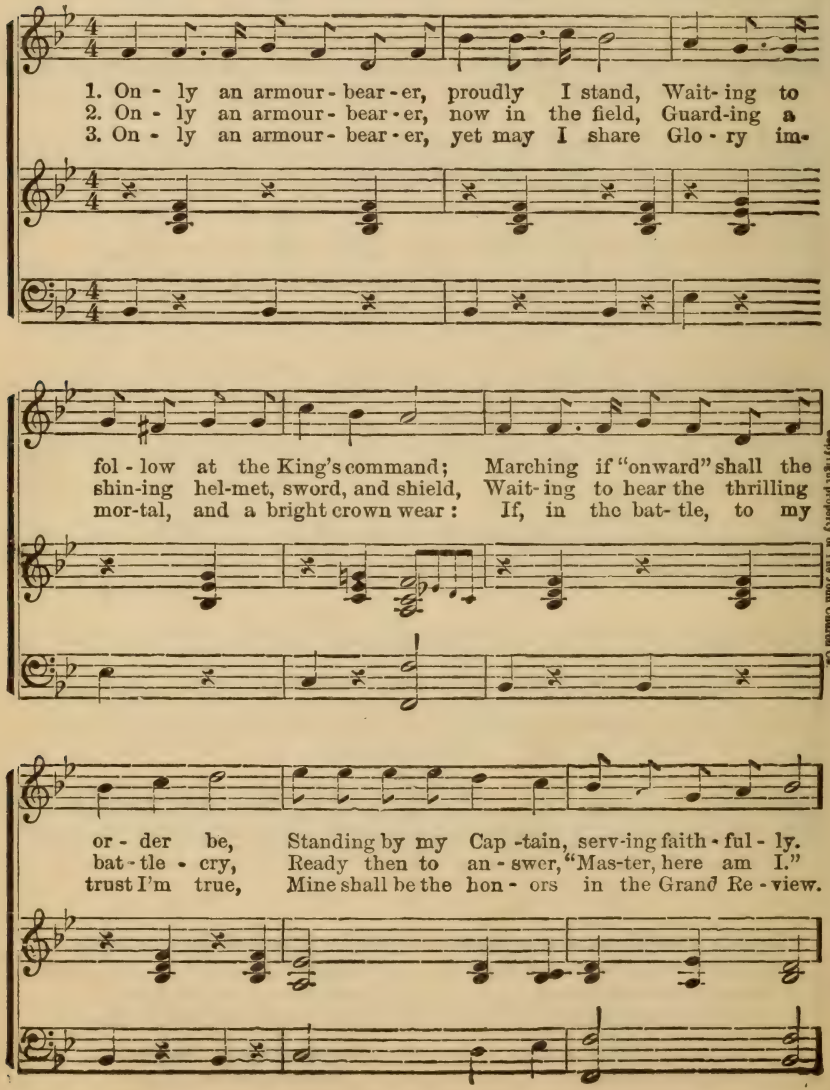
4.

Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 50. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 15, 23.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. On - ly an armour - bear - er, proudly I stand, Wait - ing to
2. On - ly an armour - bear - er, now in the field, Guard-ing a
3. On - ly an armour - bear - er, yet may I share Glo - ry im-
fol - low at the King's command; Marching if "onward" shall the
shin-ing hel-met, sword, and shield, Wait - ing to hear the thrilling
mor-tal, and a bright crown wear: If, in the bat - tle, to my
or - der be, Standing by my Cap - tain, serv-ing faith - ful - ly.
bat - tle - cry, Ready then to an - swer, "Mas-ter, here am I."
trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon - ors in the Grand Re - view.

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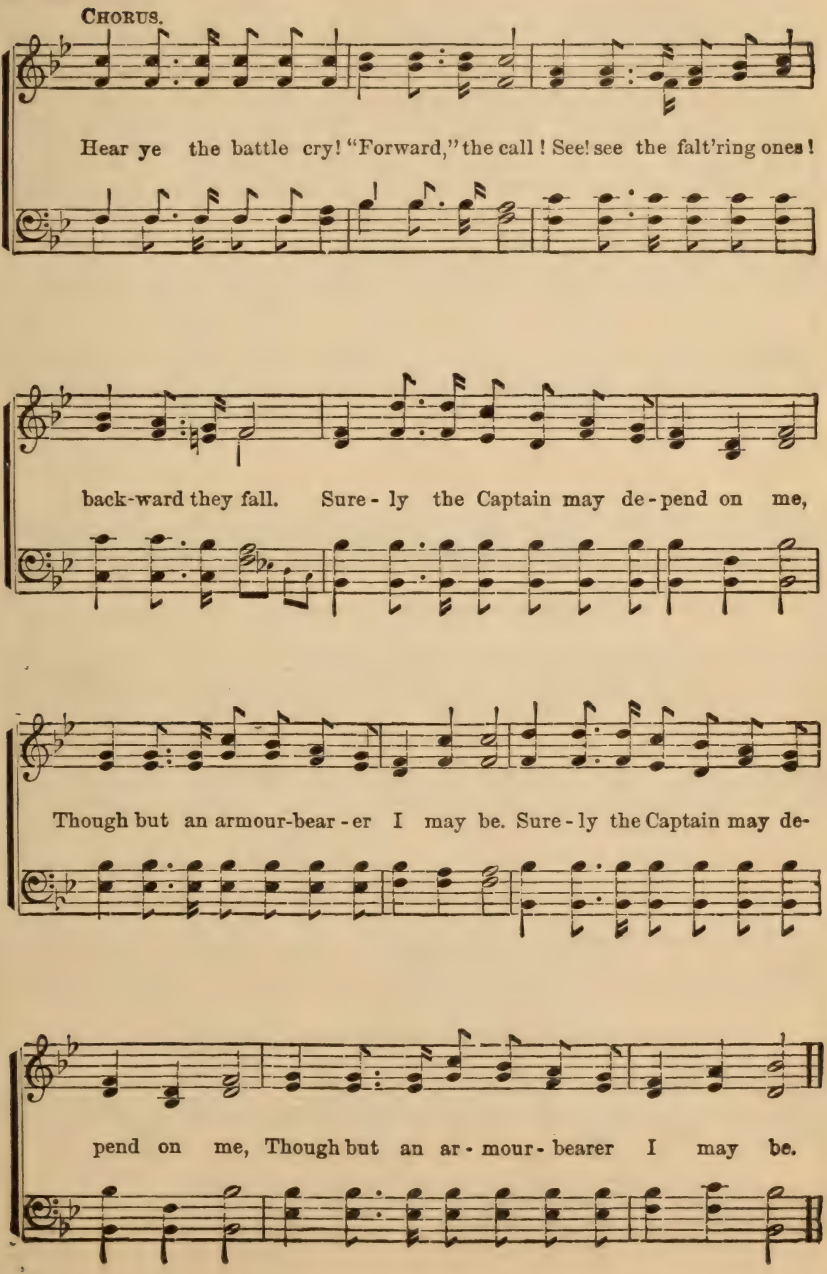
Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

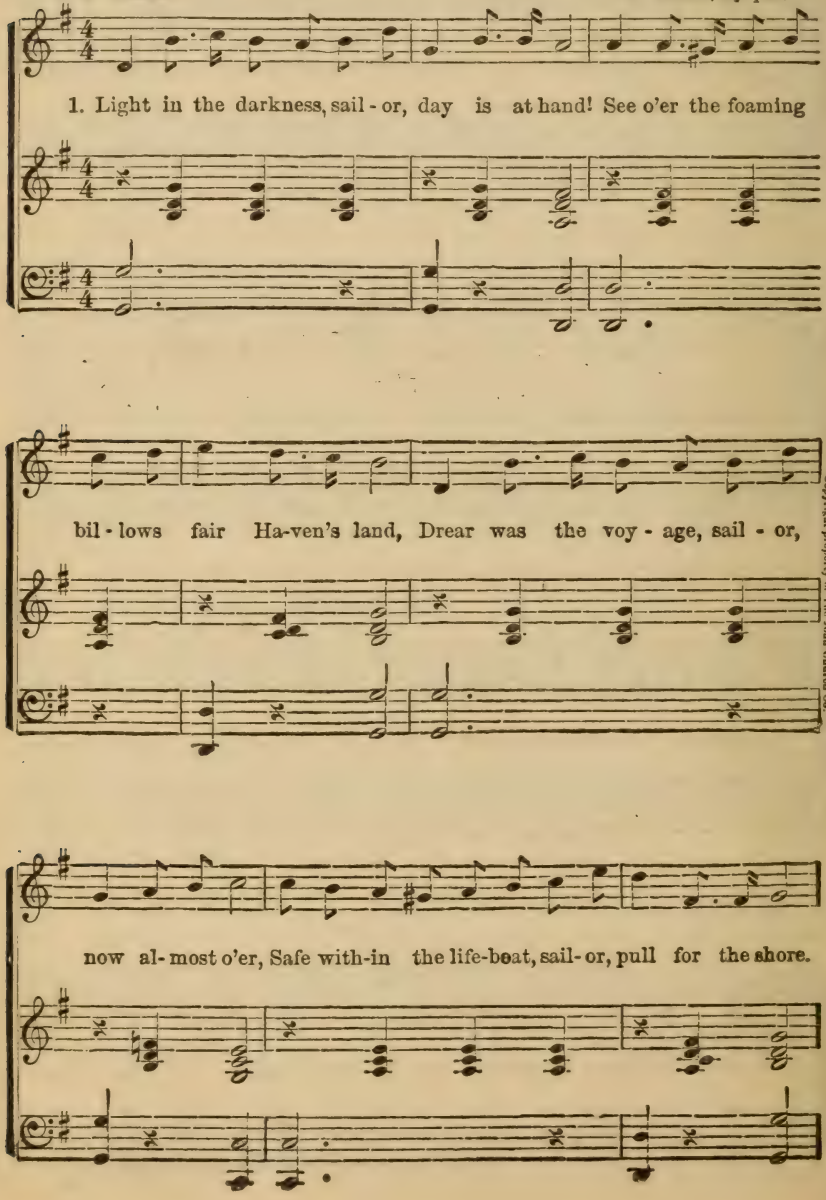

CHORUS.
Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the falt'ring ones!
back-ward they fall. Sure-ly the Captain may de-pend on me,
Though but an armour-bear-er I may be. Sure-ly the Captain may de-
pend on me, Though but an ar-mour-bearer I may be.

No. 51. Pull for the Shore.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Light in the darkness, sail - or, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming
bil - lows fair Ha-ven's land, Drear was the voy - age, sail - or,
now al - most o'er, Safe with-in the life-boat, sail - or, pull for the shore.

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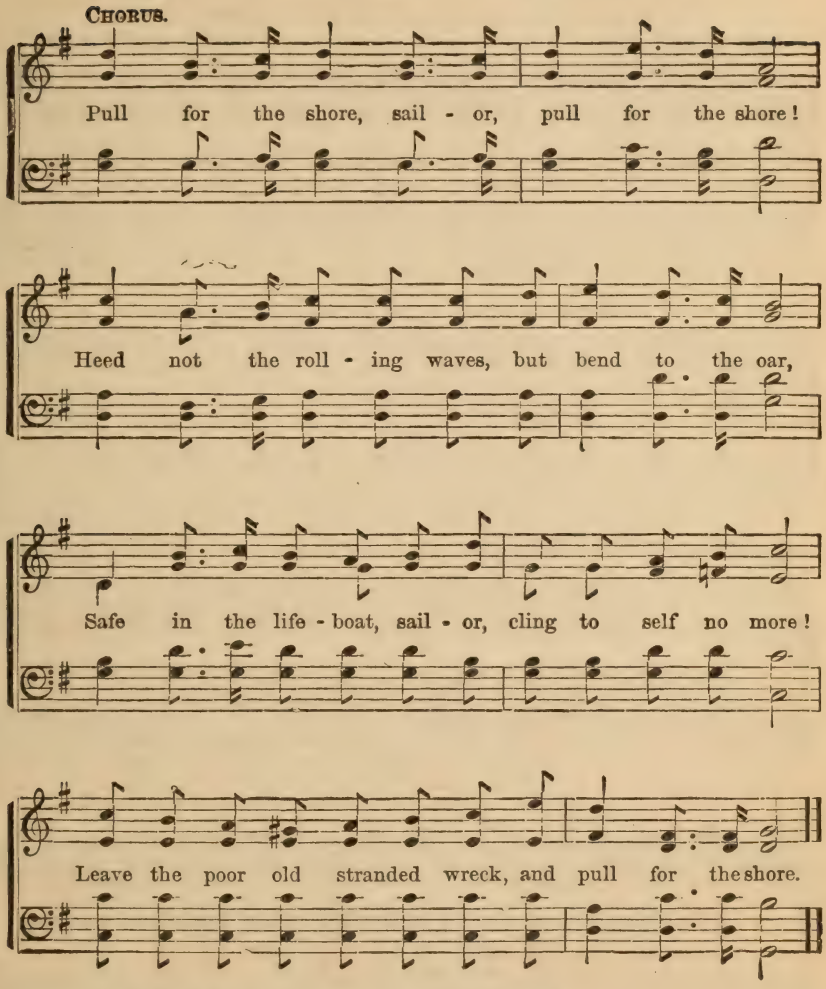
Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Pull for the shore, sail - or, pull for the shore!
Heed not the roll - ing waves, but bend to the oar,
Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, cling to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

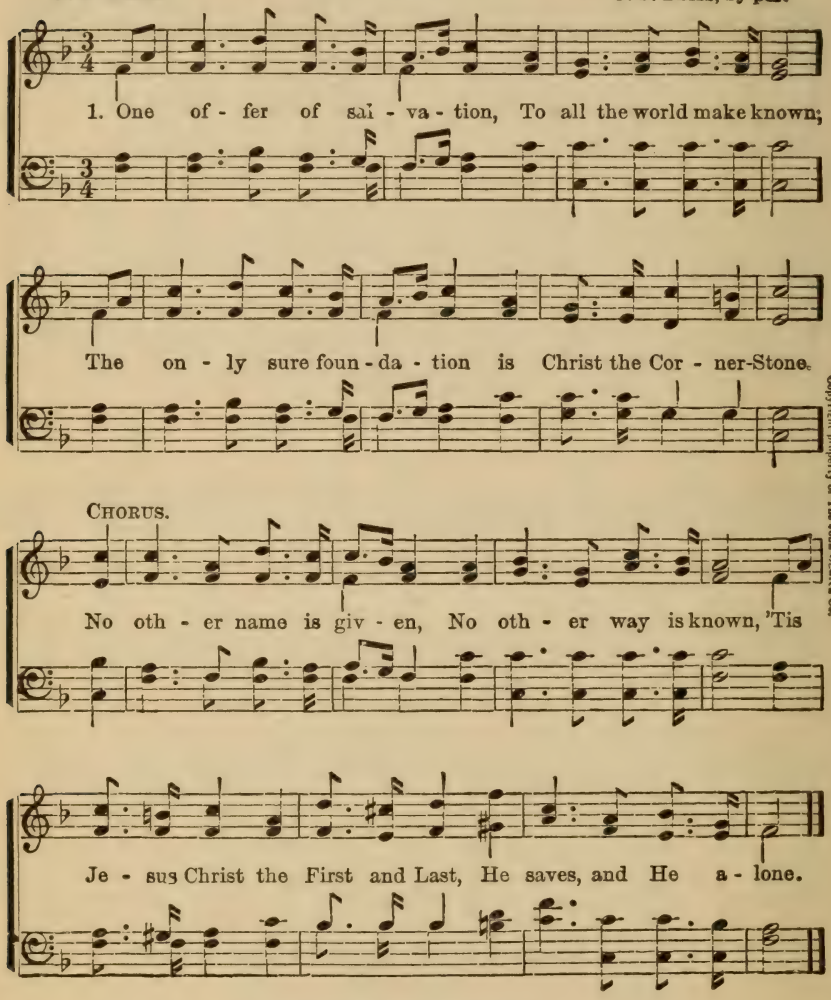
2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

No. 52. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4: 12.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known;
The on - ly sure foun - da - tion is Christ the Cor - ner-Stone.
Chorus.
No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known, 'Tis
Je - sus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.

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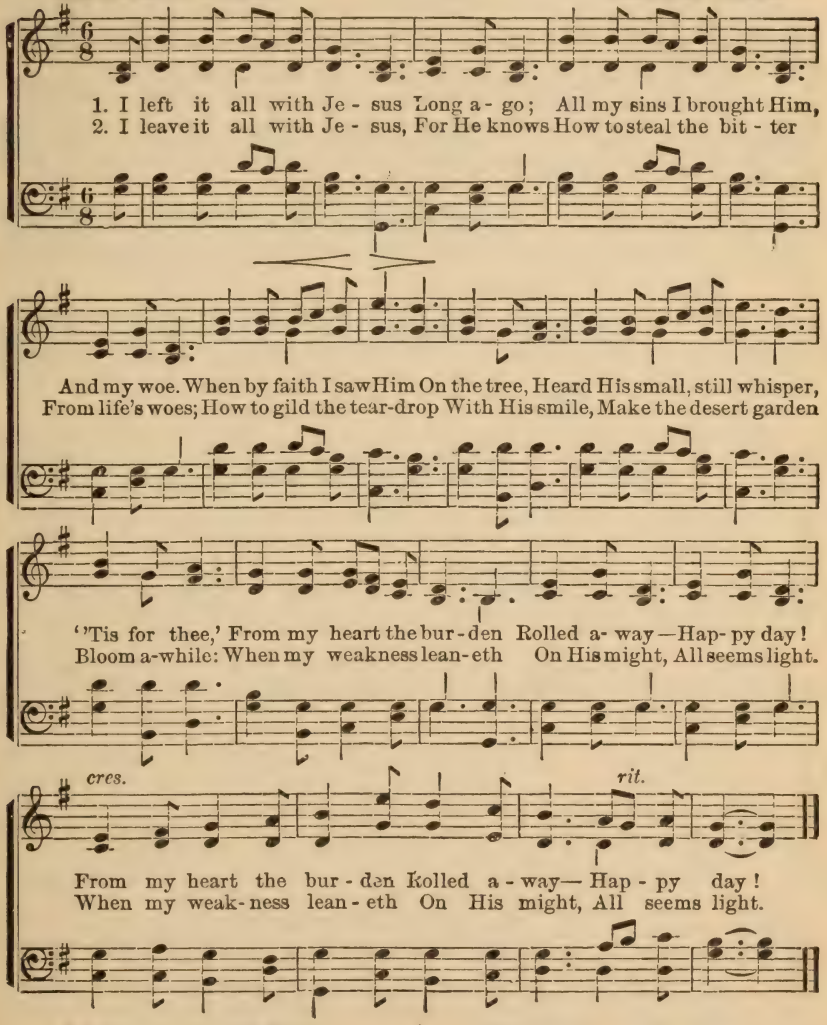
2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way.—Cho.

3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.—Cho.

No. 53. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5:7

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. Miss H. M. WARNER.

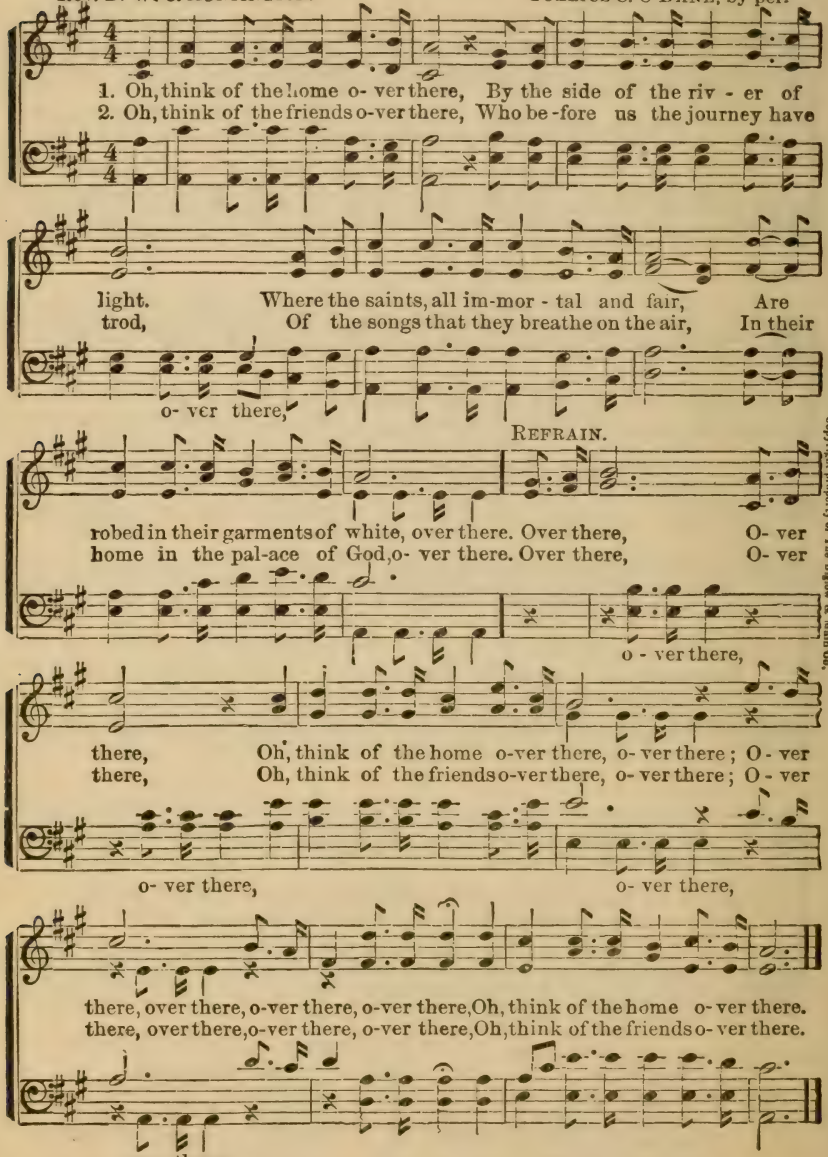

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter
And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert garden
'Tis for thee,' From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!
Bloom a-while: When my weakness lean-eth On His might, All seems light.
cres.
rit.
From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!
When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

No. 54. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55 6

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o- ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have
light. Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
o- ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, over there. Over there, O- ver
home in the pal-ace of God, o- ver there. Over there, O- ver
o - ver there,
there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, o- ver there; O - ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o- ver there; O - ver
o- ver there, o- ver there,
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o- ver there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o- ver there.
over there,

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3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

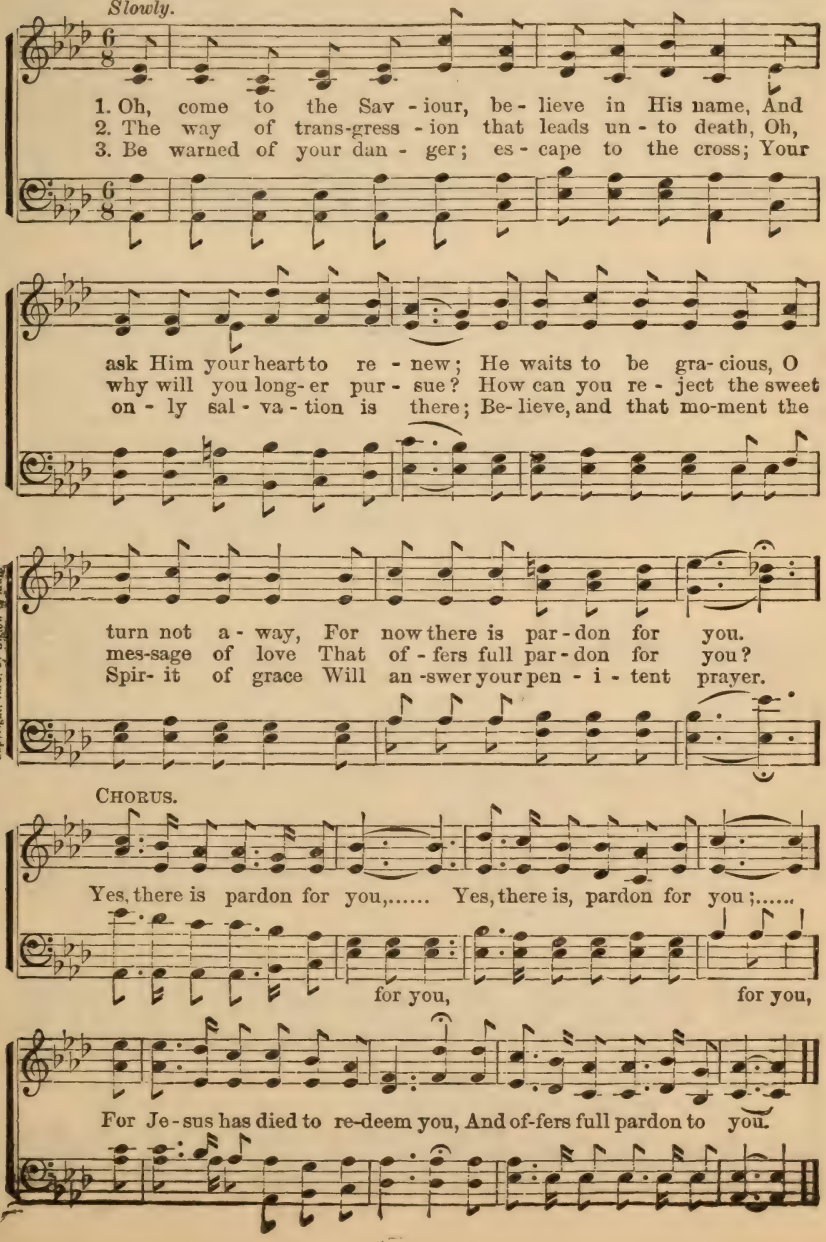
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 55. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main, by per.

Slowly.


1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in His name, And
2. The way of trans-gress - ion that leads un - to death, Oh,
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your
ask Him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra- cious, O
why will you long- er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet
on - ly sal - va - tion is there; Be- lieve, and that mo-ment the
turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
mes-sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
Spir- it of grace Will an -swer your pen - i - tent prayer.
Chorus.
Yes, there is pardon for you,..... Yes, there is, pardon for you;.....
for you, for you,
For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full pardon to you.

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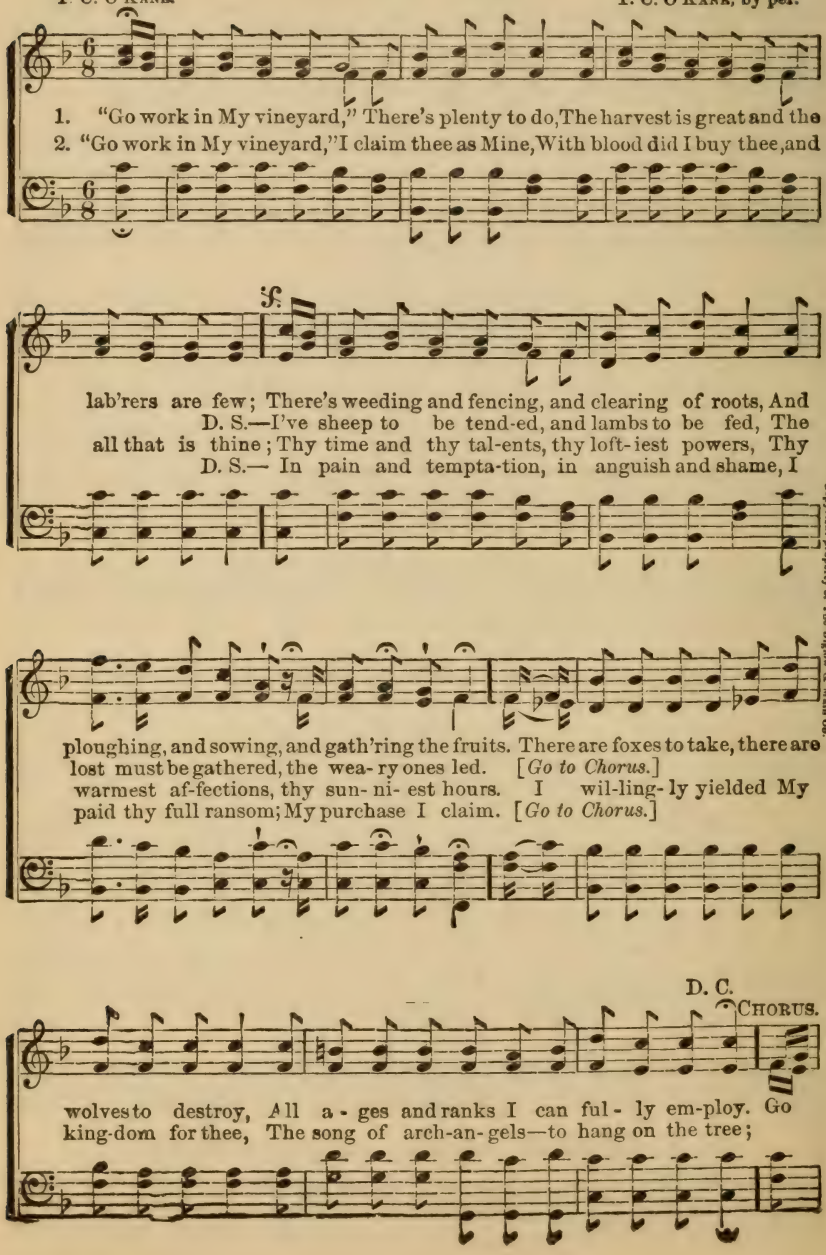
No. 56. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

T. C. O'KANE. T. C. O'KANE, by per.


1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and
lab'rers are few; There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots, And
D. S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-iest powers, Thy
D. S.— In pain and tempta-tion, in anguish and shame, I
ploughing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are
lost must be gathered, the wea- ry ones led. [Go to Chorus.]
warmest af-fections, thy sun- ni- est hours. I wil-ling- ly yielded My
paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim. [Go to Chorus.]
D. C.
CHORUS.
wolves to destroy, All a - ges and ranks I can ful - ly em-ploy. Go
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

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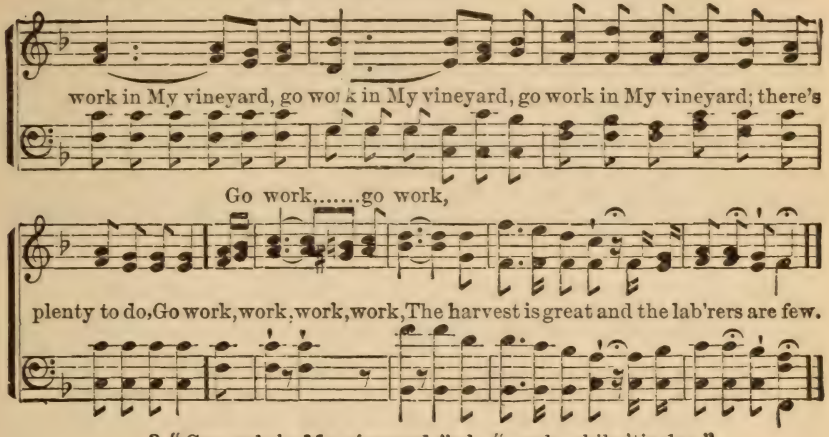
Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

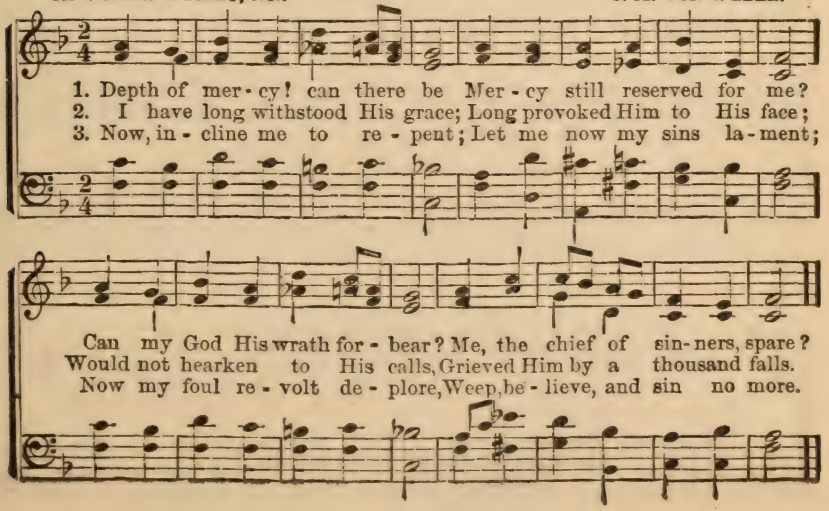

work,..... go work,.....
work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's
Go work,.....go work,
plenty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 57. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

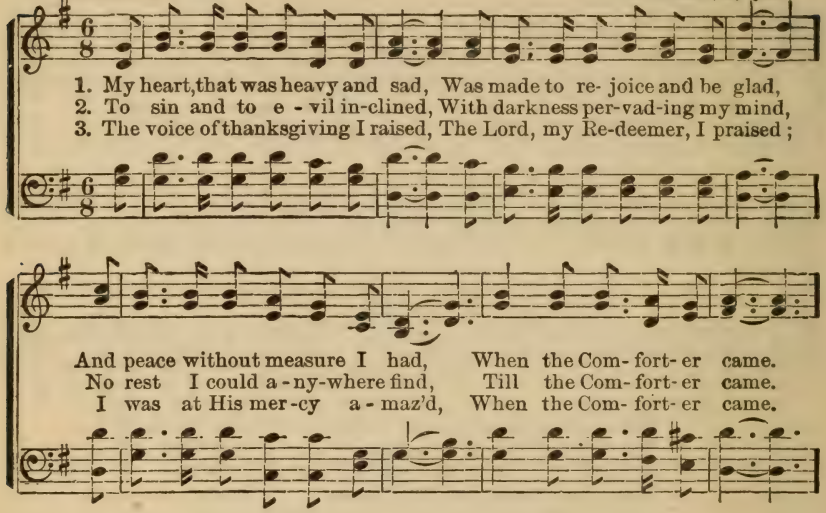
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740. C. M. VON WEBER.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

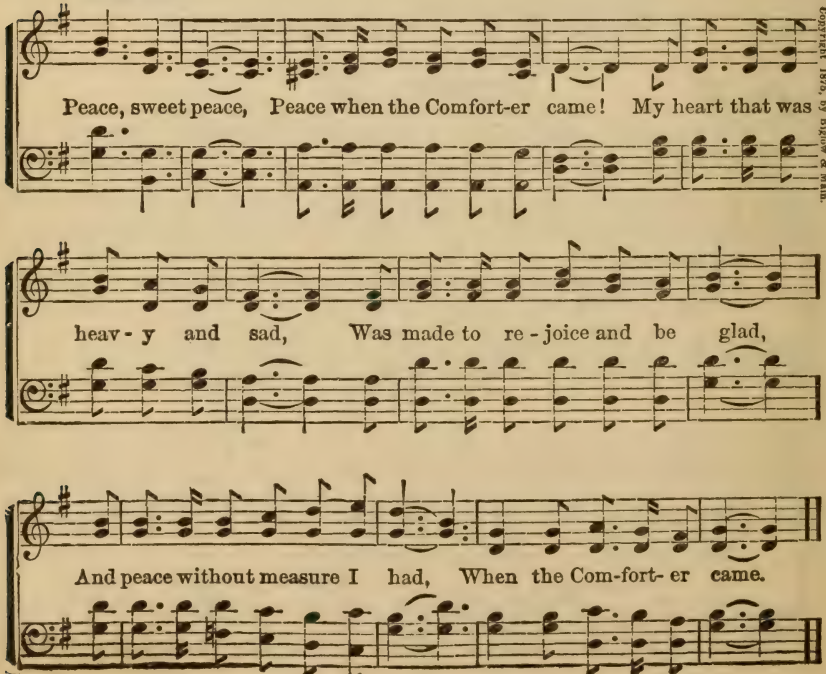
No. 58. When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN 14: 16.

WILLIAM MOORE. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.


1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to re- joice and be glad,
2. To sin and to e - vil in-clined, With darkness per-vad-ing my mind,
3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord, my Re-deemer, I praised;
And peace without measure I had, When the Com- fort- er came.
No rest I could a - ny-where find, Till the Com- fort- er came.
I was at His mer-cy a - maz'd, When the Com- fort- er came.

REFRAIN.


Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comfort-er came! My heart that was
heav - y and sad, Was made to re - joice and be glad,
And peace without measure I had, When the Com-fort- er came.

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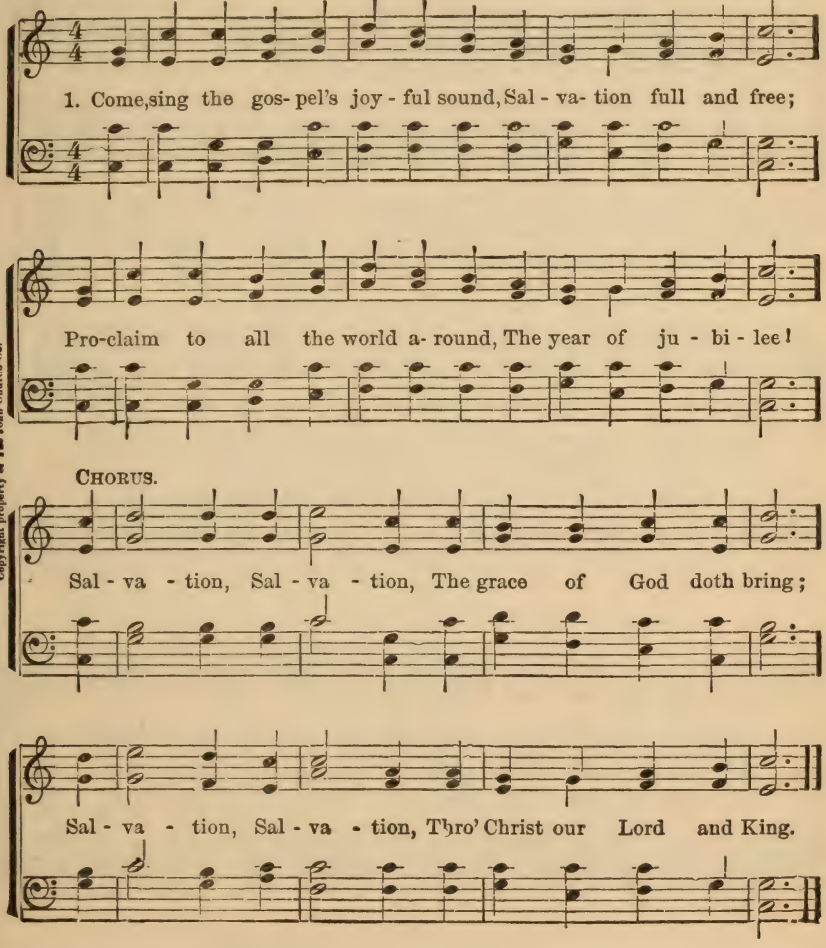
No. 59. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—TITUS 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Come, sing the gos- pel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va- tion full and free;
Pro-claim to all the world a- round, The year of ju - bi - lee!
CHORUS.
Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;
Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.

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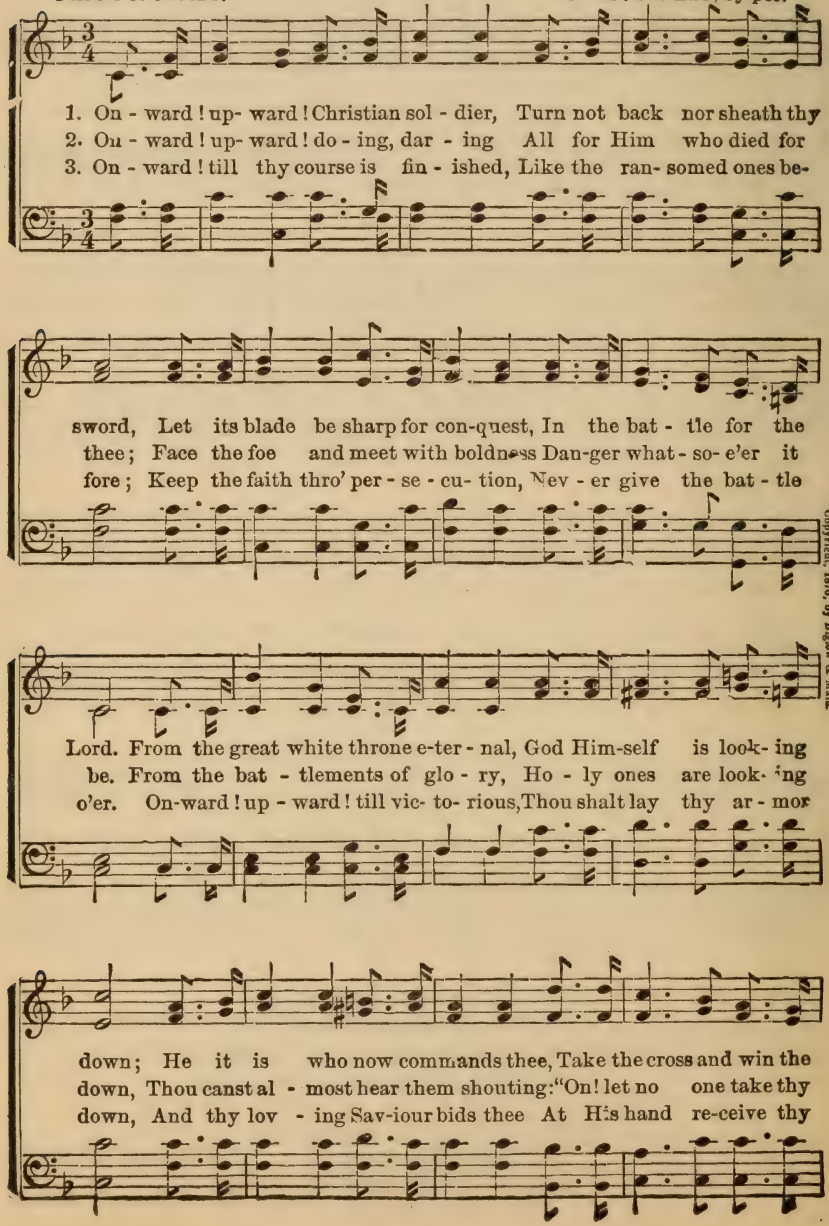
2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!—*Cho.*

3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.—*Cho.*

No. 60. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. On - ward! up- ward! Christian sol - dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy
2. On - ward! up- ward! do - ing, dar - ing All for Him who died for
3. On - ward! till thy course is fin - ished, Like the ran- somed ones be-
sword, Let its blade be sharp for con-quest, In the bat - tle for the
thee; Face the foe and meet with boldness Dan-ger what - so- e'er it
fore; Keep the faith thro' per - se - cu- tion, Nev - er give the bat - tle
Lord. From the great white throne e-ter - nal, God Him-self is look- ing
be. From the bat - tlements of glo - ry, Ho - ly ones are look- ing
o'er. On-ward! up - ward! till vic- to- rious, Thou shalt lay thy ar - mor
down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the
down, Thou canst al - most hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy
down, And thy lov - ing Sav-iour bids thee At His hand re-ceive thy

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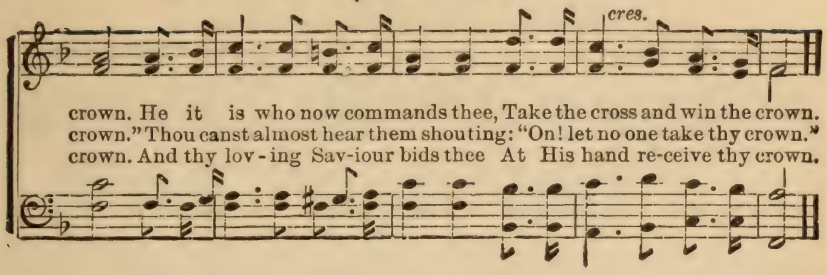
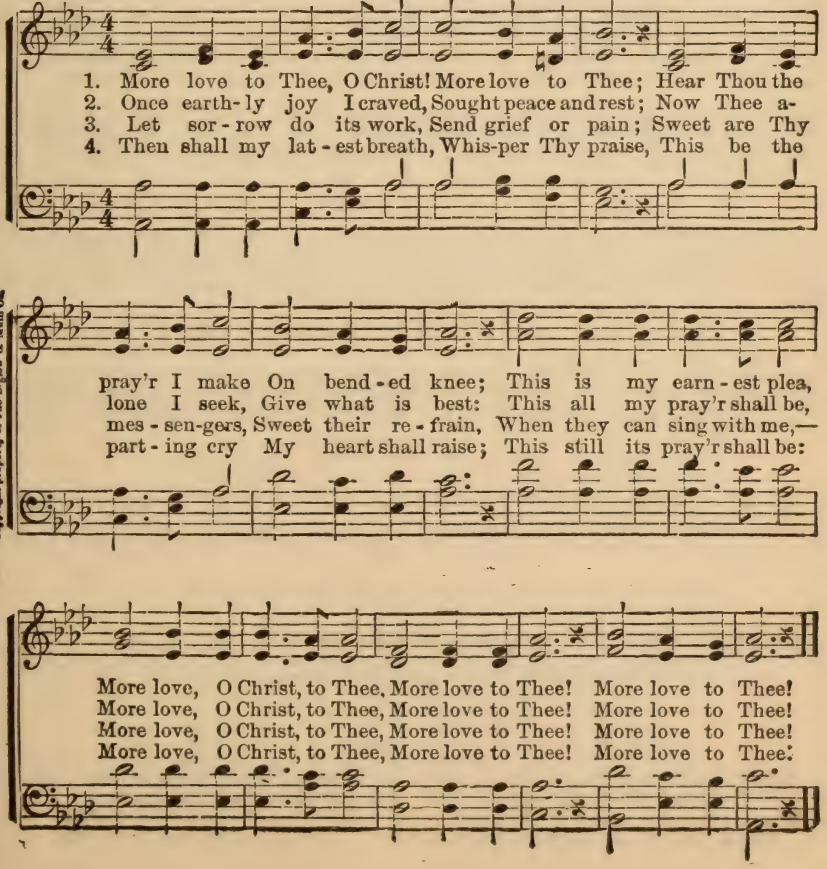

cres.
crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.
crown." Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy crown."
crown. And thy lov-ing Sav-iour bids thee At His hand re-ceive thy crown.

No. 61. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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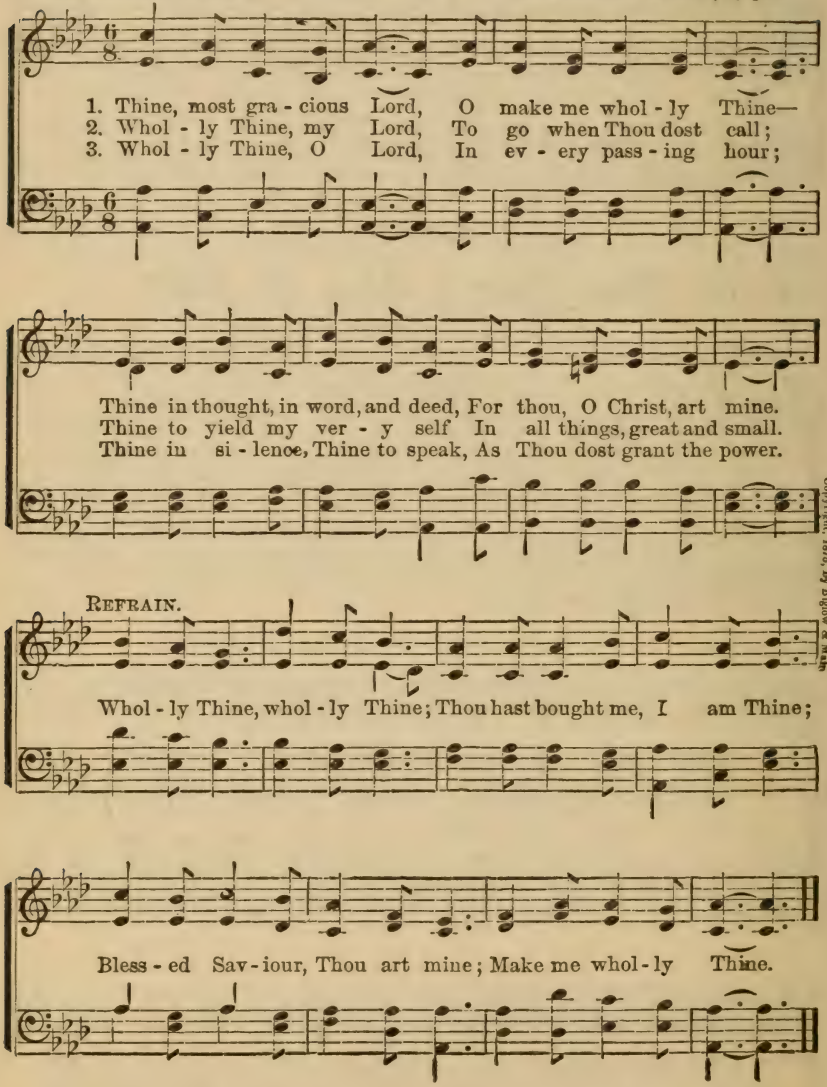
No. 62. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—THES. 5: 23.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.


1. Thine, most gra - cious Lord, O make me whol - ly Thine—
2. Whol - ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;
3. Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, In ev - ery pass - ing hour;
Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For thou, O Christ, art mine.
Thine to yield my ver - y self In all things, great and small.
Thine in si - lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.
REFRAIN.
Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;
Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.

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4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

5.

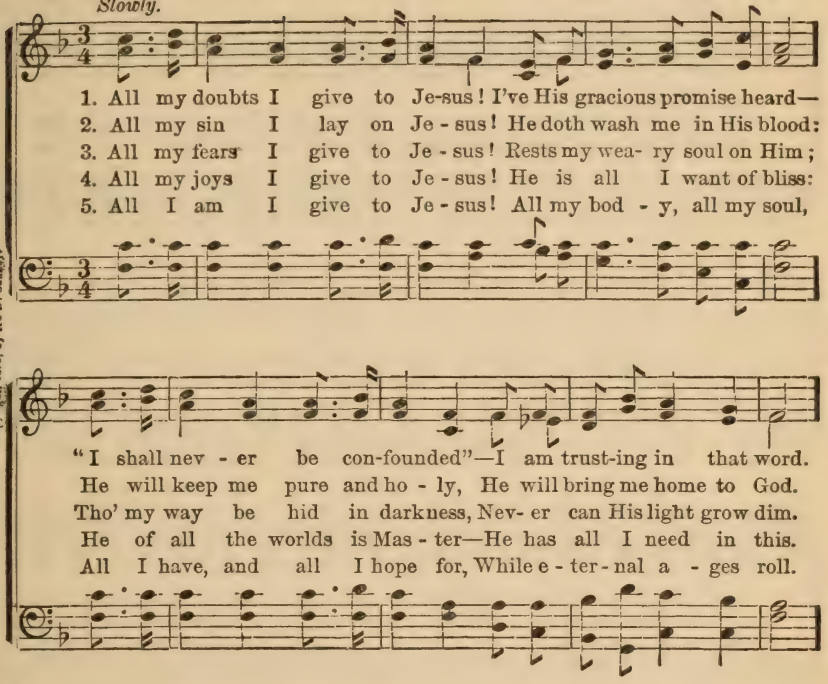
Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding sure, and free.—*Ref.*

No. 63. Fully Trusting.

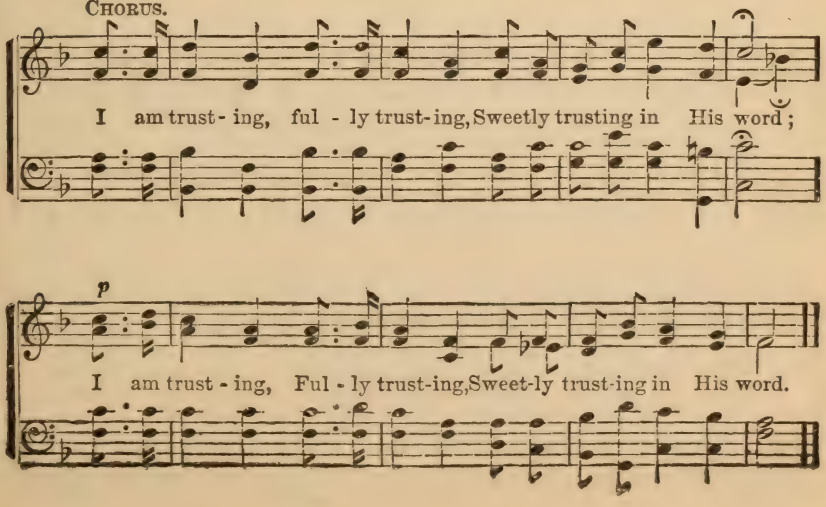
"Fully I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

Slowly.


1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus! I've His gracious promise heard—
2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea- ry soul on Him;
4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:
5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod - y, all my soul,
"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trust-ing in that word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev- er can His light grow dim.
He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.
All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.



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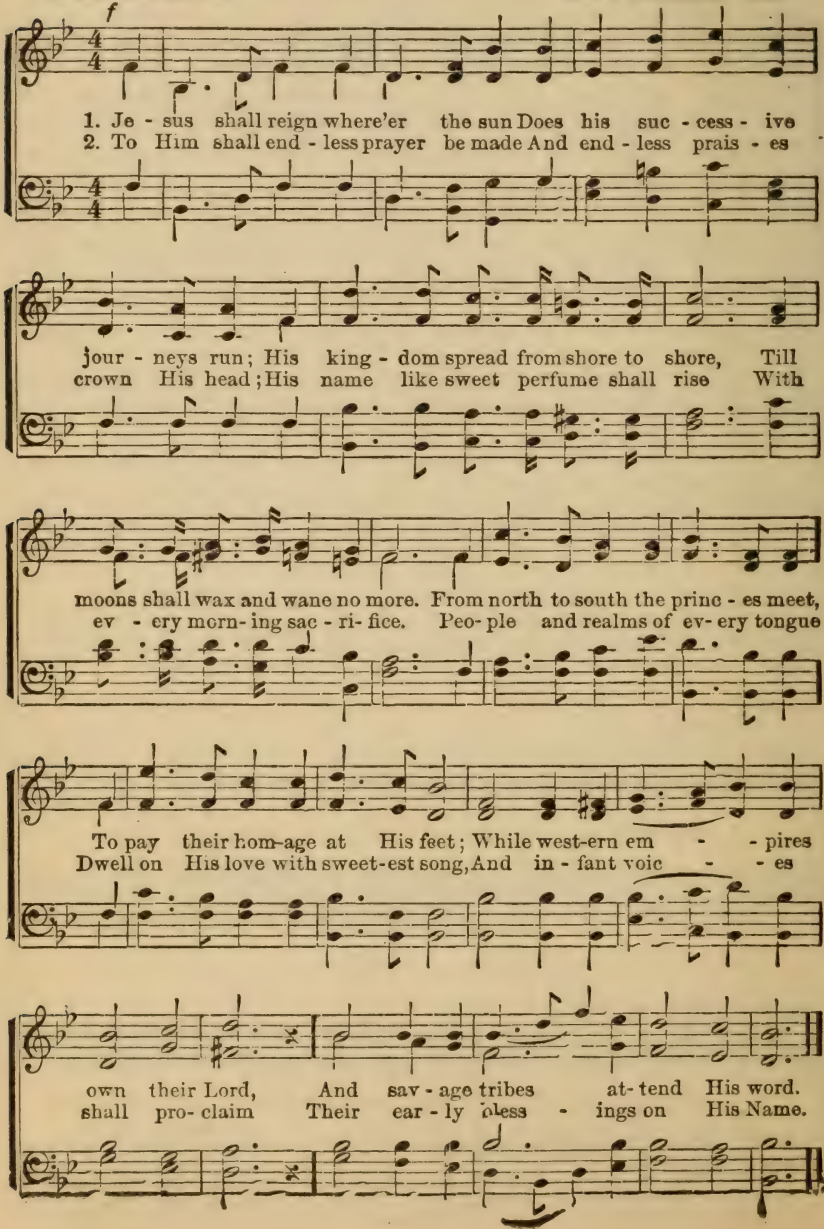
No. 64. Jesus Shall Reign.

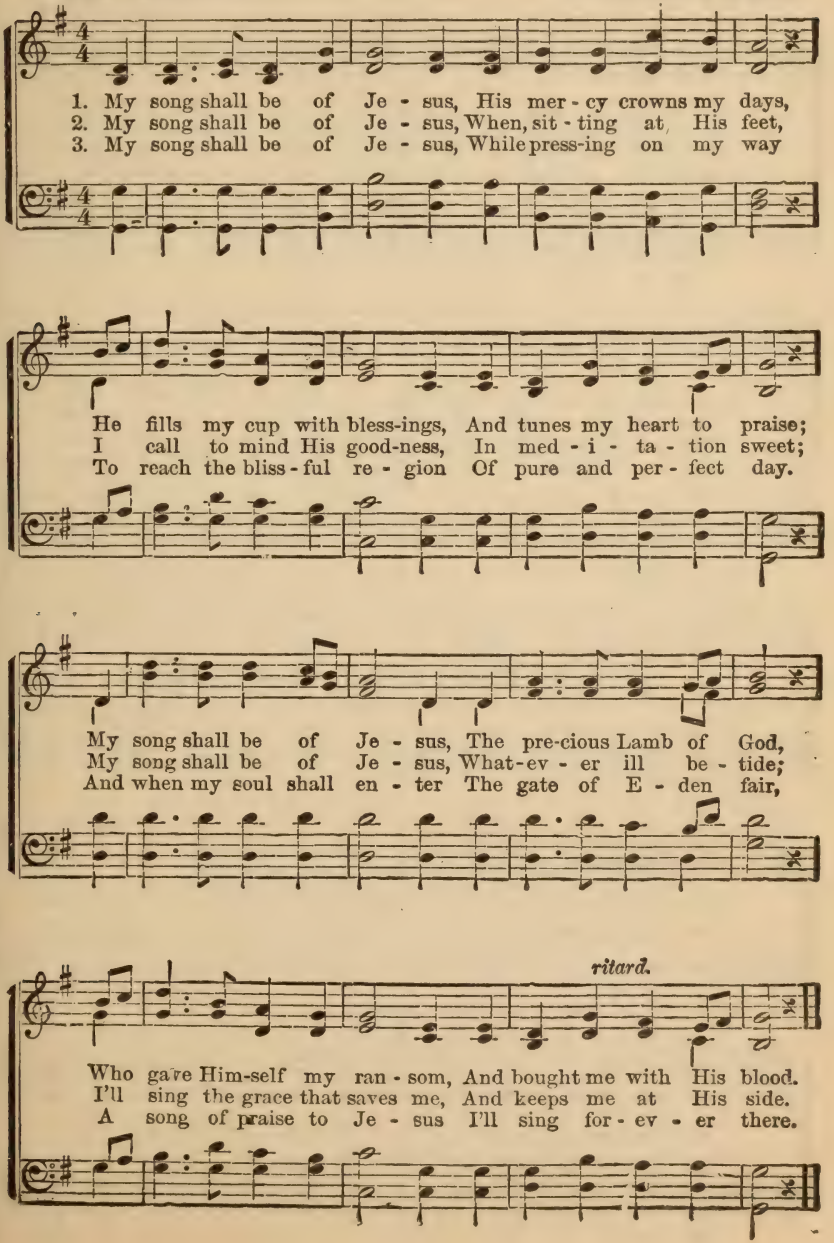
"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. KARL WILHELM. Alt.


f
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais - es
jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With
moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princ - es meet,
ev - ery morn- ing sac - ri- fice. Peo- ple and realms of ev- ery tongue
To pay their hom-age at His feet; While west-ern em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweet-est song, And in - fant voic - - es
own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at- tend His word.
shall pro- claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 65. My Song shall be of Jesus.

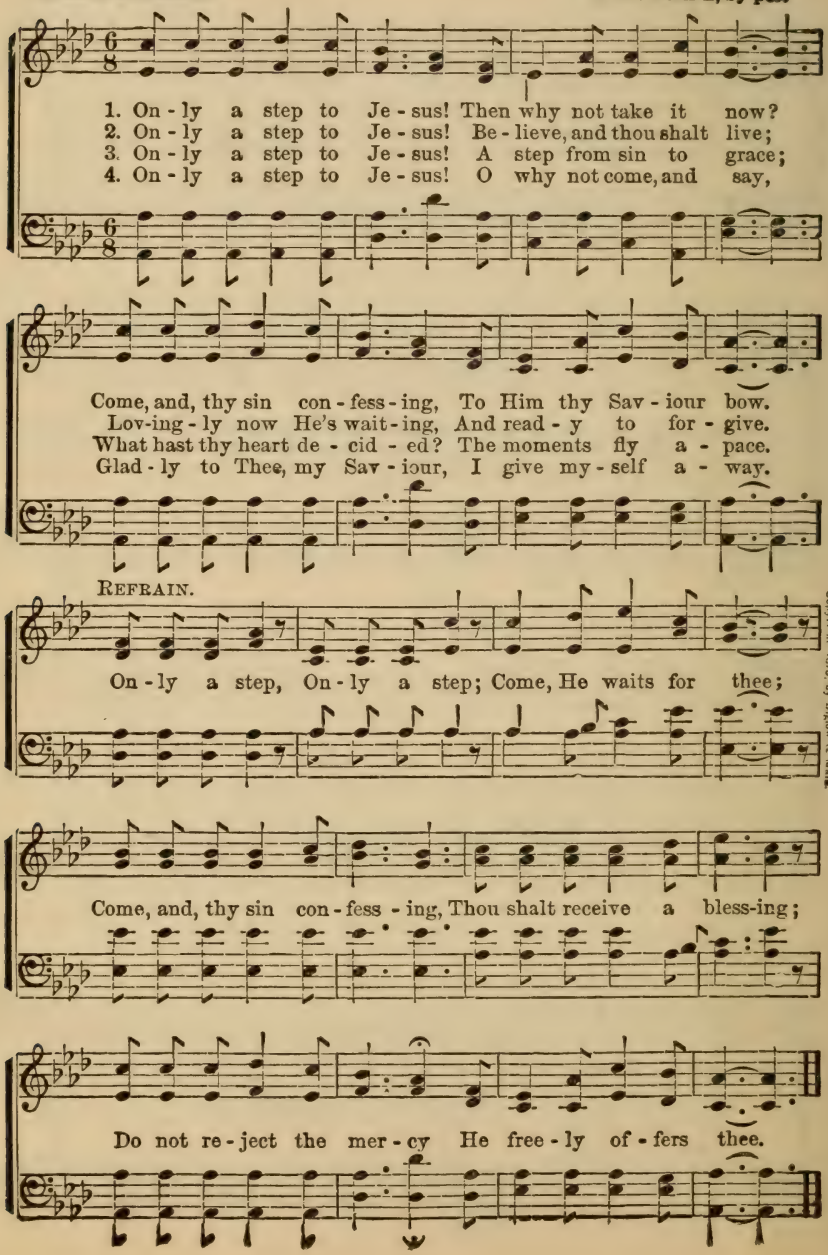
"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While press-ing on my way
He fills my cup with bless-ings, And tunes my heart to praise;
I call to mind His good-ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.
My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, What-ev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,
ritard.
Who gave Him-self my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

No. 66. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov-ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.
Refrain.
On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless-ing;
Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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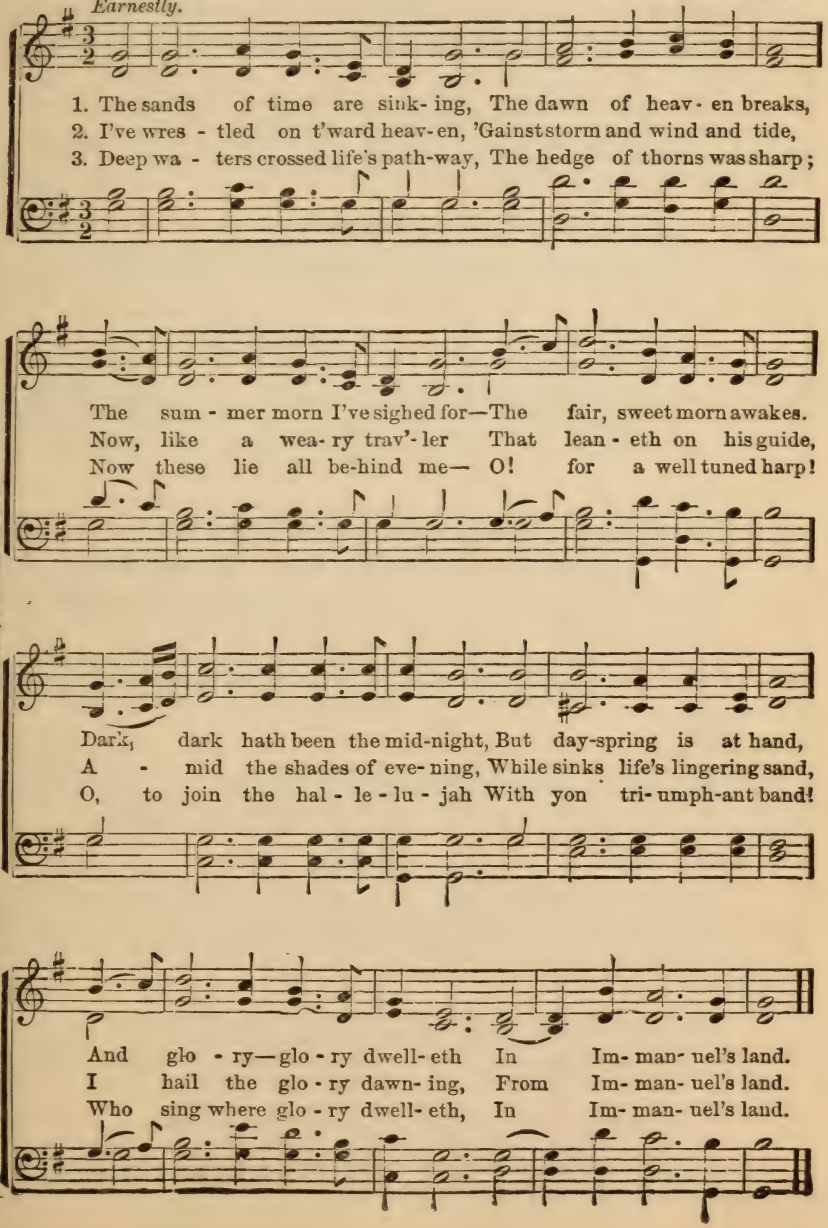
No. 67. Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

Annie R. Cousin, 1857. C. M. Wyman, by per.

Earnestly.


1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks,
2. I've wres-tled on t'ward heav-en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Now, like a wea-ry trav'-ler That lean-eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be-hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!
Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
A-mid the shades of eve-ning, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal-le-lu-jah With yon tri-umph-ant band!
And glo-ry—glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.
I hail the glo-ry dawn-ing, From Im-man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.

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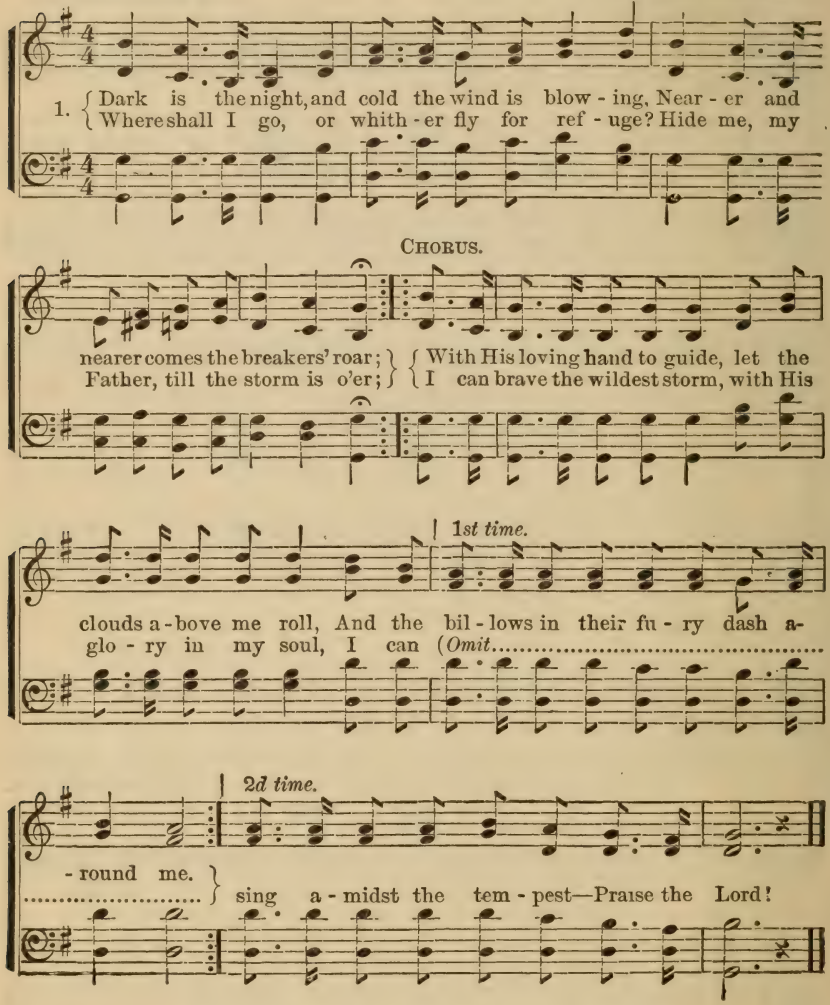
No. 68. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blow - ing, Near - er and
Where shall I go, or whith - er fly for ref - uge? Hide me, my
CHORUS.
nearer comes the breakers' roar;
Father, till the storm is o'er;
With His loving hand to guide, let the
I can brave the wildest storm, with His
1st time.
clouds a - bove me roll, And the bil - lows in their fu - ry dash a-
glo - ry in my soul, I can (Omit.....
2d time.
- round me.
..... sing a - midst the tem - pest—Praise the Lord!

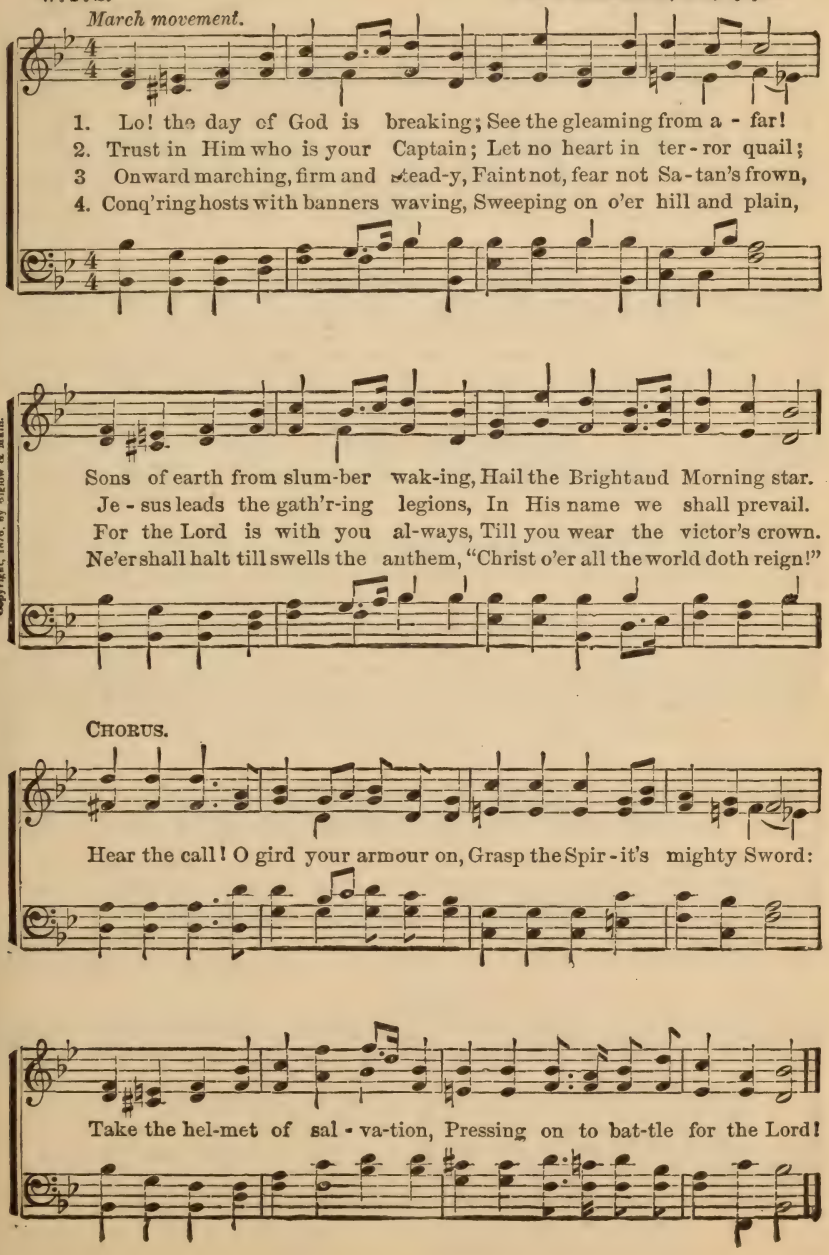
2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

No. 69. Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.


March movement.
1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3 Onward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the Bright and Morning star.
Je - sus leads the gath'r-ing legions, In His name we shall prevail.
For the Lord is with you al-ways, Till you wear the victor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"
CHORUS.
Hear the call! O gird your armour on, Grasp the Spir - it's mighty Sword:
Take the hel-met of sal - va-tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

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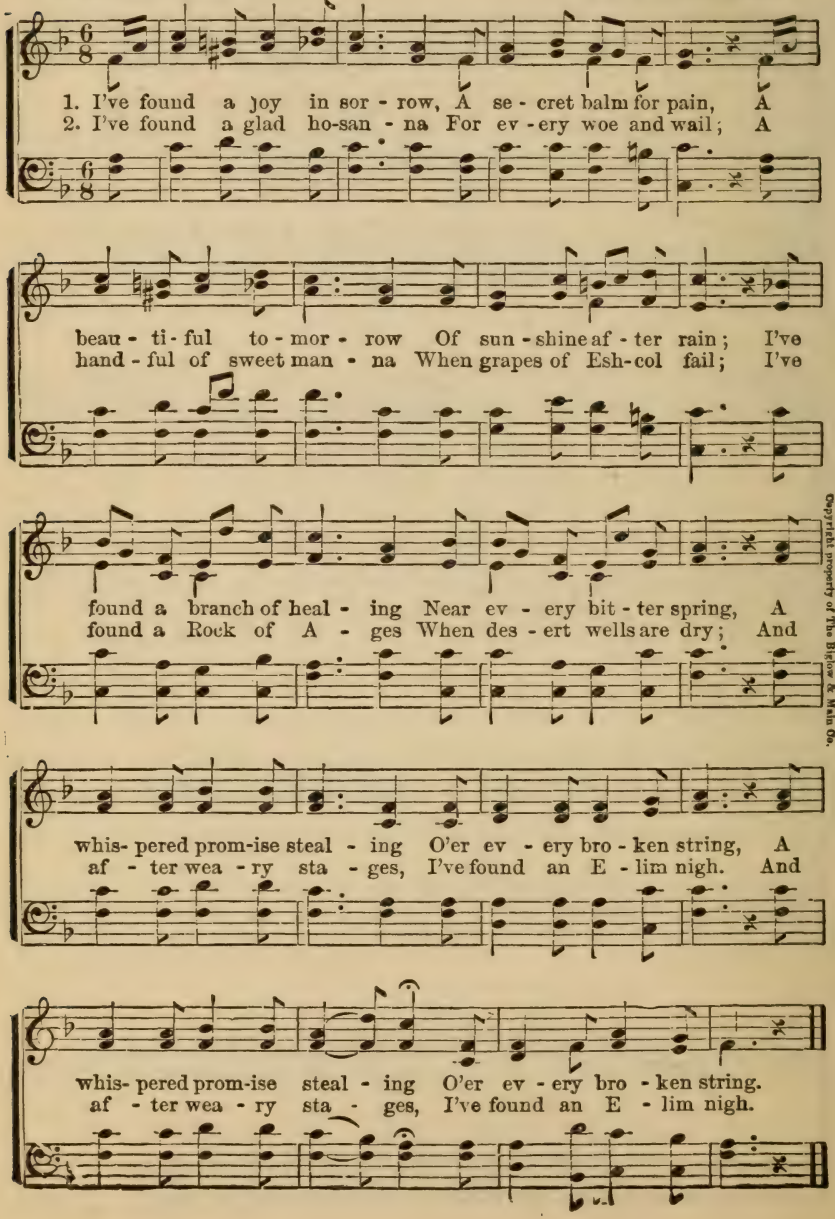
No. 70. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16:20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A
2. I've found a glad ho-san - na For ev - ery woe and wail; A
beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun - shine af - ter rain; I've
hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've
found a branch of heal - ing Near ev - ery bit - ter spring, A
found a Rock of A - ges When des - ert wells are dry; And
whis- pered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - ery bro - ken string, A
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh. And
whis- pered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - ery bro - ken string.
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh.

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Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

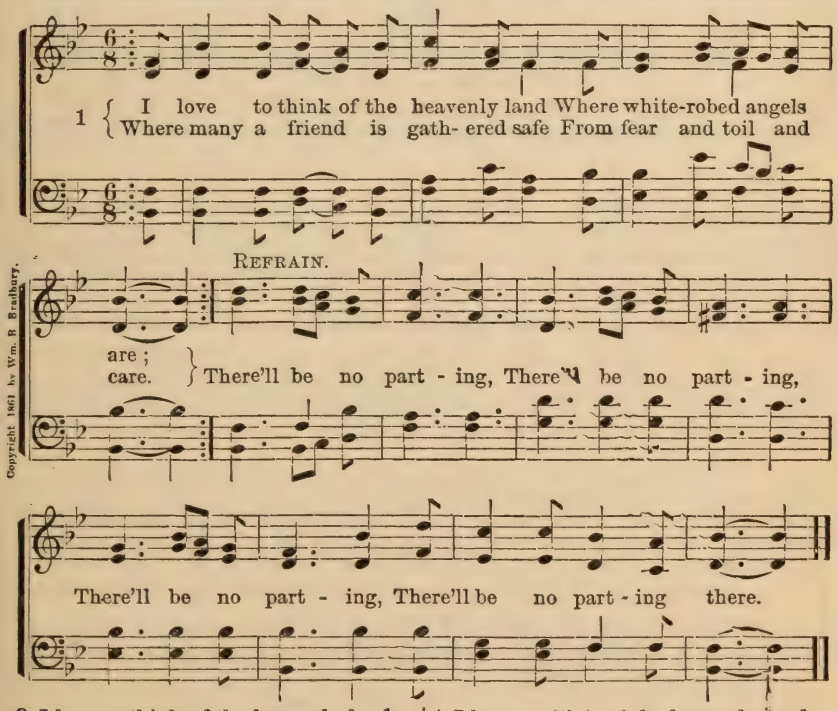
4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

—o—

No. 71. The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1858. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1 I love to think of the heavenly land Where white-robed angels
Where many a friend is gath- ered safe From fear and toil and
REFRAIN.
are;
care. There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,
There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

Copyright 1861 by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home. [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one.—*Ref.*

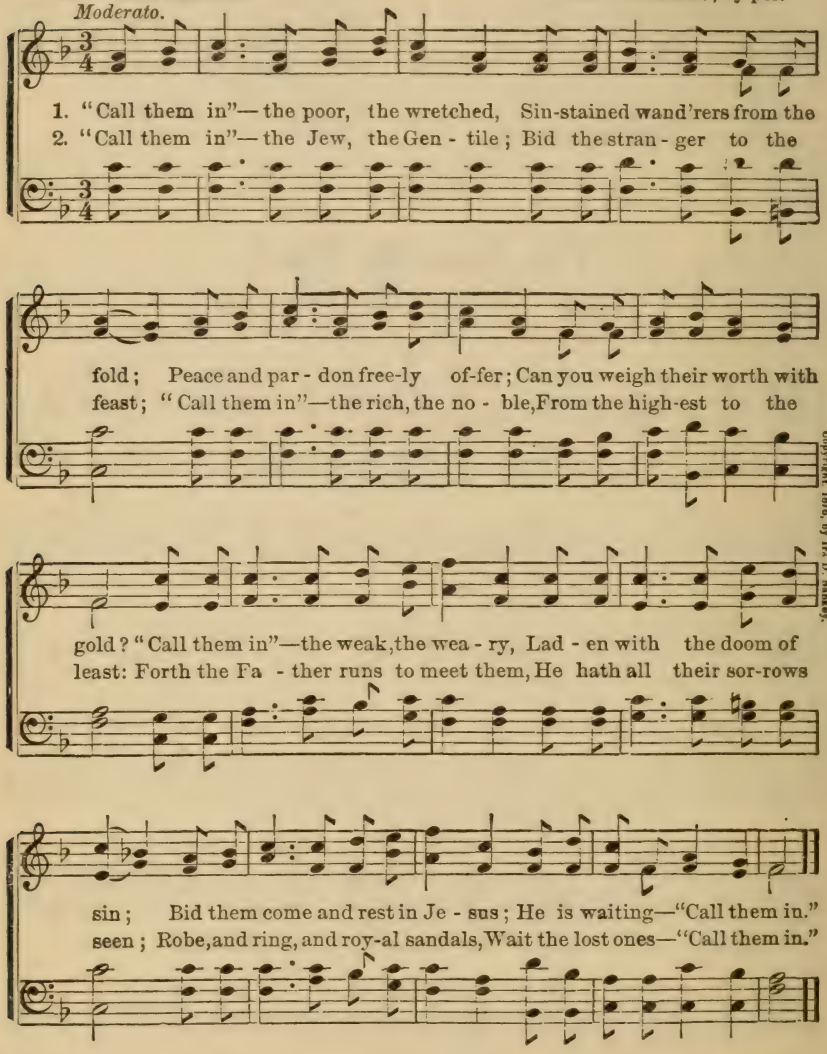
4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—*Ref.*

No. 72. Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

Miss ANNA SHIPTON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Moderato.

1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the
2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen - tile; Bid the stran - ger to the
fold; Peace and par - don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with
feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the no - ble, From the high-est to the
gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the wea - ry, Lad - en with the doom of
least: Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows
sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is waiting—"Call them in."
seen; Robe, and ring, and roy-al sandals, Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

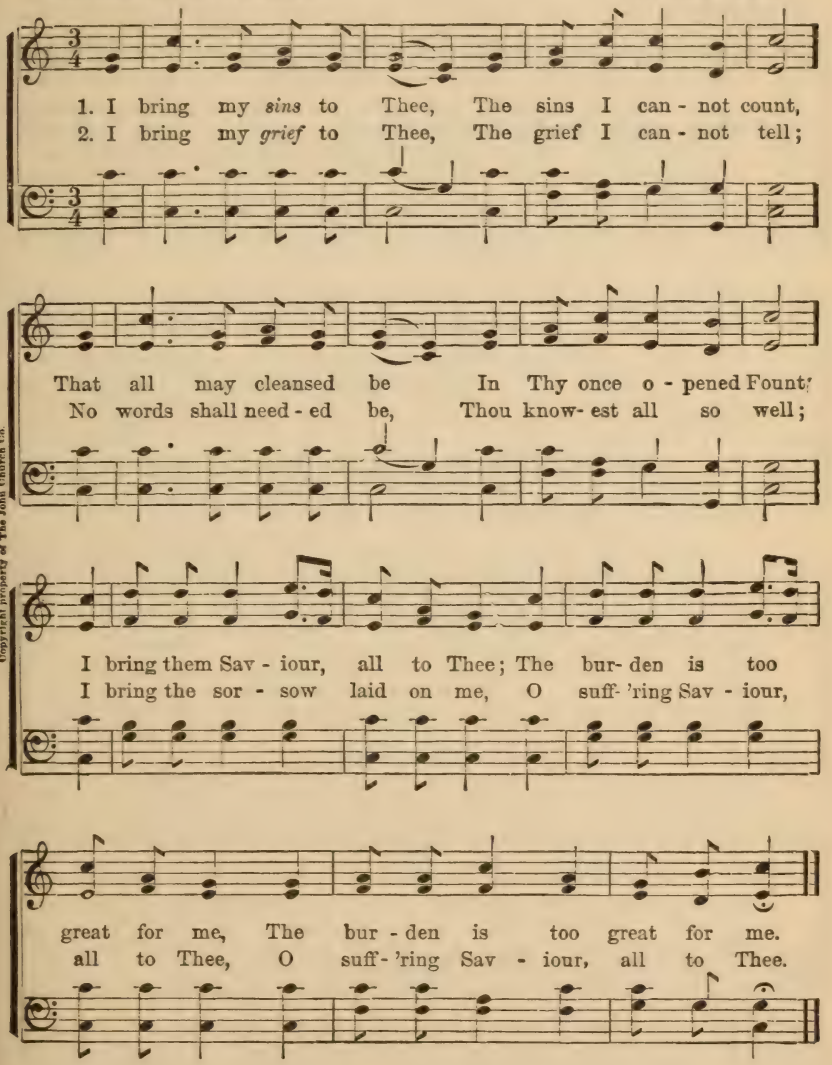
3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth;
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

No. 73. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30: 15.

Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can - not count,
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can - not tell;
That all may cleansed be In Thy once o - pened Fount;
No words shall need - ed be, Thou know- est all so well;
I bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur- den is too
I bring the sor - sow laid on me, O suff- 'ring Sav - iour,
great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
all to Thee, O suff- 'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee.

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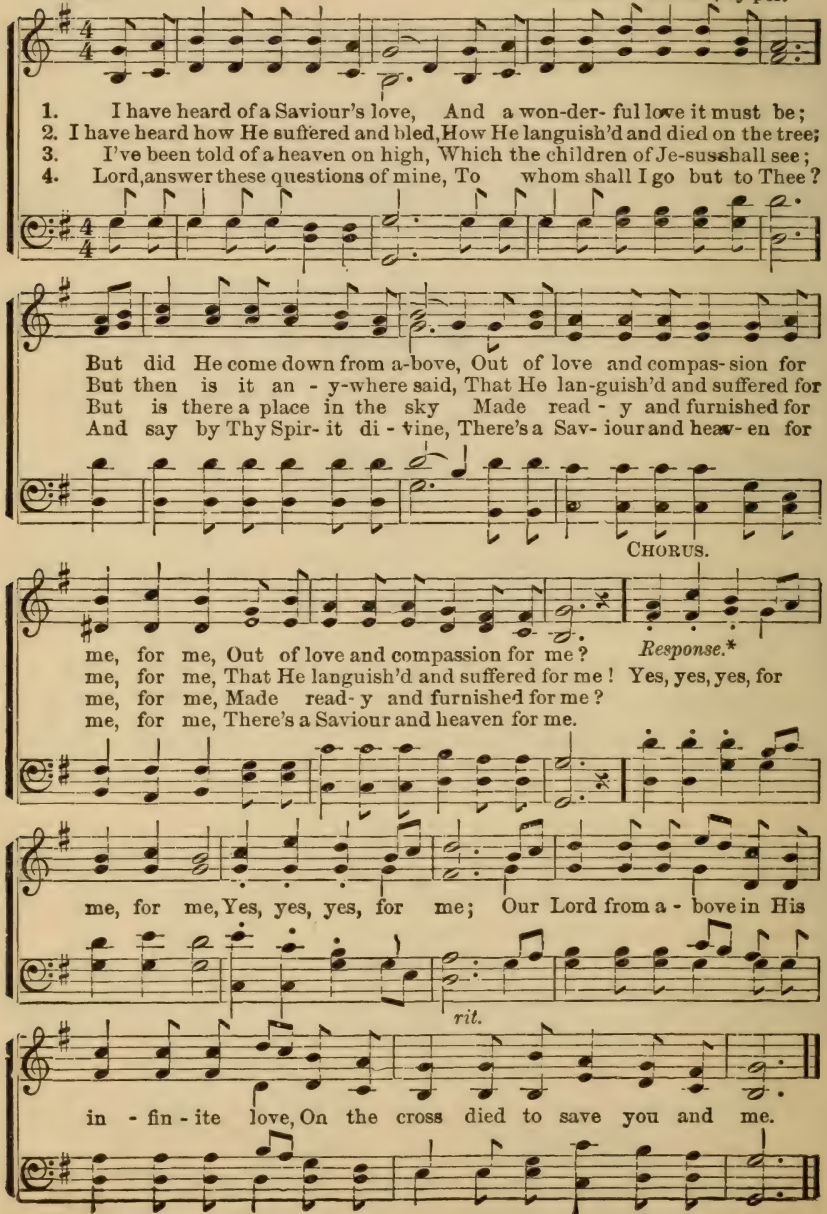
3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

No. 74. Song of Salvation.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

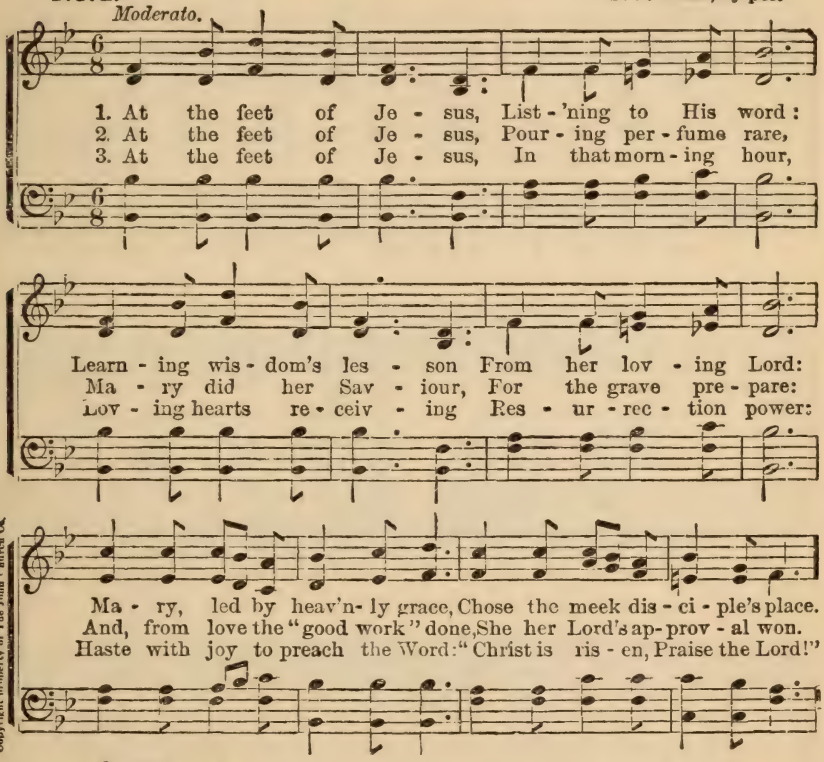

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der- ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Je-sus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?
But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and compas- sion for me,
But then is it an - y-where said, That He lan-guish'd and suffered for me!
But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnished for me?
And say by Thy Spir- it di - vine, There's a Sav- iour and heav- en for me,
CHORUS.
me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? Response.*
me, for me, That He languish'd and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read- y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.
me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His
rit.
in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

No. 75. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.


1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to His word:
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,
Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:
Ma - ry did her Sav - iour, For the grave pre - pare:
Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - ur - rec - tion power:
Ma - ry, led by heav'n - ly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap - prov - al won.
Haste with joy to preach the Word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

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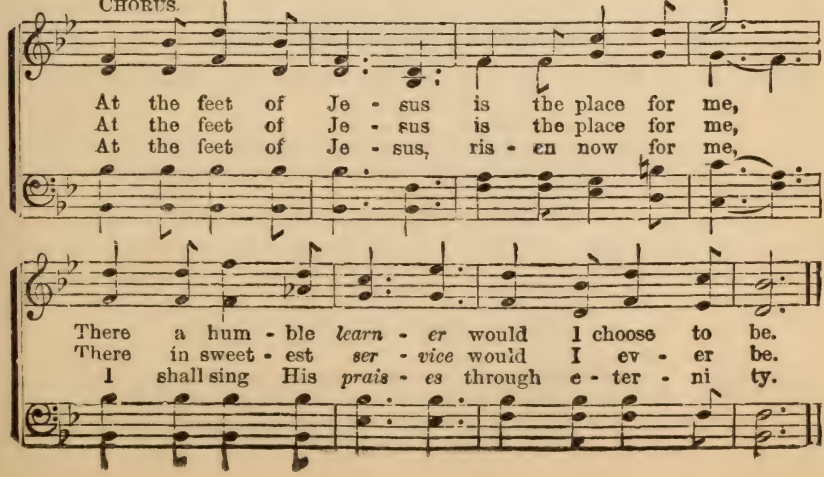
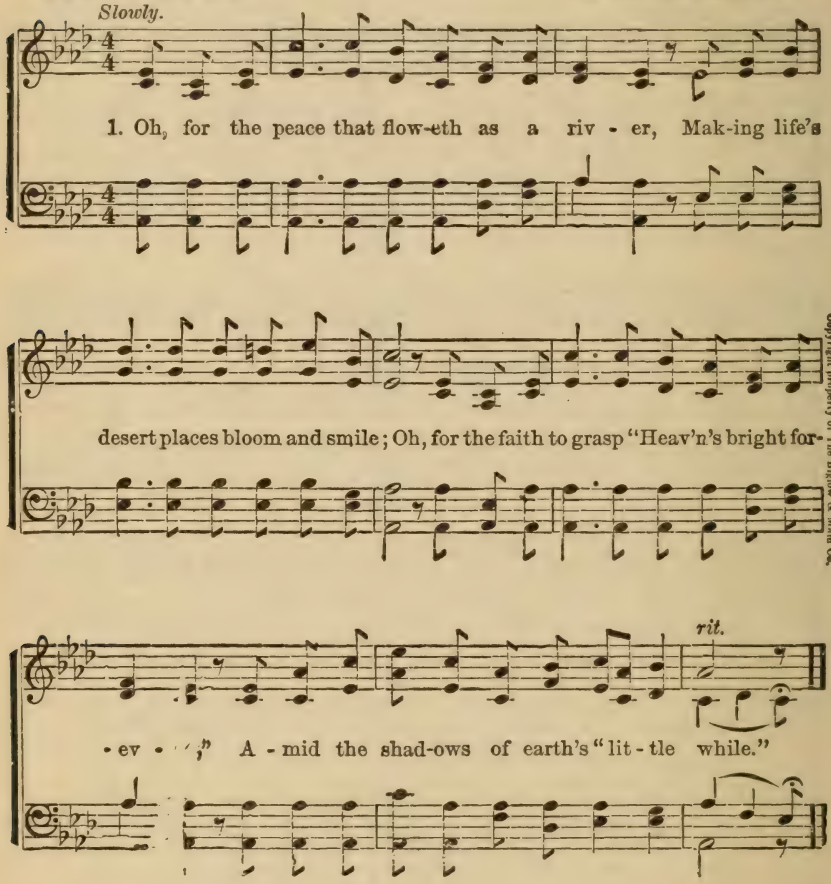
CHORUS.

At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,
There a hum - ble *learn - er* would I choose to be.
There in sweet - est *ser - vice* would I ev - er be.
I shall sing His *prais - es* through e - ter - ni ty.

No. 76. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


Slowly.
1. Oh, for the peace that flow-eth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's
desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright for-
rit.
- ev - ," A - mid the shad-ows of earth's "lit - tle while."

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2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

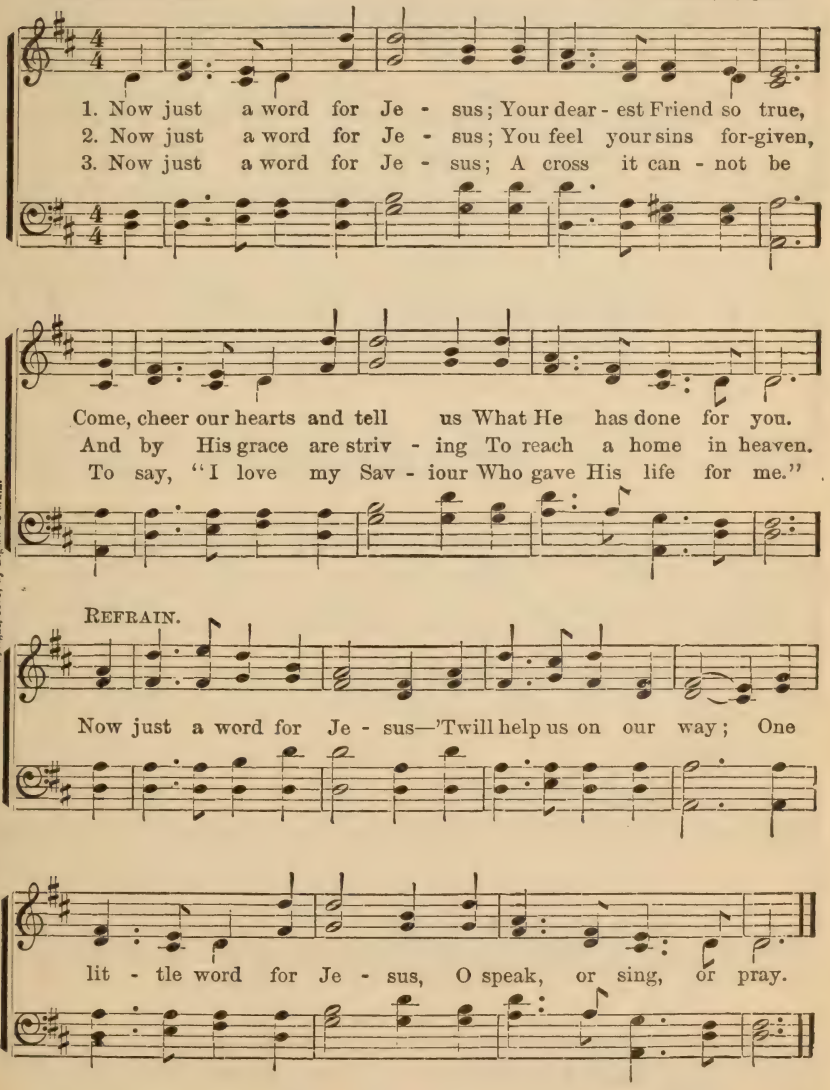
3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

No. 77. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.


1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est Friend so true,
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given,
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.
To say, "I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."
REFRAIN.
Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way; One
lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

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4

Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

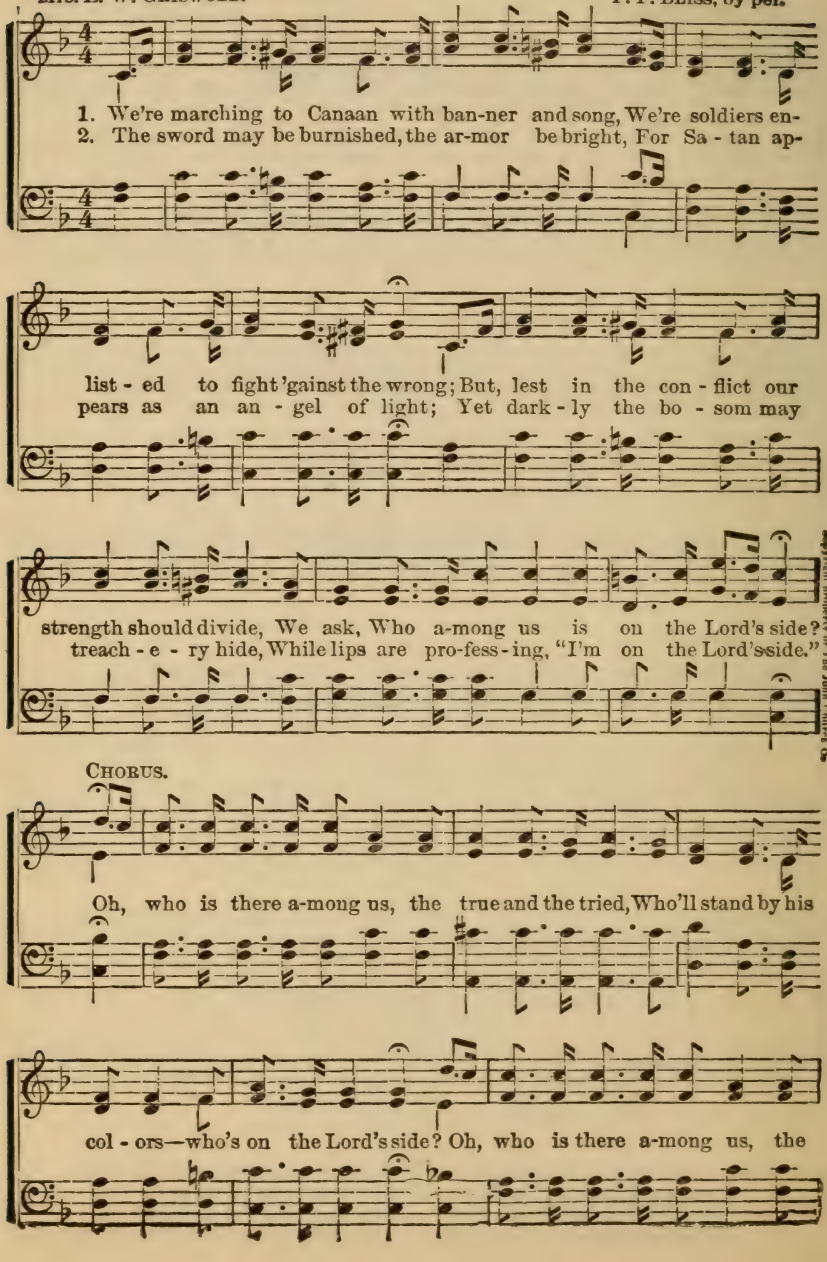
5

Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

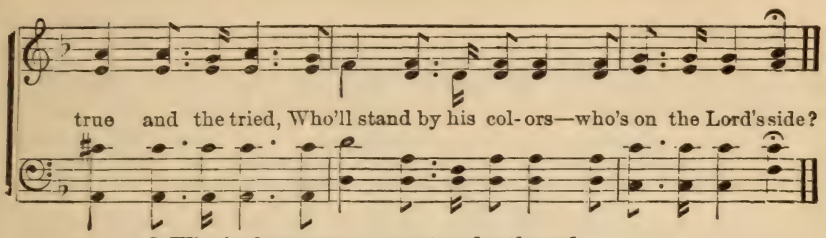
No. 78. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. We're marching to Canaan with ban-ner and song, We're soldiers en-
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar-mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap-
list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may
strength should divide, We ask, Who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
treach - e - ry hide, While lips are pro-fess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."
Chorus.
Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his
col - ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the

Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.—*Cho.*

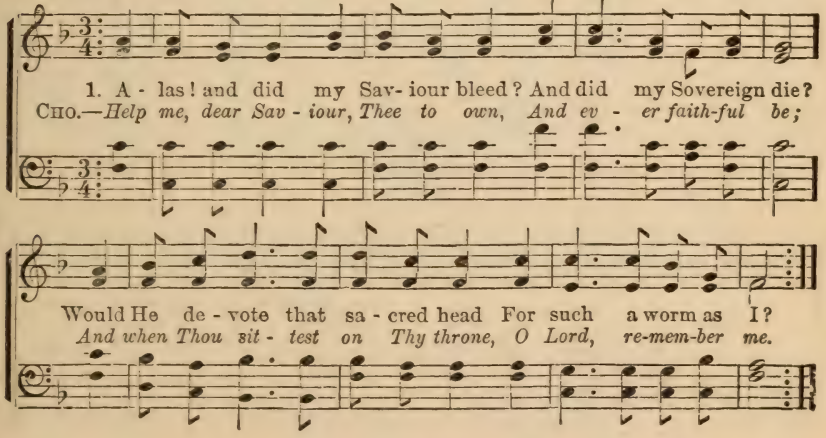
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"—*Cho.*

—o—

No. 79. Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL, by per.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
CHO.—*Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;*
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

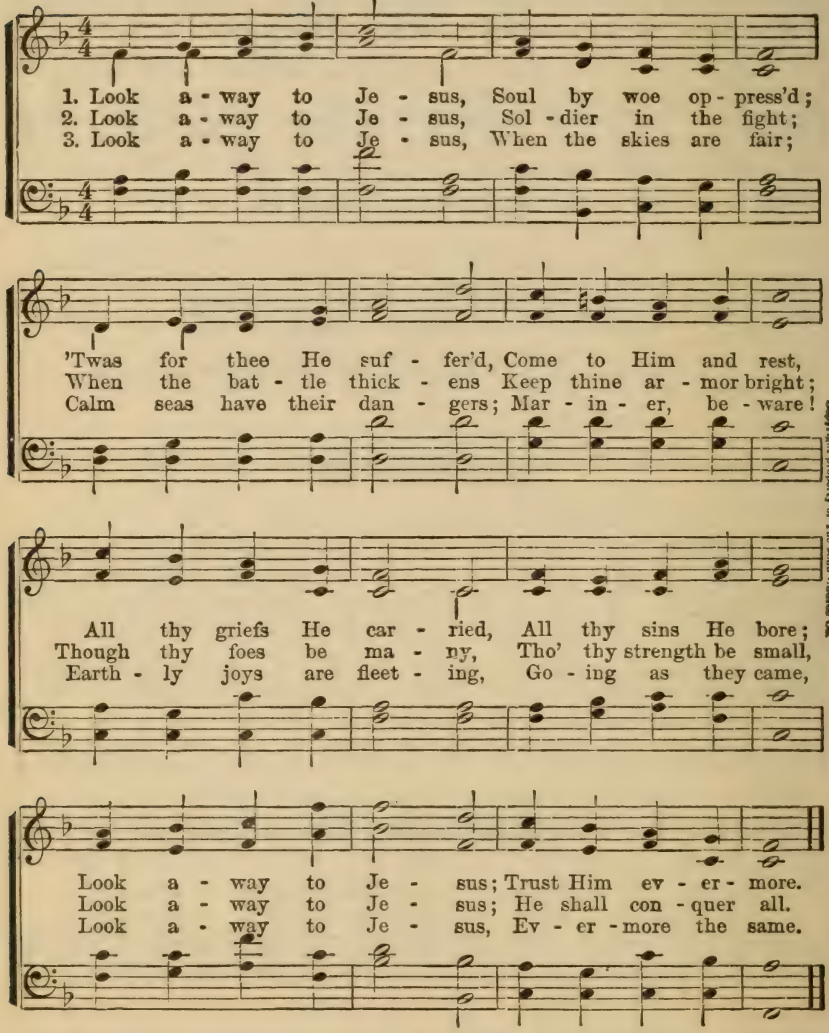
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

No. 80. Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Look a - way to Je - sus, Soul by woe op - press'd;
2. Look a - way to Je - sus, Sol - dier in the fight;
3. Look a - way to Je - sus, When the skies are fair;
'Twas for thee He suf - fer'd, Come to Him and rest,
When the bat - tle thick - ens Keep thine ar - mor bright;
Calm seas have their dan - gers; Mar - in - er, be - ware!
All thy griefs He car - ried, All thy sins He bore;
Though thy foes be ma - ny, Tho' thy strength be small,
Earth - ly joys are fleet - ing, Go - ing as they came,
Look a - way to Je - sus; Trust Him ev - er - more.
Look a - way to Je - sus; He shall con - quer all.
Look a - way to Je - sus, Ev - er - more the same.

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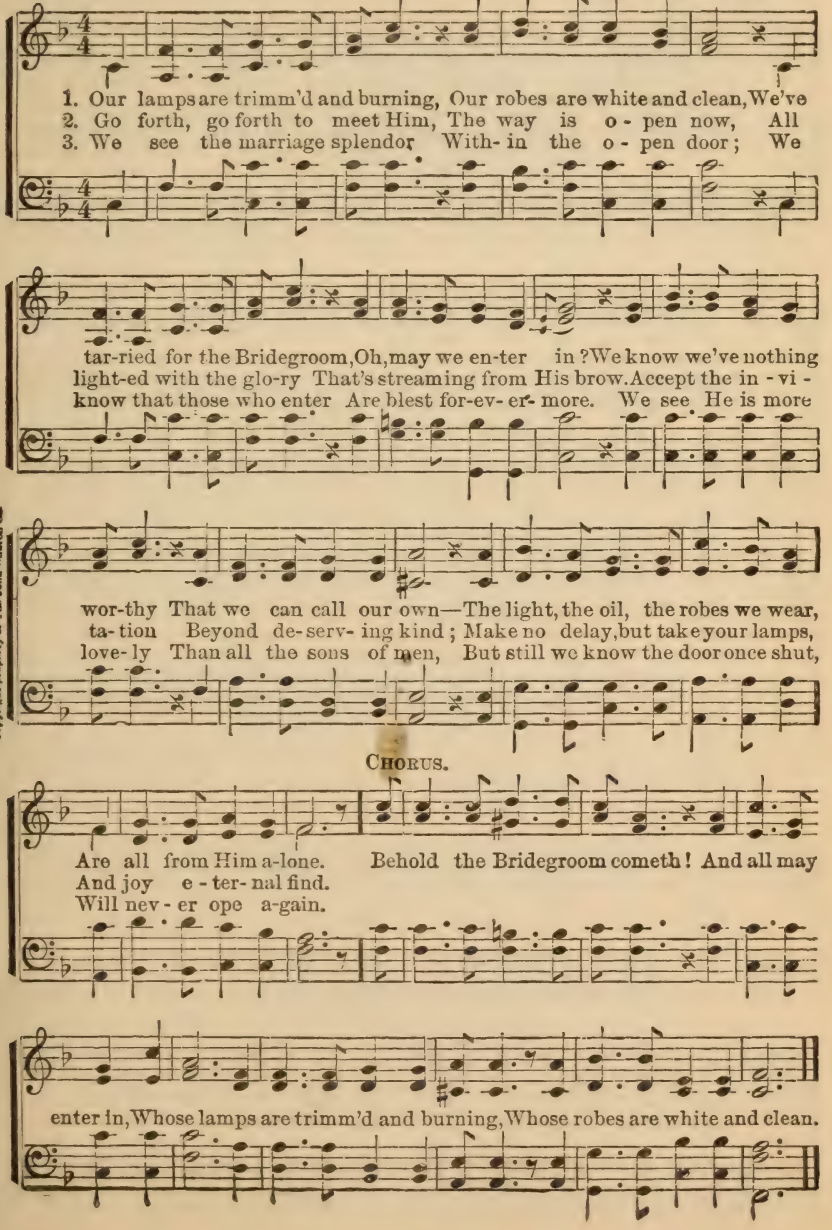
4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

4 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

No. 81. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
3. We see the marriage splendor With- in the o - pen door; We
tar-ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en-ter in? We know we've nothing
light-ed with the glo-ry That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in - vi -
know that those who enter Are blest for-ev- er- more. We see He is more
wor-thy That we can call our own—The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
ta-tion Beyond de-serv- ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,
love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,
CHORUS.
Are all from Him a-lone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e - ter- nal find.
Will nev- er ope a-gain.
enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

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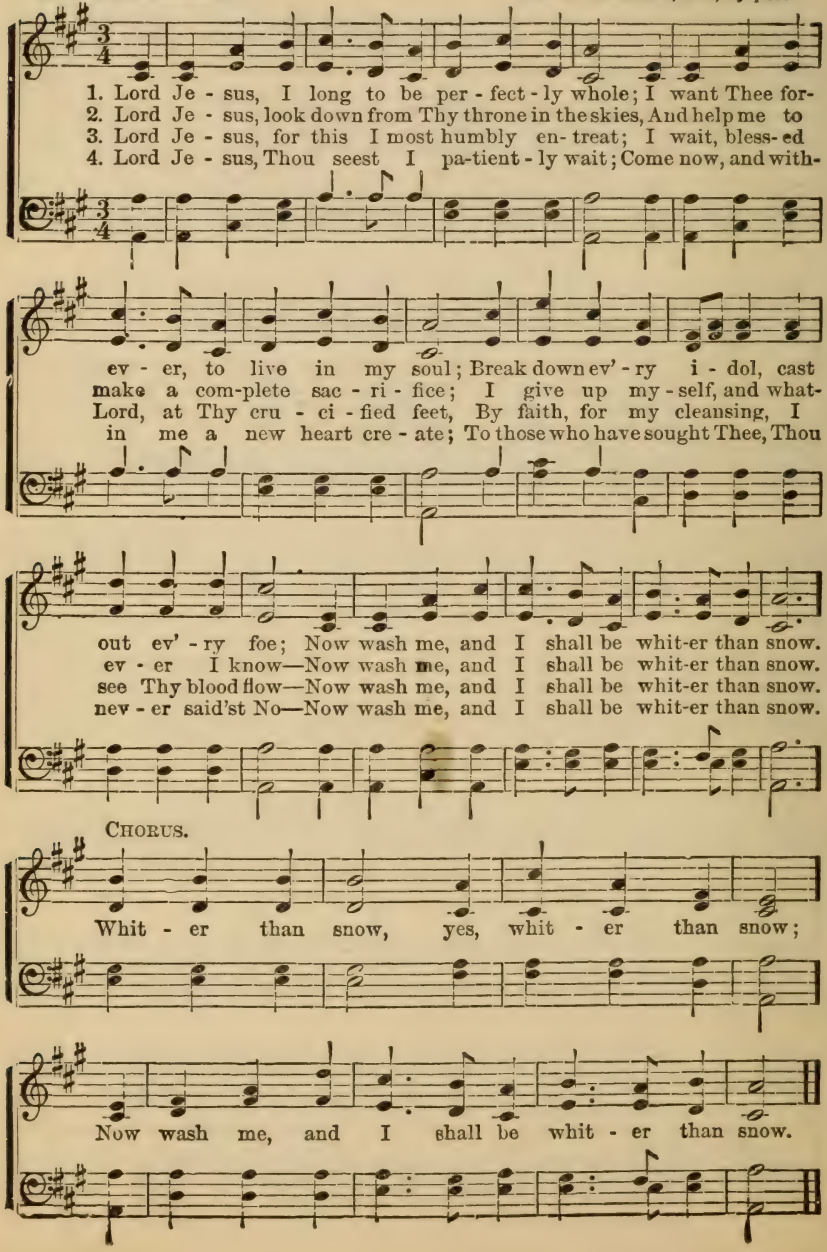
No. 82. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

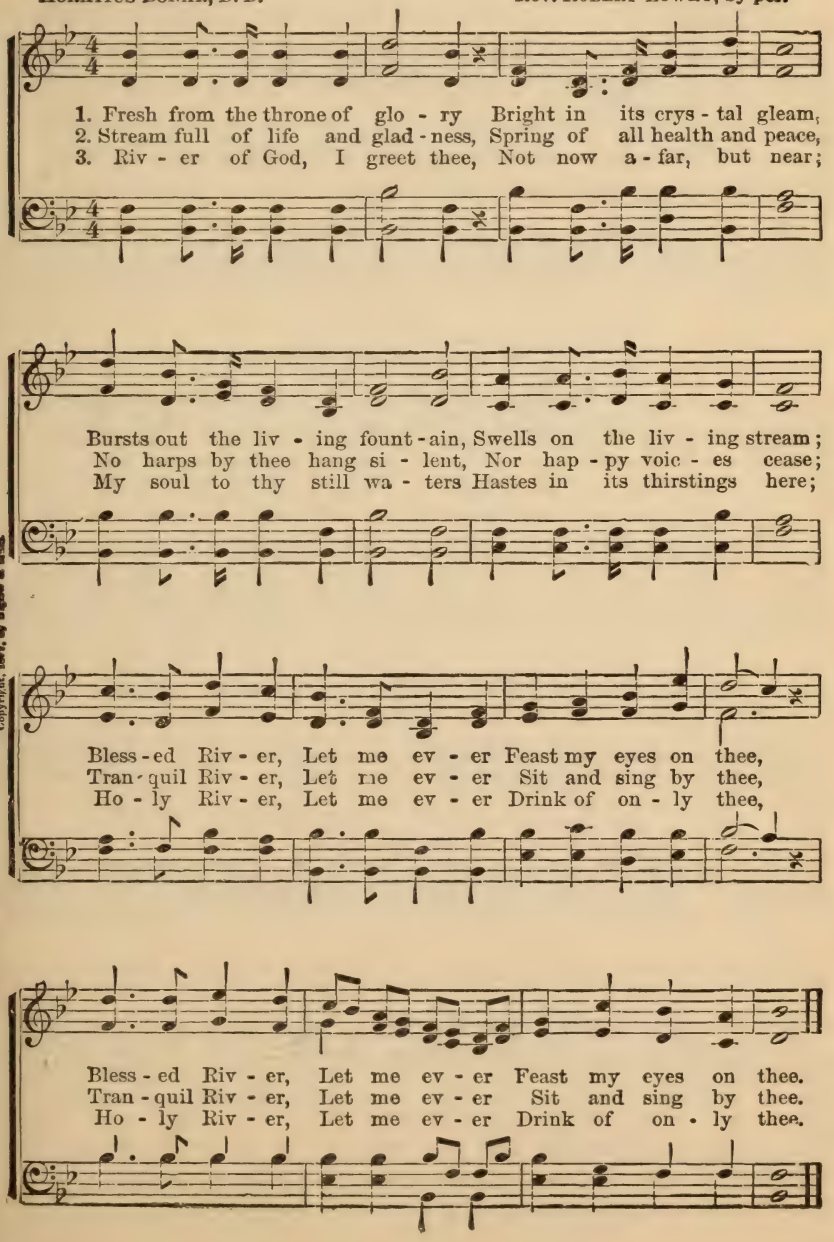
JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en- treat; I wait, bless- ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa-tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-
ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev' - ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou
out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 83.

Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near;
Bursts out the liv - ing fount - ain, Swells on the liv - ing stream;
No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voic - es cease;
My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here;
Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee,
Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee,
Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee,
Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.
Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee.

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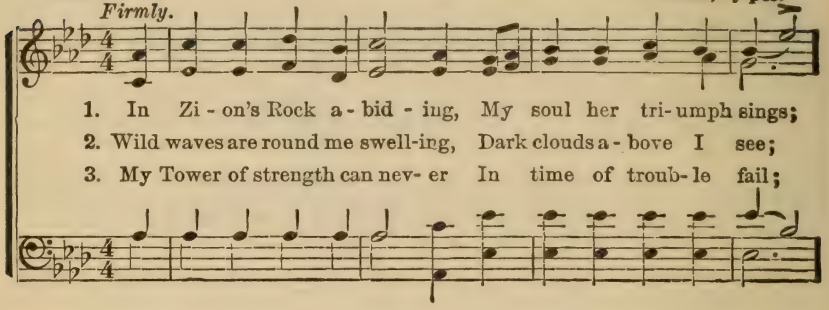
No. 84.

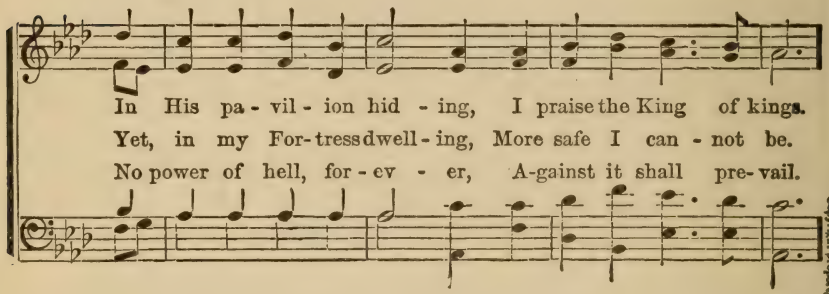
My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18:2.

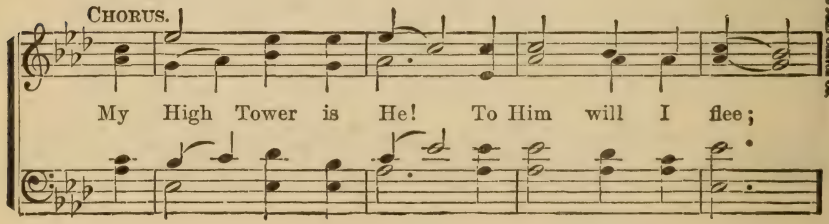
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

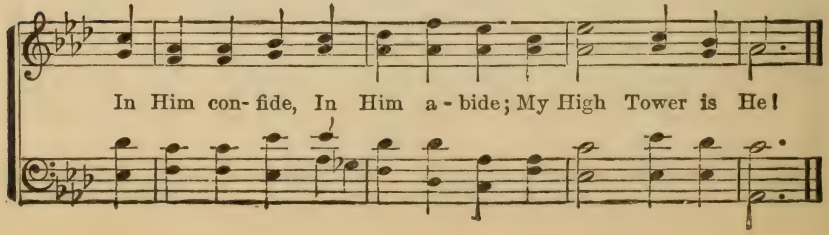
Firmly.


1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri-umph sings;
2. Wild waves are round me swell-ing, Dark clouds a - bove I see;
3. My Tower of strength can nev- er In time of troub-le fail;


In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
Yet, in my For-tress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.
No power of hell, for - ev - er, A-gainst it shall pre-vail.

Copyright, 1876, by P. P. Bliss.

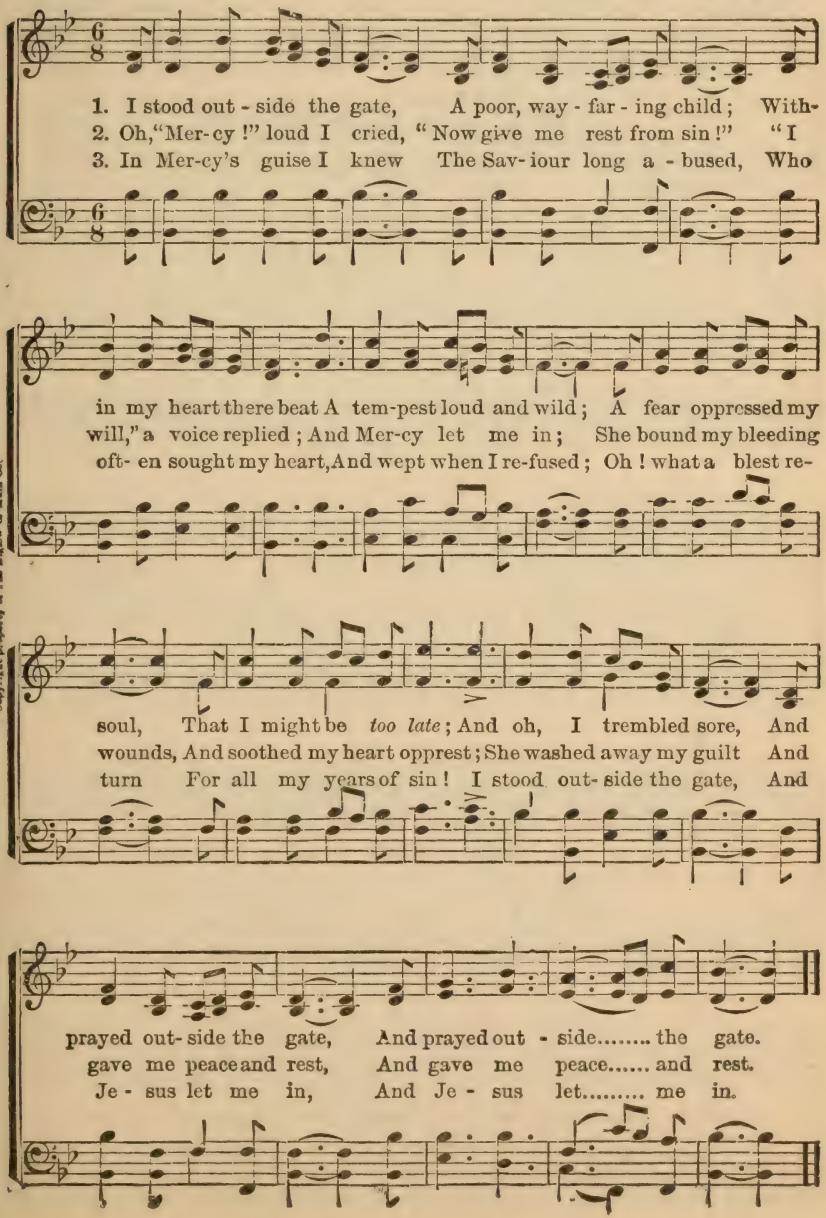




No. 85. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7 : 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who
in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
oft- en sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a blest re-
soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart opprest; She washed away my guilt And
turn For all my years of sin! I stood out- side the gate, And
prayed out- side the gate, And prayed out - side..... the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace..... and rest.
Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let..... me in.

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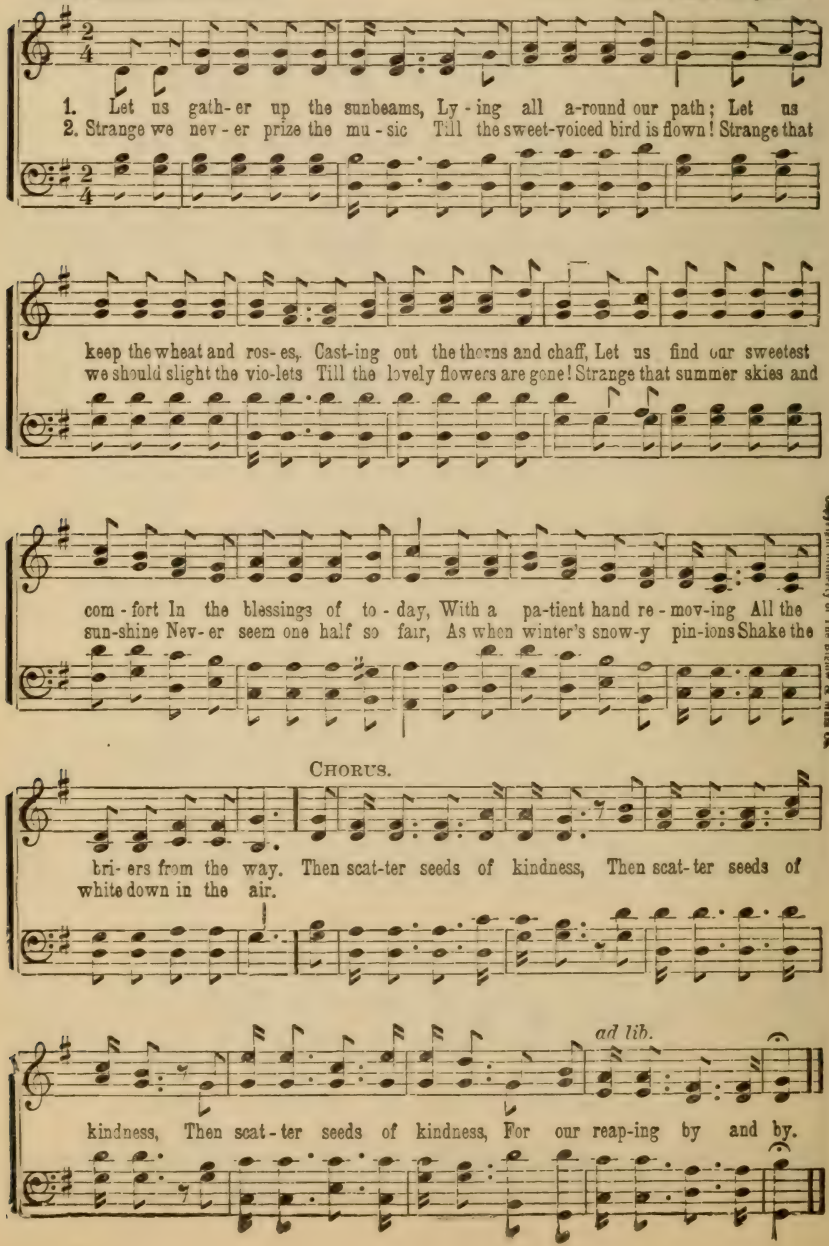
No. 86. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.


1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the vio-lets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
com-fort In the blessings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
sun-shine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when winter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the
Chorus.
bri-ers from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of
white down in the air.
ad lib.
kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

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Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

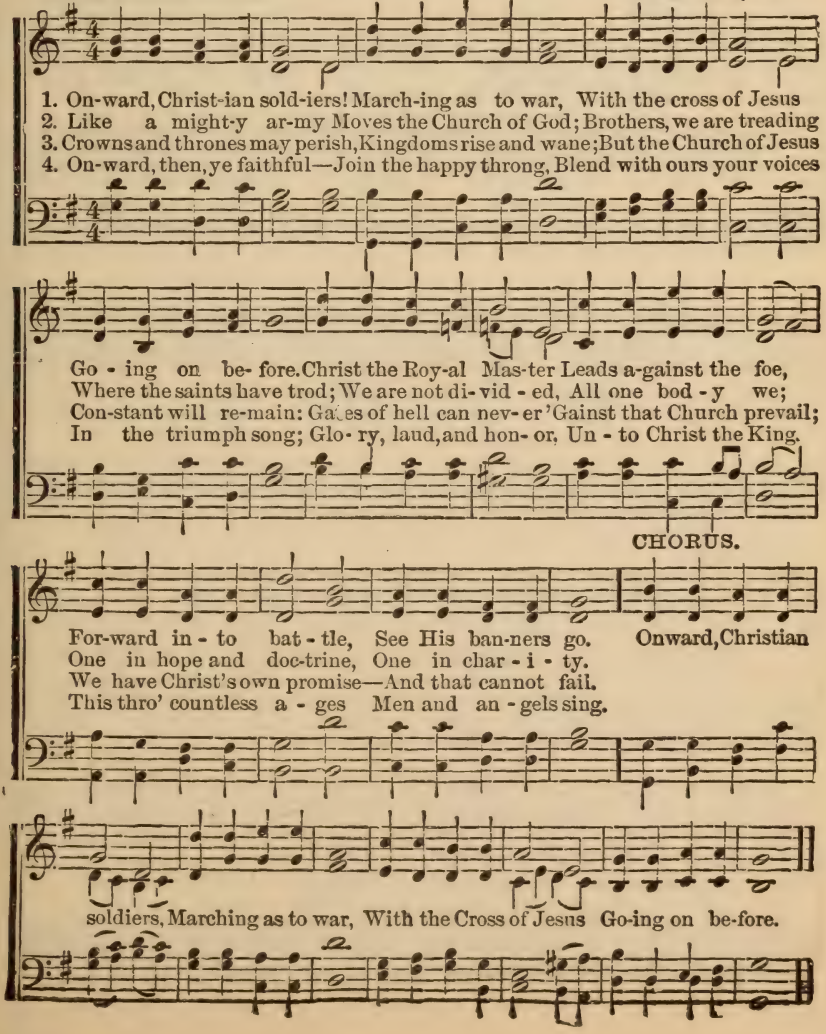
3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

No. 87. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 13.

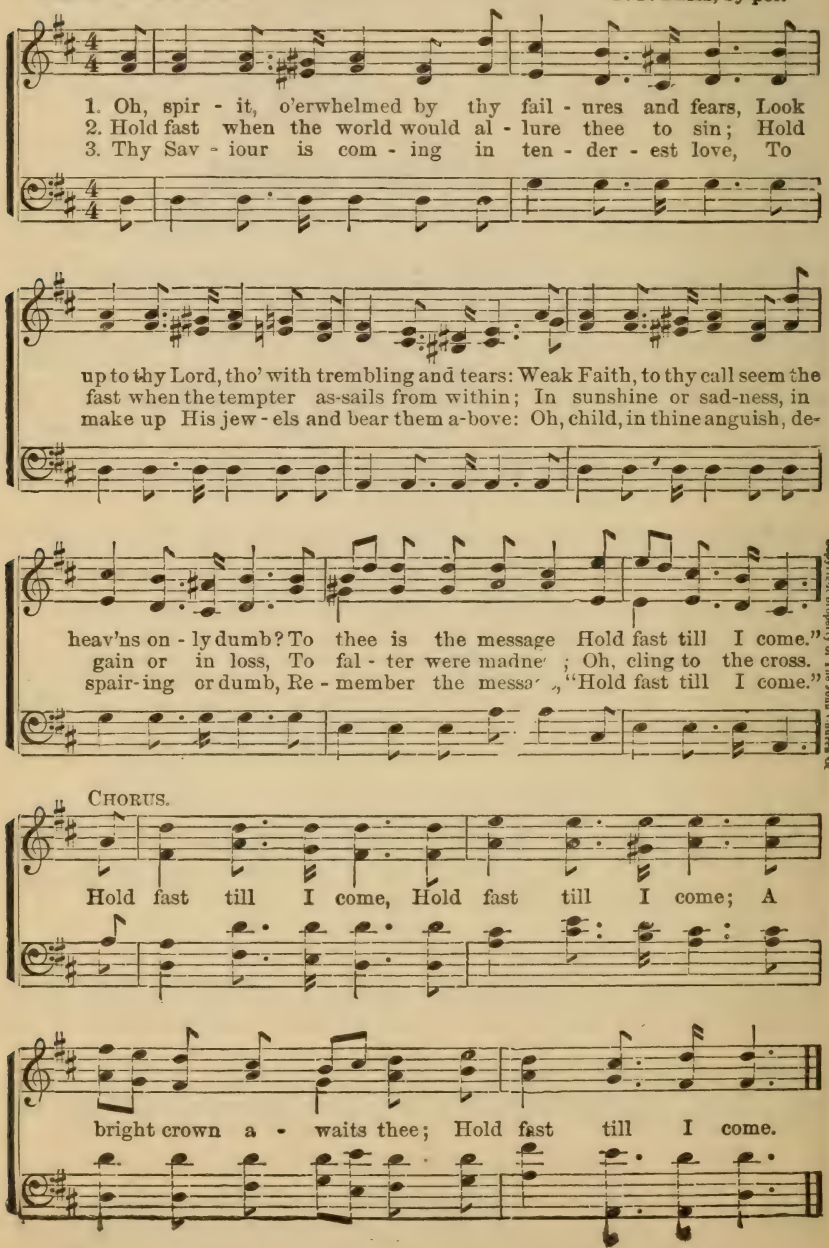
Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Jos. HAYDN, arr.


1. On-ward, Christ-ian sold-iers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Jesus
4. On-ward, then, ye faithful—Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be- fore. Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di- vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Con-stant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev- er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glo- ry, laud, and hon- or, Un - to Christ the King.
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise—And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 88. Hold Fast till I Come.

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look
2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold
3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To
up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the
fast when the tempter as-sails from within; In sunshine or sad-ness, in
make up His jew - els and bear them a-bove: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de-
heav'ns on - ly dumb? To thee is the message Hold fast till I come."
gain or in loss, To fal - ter were madne ; Oh, cling to the cross.
spair-ing or dumb, Re - member the messa ., "Hold fast till I come."
Chorus.
Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A
bright crown a - waits thee; Hold fast till I come.

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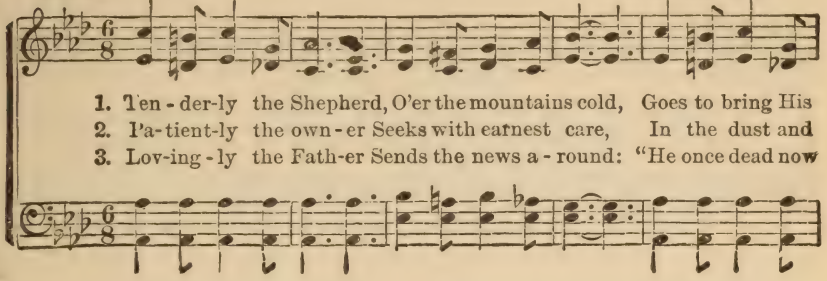
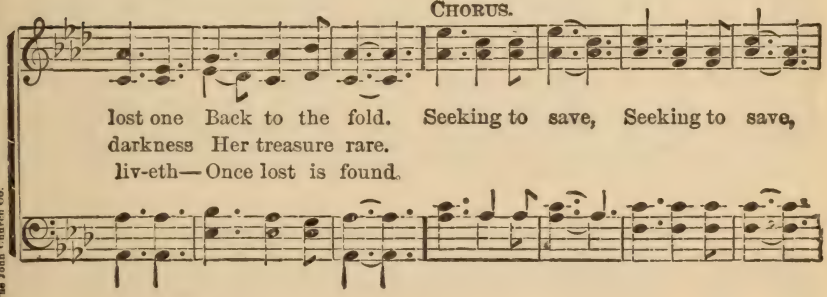
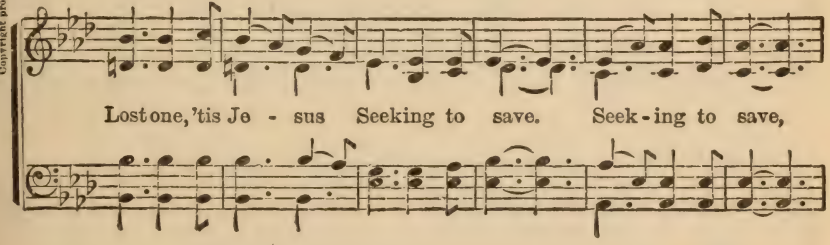
No. 89. Seeking to Save.

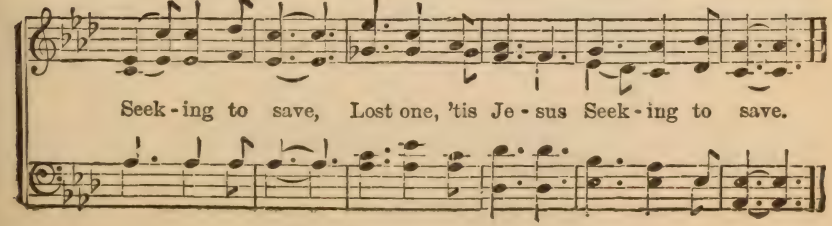
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Ten - der-ly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring His
2. Pa-tient-ly the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lov-ing - ly the Fath-er Sends the news a - round: "He once dead now







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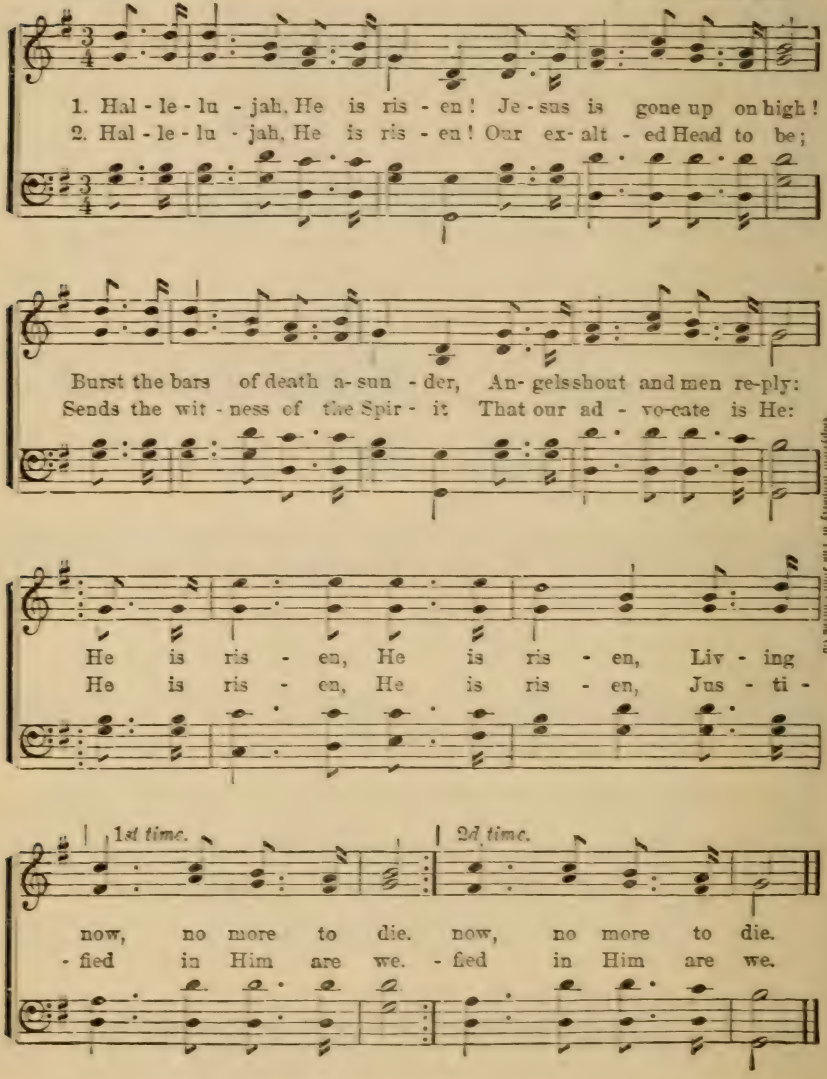
No. 90. Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28:6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;
Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re-ply:
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our ad - vo-cate is He:
He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing
He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Jus - ti -
1st time.
2d time.
now, no more to die. now, no more to die.
- fied in Him are we. - fied in Him are we.

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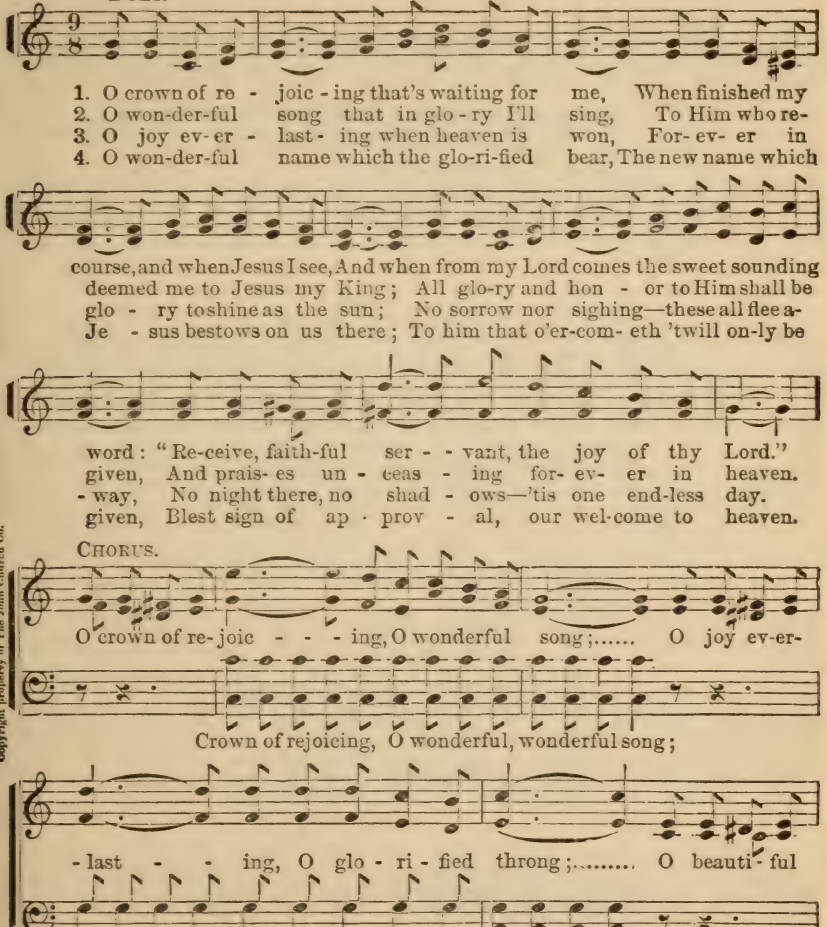
3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring;
‖: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :‖

No. 91. O Crown of Rejoicing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousess."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Duet.
1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my
2. O won-der-ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re-
3. O joy ev-er - last- ing when heaven is won, For- ev- er in
4. O won-der-ful name which the glo-ri-fied bear, The new name which
course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo-ry and hon - or to Him shall be
glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee a-
Je - sus bestows on us there; To him that o'er-com- eth 'twill on-ly be
word: "Re-ceive, faith-ful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And prais- es un - ceas - ing for- ev- er in heaven.
- way, No night there, no shad - ows—'tis one end-less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel-come to heaven.
Chorus.
O crown of re-joic - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er-
Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;
- last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti - ful
Joy ev- er- last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo-ri-fied throng;
home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!

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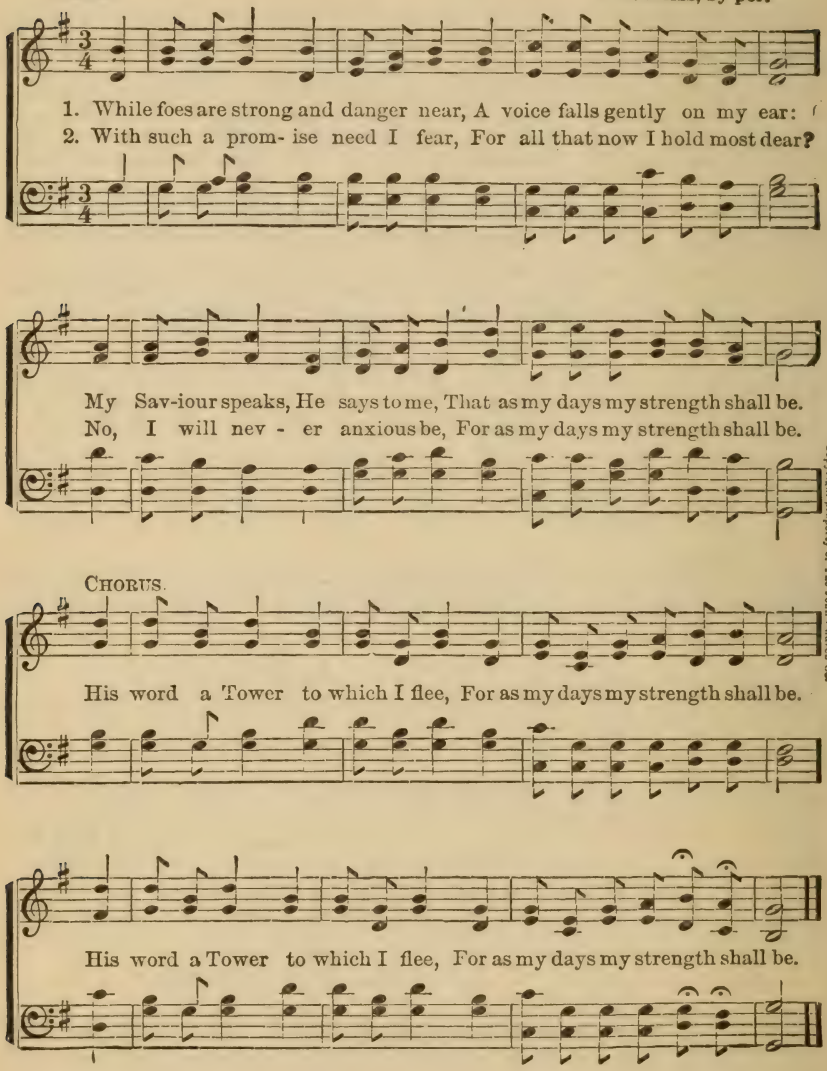
No. 92. His Word a Tower.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear:
2. With such a prom- ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?
My Sav-iour speaks, He says to me, That as my days my strength shall be.
No, I will nev - er anxious be, For as my days my strength shall be.
CHORUS.
His word a Tower to which I flee, For as my days my strength shall be.
His word a Tower to which I flee, For as my days my strength shall be.

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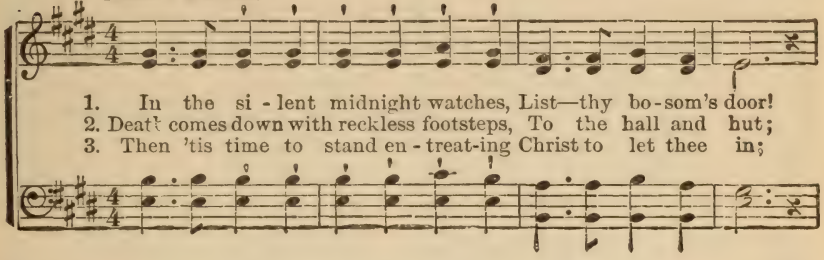
3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That as my days my strength shall be.
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

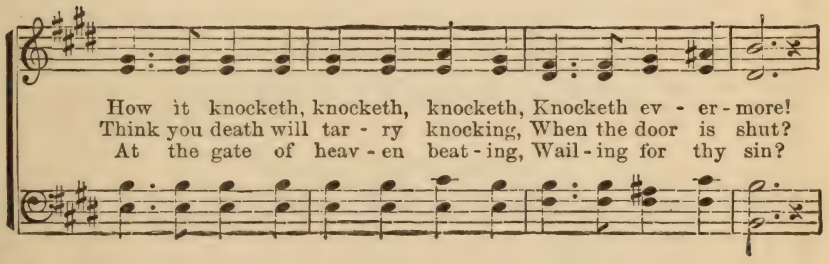
No. 93. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

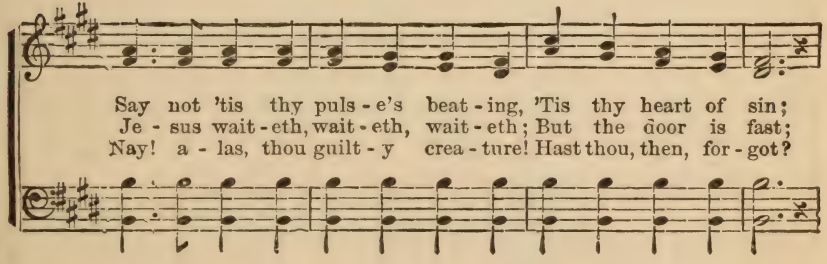
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

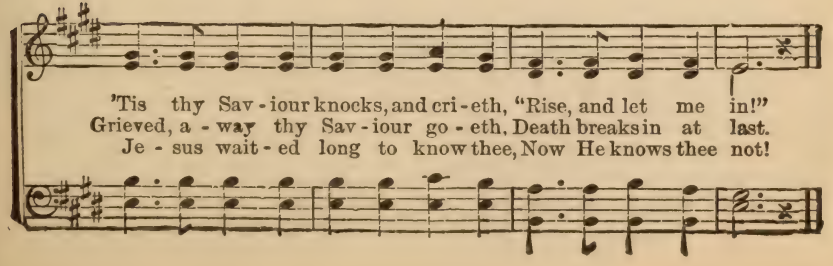
Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D. Geo. F. Root, by per.

Piano e Marcato.


1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bo - som's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat-ing Christ to let thee in;


How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin?

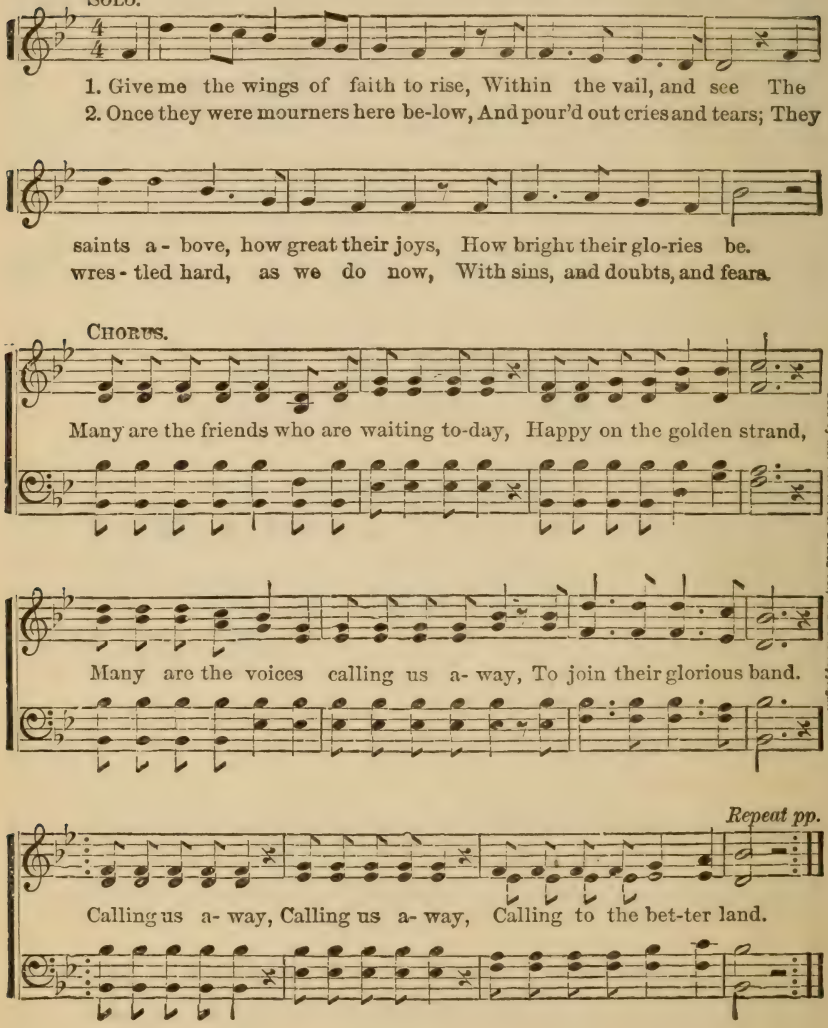

Say not 'tis thy puls - e's beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?


'Tis thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

No. 96. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

Rev. I. Watts, 1709. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.


Solo.
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They
saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
Chorus.
Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us a- way, To join their glorious band.
Repeat pp.
Calling us a- way, Calling us a- way, Calling to the bet-ter land.

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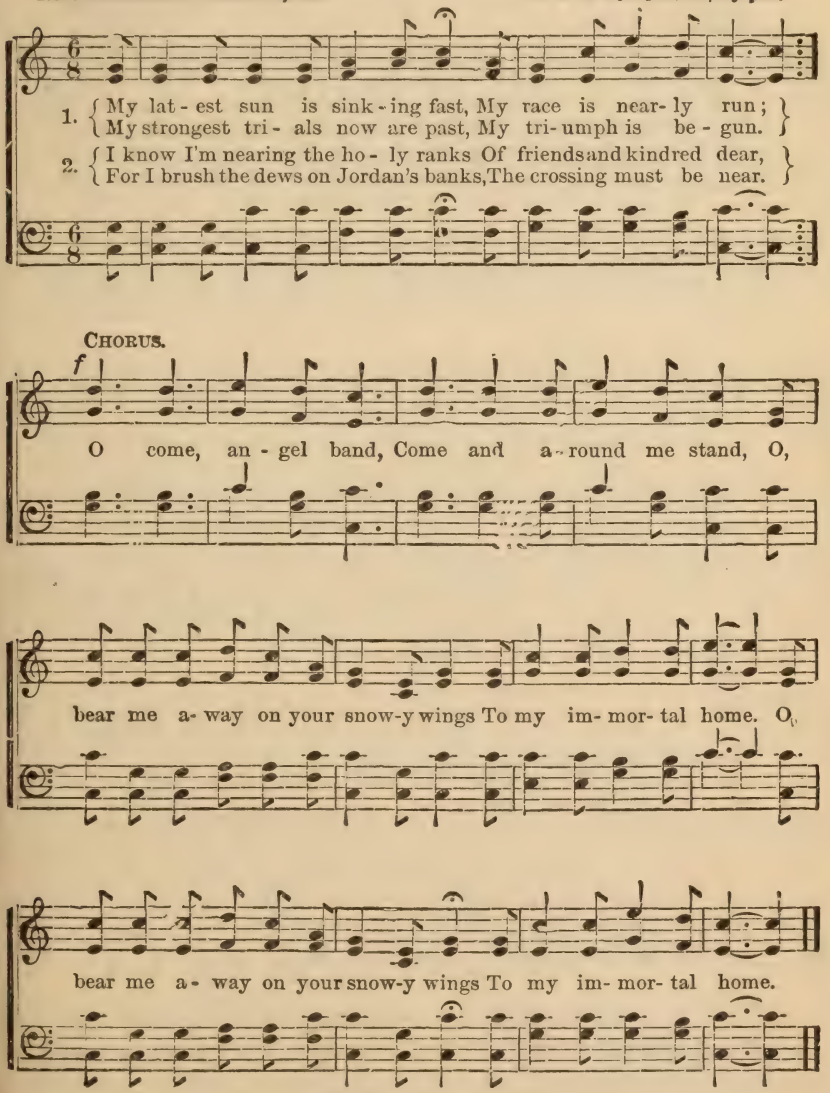
3.

I asked them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Cho.—Many are the friends, &c.

No. 97. The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;
My strongest tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be-gun.
2. I know I'm nearing the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
CHORUS.
f
O come, an-gel band, Come and a-round me stand, O,
bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home. O,
bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

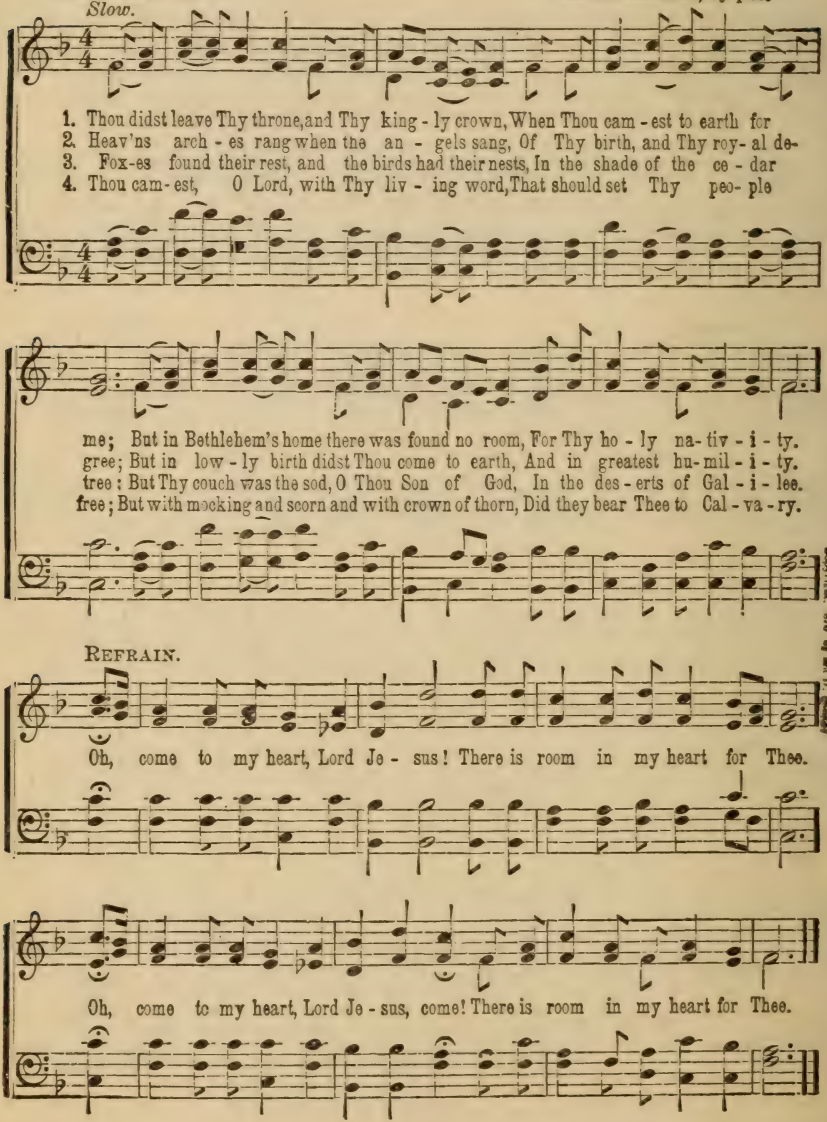
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 98. Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow.


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy ho - ly na-tiv - i - ty.
2. Heav'ns arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy roy - al de- gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu-mil - i - ty.
3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.
4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with Thy liv - ing word, That should set Thy peo - ple free; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal - va - ry.
REFRAIN.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

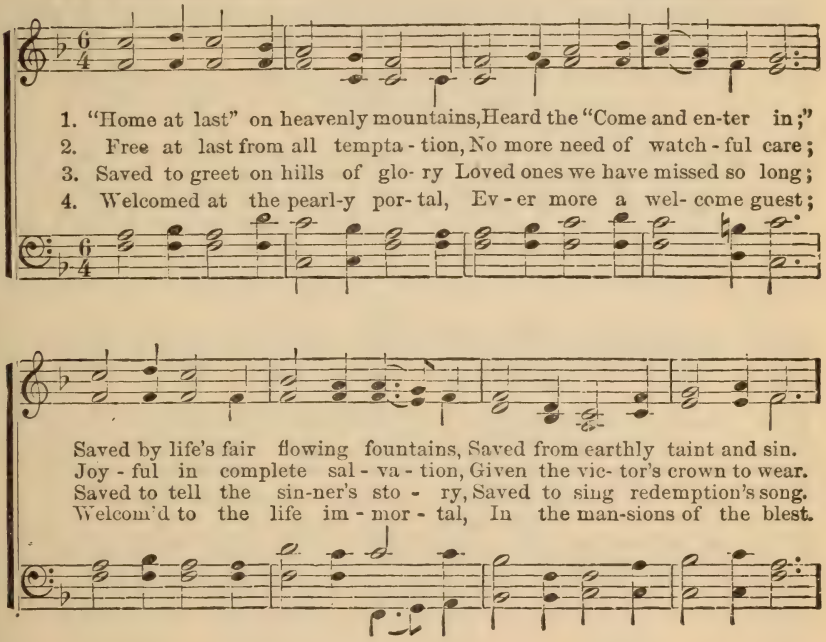
5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee.—*Ref.*

No. 99. Home at Last.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

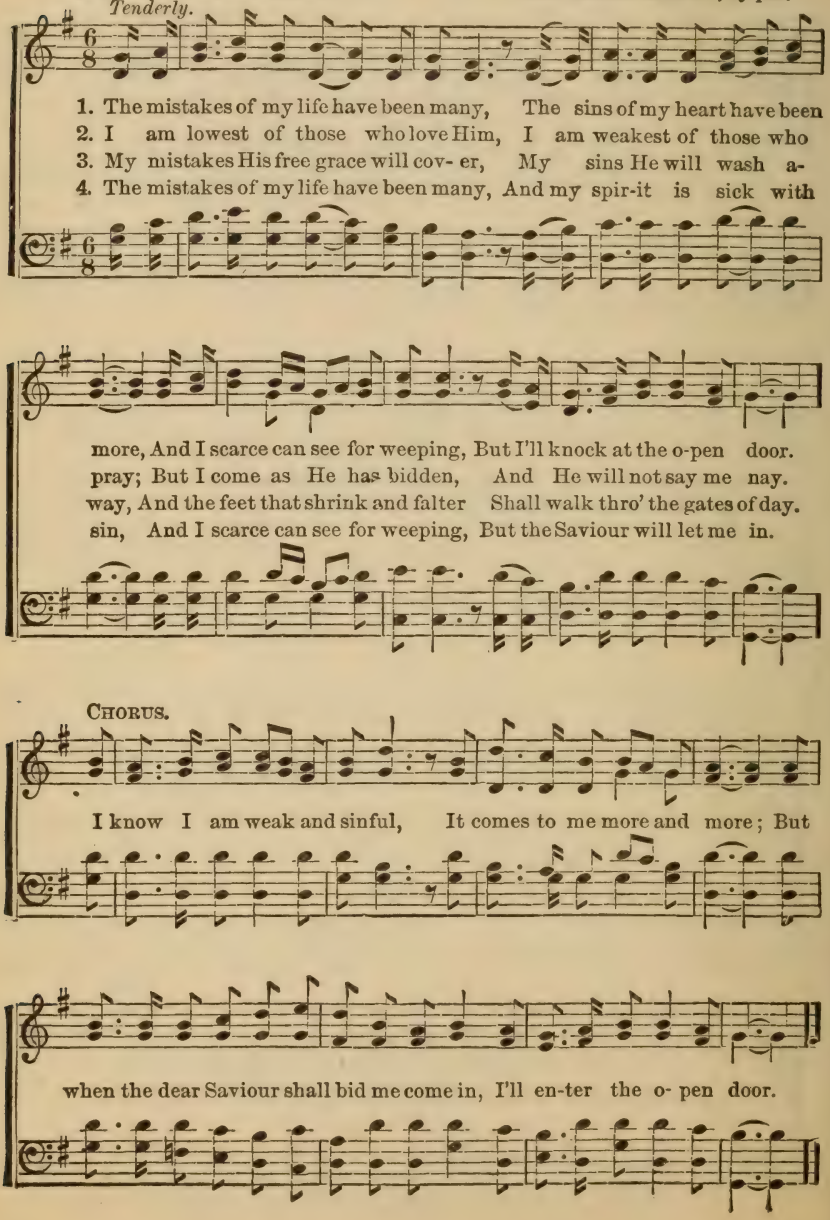

1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watch-ful care;
3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por-tal, Ev-er more a wel-come guest;
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Joy-ful in complete sal-va-tion, Given the vic-tor's crown to wear.
Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto-ry, Saved to sing redemption's song.
Welcom'd to the life im-mor-tal, In the man-sions of the blest.
REFRAIN.
"Home, sweet home," our home for-ev-er; All the pil-grim-jour-ney past;
Slow.
Welcom'd home to wan-der, nev-er, Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

No. 100. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.

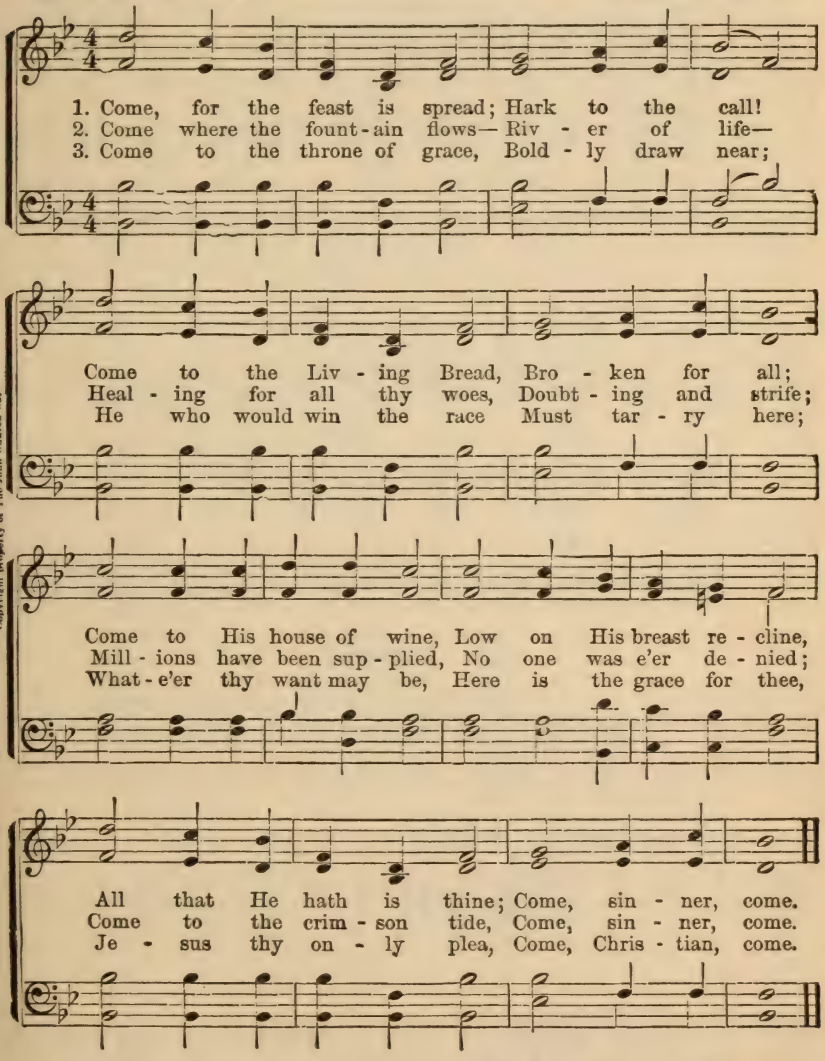
Mrs. Urania Locke Bailey. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

Tenderly.


1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov- er, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spir-it is sick with
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.
Chorus.
I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But
when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o- pen door.

No. 101. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!
2. Come where the fount-ain flows— Riv - er of life—
3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near;
Come to the Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all;
Heal - ing for all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife;
He who would win the race Must tar - ry here;
Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast re - cline,
Mill - ions have been sup - plied, No one was e'er de - nied;
What - e'er thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee,
All that He hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.
Come to the crim - son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.
Je - sus thy on - ly plea, Come, Chris - tian, come.

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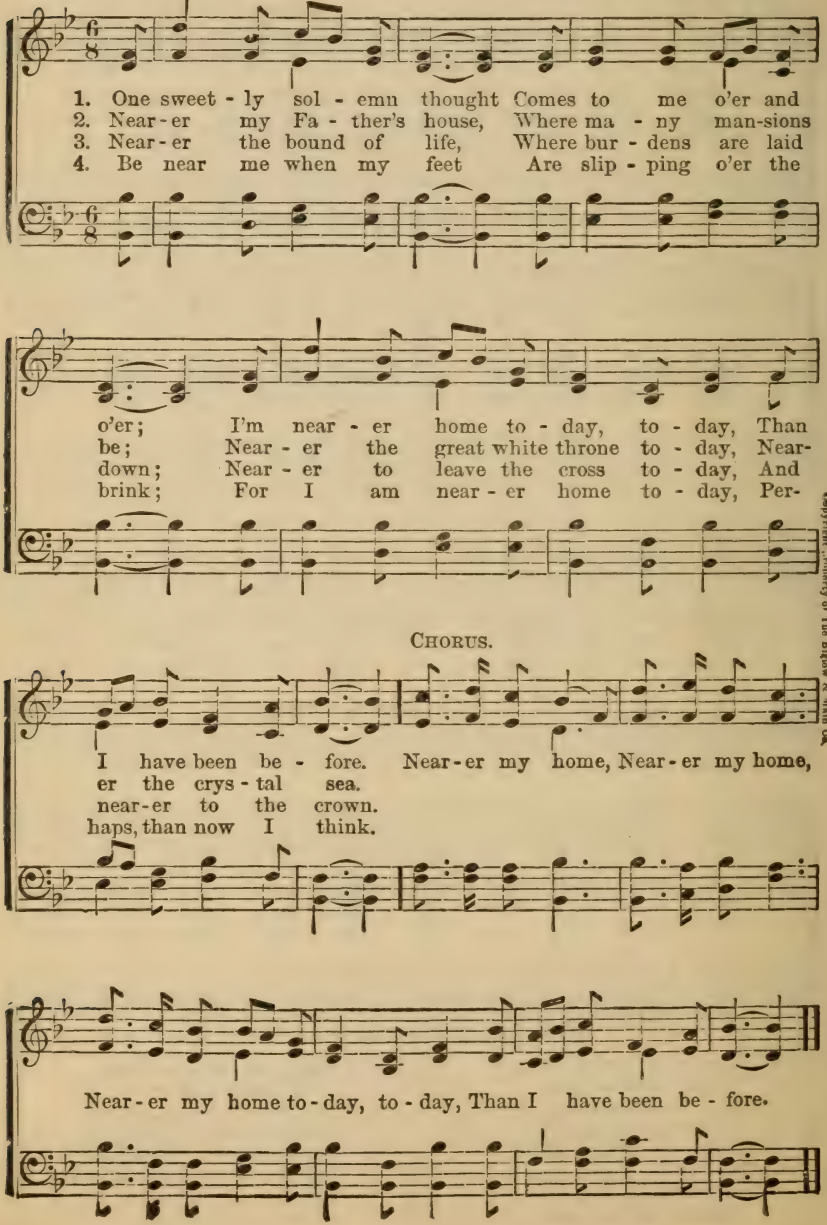
4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

No. 102. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the
o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near-
down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per-
CHORUS.
I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home,
er the crys - tal sea.
near - er to the crown.
haps, than now I think.
Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

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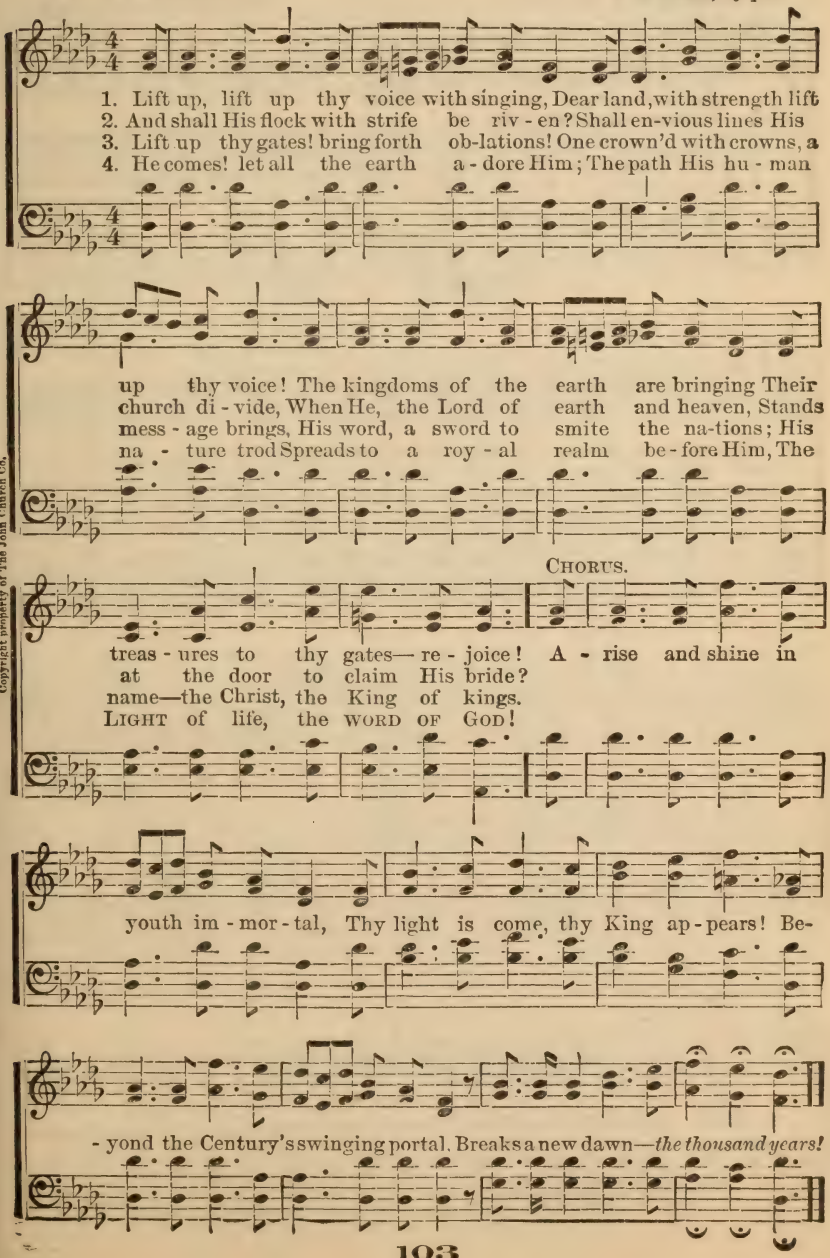
No. 103.

Arise and Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—ISA. 60: 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vious lines His
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth ob-lations! One crown'd with crowns, a
4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu - man
up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
church di - vide, When He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands
mess - age brings, His word, a sword to smite the na-tions; His
na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The
CHORUS.
treas - ures to thy gates— re - joice! A - rise and shine in
at the door to claim His bride?
name—the Christ, the King of kings.
LIGHT of life, the WORD OF GOD!
youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be-
- yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years!*

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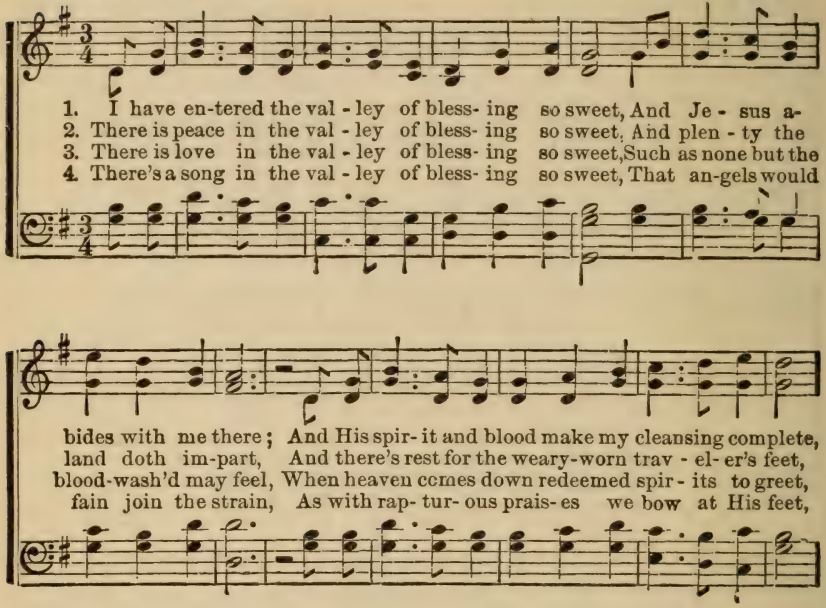
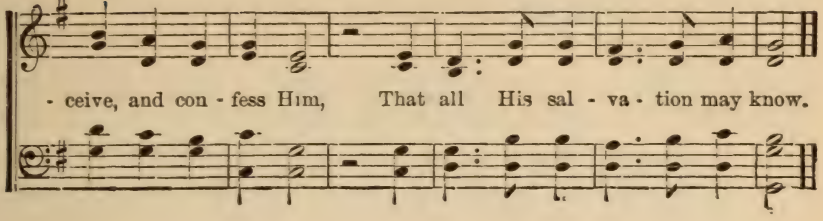
No. 104. The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 CHR. 20: 26.

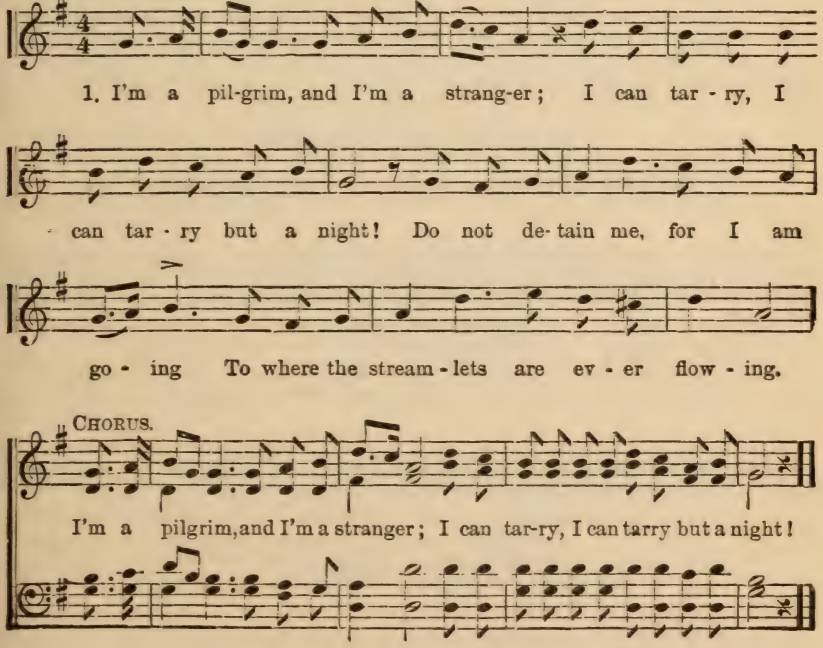
MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. I have en-tered the val - ley of bless- ing so sweet, And Je - sus a-
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless- ing so sweet, And plen - ty the
3. There is love in the val - ley of bless- ing so sweet, Such as none but the
4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless- ing so sweet, That an-gels would
bides with me there; And His spir- it and blood make my cleansing complete,
land doth im-part, And there's rest for the weary-worn trav - el- er's feet,
blood-wash'd may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spir - its to greet,
fain join the strain, As with rap- tur- ous prais- es we bow at His feet,
CHORUS.
And His per - fect love cast- eth out fear. Oh, come to this val-ley of
And joy for the sor- row- ing heart.
And Christ sets His cov - e - nant seal.
Cry- ing, Wor-thy the Lamb that was slain.
blessing
blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fullness bestow— And be-lieve, and re-



No. 105. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. SHINDLER, 1842. Italian Air.


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er; I can tar - ry, I
can tar - ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am
go - ing To where the stream - lets are ev - er flow - ing.
CHORUS.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tarry but a night!

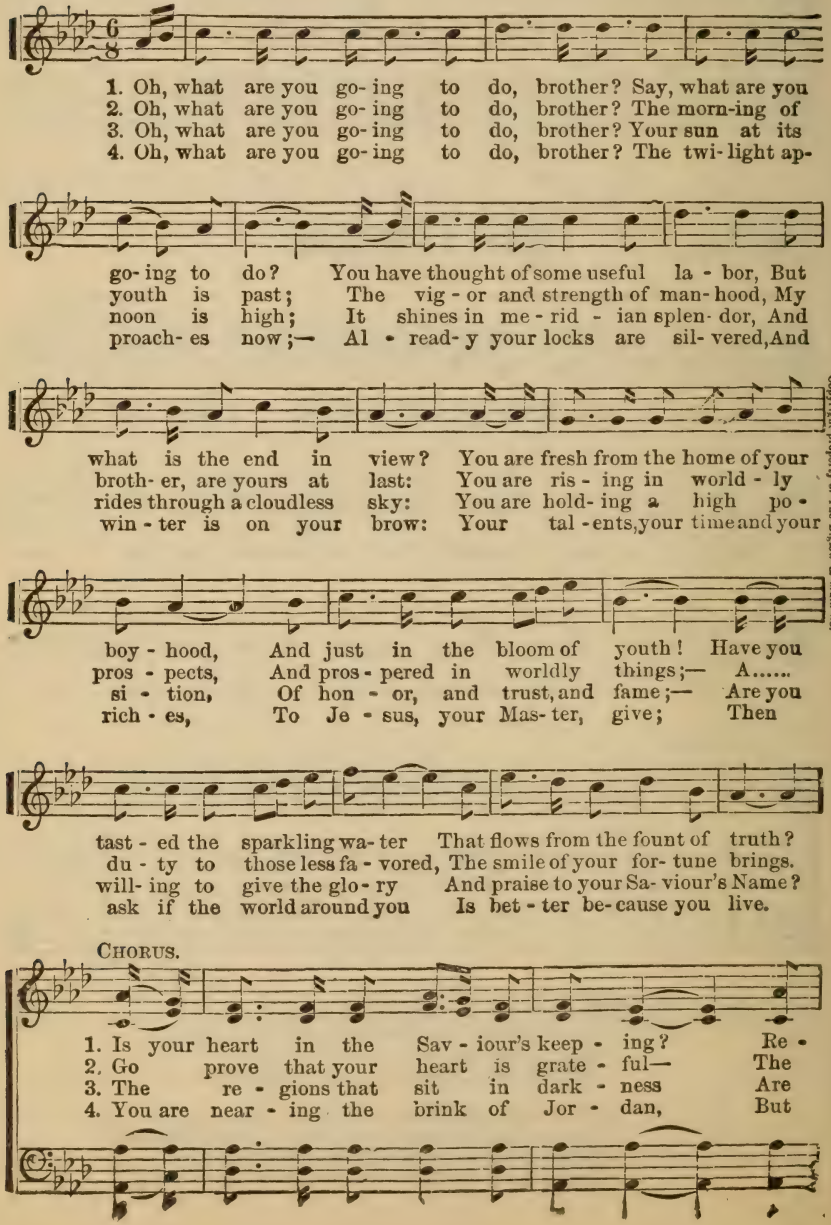
2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

No. 106. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.


1. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? Say, what are you
2. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? The morn-ing of
3. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? Your sun at its
4. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? The twi- light ap-
go- ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But
youth is past; The vig - or and strength of man- hood, My
noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splen- dor, And
proach- es now;— Al - read- y your locks are sil- vered, And
what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
broth- er, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold- ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time and your
boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pros - pects, And pros - pered in worldly things;— A.....
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas- ter, give; Then
tast - ed the sparkling wa- ter That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your for- tune brings.
will- ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Sa- viour's Name?
ask if the world around you Is bet - ter be- cause you live.
CHORUS.
1. Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
2. Go prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
3. The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are
4. You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But

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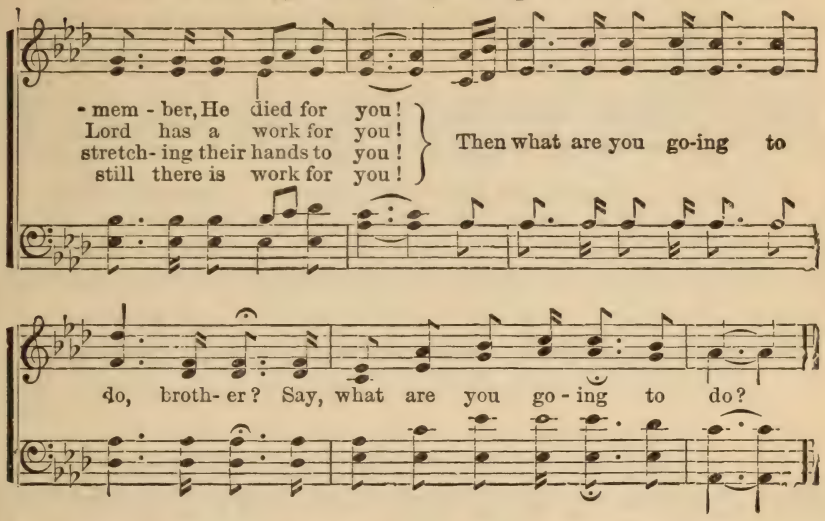
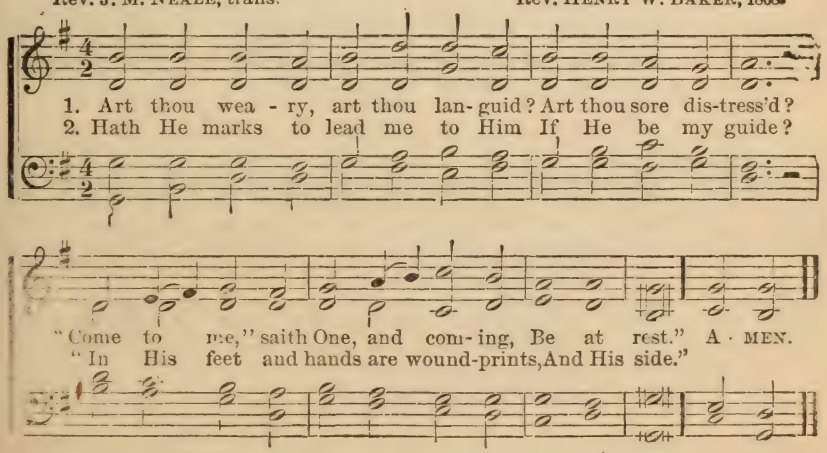
Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.


- mem - ber, He died for you!
Lord has a work for you!
stretch- ing their hands to you!
still there is work for you!
Then what are you go-ing to
do, broth- er? Say, what are you go - ing to do?

No. 107. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11:28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan- guid? Art thou sore dis-tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?
"Come to me," saith One, and com- ing, Be at rest." A - MEN.
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

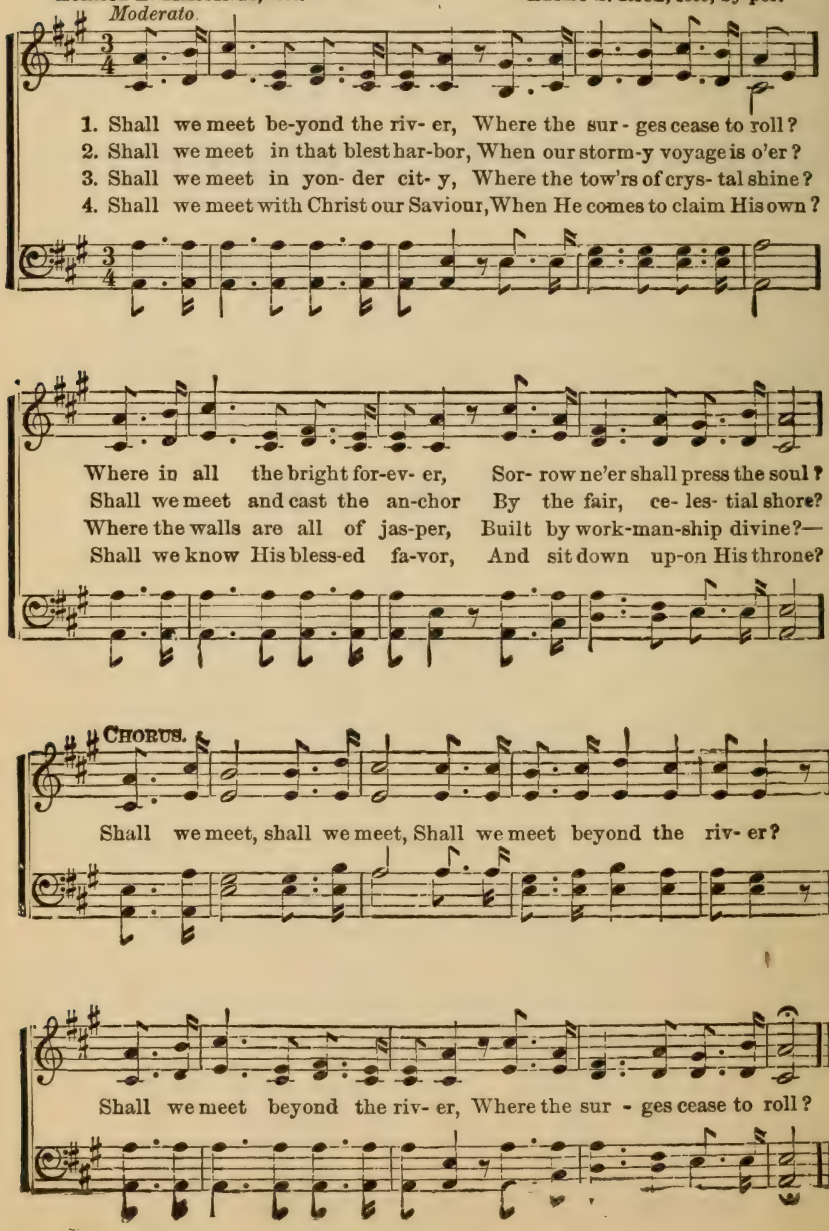
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 108. Shall we Meet?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30: 10.

Horace L. Hastings, 1858. Elihu S. Rice, 1866, by per.

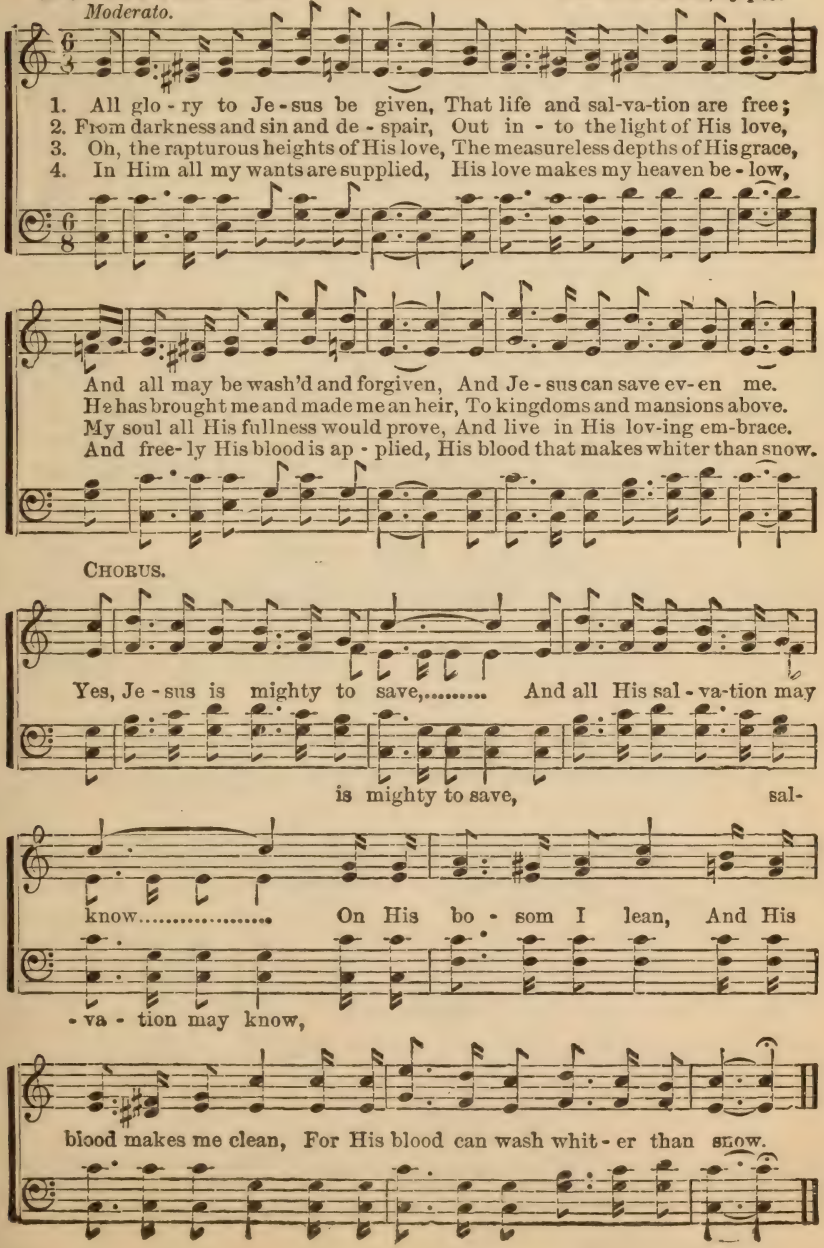

Moderato.
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv- er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon- der cit- y, Where the tow'rs of crys- tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?
Where in all the bright for-ev- er, Sor- row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce- les- tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship divine?—
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?
Chorus.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv- er?
Shall we meet beyond the riv- er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

No. 109. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

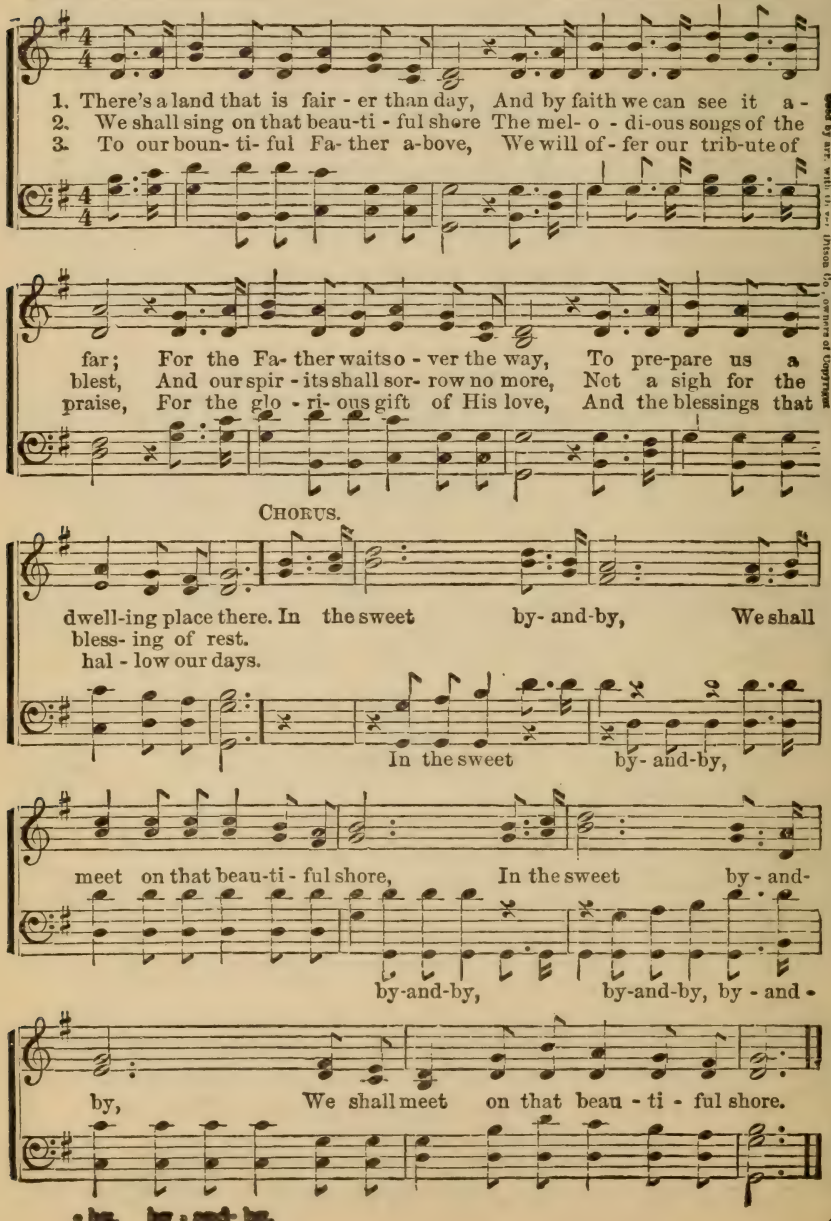
Moderato.


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal-va-tion are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven be - low,
And all may be wash'd and forgiven, And Je - sus can save ev-en me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His lov-ing em-brace.
And free- ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.
Chorus.
Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va-tion may
is mighty to save, sal-
know..... On His bo - som I lean, And His
- va - tion may know,
blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

No. 110. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 35: 10.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. Jos. P. WEBSTER, by per.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
far; For the Fa- ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The mel- o - di-ous songs of the
blest, And our spir - its shall sor- row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. To our boun- ti- ful Fa- ther a-bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of
praise, For the glo - ri- ous gift of His love, And the blessings that
CHORUS.
dwell-ing place there. In the sweet by- and-by, We shall
bless- ing of rest.
hal - low our days.
In the sweet by- and-by,
meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and-
by-and-by, by-and-by, by - and -
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
- ful shore, by - and - by.

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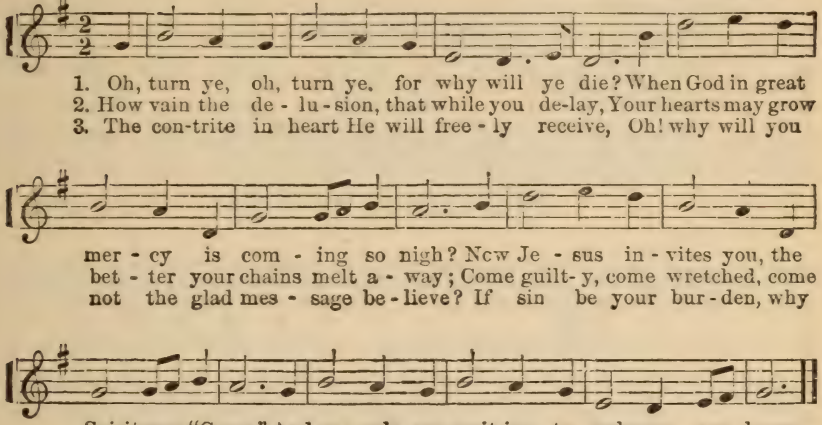
No 111. Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Ezk. 33: 11.

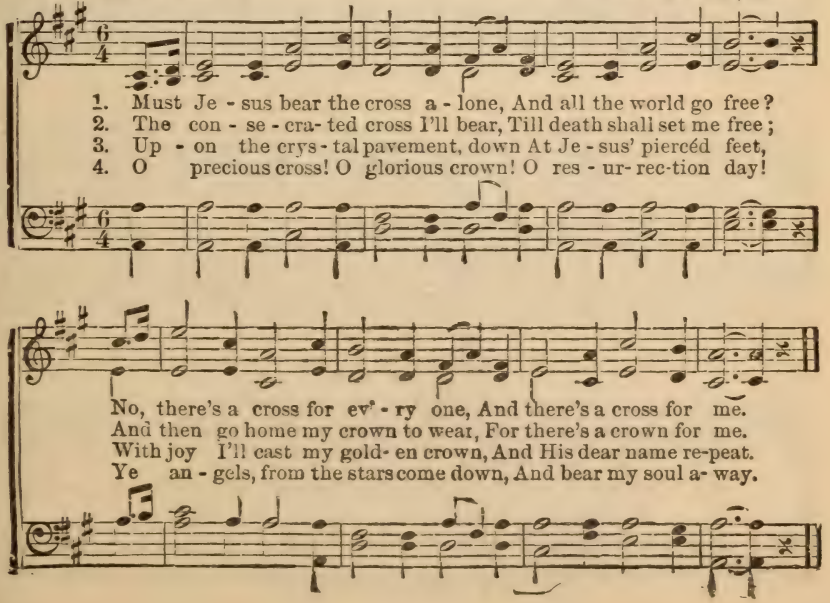
J. H. Rev. Josiah Hopkins, 1832.


1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free - ly receive, Oh! why will you
mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
bet - ter your chains melt a - way; Come guilt - y, come wretched, come
not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why
Spirit says, "Come," And an - gels are wait-ing to welcome you home.
just as you are All help- less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

No. 112. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

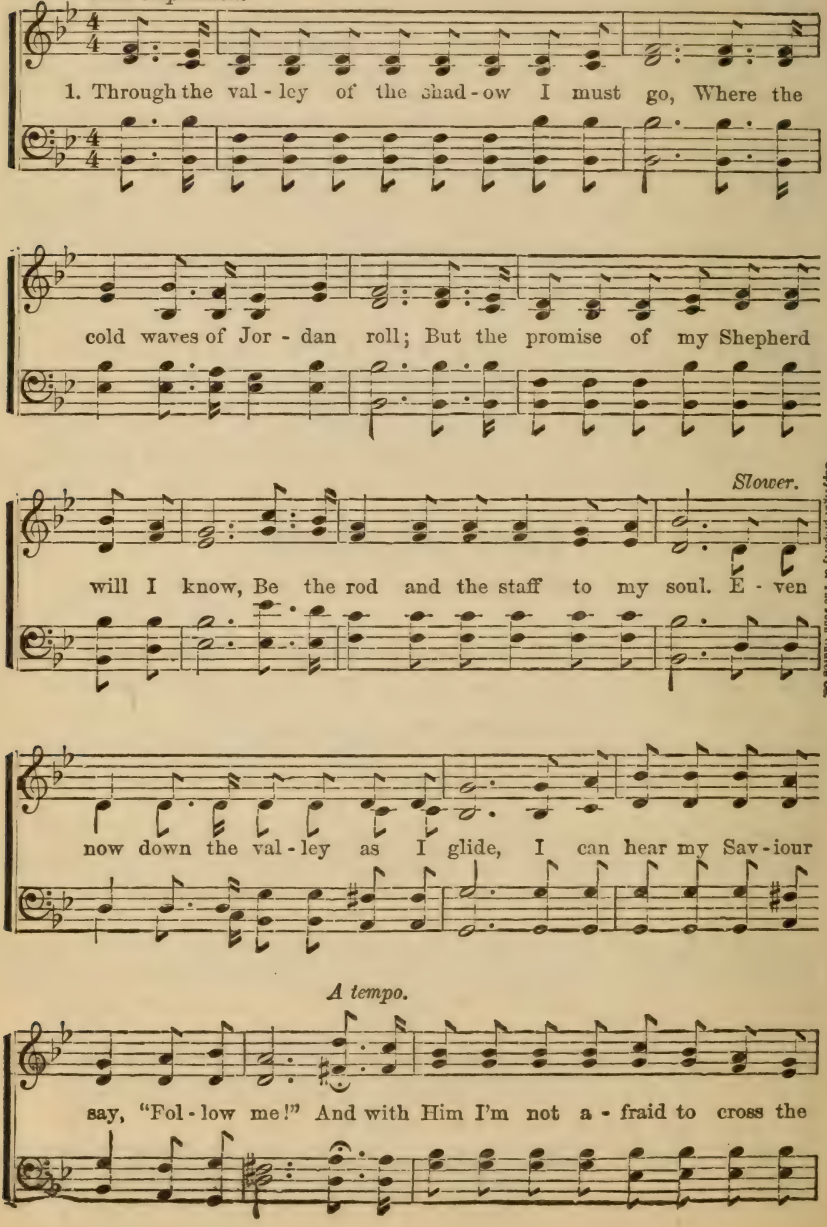
Tho's. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen, 1849.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piercéd feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold- en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a- way.

No. 113. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23: 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

With Expression.

1. Through the val - ley of the shad - ow I must go, Where the
cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd
Slower.
will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven
now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sav - iour
A tempo.
say, "Fol - low me!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the

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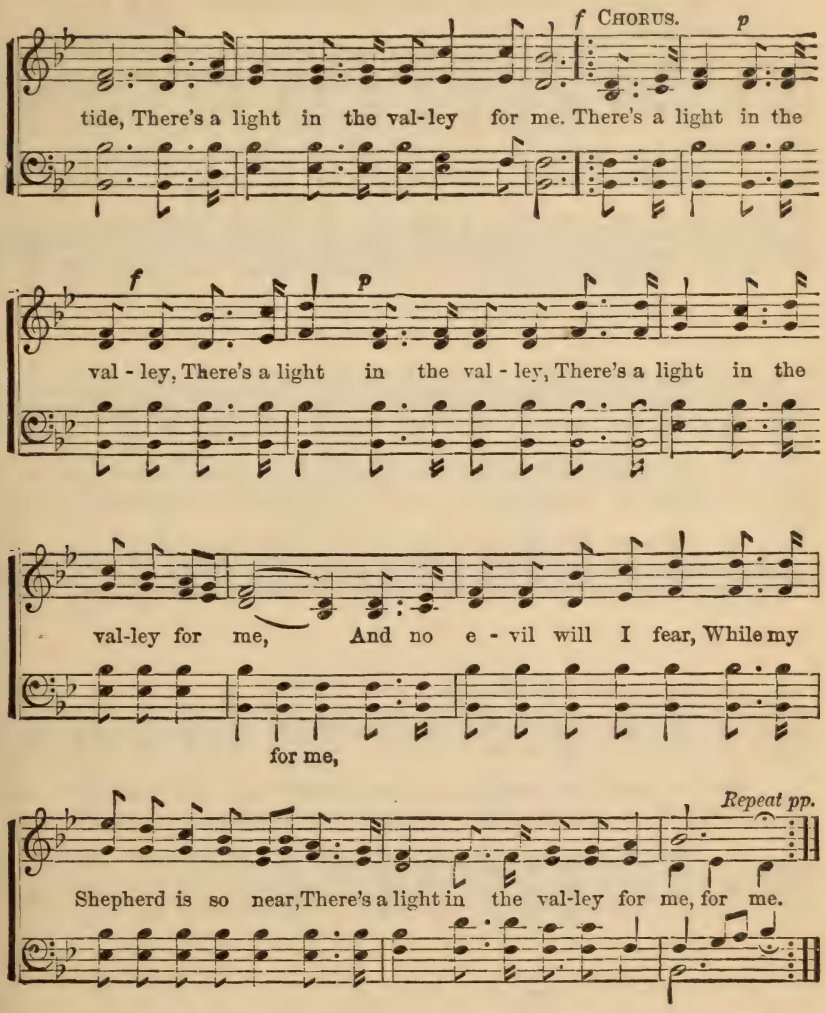
There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

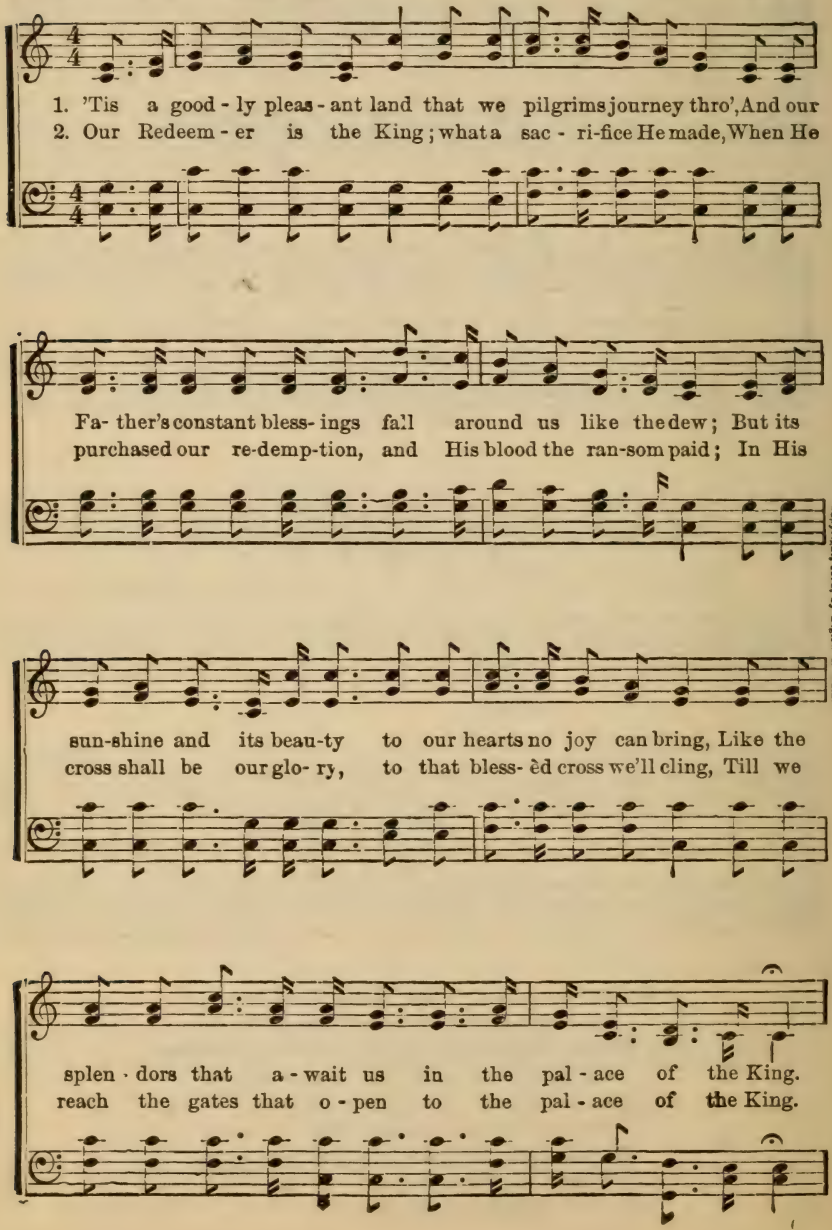

f CHORUS. p
tide, There's a light in the val-ley for me. There's a light in the
f p
val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the
val-ley for me, And no e - vil will I fear, While my
for me,
Repeat pp.
Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me,
There's a light, &c.

No. 114. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 45:15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876. S. J. VAIL, by per.


1. 'Tis a good - ly pleas - ant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our
2. Our Redeem - er is the King; what a sac - ri-fice He made, When He
Fa- ther's constant bless- ings fall around us like the dew; But its
purchased our re-demp-tion, and His blood the ran-som paid; In His
sun-shine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring, Like the
cross shall be our glo- ry, to that bless- èd cross we'll cling, Till we
splen - dors that a - wait us in the pal - ace of the King.
reach the gates that o - pen to the pal - ace of the King.

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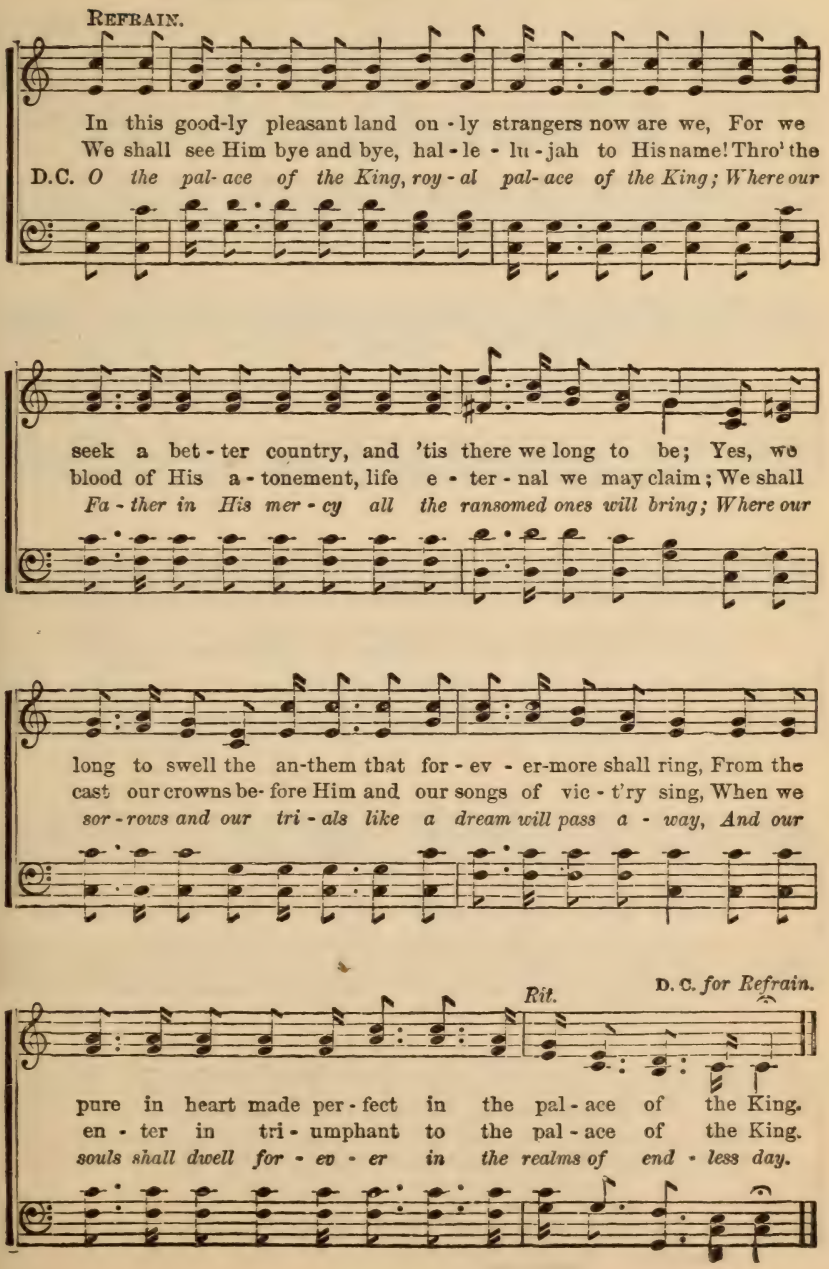
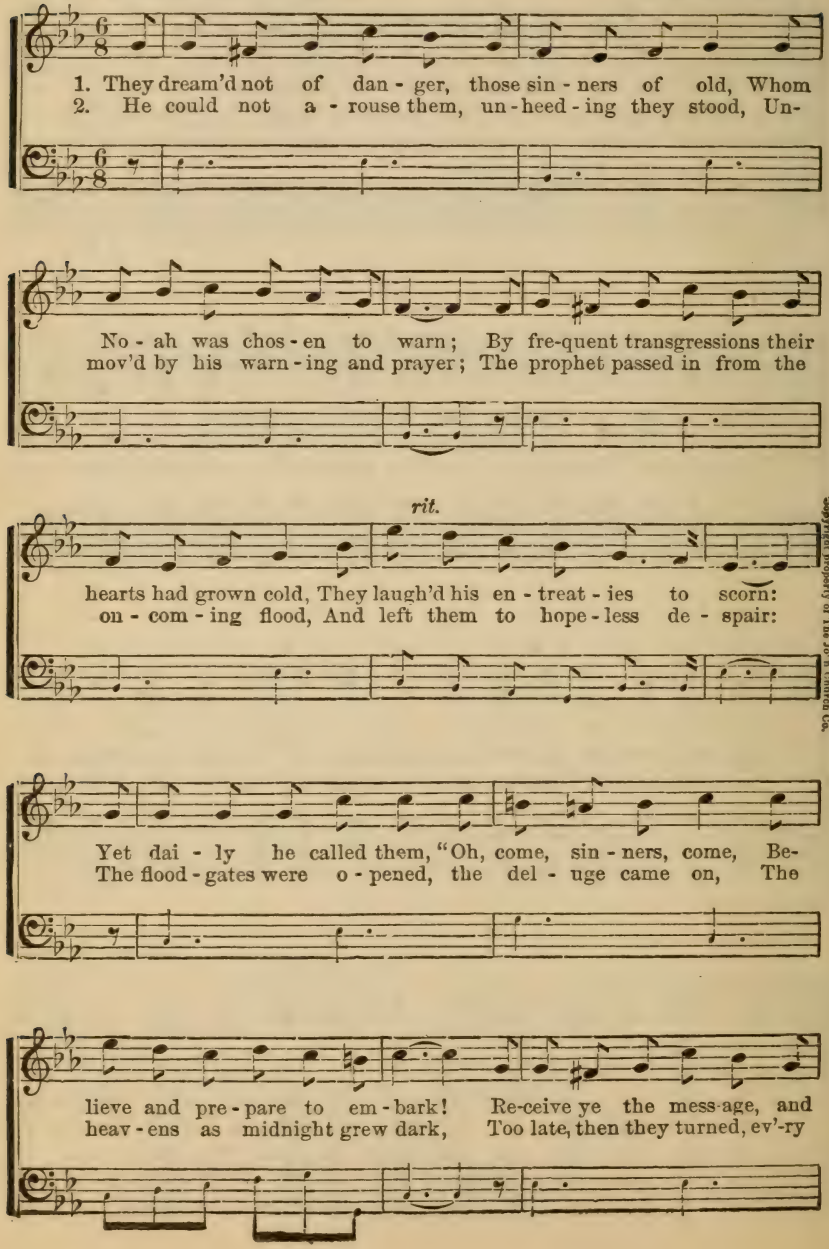
The Palace of the King.—Concluded.


Refrain.
In this good-ly pleasant land on-ly strangers now are we, For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thro' the
D.C. O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al pal-ace of the King; Where our
seek a bet-ter country, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a-tonement, life e-ter-nal we may claim; We shall
Fa-ther in His mer-cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our
long to swell the an-them that for-ev-er-more shall ring, From the
cast our crowns be-fore Him and our songs of vic-t'ry sing, When we
sor-rows and our tri-als like a dream will pass a-way, And our
Rit.
D. C. for Refrain.
pure in heart made per-fect in the pal-ace of the King.
en-ter in tri-umphant to the pal-ace of the King.
souls shall dwell for-ev-er in the realms of end-less day.

No. 115. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed - ing they stood, Un-
No - ah was chos - en to warn; By fre-quent transgressions their
mov'd by his warn - ing and prayer; The prophet passed in from the
rit.
hearts had grown cold, They laugh'd his en - treat - ies to scorn:
on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair:
Yet dai - ly he called them, "Oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be-
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The
lieve and pre - pare to em - bark! Re-ceive ye the mess-age, and
heav - ens as midnight grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev'-ry

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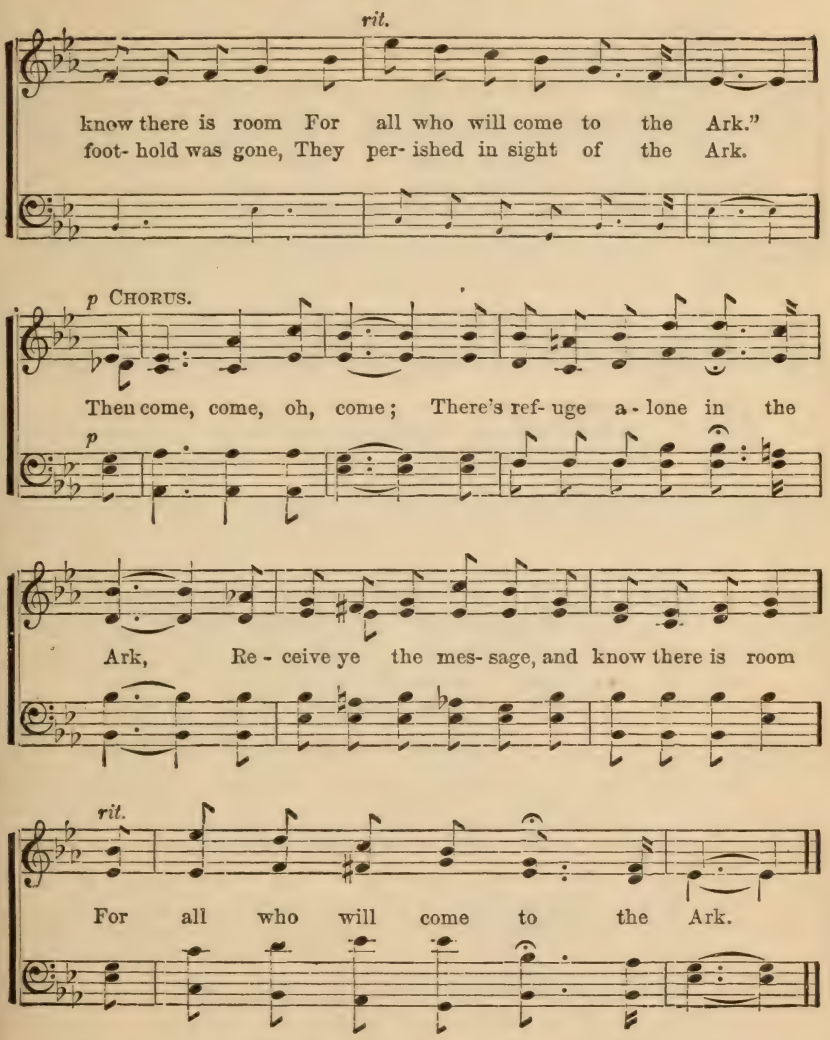
Out of the Ark.—Concluded.


rit.
know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."
foot- hold was gone, They per- ished in sight of the Ark.
p CHORUS.
Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref- uge a- lone in the
p
Ark, Re- ceive ye the mes- sage, and know there is room
rit.
For all who will come to the Ark.

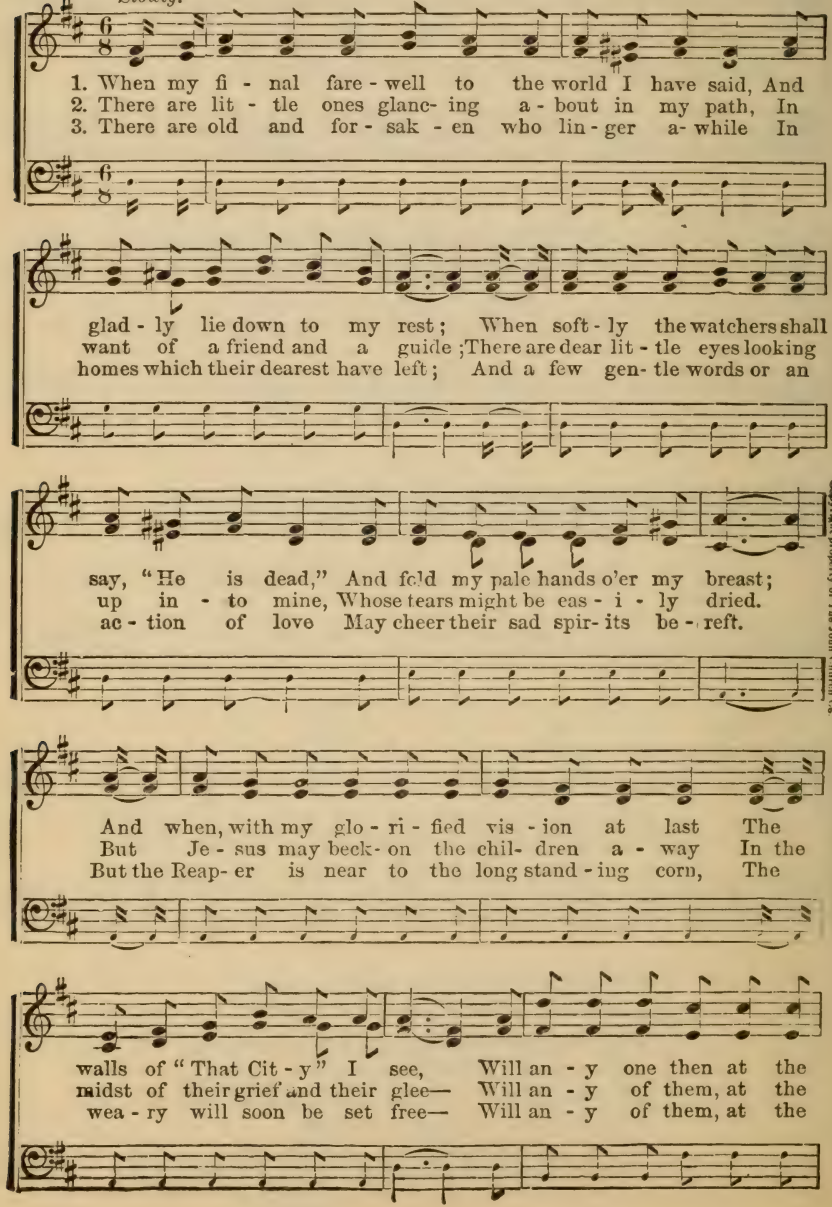
3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
"They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*"—*Cho.*

No. 116. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

MARIANNE HEARN, 1862. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slowly.


1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And
2. There are lit - tle ones glanc- ing a - bout in my path, In
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a- while In
glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall
want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking
homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen- tle words or an
say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried.
ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir- its be - reft.
And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The
But Je - sus may beck- on the chil- dren a - way In the
But the Reap- er is near to the long stand - ing corn, The
walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

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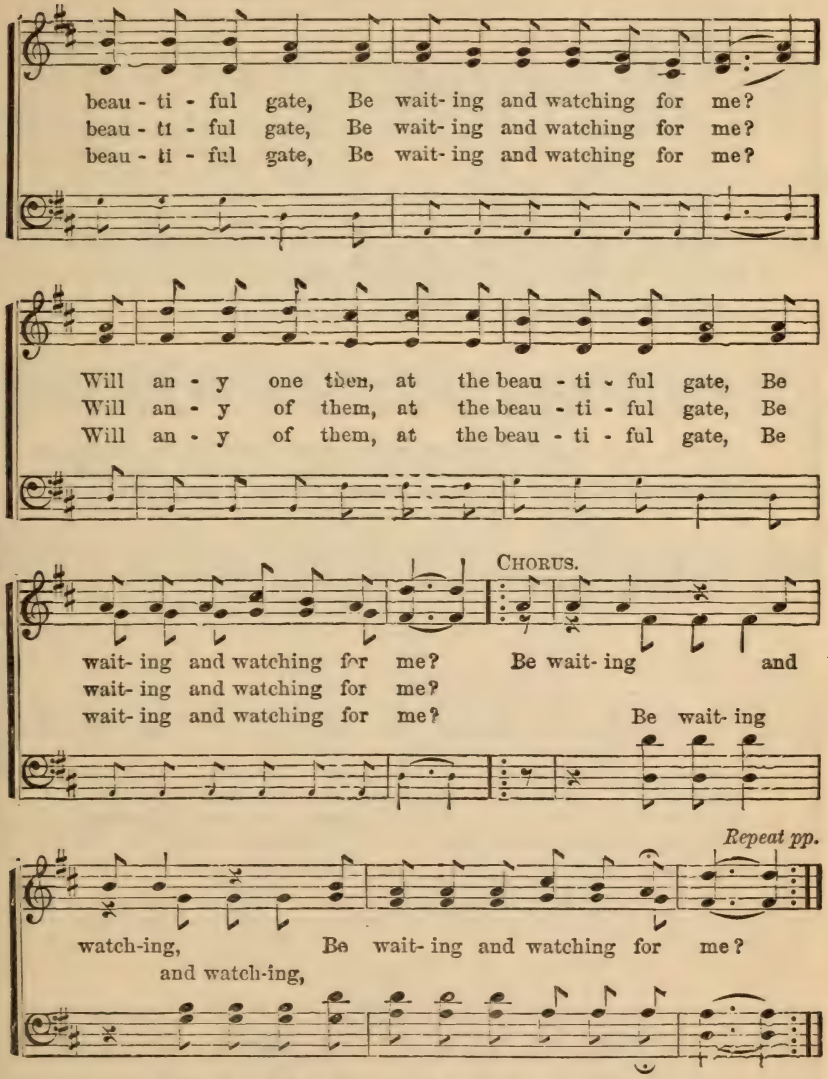
Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.

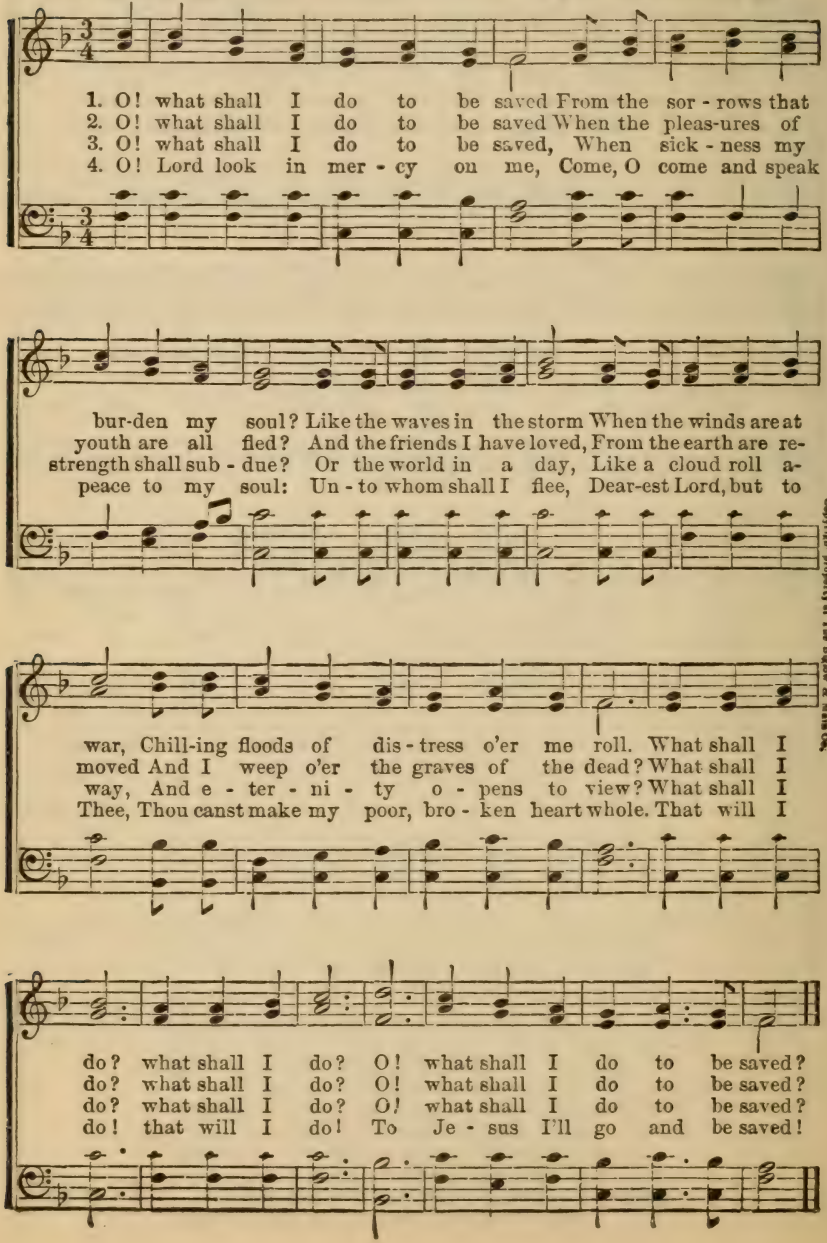

beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
Will an - y one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be
Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be
Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be
CHORUS.
wait- ing and watching for me? Be wait- ing and
wait- ing and watching for me?
wait- ing and watching for me? Be wait- ing
Repeat pp.
watch-ing, Be wait- ing and watching for me?
and watch-ing,

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!—Oh,

No. 117. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts. 16: 30.

J. W. Holman, 1852. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.


1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleas-ures of
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my
4. O! Lord look in mer - cy on me, Come, O come and speak
bur-den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
strength shall sub - due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
peace to my soul: Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to
war, Chill-ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I
moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I
way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole. That will I
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

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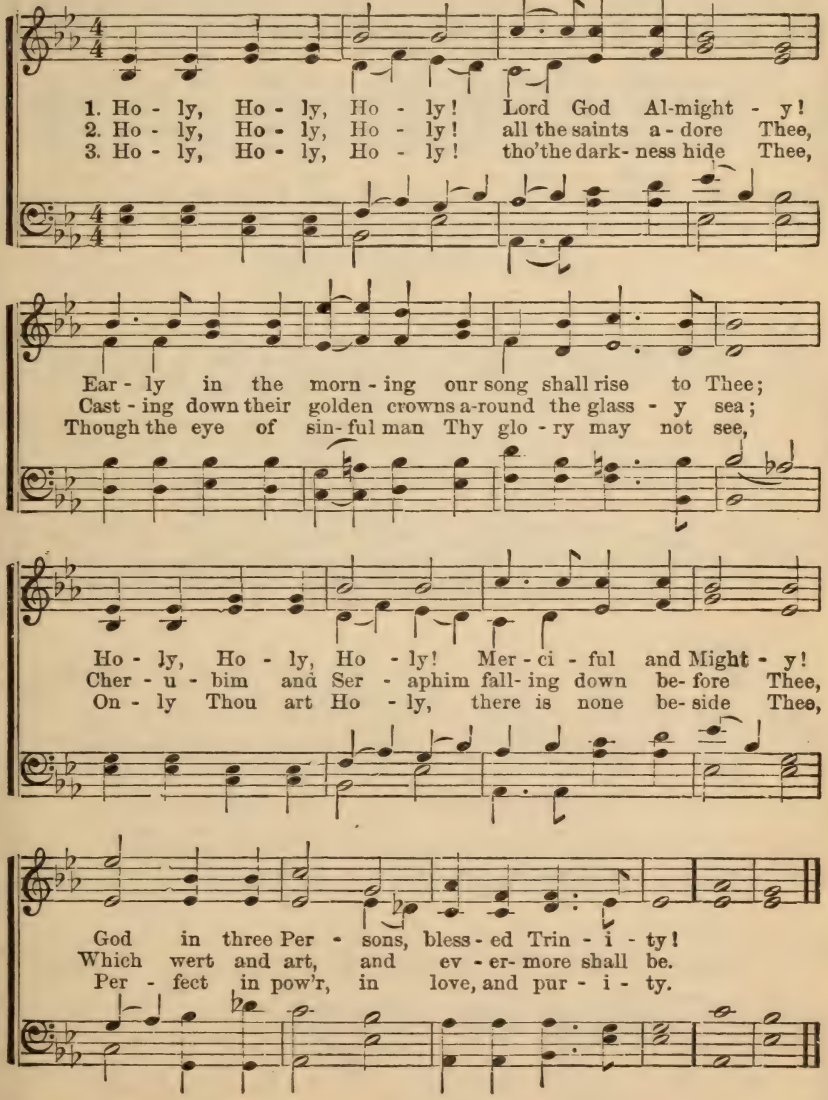
No. 118. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

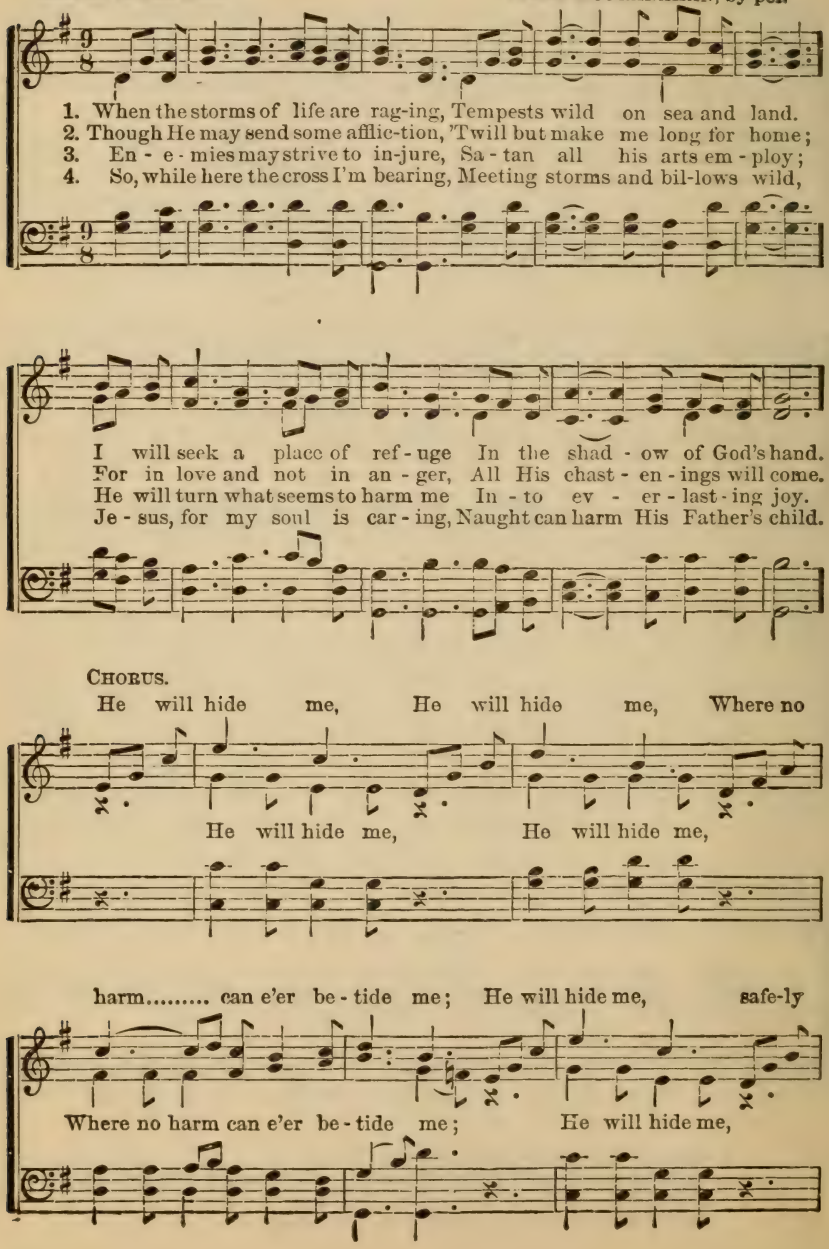
Reginald Heber, D. D. Rev. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho'the dark- ness hide Thee,
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a-round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin- ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall- ing down be- fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be- side Thee,
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er- more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

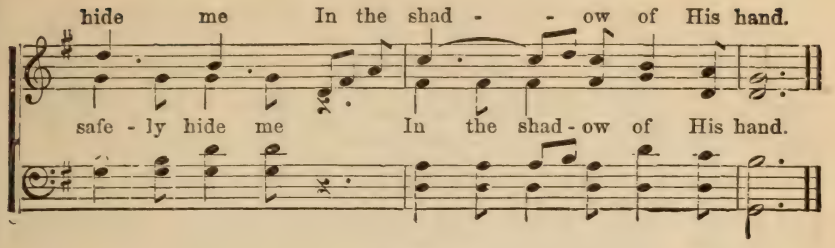
4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

No. 119. He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

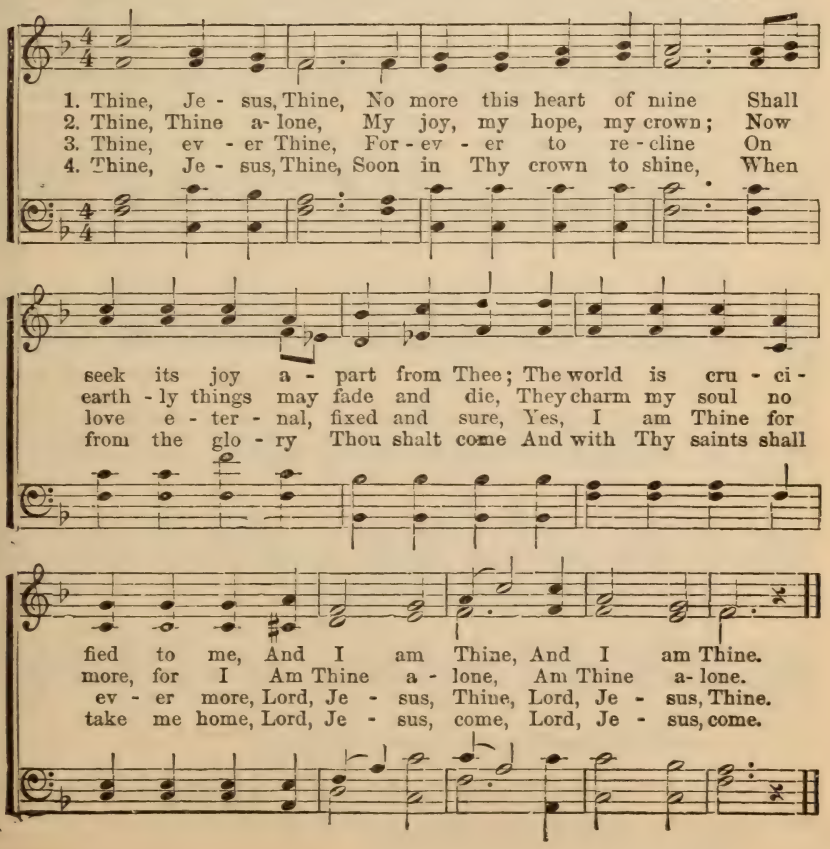
Miss M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tempests wild on sea and land.
2. Though He may send some afflic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in-jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and bil-lows wild,
I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en - ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
Je - sus, for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.
CHORUS.
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no
He will hide me, He will hide me,
harm..... can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly
Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

He will Hide Me.—Concluded.



No. 120. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

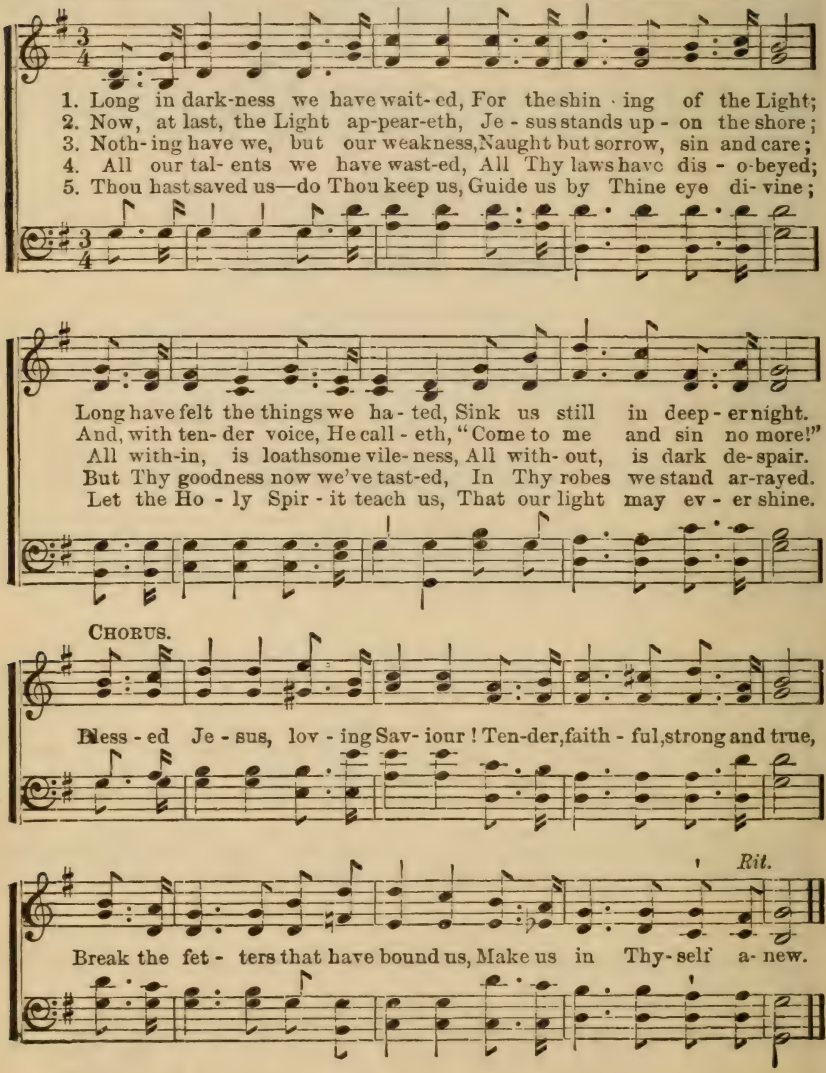
"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall
2. Thine, Thine a- lone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now
3. Thine, ev - er Thine, For - ev - er to re - cline On
4. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When
seek its joy a - part from Thee; The world is cru - ci -
earth - ly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no
love e - ter - nal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for
from the glo - ry Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall
fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.
more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a- lone.
ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine.
take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.

No. 121. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8 : 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

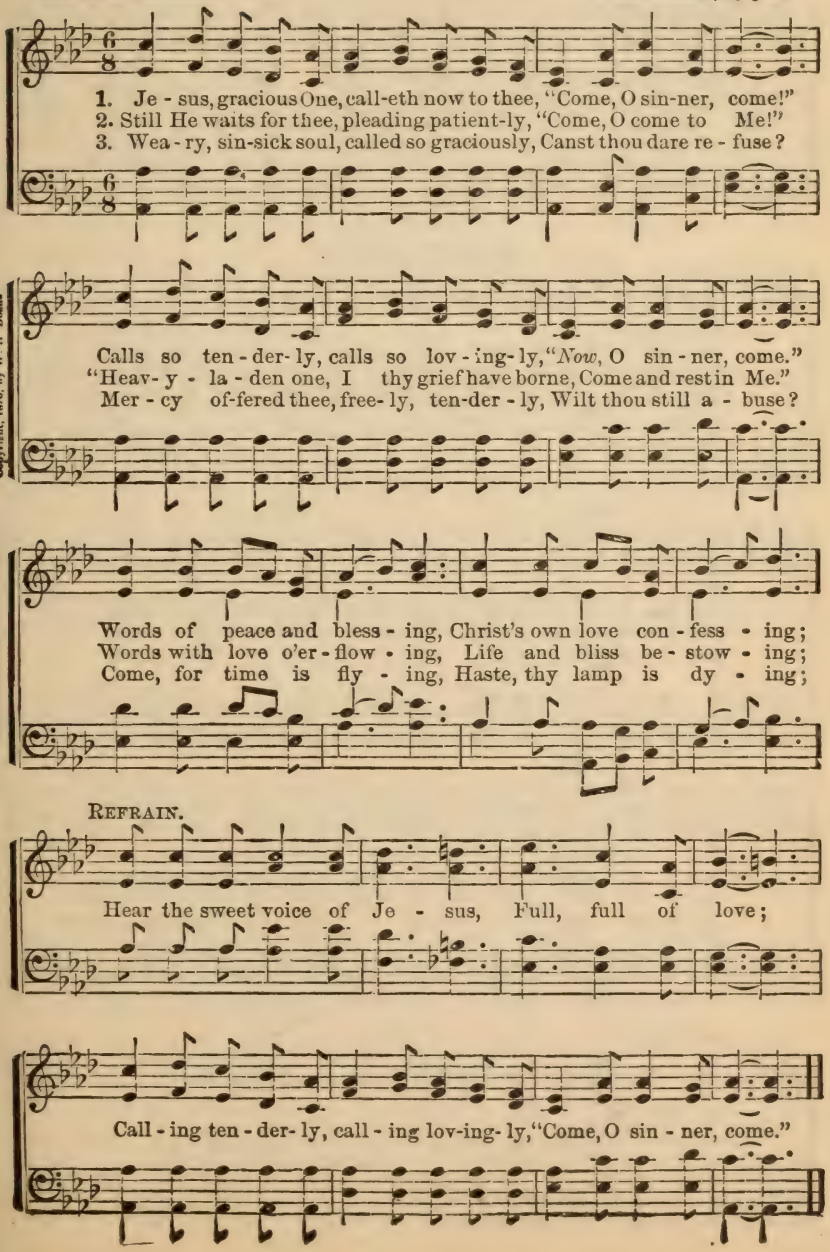

1. Long in dark-ness we have wait-ed, For the shin-ing of the Light;
2. Now, at last, the Light ap-pear-eth, Je-sus stands up-on the shore;
3. Noth-ing have we, but our weakness, Naught but sorrow, sin and care;
4. All our tal-ents we have wast-ed, All Thy laws have dis-o-beyed;
5. Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di-vine;
Long have felt the things we ha-ted, Sink us still in deep-er night.
And, with ten-der voice, He call-eth, "Come to me and sin no more!"
All with-in, is loathsome vile-ness, All with-out, is dark de-spair.
But Thy goodness now we've tast-ed, In Thy robes we stand ar-rayed.
Let the Ho-ly Spir-it teach us, That our light may ev-er shine.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing Sav-iour! Ten-der, faith-ful, strong and true,
Rit.
Break the fet-ters that have bound us, Make us in Thy-self a-new.

Final Chorus.—Blesséd Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

Written by one rescued from strong drink.

No. 122. Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Je - sus, gracious One, call-eth now to thee, "Come, O sin-ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patient-ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare re - fuse?
Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."
"Heav - y - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of-fered thee, free - ly, ten-der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?
Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;
Refrain.
Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;
Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov-ing - ly, "Come, O sin - ner, come."

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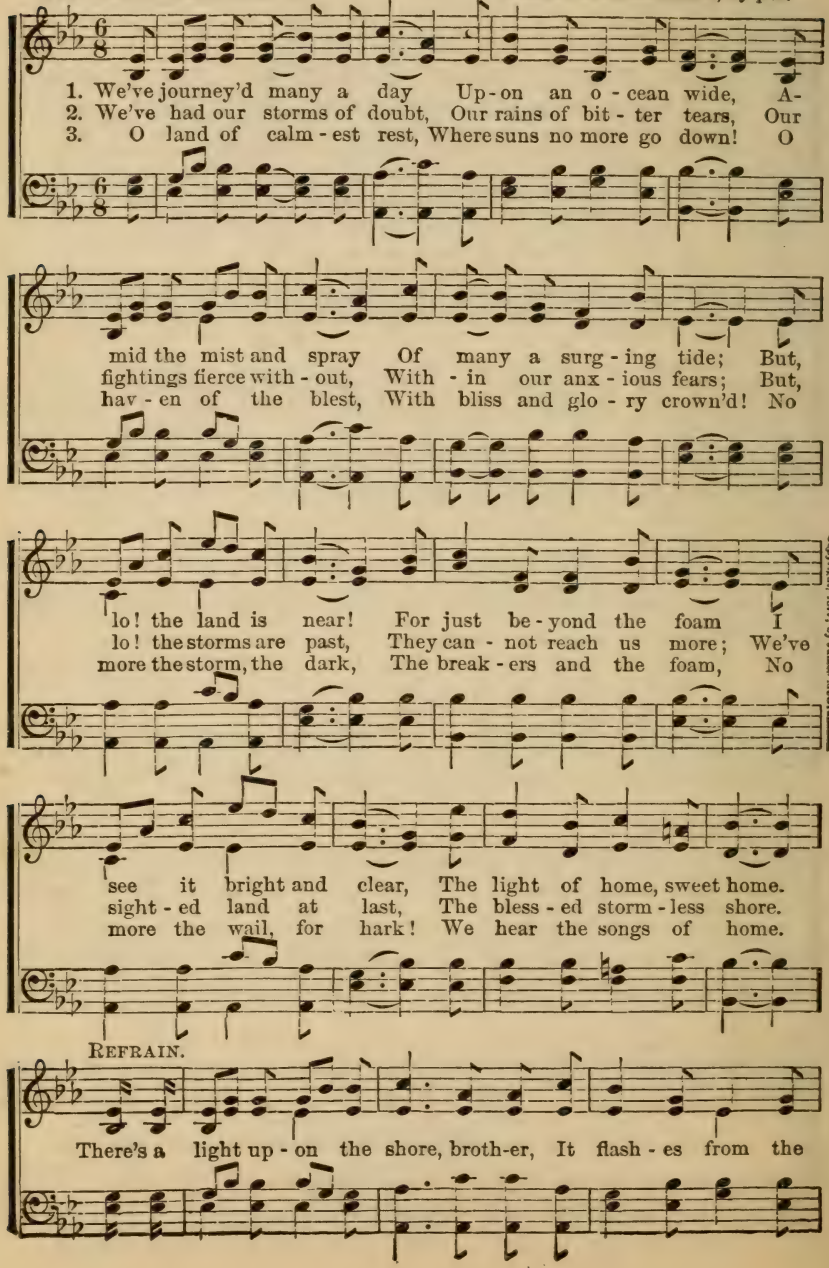
No. 123. A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. James McGranahan, by per.


1. We've journey'd many a day Up-on an o-cean wide, A-
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bit-ter tears, Our
3. O land of calm-est rest, Where suns no more go down! O
mid the mist and spray Of many a surg-ing tide; But,
fightings fierce with-out, With-in our anx-ious fears; But,
hav-en of the blest, With bliss and glo-ry crown'd! No
lo! the land is near! For just be-yond the foam I
lo! the storms are past, They can-not reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The break-ers and the foam, No
see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight-ed land at last, The bless-ed storm-less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.
Refrain.
There's a light up-on the shore, broth-er, It flash-es from the

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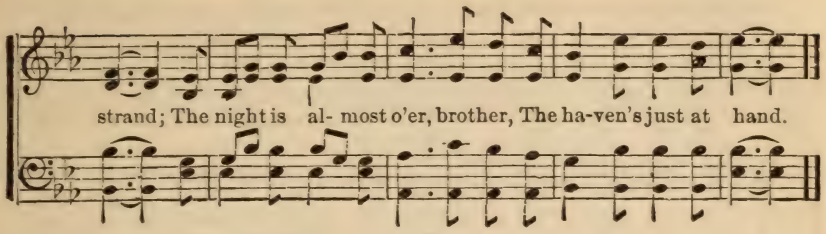
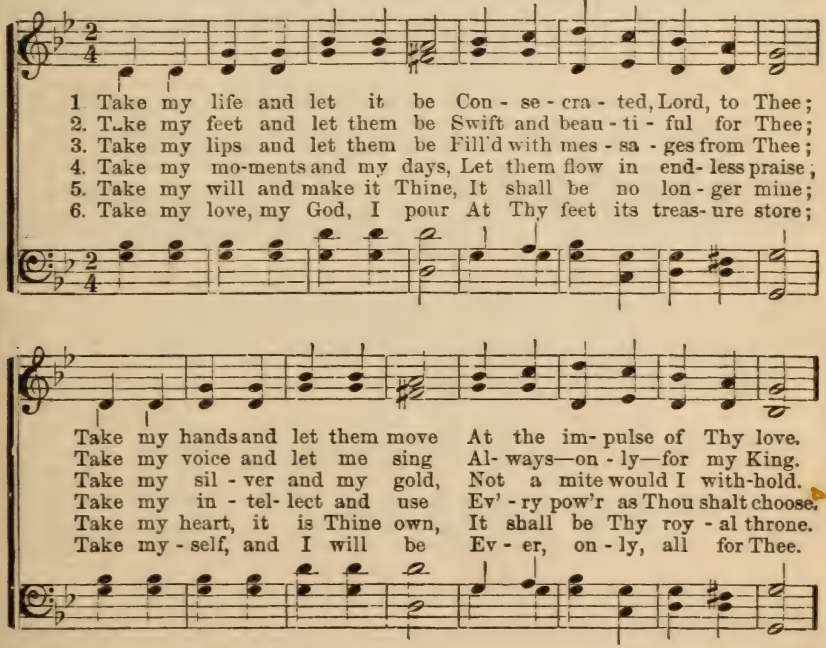


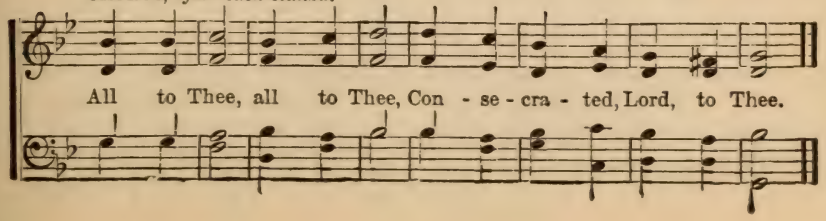
No. 124. Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end- less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas- ure store;
Take my hands and let them move At the im- pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al- ways—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel- lect and use Ev' - ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

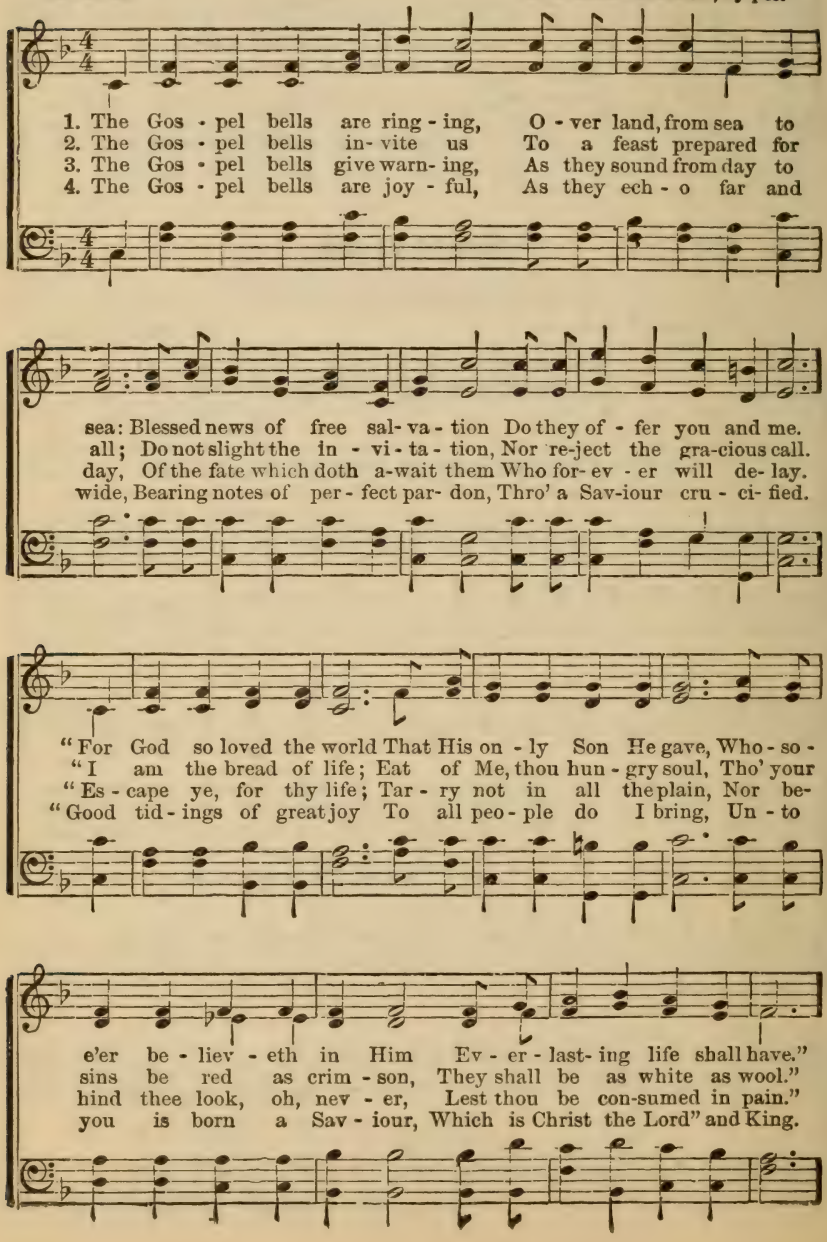
Chorus, *after each stanza.*



No. 125. The Gospel Bells.

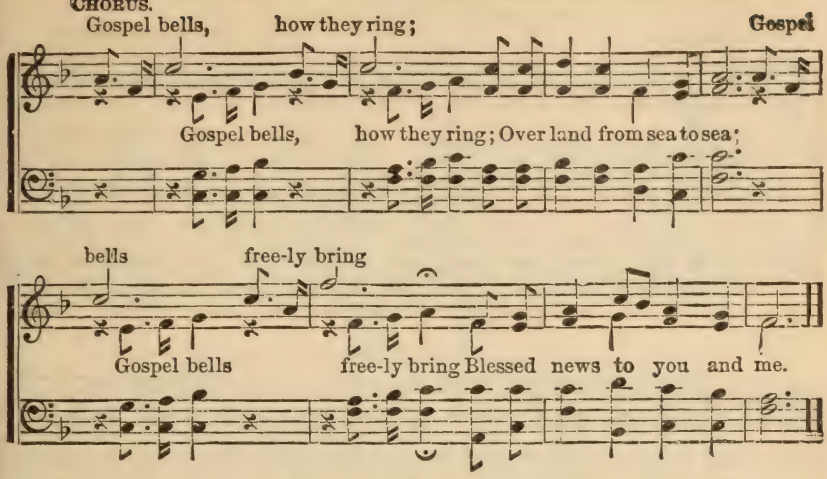
"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.


1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to
2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for
3. The Gos - pel bells give warn - ing, As they sound from day to
4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and
sea: Blessed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.
all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.
day, Of the fate which doth a-wait them Who for- ev - er will de- lay.
wide, Bearing notes of per - fect par- don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru - ci- fied.
"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who - so -
"I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun - gry soul, Tho' your
"Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain, Nor be-
"Good tid - ings of great joy To all peo - ple do I bring, Un - to
e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last- ing life shall have."
sins be red as crim - son, They shall be as white as wool."
hind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be con-sumed in pain."
you is born a Sav - iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

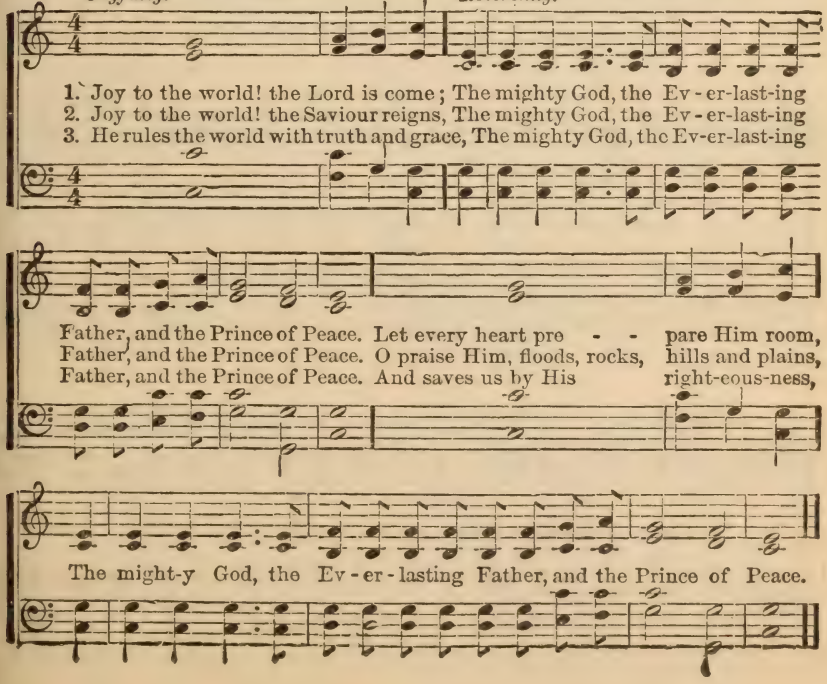
CHORUS.


Gospel bells, how they ring;
Gospel
Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land from sea to sea;
bells free-ly bring
Gospel bells free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

No. 126. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

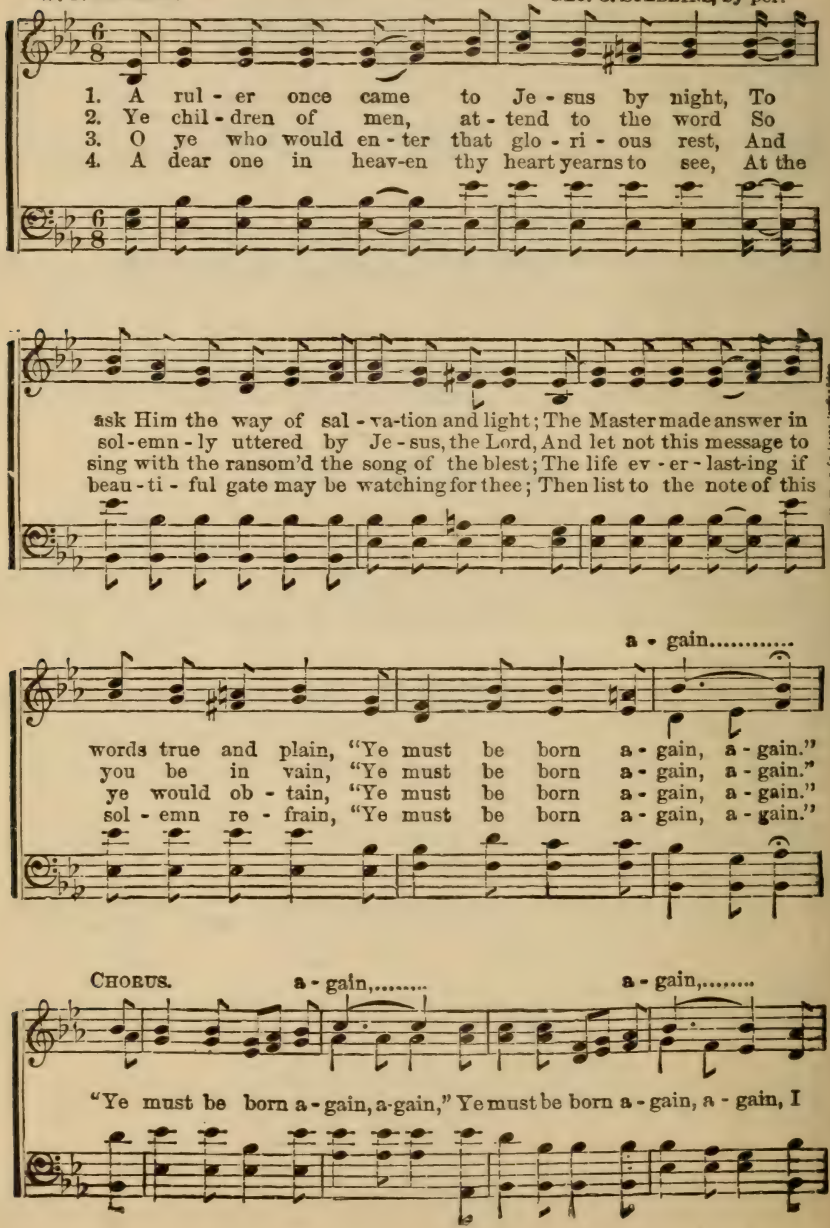
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, arr. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

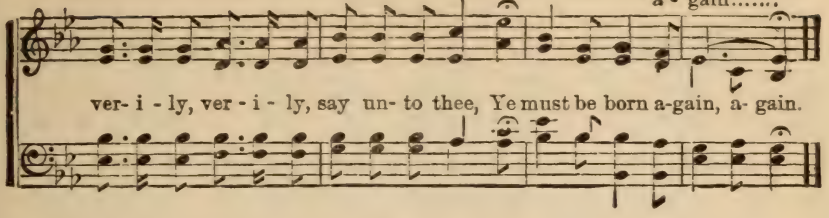

Joyfully.
Reverently.
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The mighty God, the Ev - er-last-ing
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns, The mighty God, the Ev - er-last-ing
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev-er-last-ing
Father, and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - pare Him room,
Father, and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Father, and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His right-eous-ness,
The might-y God, the Ev - er - lasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

No. 127. Ye must be Born again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.


1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life ever-lasting if
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this
again.....
words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."
CHORUS.
again,..... again,.....
"Ye must be born again, again," Ye must be born again, again, I

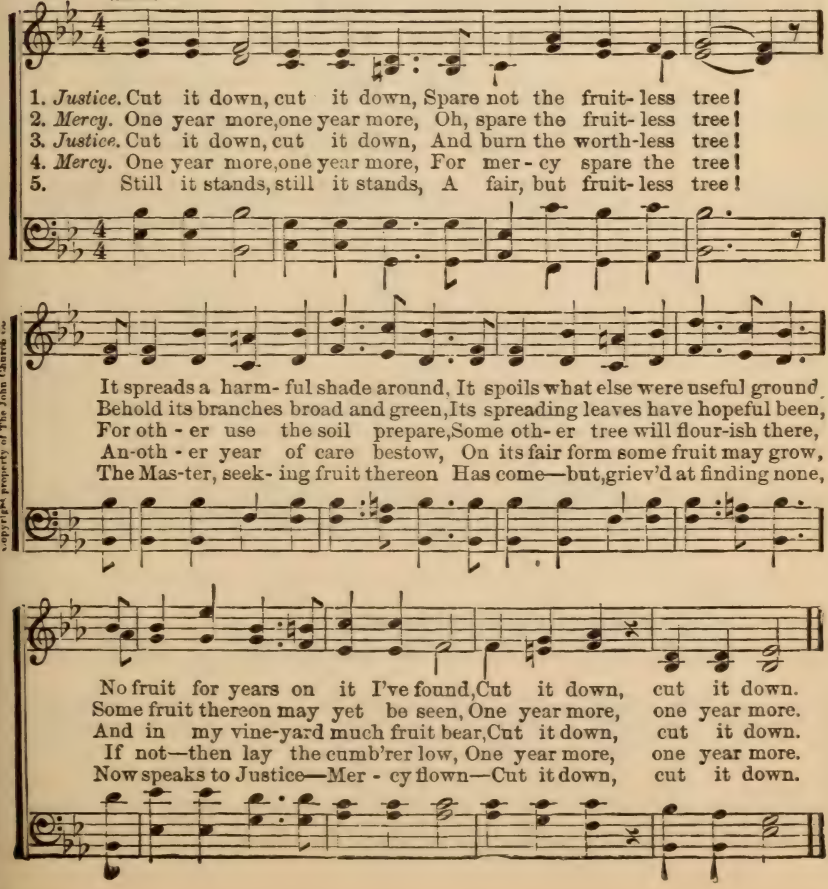


No. 128. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the-ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slow.


1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit- less tree!
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit- less tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, For mer - cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit- less tree!
It spreads a harm- ful shade around, It spoils what else were useful ground
Behold its branches broad and green, Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
For oth - er use the soil prepare, Some oth- er tree will flour-ish there,
An-oth - er year of care bestow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas-ter, seek- ing fruit thereon Has come—but, griev'd at finding none,
No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not—then lay the cumb'rer low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Justice—Mer - cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.

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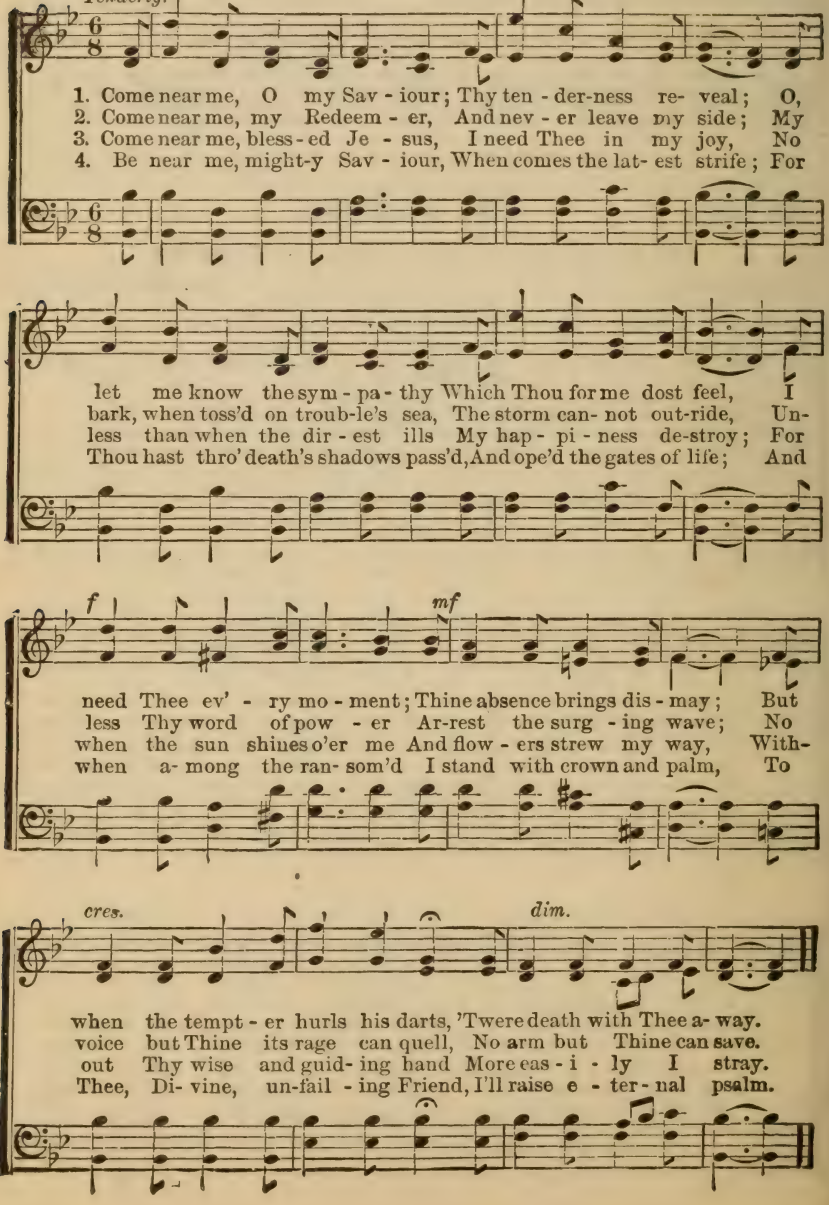
No. 129. Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

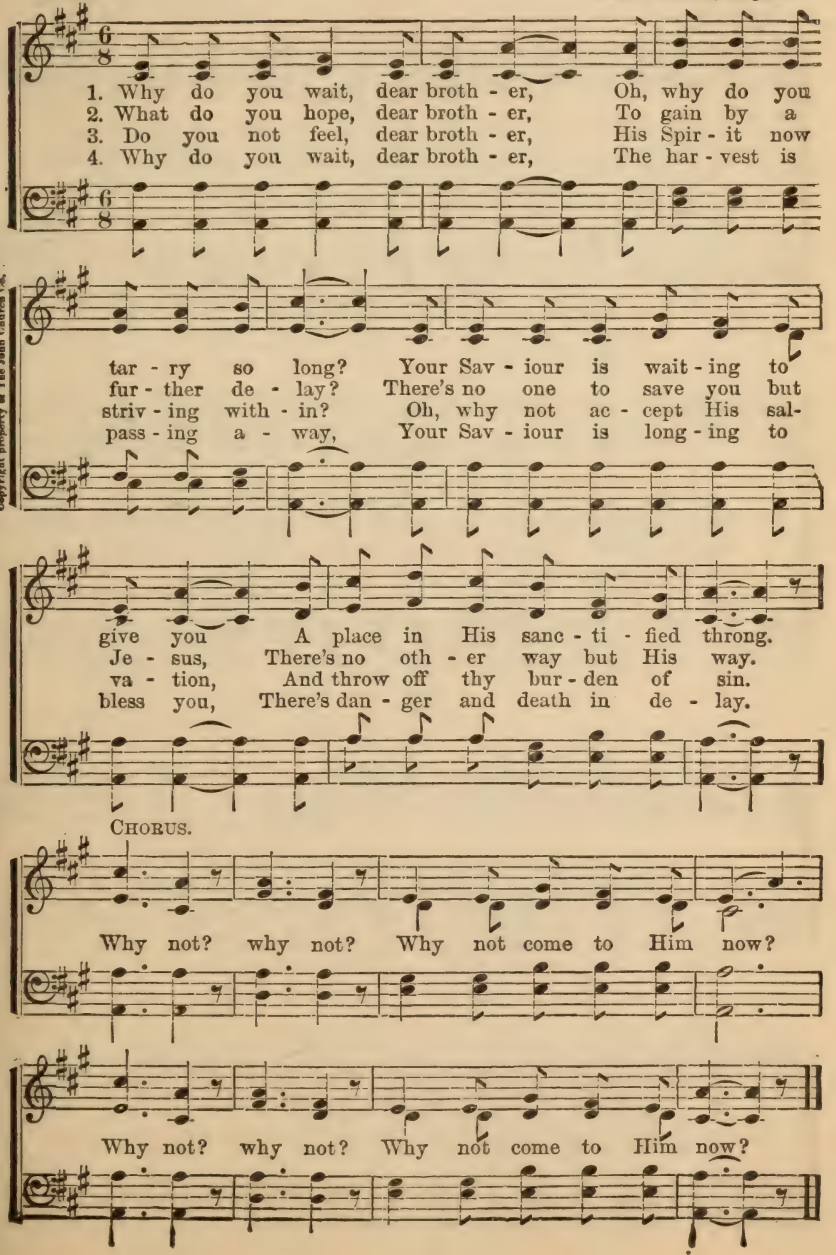
Rev. G. G. LLOYD. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

Tenderly.


1. Come near me, O my Sav - iour; Thy ten - der-ness re- veal; O,
2. Come near me, my Redeem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My
3. Come near me, bless - ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
4. Be near me, might-y Sav - iour, When comes the lat- est strife; For
let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I
bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can- not out-ride, Un-
less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de-stroy; For
Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And
f
mf
need Thee ev' - ry mo - ment; Thine absence brings dis - may; But
less Thy word of pow - er Ar-rest the surg - ing wave; No
when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way, With-
when a- mong the ran- som'd I stand with crown and palm, To
cres.
dim.
when the tempt - er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a- way.
voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
out Thy wise and guid- ing hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
Thee, Di- vine, un-fail - ing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

No. 130. Why do You Wait?

"Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is
tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal-
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to
give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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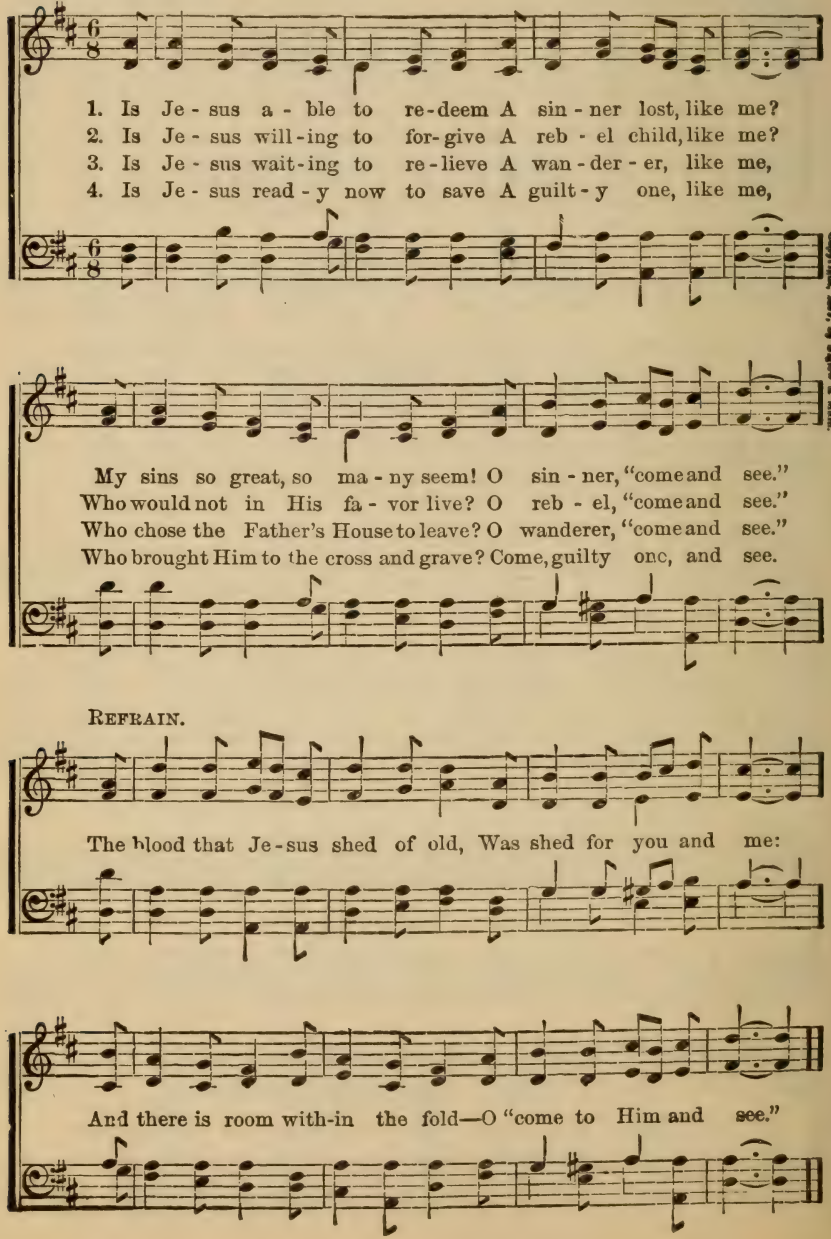
No. 131. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

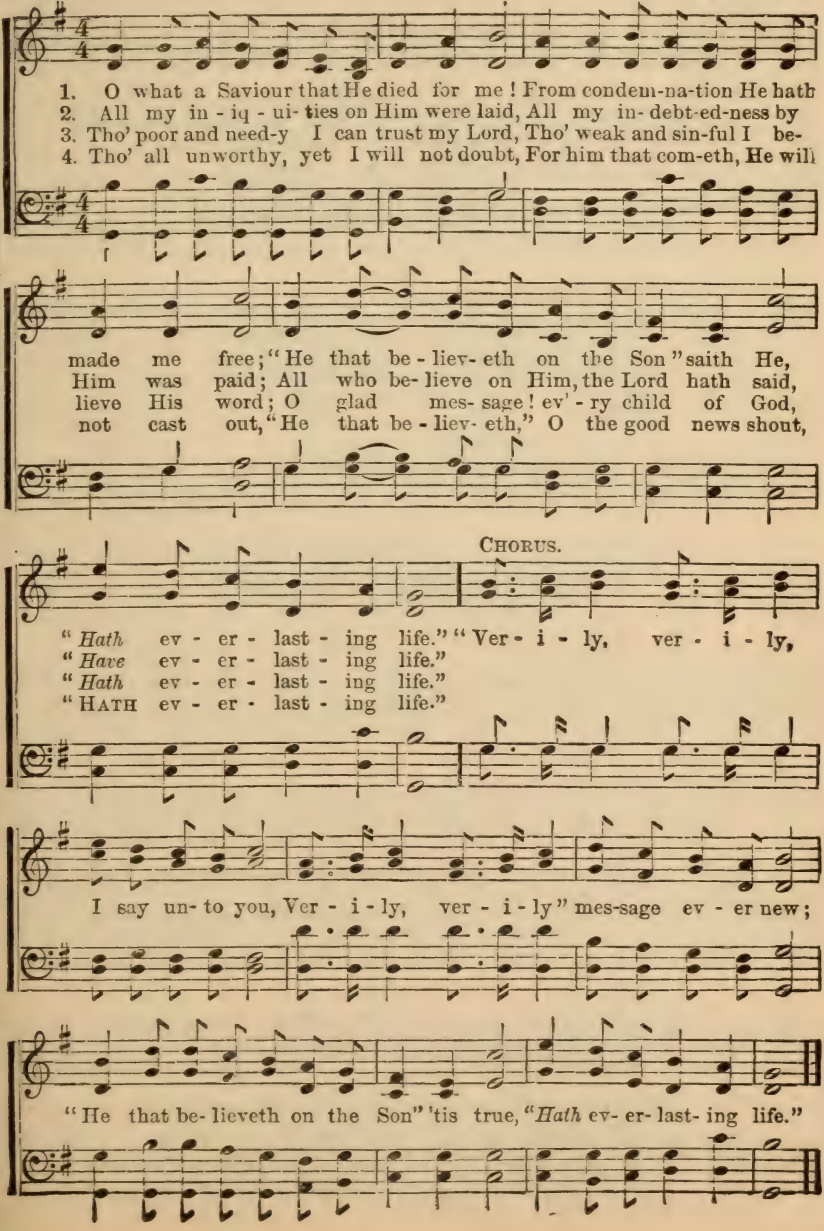
"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re-deem A sin - ner lost, like me?
2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for-give A reb - el child, like me?
3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re-lieve A wan - der - er, like me,
4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guilt - y one, like me,
My sins so great, so ma - ny seem! O sin - ner, "come and see."
Who would not in His fa - vor live? O reb - el, "come and see."
Who chose the Father's House to leave? O wanderer, "come and see."
Who brought Him to the cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.
REFRAIN.
The blood that Je - sus shed of old, Was shed for you and me:
And there is room with-in the fold—O "come to Him and see."

No. 132. Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6:47.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem-na-tion He hath
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-debt-ed-ness by
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin-ful I be-
4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com-eth, He will
made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the Son" saith He,
Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev'-ry child of God,
not cast out, "He that be-liev-eth," O the good news shout,
CHORUS.
"Hath ev-er-last-ing life." "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,
"Have ev-er-last-ing life."
"Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
"HATH ev-er-last-ing life."
I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly" mes-sage ev-er new;
"He that be-lieveth on the Son" 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

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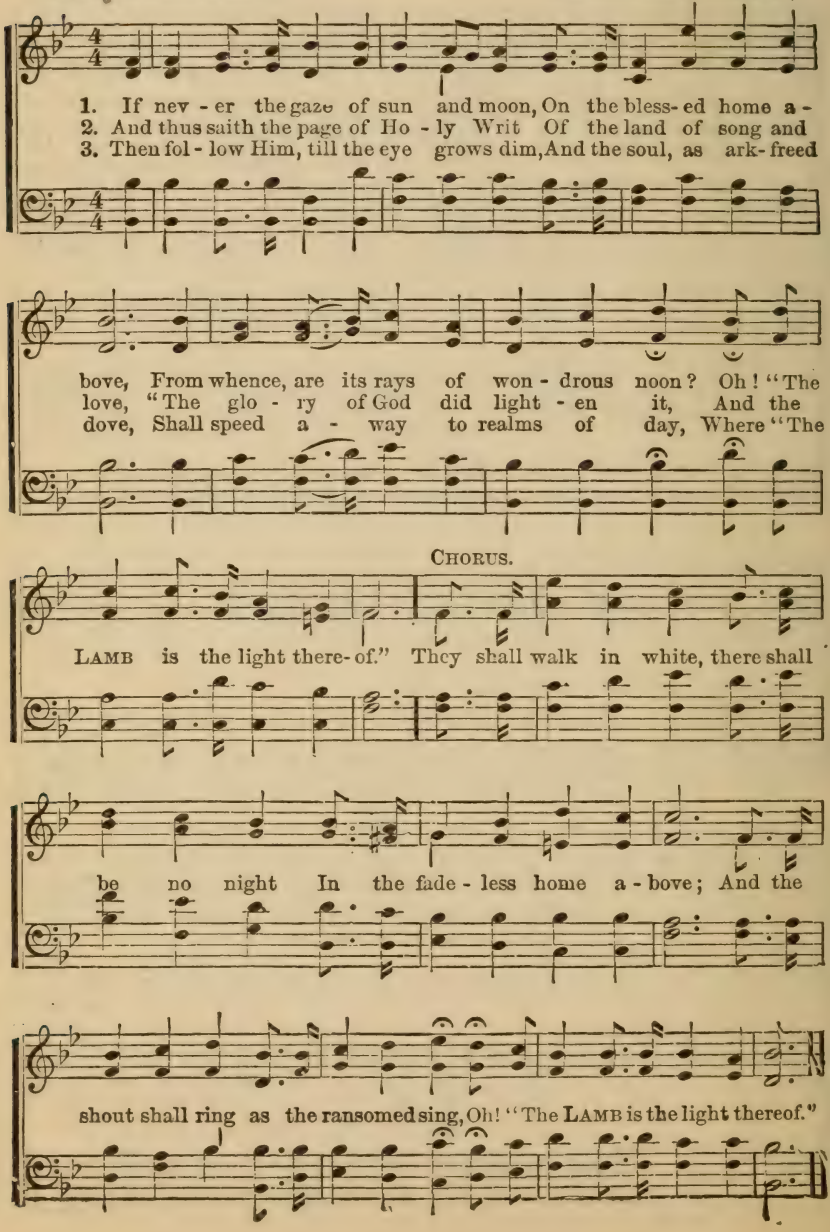
No. 133. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21 : 23.

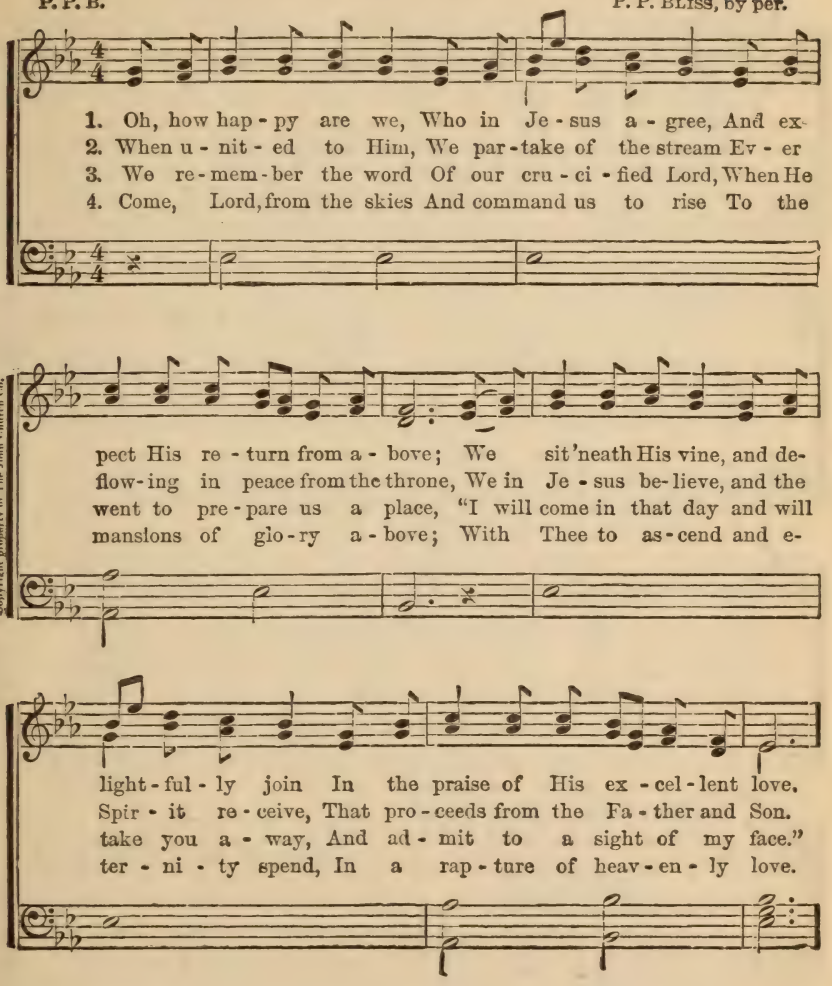
Mrs. E. W. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.


1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless- ed home a -
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark- freed
bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "The
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "The
Chorus.
Lamb is the light there- of." They shall walk in white, there shall
be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the
shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "The Lamb is the light thereof."

No. 134. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—Prov. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. Oh, how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex-
2. When u - nit - ed to Him, We par - take of the stream Ev - er
3. We re - mem - ber the word Of our cru - ci - fied Lord, When He
4. Come, Lord, from the skies And command us to rise To the
pect His re - turn from a - bove; We sit 'neath His vine, and de-
flow - ing in peace from the throne, We in Je - sus be - lieve, and the
went to pre - pare us a place, "I will come in that day and will
mansions of glo - ry a - bove; With Thee to as - cend and e-
light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.
Spir - it re - ceive, That pro - ceeds from the Fa - ther and Son.
take you a - way, And ad - mit to a sight of my face."
ter - ni - ty spend, In a rap - ture of heav - en - ly love.

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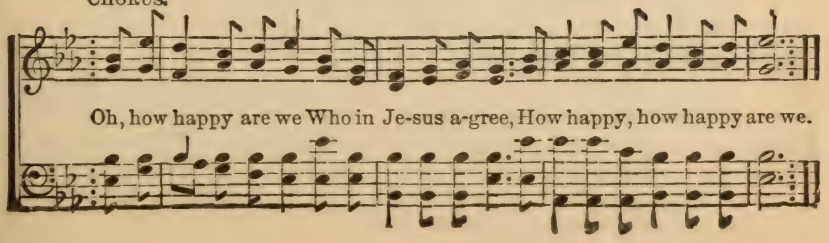
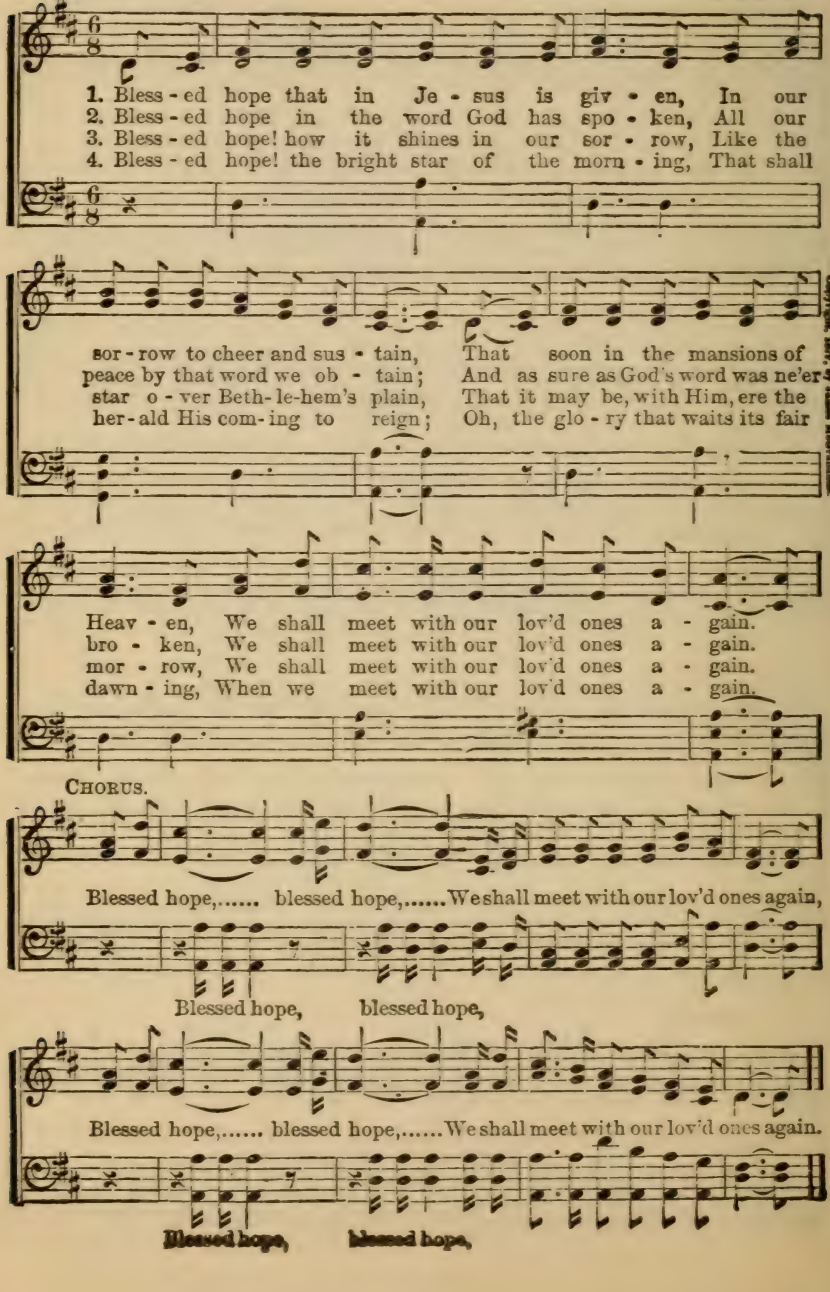
Chorus.



No. 135. Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

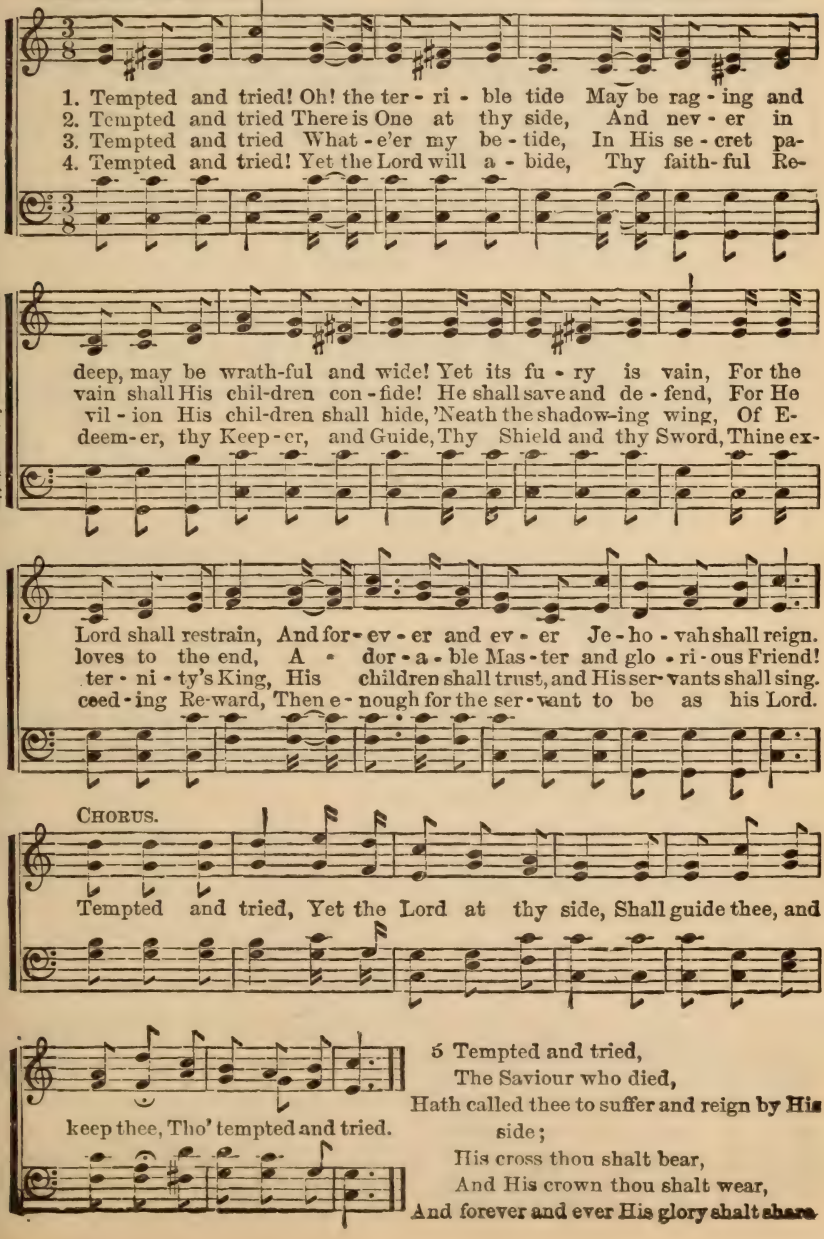
W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spo - ken, All our peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the star o - ver Beth - le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
CHORUS.
Blessed hope,..... blessed hope,.....We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,
Blessed hope, blessed hope,
Blessed hope,..... blessed hope,.....We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.
Blessed hope, blessed hope,

No. 136. Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and
2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
3. Tempted and tried What - e'er my be - tide, In His se - cret pa-
4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith-ful Re-
deep, may be wrath-ful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the
vain shall His chil-dren con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He
vil - ion His chil-dren shall hide, 'Neath the shadow-ing wing, Of E-
deem-er, thy Keep - er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex-
Lord shall restrain, And for - ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign.
loves to the end, A - dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.
ceed - ing Re-ward, Then e - nough for the ser - vant to be as his Lord.
CHORUS.
Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and
keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

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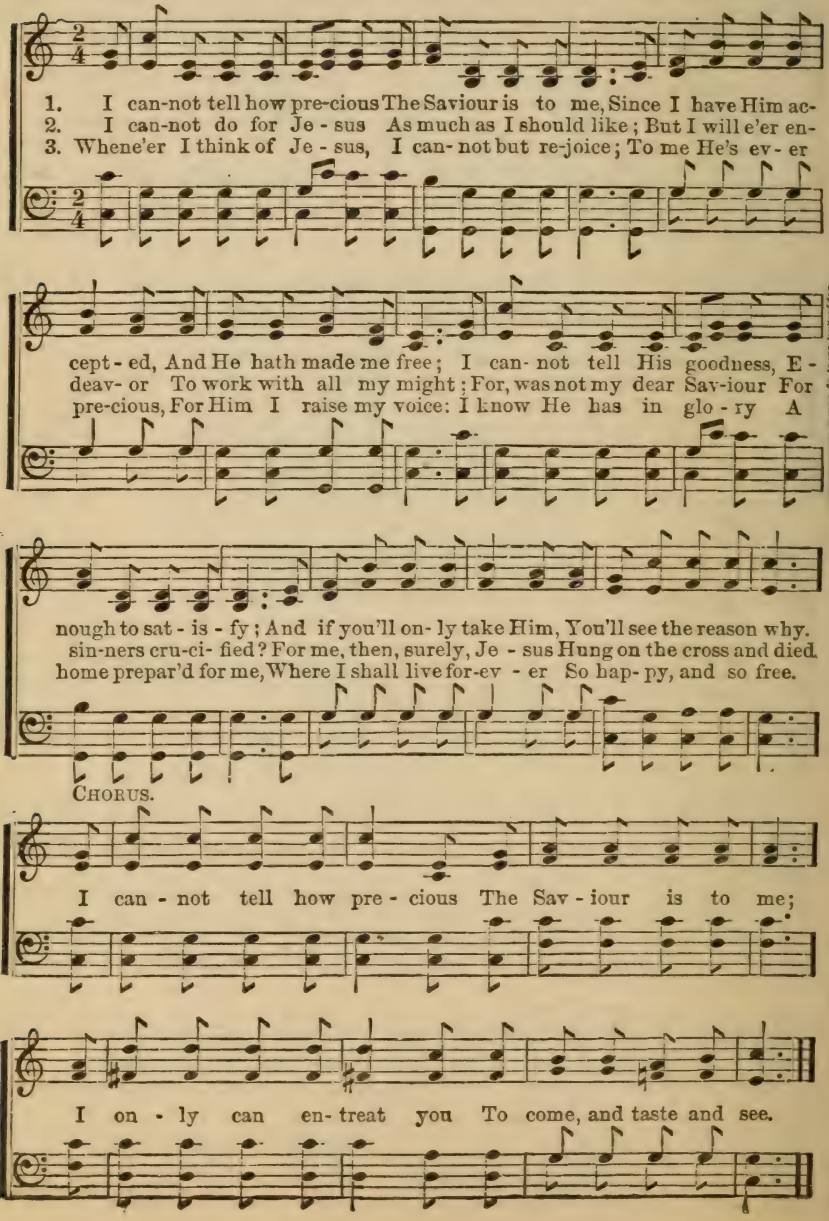
5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 137. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-
2. I can-not do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en-
3. Whene'er I think of Je - sus, I can-not but re-joice; To me He's ev - er
cept - ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His goodness, E -
deav - or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav-iour For
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A
nough to sat - is - fy; And if you'll on - ly take Him, You'll see the reason why.
sin-ners cru-ci- fied? For me, then, surely, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.
home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev - er So hap- py, and so free.
CHORUS.
I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - iour is to me;
I on - ly can en- treat you To come, and taste and see.

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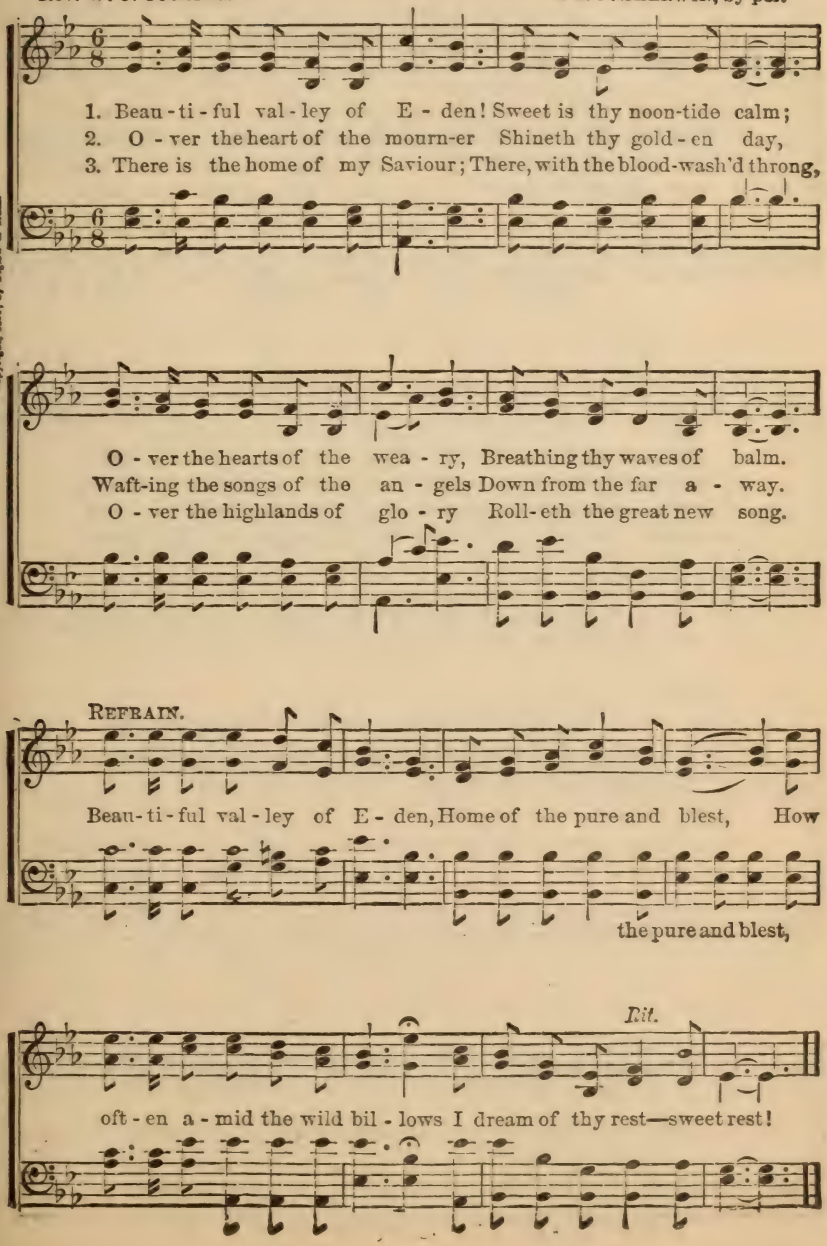
No. 138. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.


1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O-ver the heart of the mourn-er Shineth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,
O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an-gels Down from the far a-way.
O-ver the highlands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.
Refrain.
Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
Rit.
oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

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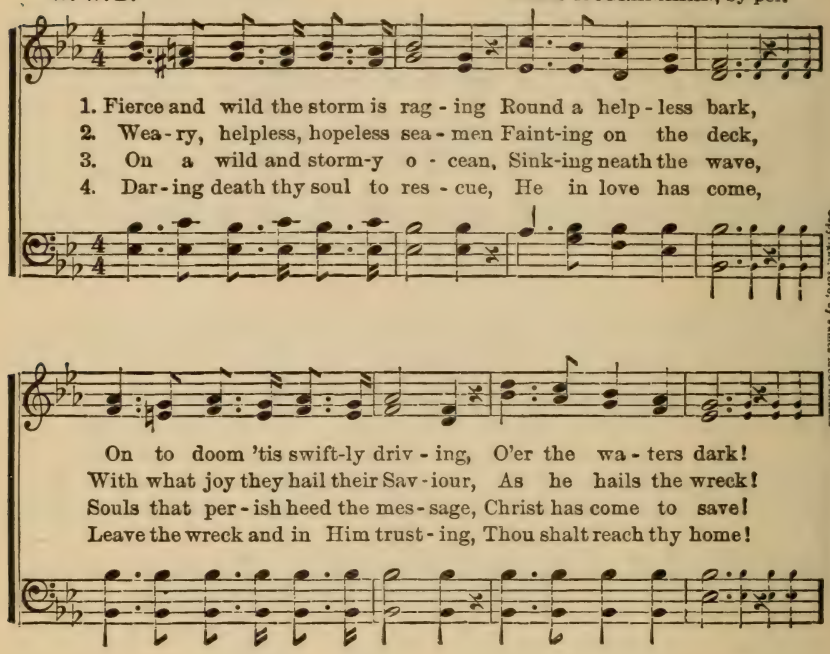
No. 139. I'll Stand by You.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help - less bark,
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint-ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and storm-y o - cean, Sink-ing neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,
On to doom 'tis swift-ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail their Sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!
CHORUS.
Joy,..... behold the Sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,
Joy, O joy, be - hold the Saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,
"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've *come* to save you, do not fear," Yes,

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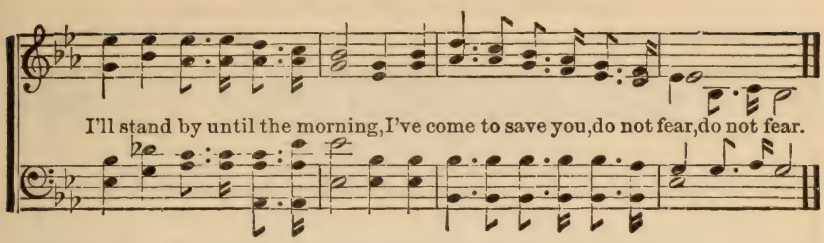
I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.



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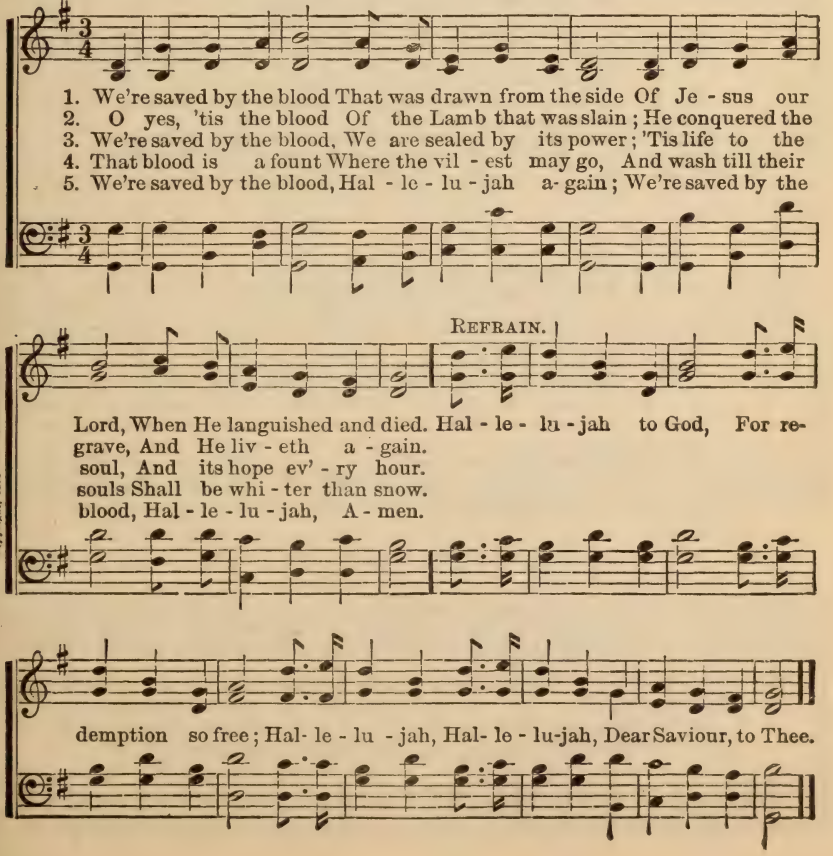
No. 140. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.


1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the
REFRAIN.
Lord, When He languished and died. Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re-
grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
soul, And its hope ev' - ry hour.
souls Shall be whi - ter than snow.
blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
demption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.

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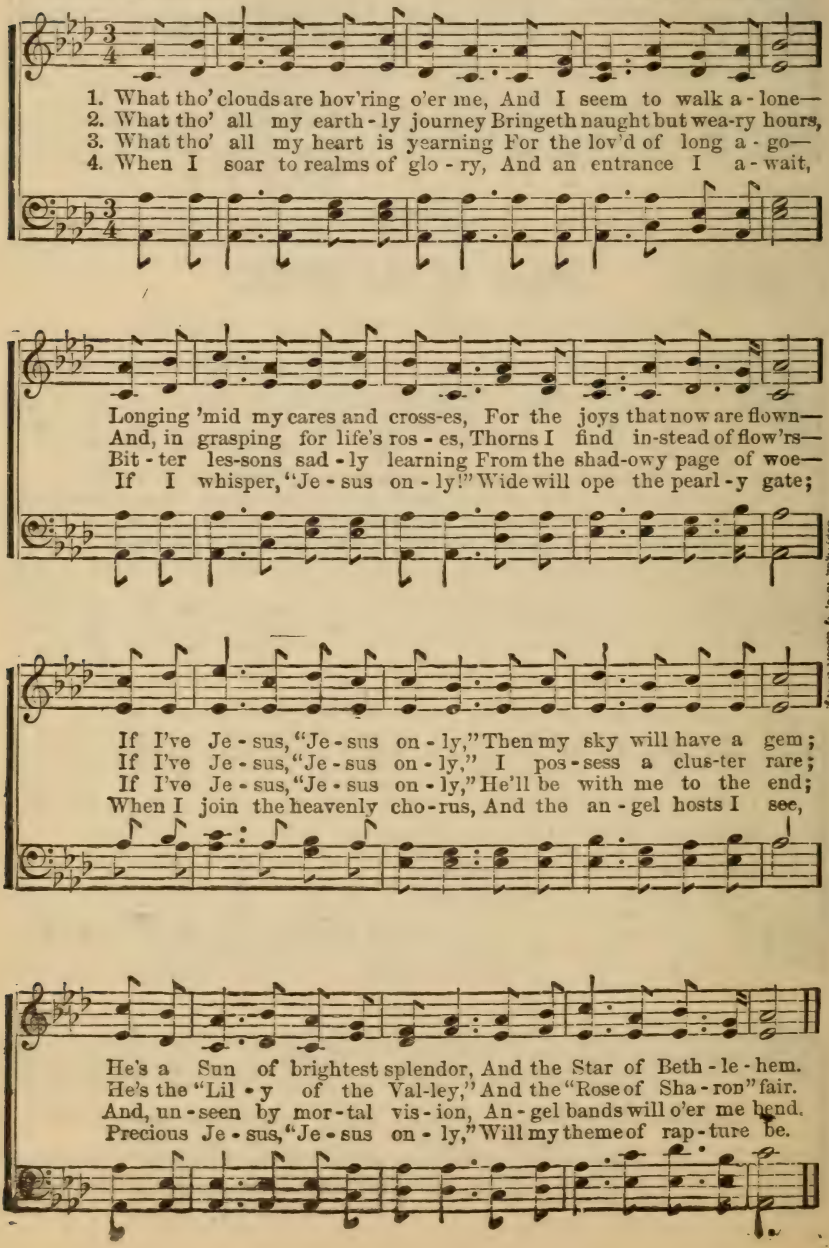
No. 141. Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

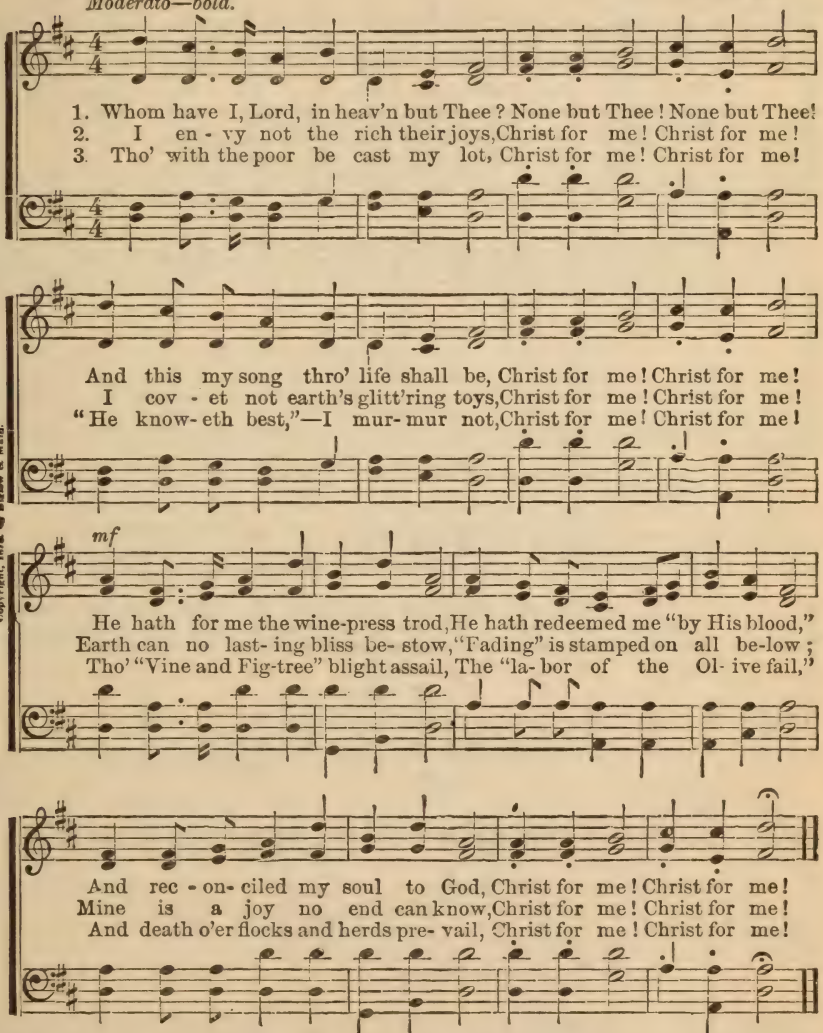

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth - ly journey Bringeth naught but wea-ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the lov'd of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an entrance I a - wait,
Longing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasping for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les-sons sad - ly learning From the shad-owy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;
Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos - sess a clus-ter rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly cho-rus, And the an - gel hosts I see,
He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth - le - hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Sha - ron" fair.
And, un - seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Will my theme of rap - ture be.

No. 142. Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.

R. G. H. R. Geo. Halls, by per.

Moderato—bold.


1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
2. I en - vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!
I cov - et not earth's glitt'ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
"He know- eth best,"—I mur- mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!
mf
He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
Earth can no last- ing bliss be- stow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;
Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail, The "la- bor of the Ol- ive fail,"
And rec - on- ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And death o'er flocks and herds pre- vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!

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4 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 143.

To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its
2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are
3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the
4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bide In the

glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs
mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no
gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the
shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im-

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o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
mor - tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
faith - ful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
- man - u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

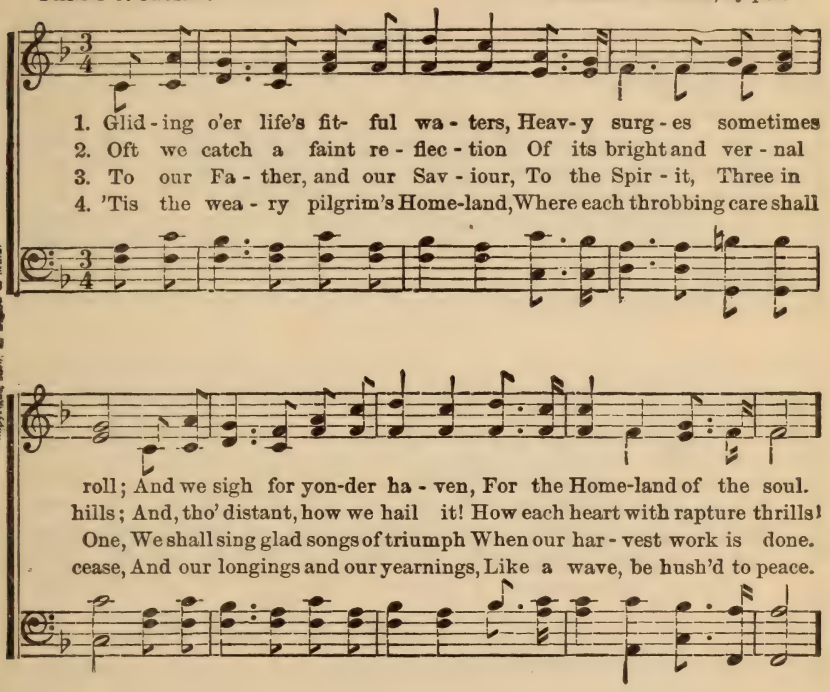
REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be
To be there, to be there,
there; To be there, to be there.... And with Jesus I long to be there.
to be there; To be there. to be there.

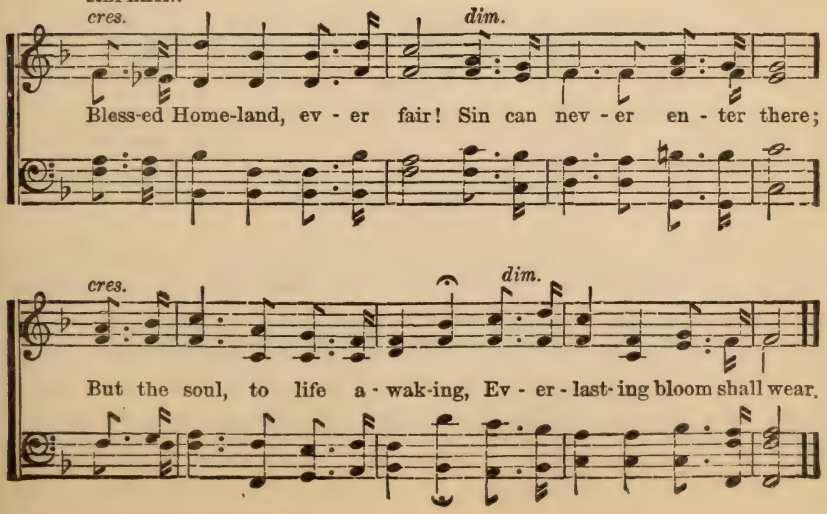
No. 144. Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit- ful wa - ters, Heav- y surg - es sometimes
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall
roll; And we sigh for yon-der ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
hills; And, tho' distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
One, We shall sing glad songs of triumph When our har - vest work is done.
cease, And our longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

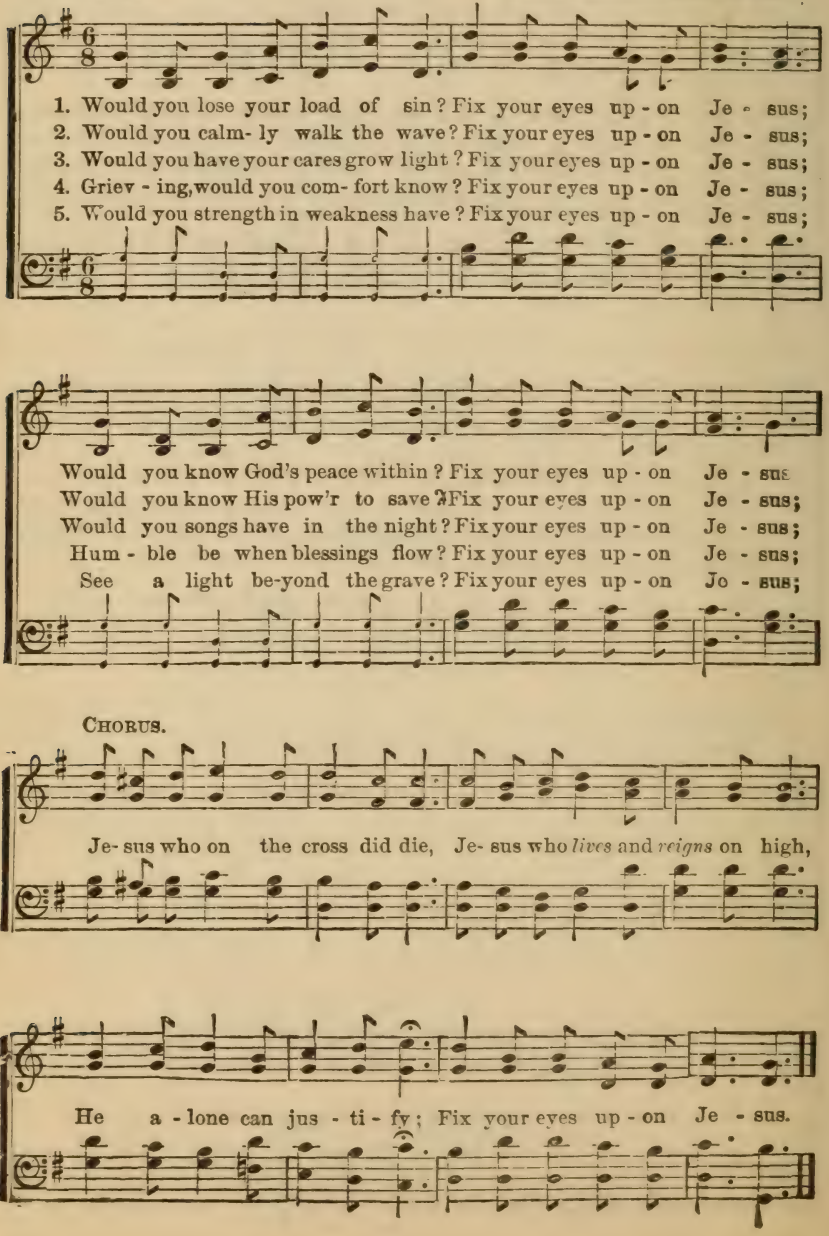
REFRAIN.


cres.
dim.
Bless-ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;
cres.
dim.
But the soul, to life a - wak-ing, Ev - er - last-ing bloom shall wear.

No. 145. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

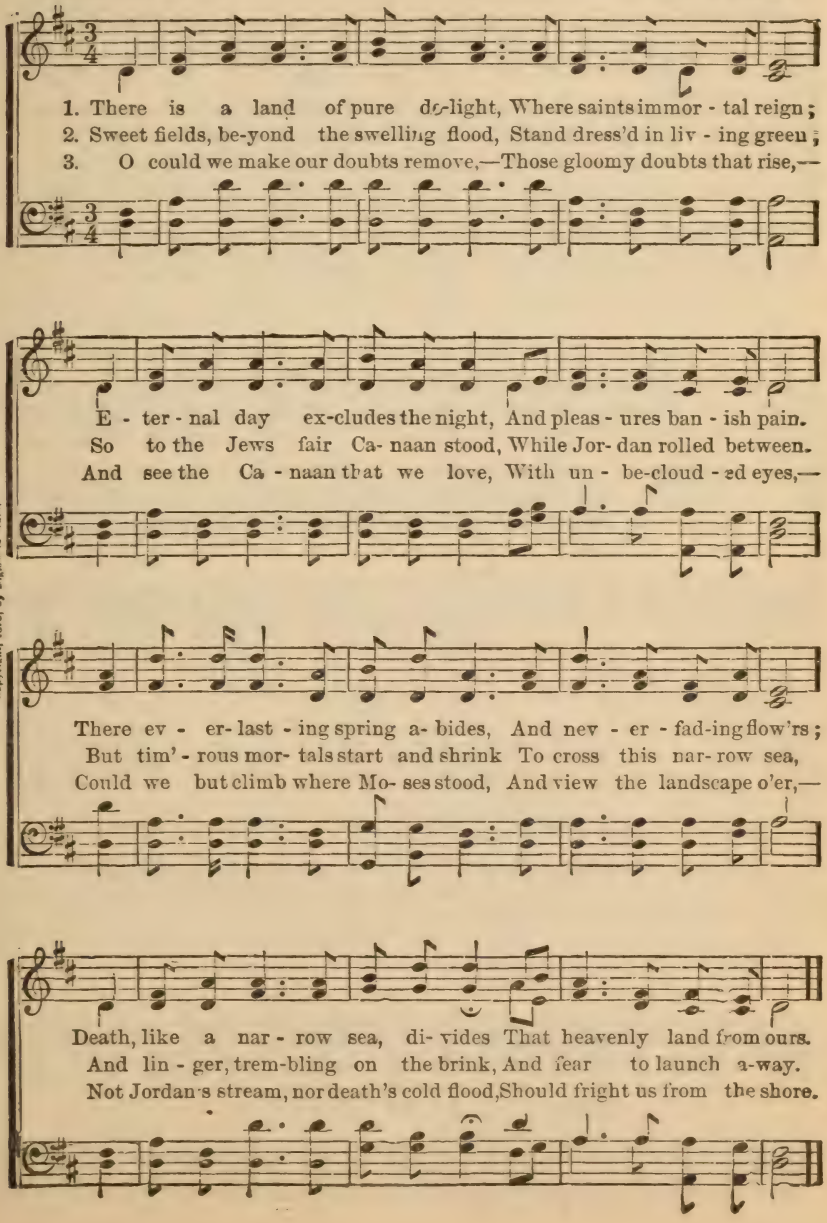
W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
2. Would you calm- ly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
4. Griev - ing, would you com- fort know? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus
Would you know His pow'r to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Hum - ble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
See a light be-yond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
CHORUS.
Je- sus who on the cross did die, Je- sus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,
He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

No. 146. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley, by per.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
There ev - er- last - ing spring a- bides, And nev - er - fad-ing flow'rs;
Death, like a nar - row sea, di- vides That heavenly land from ours.
2. Sweet fields, be-yond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
So to the Jews fair Ca- naan stood, While Jor- dan rolled between.
But tim'- rous mor- tals start and shrink To cross this nar- row sea,
And lin - ger, trem-bling on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
3. O could we make our doubts remove,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes,—
Could we but climb where Mo- ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

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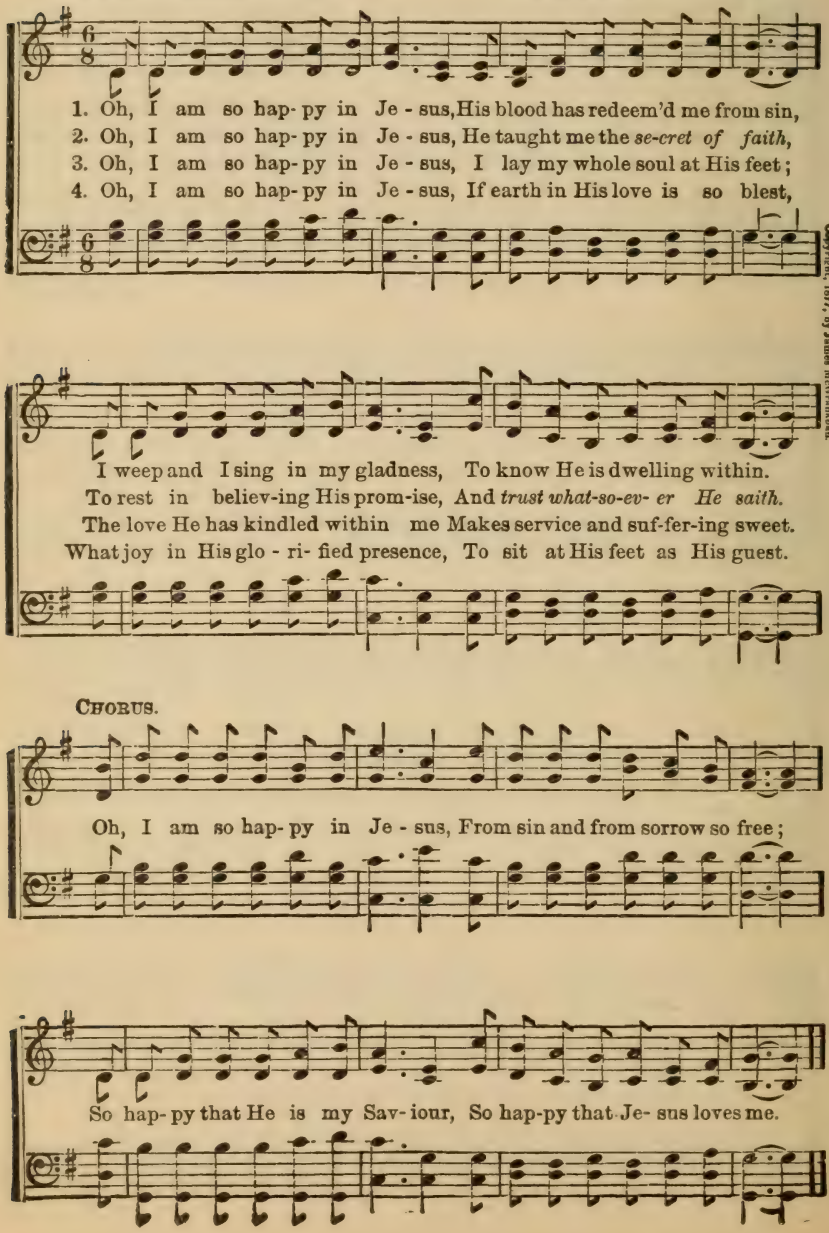
No. 147. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, He taught me the *se-cret of faith,*
3. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,
I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling within.
To rest in believ-ing His prom-ise, And *trust what-so-ev- er He saith.*
The love He has kindled within me Makes service and suf-fer-ing sweet.
What joy in His glo - ri- fied presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.
CHORUS.
Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, From sin and from sorrow so free;
So hap- py that He is my Sav- iour, So hap-py that Je- sus loves me.

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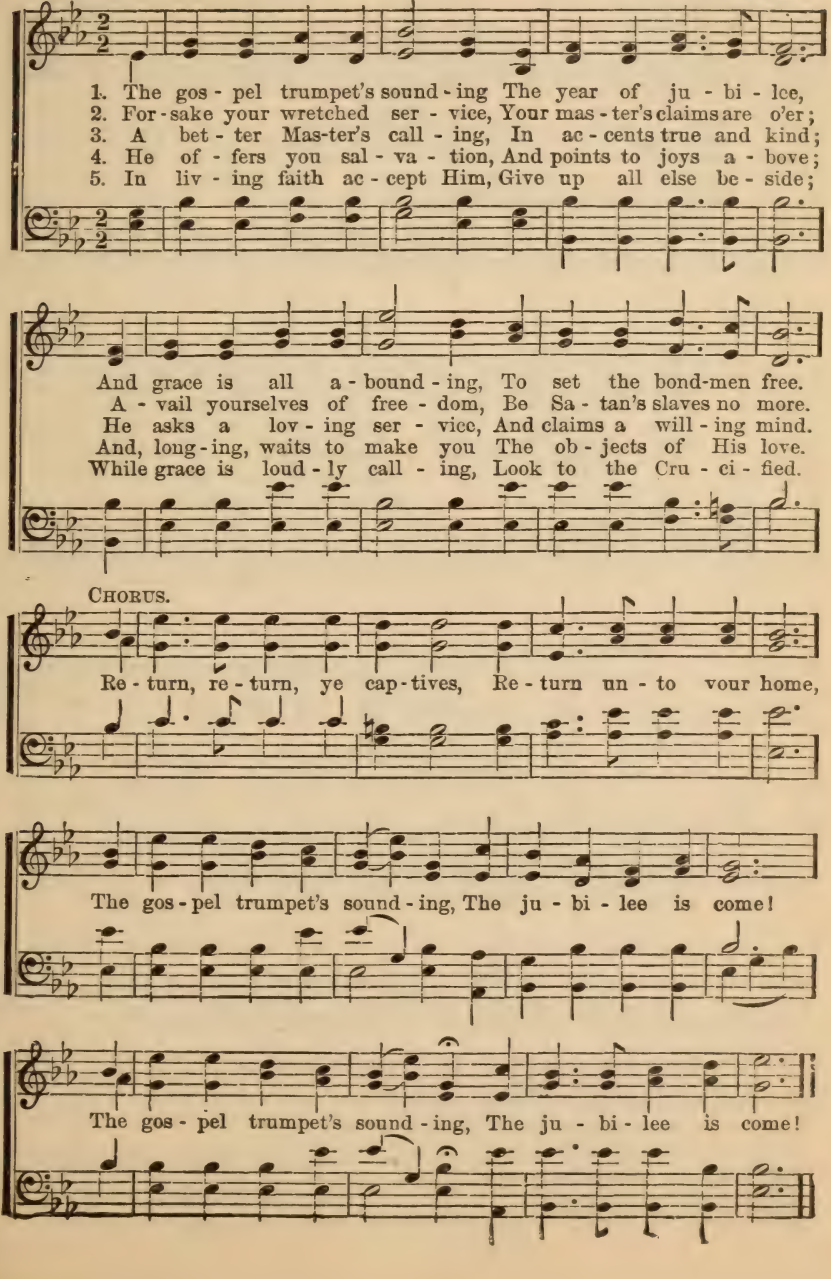
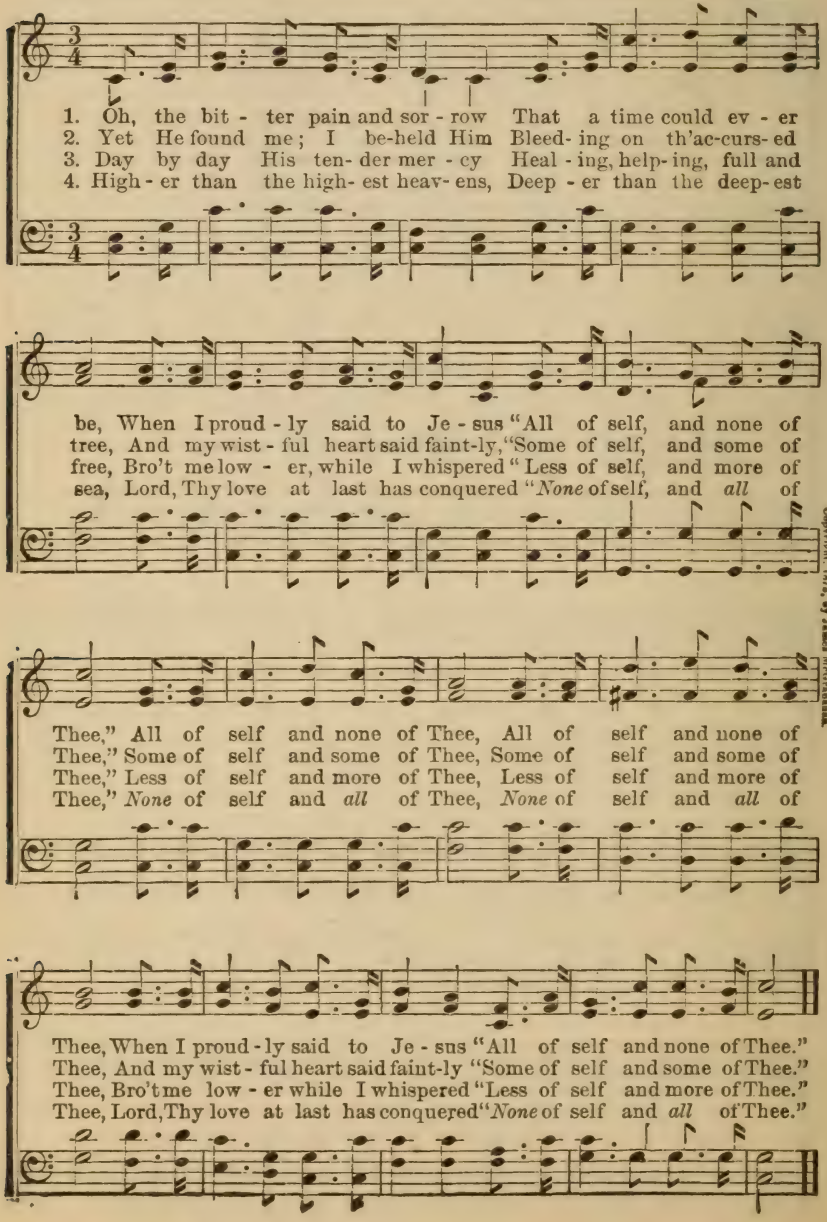
No. 148. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8-13.

ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN, by per.

1. The gos - pel trumpet's sound - ing The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. For - sake your wretched ser - vice, Your mas - ter's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter Mas-ter's call - ing, In ac - cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;
And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond-men free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.
CHORUS.
Re - turn, re - turn, ye cap - tives, Re - turn un - to your home,
The gos - pel trumpet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!
The gos - pel trumpet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

No. 149. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er
2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed- ing on th'ac-curs- ed
3. Day by day His ten- der mer - cy Heal - ing, help- ing, full and
4. High - er than the high- est heav- ens, Deep - er than the deep- est
be, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of
tree, And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and some of
free, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered "Less of self, and more of
sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self, and *all* of
Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of
Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of
Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of
Thee," *None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of self and *all* of
Thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus "All of self and none of Thee."
Thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly "Some of self and some of Thee."
Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."
Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self and *all* of Thee."

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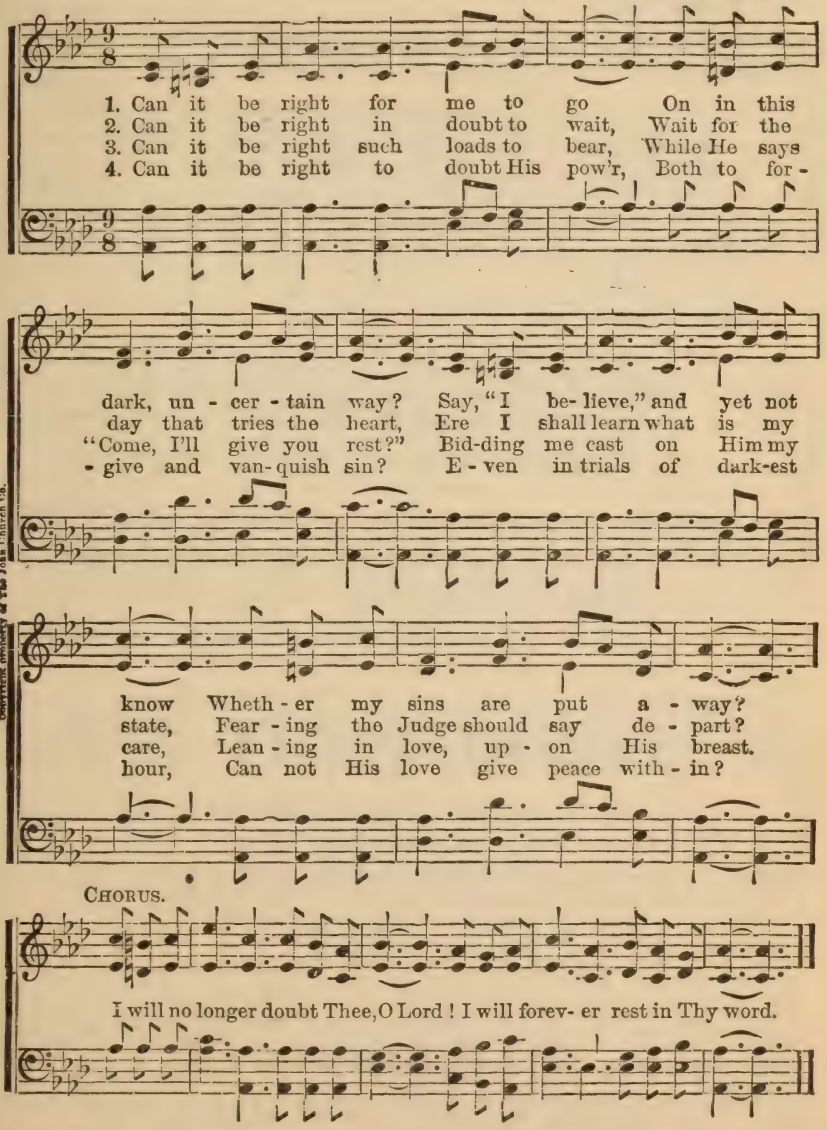
No. 150. Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be- lieve," and yet not know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says "Come, I'll give you rest?" Bid-ding me cast on Him my care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for - give and van-quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark-est hour, Can not His love give peace with - in?
CHORUS.
I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will forev- er rest in Thy word.

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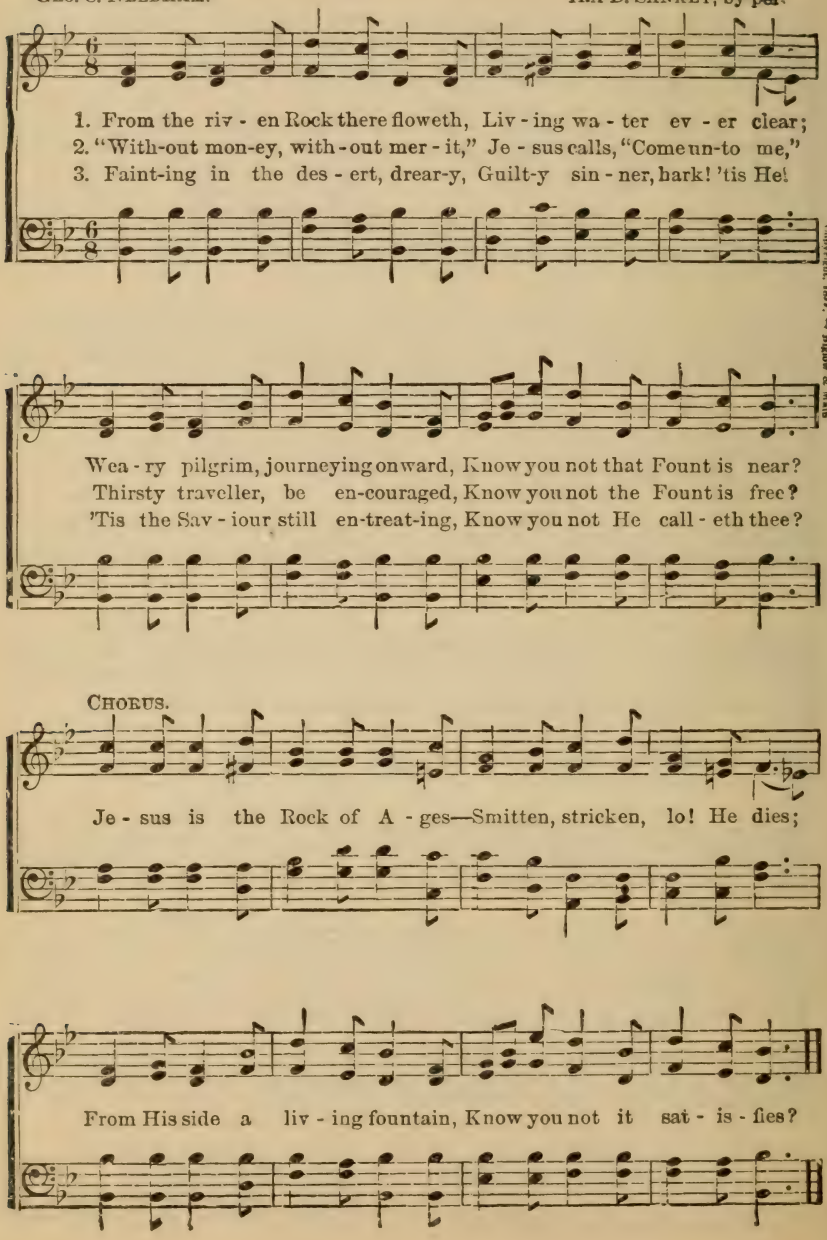
5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?

6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

No. 151. The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ"—1 Cor. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. From the riv - en Rock there floweth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "With-out mon-ey, with-out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come un-to me,"
3. Faint-ing in the des - ert, drear-y, Guilt-y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!
Wea - ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirsty traveller, be en-couraged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav - iour still en-treat-ing, Know you not He call - eth thee?
CHORUS.
Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges—Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;
From His side a liv - ing fountain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

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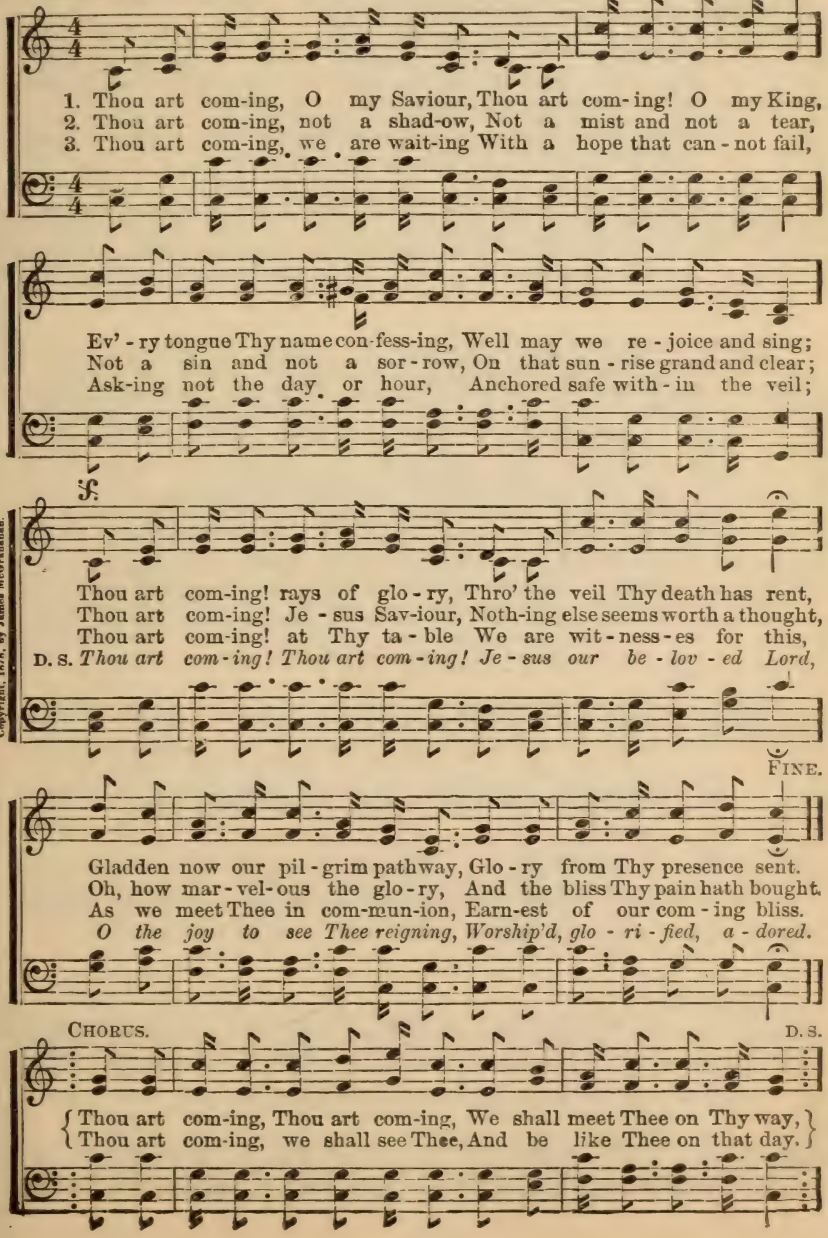
No. 152. Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus 2: 13.

Arr. from Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan, by per.


1. Thou art com-ing, O my Saviour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,
2. Thou art com-ing, not a shad-ow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,
Ev'-ry tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask-ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with-in the veil;
S.
Thou art com-ing! rays of glo-ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Thou art com-ing! Je-sus Sav-iour, Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art com-ing! at Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this,
D. S. Thou art com-ing! Thou art com-ing! Je-sus our be-lov-ed Lord,
FINE.
Gladden now our pil-grim pathway, Glo-ry from Thy presence sent.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous the glo-ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Earn-est of our com-ing bliss.
O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo-ri-fied, a-dored.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou art com-ing, Thou art com-ing, We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
Thou art com-ing, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

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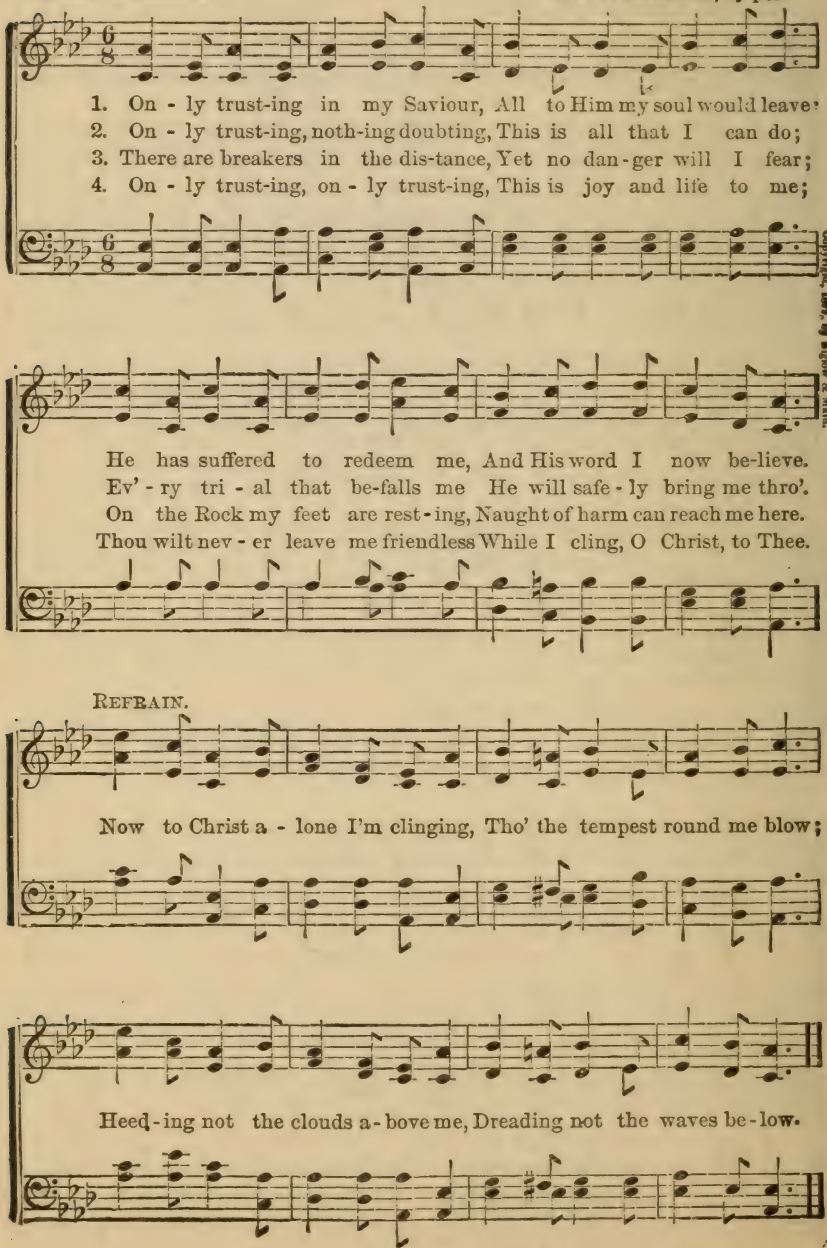
No. 153. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

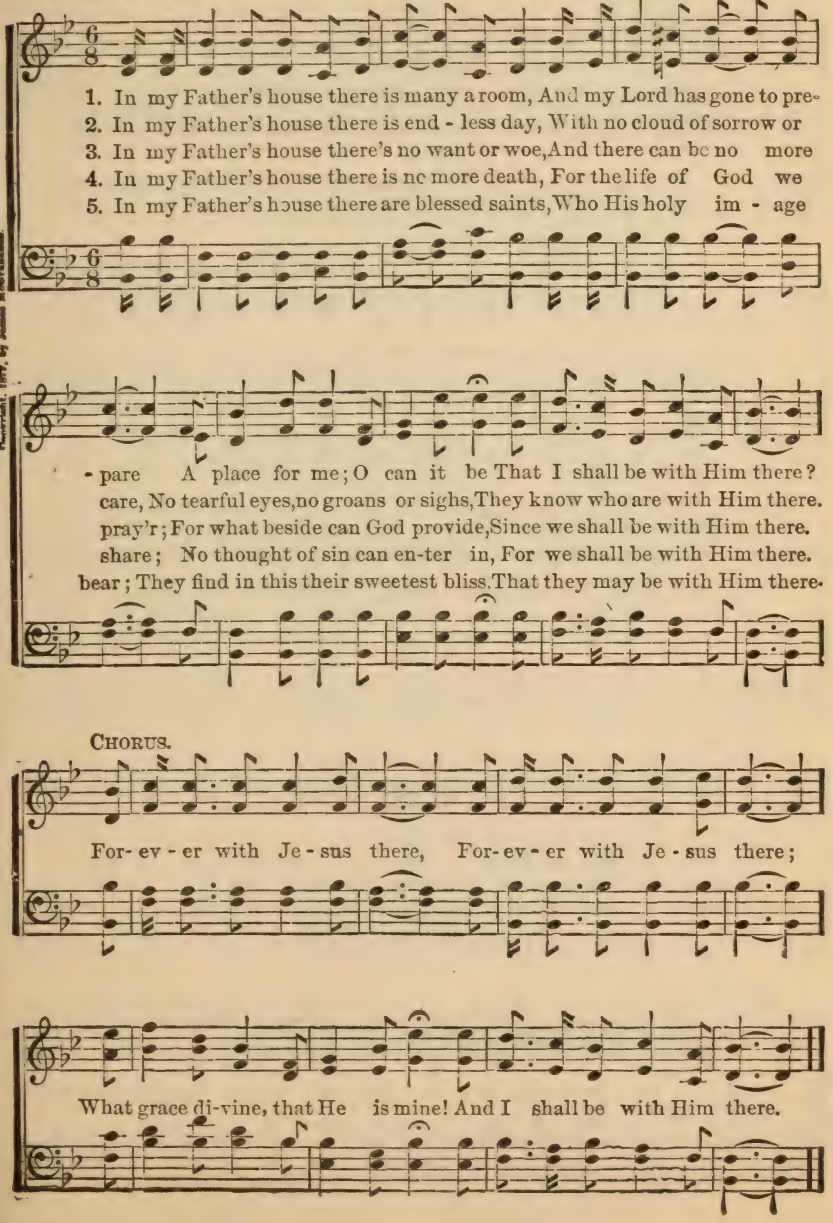
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.


1. On - ly trust-ing in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave;
2. On - ly trust-ing, noth-ing doubting, This is all that I can do;
3. There are breakers in the dis-tance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;
4. On - ly trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing, This is joy and life to me;
He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be-lieve.
Ev' - ry tri - al that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
On the Rock my feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
Now to Christ a - lone I'm clinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;
Heed - ing not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be - low.

No. 154. Forever with Jesus there.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to pre-
2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sorrow or
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we
5. In my Father's house there are blessed saints, Who His holy im - age
- pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.
share; No thought of sin can en-ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss. That they may be with Him there.
CHORUS.
For- ev - er with Je - sus there, For- ev - er with Je - sus there;
What grace di-vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

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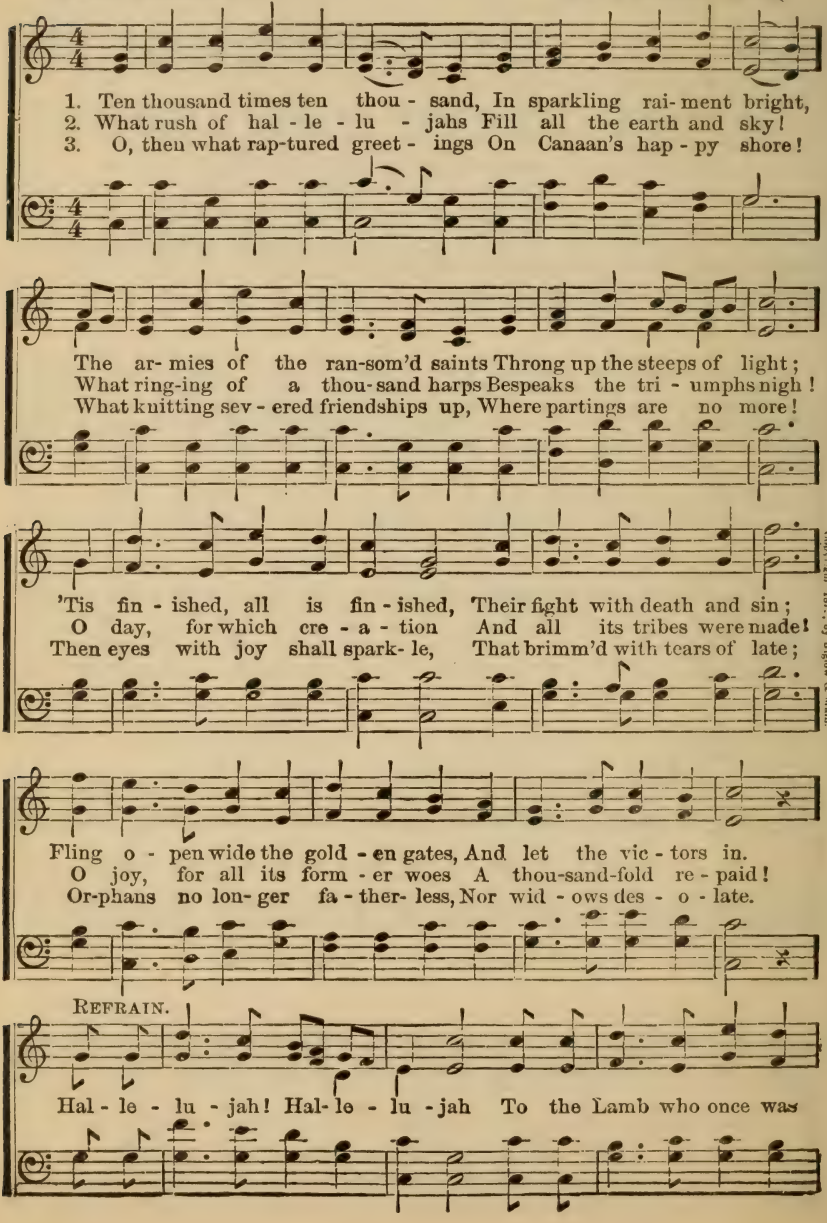
No. 155. Ten Thousand Times.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5: 11.

Henry Alford, D. D. Ira D. Sankey, by per.


1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky!
3. O, then what rap-tured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore!
The ar- mies of the ran-som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Bespeaks the tri - umphs nigh!
What knitting sev - ered friendships up, Where partings are no more!
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spark- le, That brimm'd with tears of late;
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou-sand-fold re - paid!
Or-phans no lon- ger fa - ther- less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
Refrain.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah To the Lamb who once was

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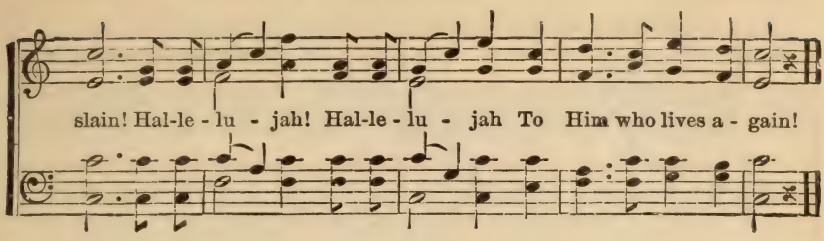
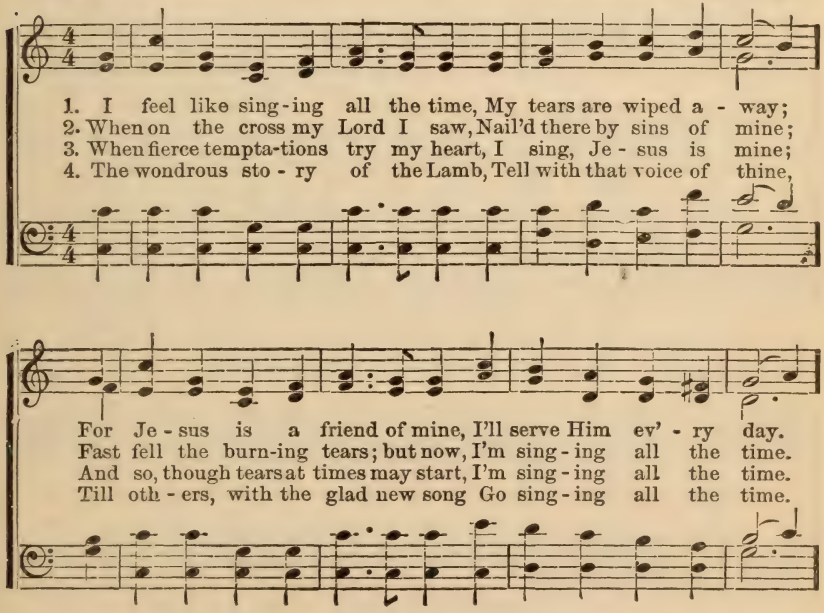
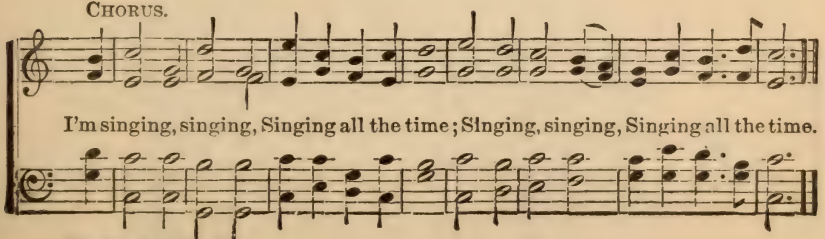


No. 156. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. Hammond. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.


1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce tempta-tions try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine;
4. The wondrous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,
For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev' - ry day.
Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now, I'm sing - ing all the time.
And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing - ing all the time.
Till oth - ers, with the glad new song Go sing - ing all the time.



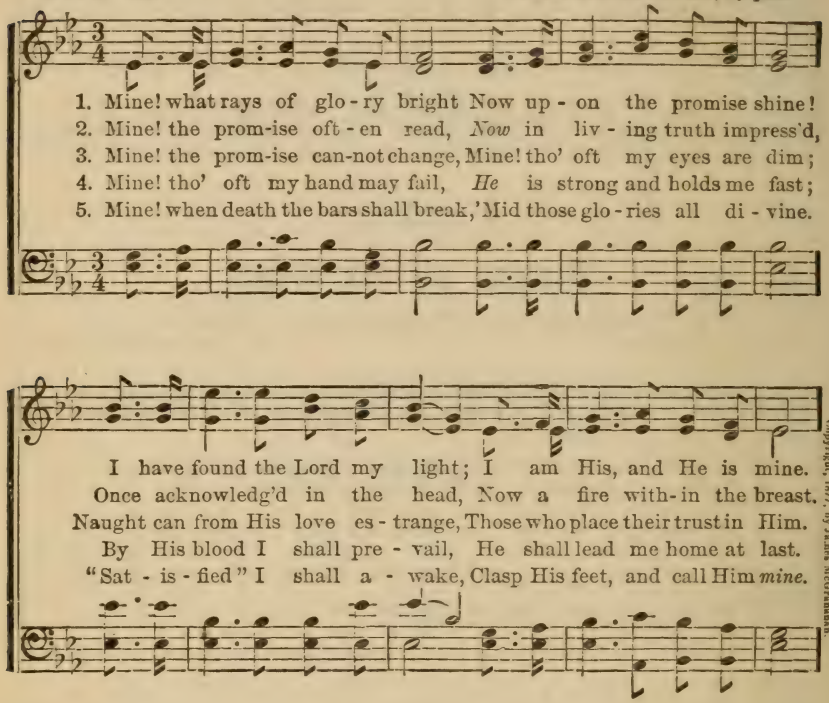
I'll praise Him, &c.

No. 157.

Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

E. L. B. *Alt.* JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the promise shine!
2. Mine! the prom-ise oft - en read, *Now* in liv - ing truth impress'd,
3. Mine! the prom-ise can-not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, *He* is strong and holds me fast;
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break,'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine.
I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
Once acknowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with-in the breast.
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
"Sat - is - fied" I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine.*
CHORUS.
Mine, oh, mine, mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and
Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

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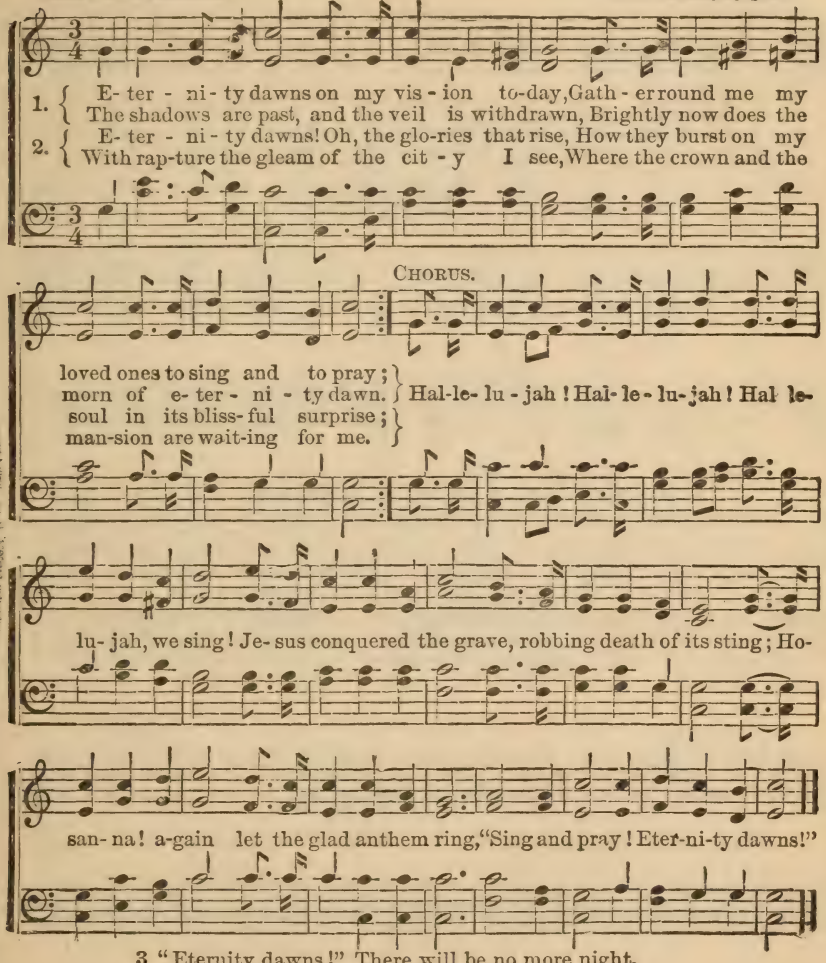
No. 152 **"Sing and Pray!"**

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. E- ter - ni- ty dawns on my vis - ion to-day, Gath - er round me my
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn, Brightly now does the
2. E- ter - ni - ty dawns! Oh, the glo-ries that rise, How they burst on my
With rap-ture the gleam of the cit - y I see, Where the crown and the
CHORUS.
loved ones to sing and to pray;
morn of e- ter - ni - ty dawn.
soul in its bliss-ful surprise;
man-sion are wait-ing for me.
Hal-le- lu - jah! Hal- le - lu-jah! Hal le-
lu- jah, we sing! Je- sus conquered the grave, robbing death of its sting; Ho-
san- na! a-gain let the glad anthem ring, "Sing and pray! Eter-ni-ty dawns!"

3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

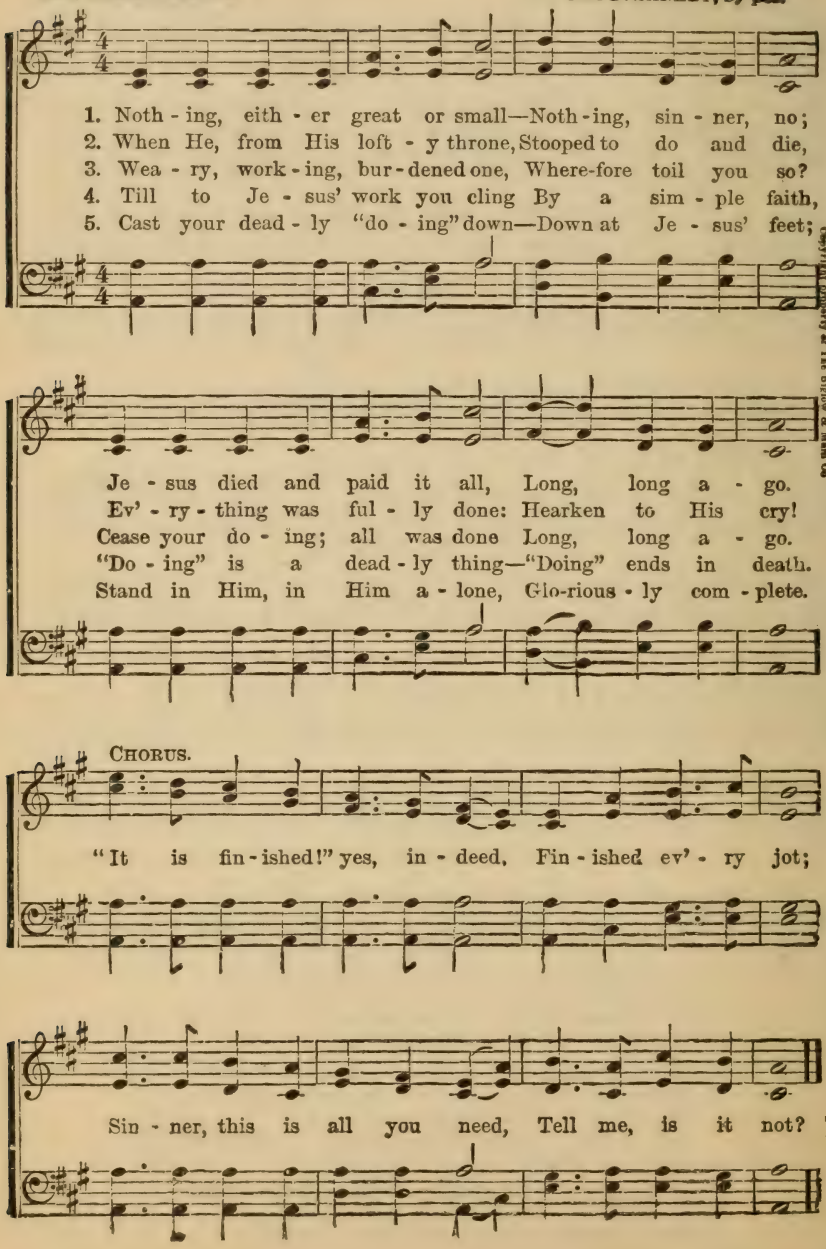
5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 159

It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—LUKE 18: 18.

Rev. JAMES PROCTOR. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. Noth - ing, eith - er great or small—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;
2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,
3. Wea - ry, work - ing, bur - dened one, Where-fore toil you so?
4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith,
5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet;
Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.
Ev' - ry - thing was ful - ly done: Hearken to His cry!
Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.
"Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing—"Doing" ends in death.
Stand in Him, in Him a - lone, Glo-rious - ly com - plete.
CHORUS.
"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev' - ry jot;
Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

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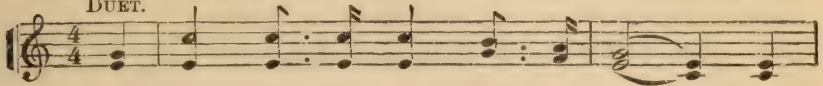
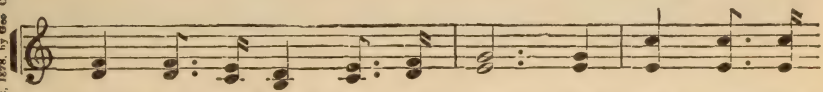
No. 160. What must it be to be There?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

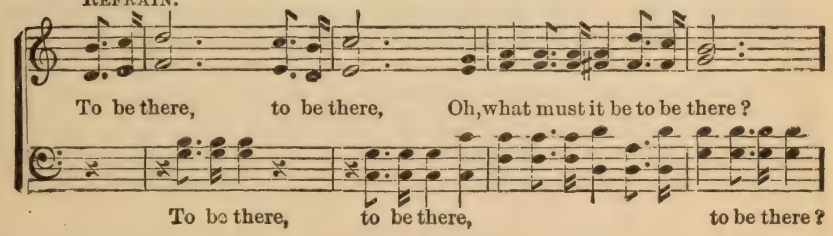
Duet.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For



coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with-
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we

glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

Refrain.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

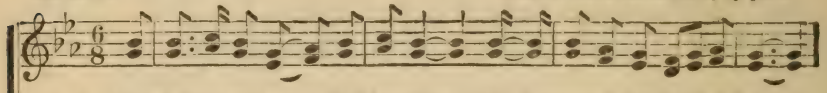
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

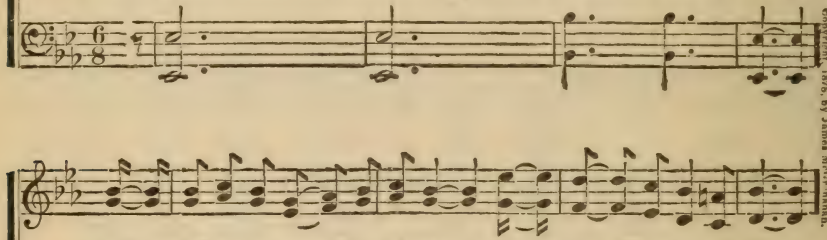
No. 161. There's a Work for each of Us.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Our Master has taken His jour-ney To a country that's far a - way,
2. In this "little while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Master is coming most sure - ly, To reckon with ev'-ry one;



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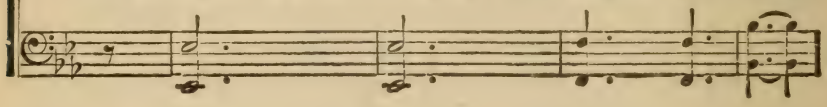
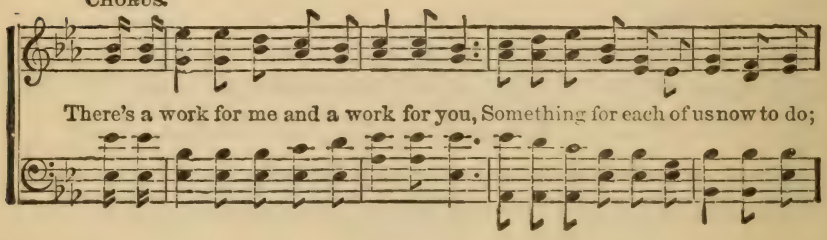
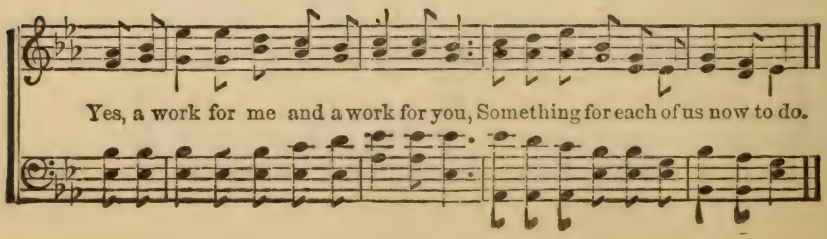
And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, having found it, to *do* it With all our God-given pow'rs.
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sorrow, If His sentence be, "Well done."



CHORUS.



There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do;

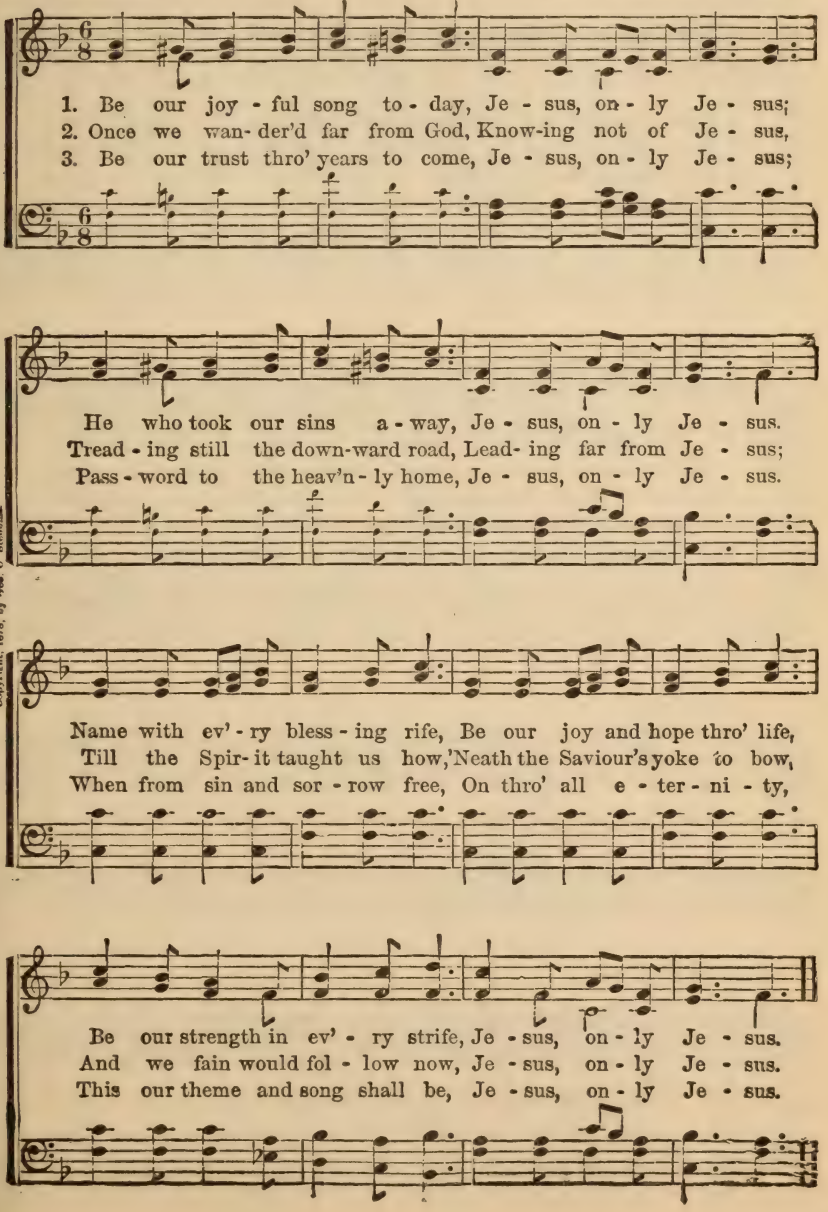


Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.

No. 162. Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

L. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.


1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus;
2. Once we wan- der'd far from God, Know-ing not of Je - sus,
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus;
He who took our sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
Tread - ing still the down-ward road, Lead- ing far from Je - sus;
Pass - word to the heav'n - ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
Name with ev' - ry bless - ing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Till the Spir- it taught us how,'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
When from sin and sor - row free, On thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,
Be our strength in ev' - ry strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

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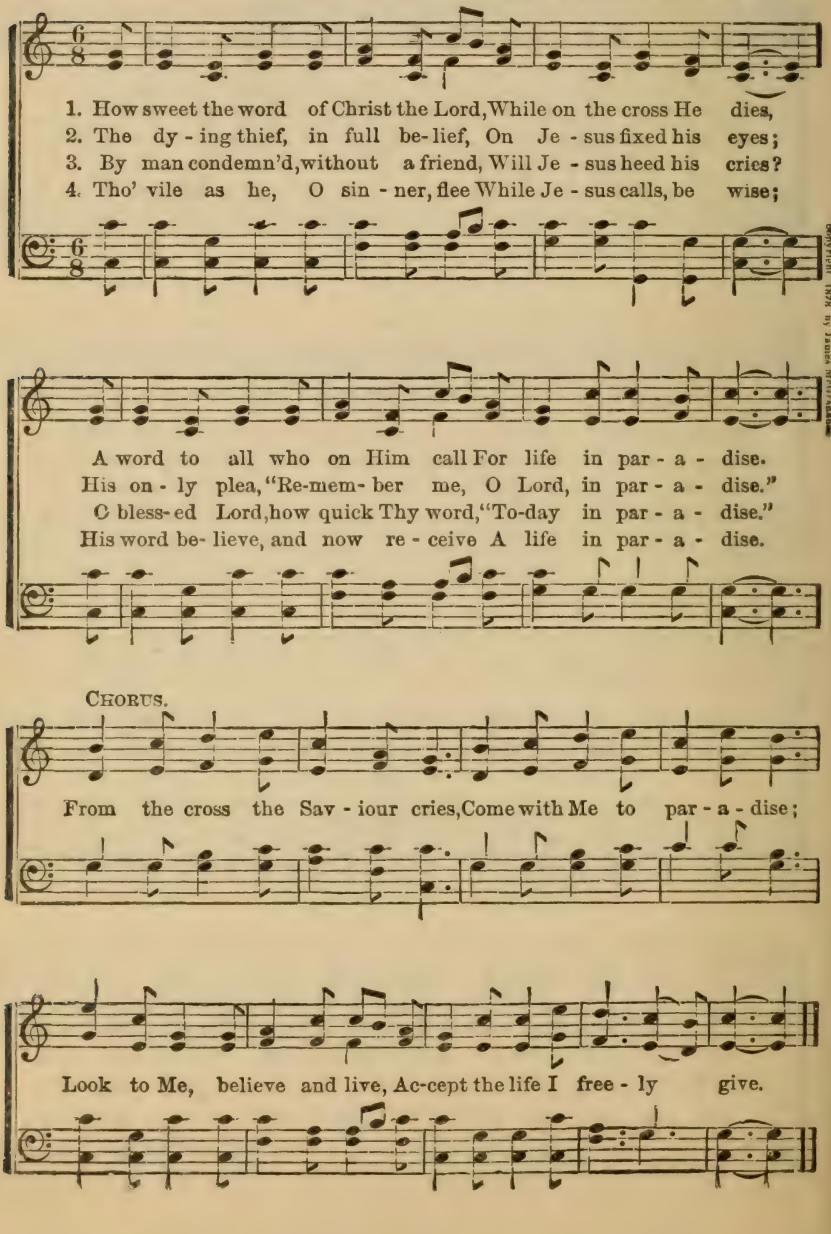
No 163.

Paradise.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies,
2. The dy - ing thief, in full be-lief, On Je - sus fixed his eyes;
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je - sus heed his cries?
4. Tho' vile as he, O sin - ner, flee While Je - sus calls, be wise;
A word to all who on Him call For life in par - a - dise.
His on - ly plea, "Re-mem- ber me, O Lord, in par - a - dise."
O bless-ed Lord, how quick Thy word, "To-day in par - a - dise."
His word be- lieve, and now re - ceive A life in par - a - dise.
CHORUS.
From the cross the Sav - iour cries, Come with Me to par - a - dise;
Look to Me, believe and live, Ac-cept the life I free - ly give.

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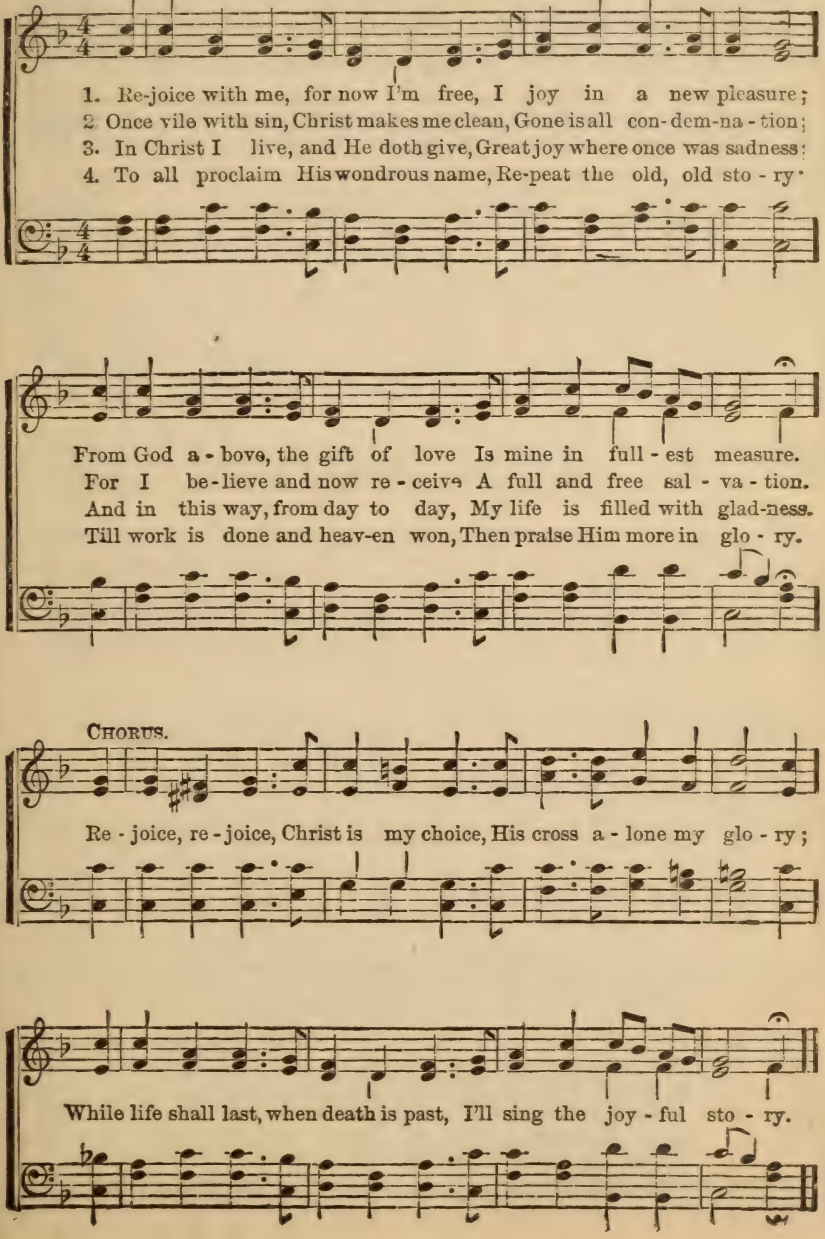
No. 164.

Rejoice with Me.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

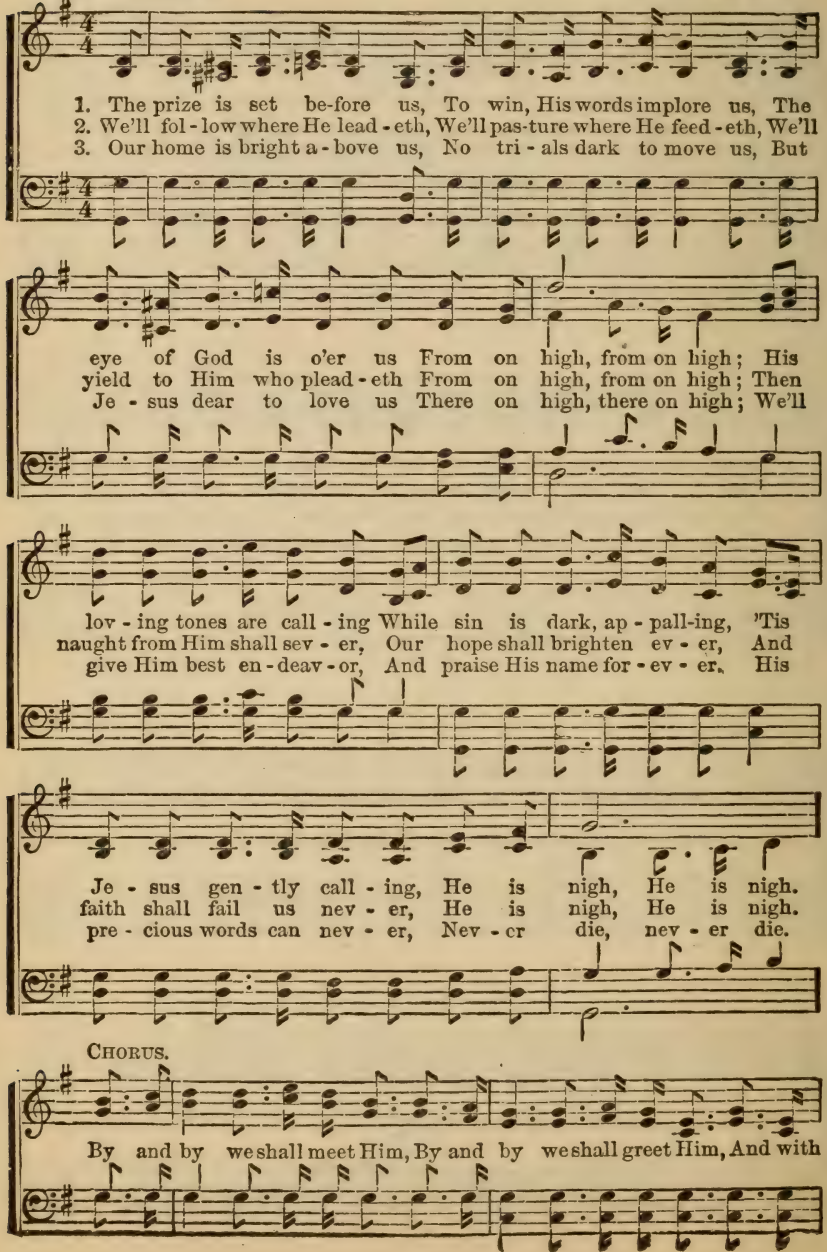
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure;
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all con-dem-na-tion;
3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness:
4. To all proclaim His wondrous name, Re-peat the old, old sto-ry.
From God a-bove, the gift of love Is mine in full-est measure.
For I be-lieve and now re-ceive A full and free sal-va-tion.
And in this way, from day to day, My life is filled with glad-ness.
Till work is done and heav-en won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.
CHORUS.
Re-joice, re-joice, Christ is my choice, His cross a-lone my glo-ry;
While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joy-ful sto-ry.

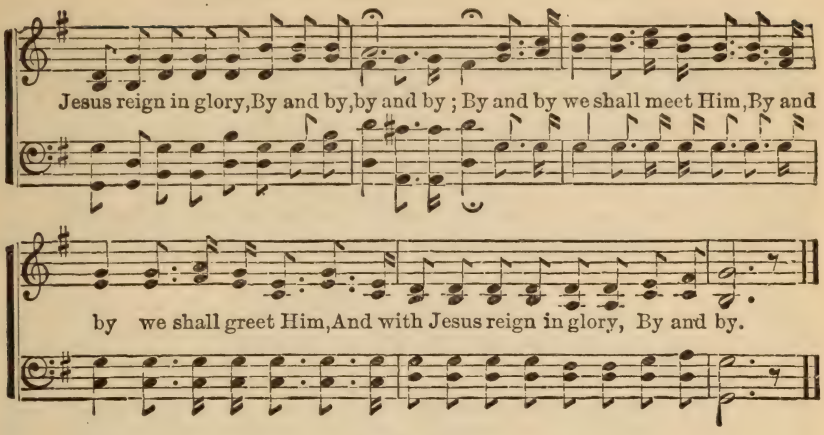
No. 165.

Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth, We'll yield to Him who plead-eth From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Je-sus dear to love us There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or, And praise His name for-ev-er. His pre-cious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.
CHORUS.
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

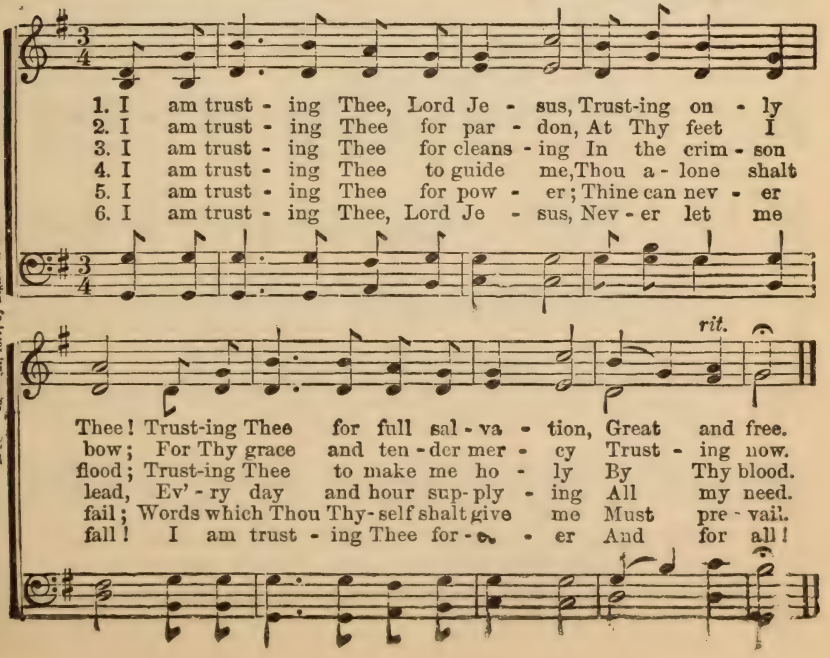
Triumph By and By.—Concluded.


Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and
by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

No. 166. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I
3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son
4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt
5. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er; Thine can nev - er
6. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me
rit.
Thee! Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
flood; Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
lead, Ev' - ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
fail; Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
fall! I am trust - ing Thee for - ever And for all!

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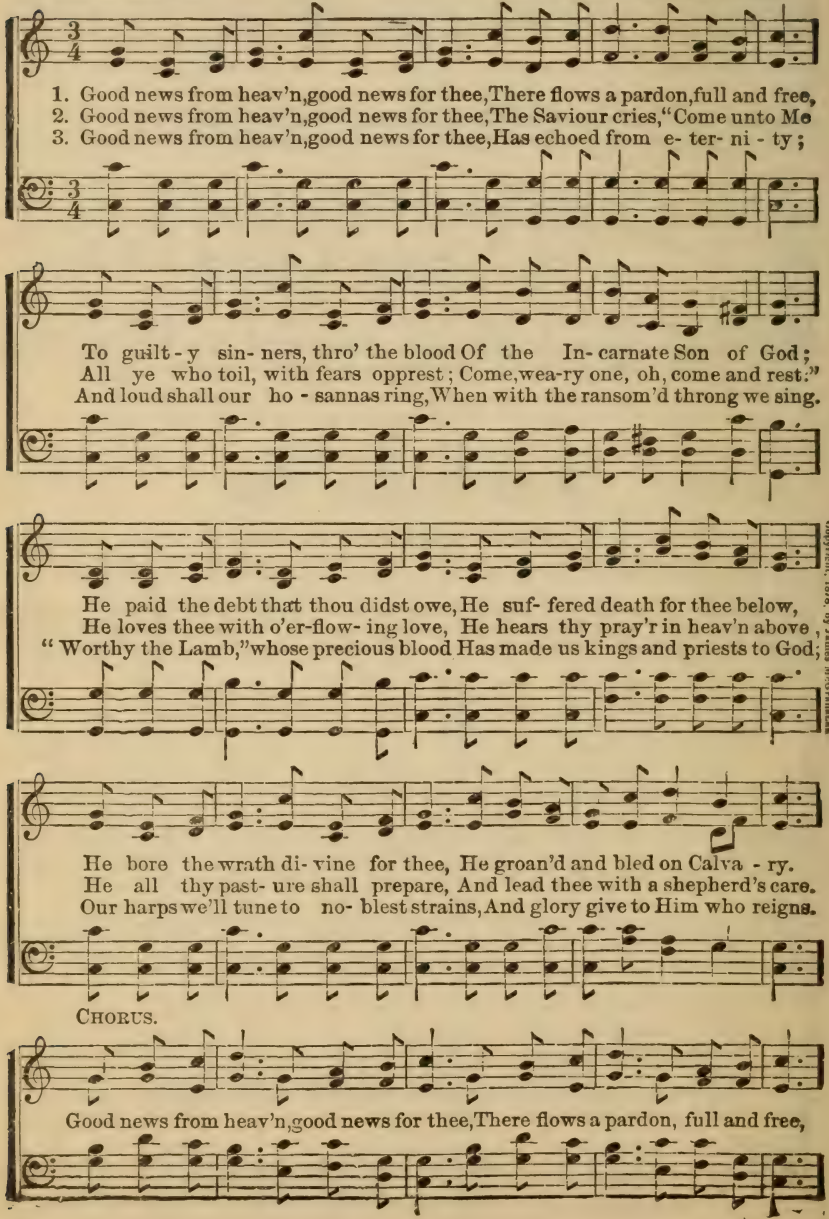
No. 167. **Good News.**

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.


1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has echoed from e- ter- ni - ty;
To guilt - y sin- ners, thro' the blood Of the In- carnate Son of God;
All ye who toil, with fears opprest; Come, wea-ry one, oh, come and rest:"
And loud shall our ho - sannas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.
He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suf- fered death for thee below,
He loves thee with o'er-flow- ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above;
"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God;
He bore the wrath di- vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Calva - ry.
He all thy past- ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
Our harps we'll tune to no- blest strains, And glory give to Him who reigns.
Chorus.
Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,

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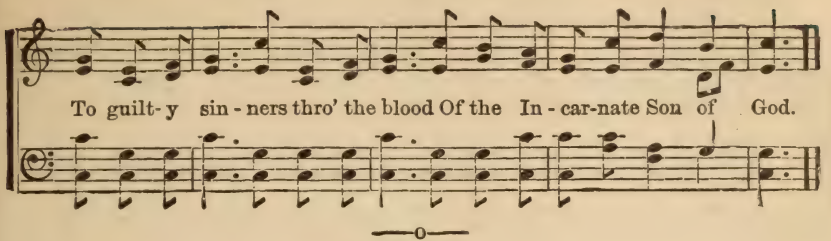
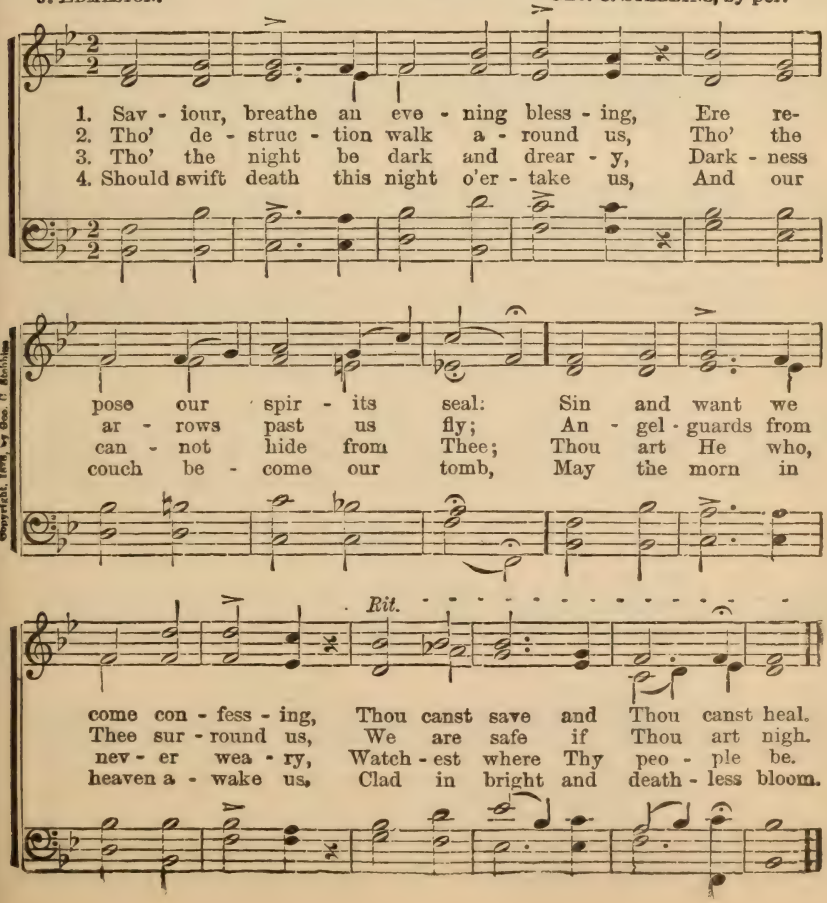


—o—

No. 168. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27 : 38.

J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our
pose our spir-its seal: Sin and want we
ar-rows past us fly; An-gel-guards from
can-not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,
couch be-come our tomb, May the morn in
Rit.
come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.
heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

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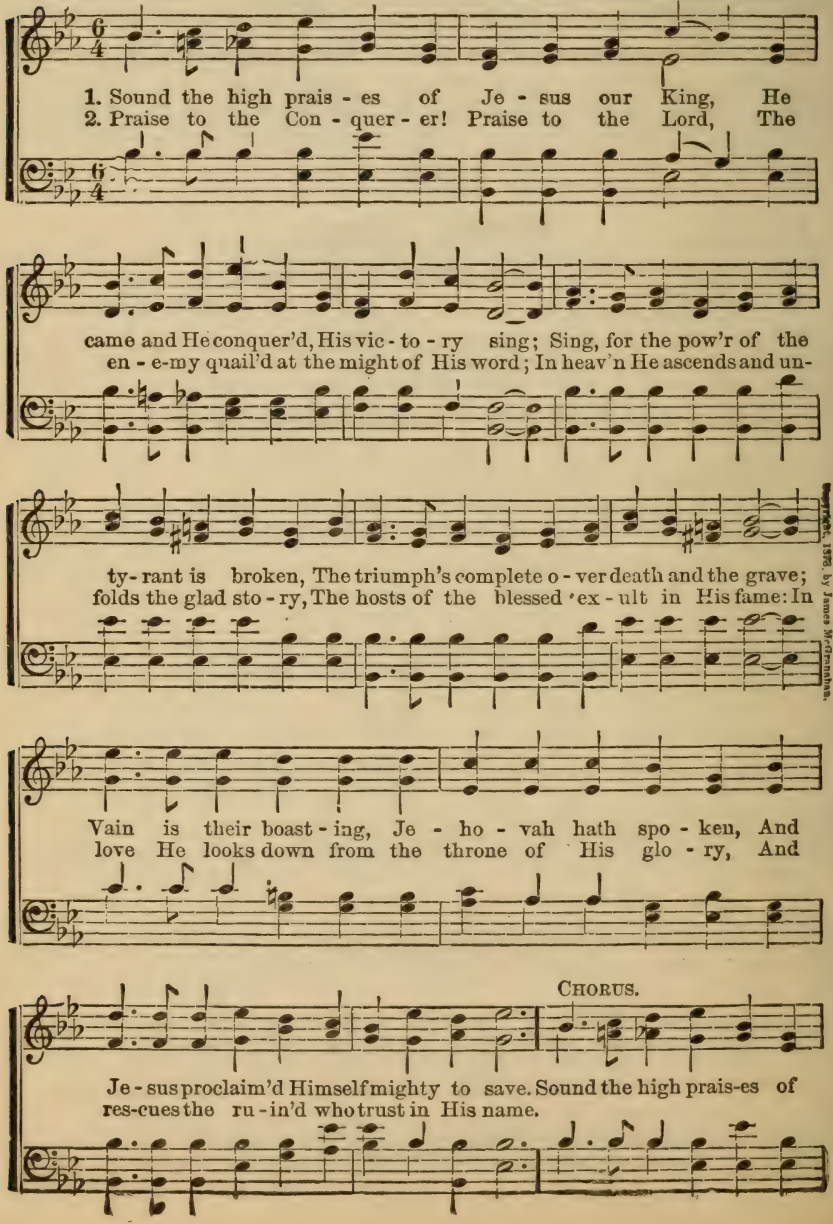
No. 169. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.


1. Sound the high prais - es of Je - sus our King, He
2. Praise to the Con - quer - er! Praise to the Lord, The
came and He conquer'd, His vic - to - ry sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the
en - e-my quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un-
ty- rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave;
folds the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In
Vain is their boast - ing, Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken, And
love He looks down from the throne of His glo - ry, And
Chorus.
Je - sus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high prais-es of
res-cues the ru - in'd who trust in His name.

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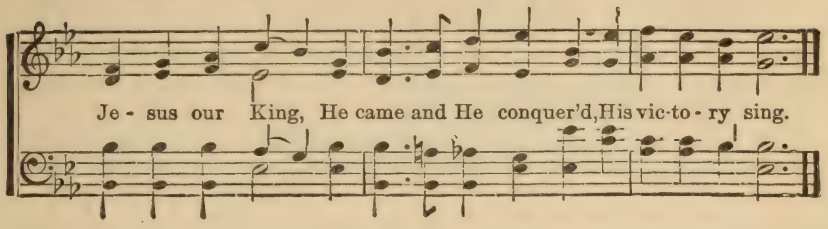
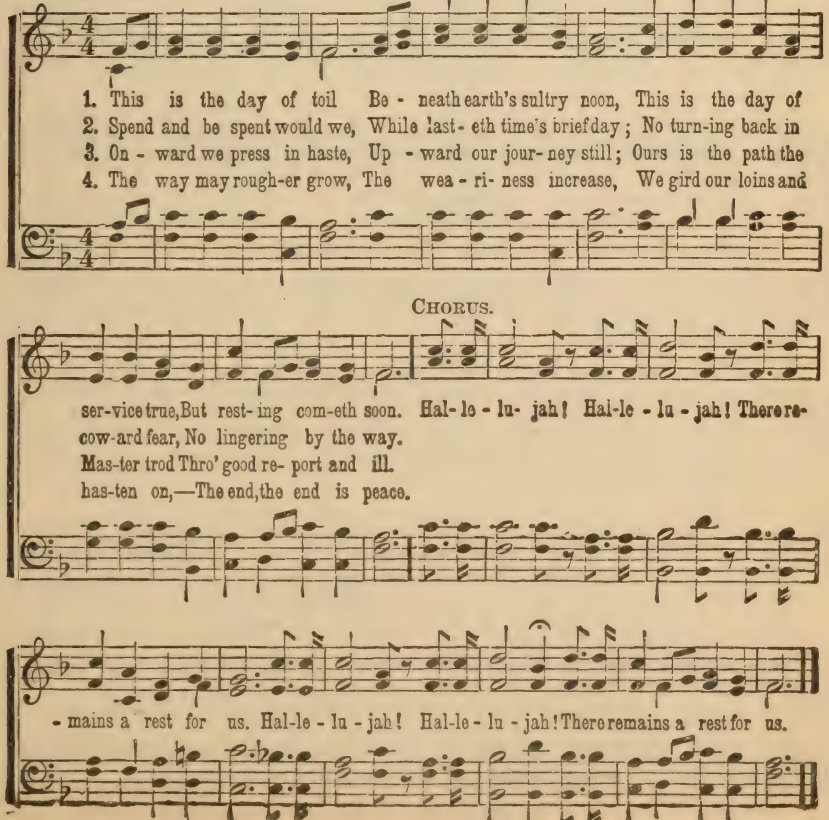


No. 170. Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

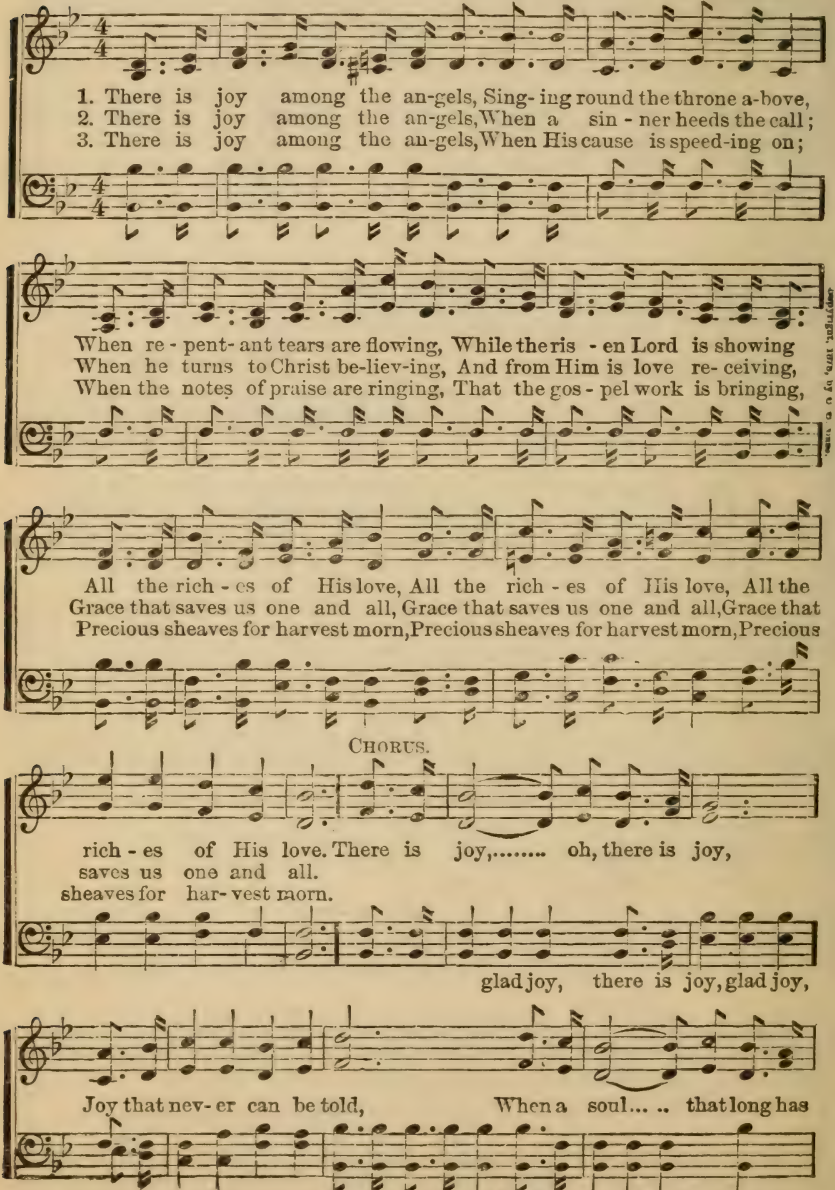
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.


1. This is the day of toil Be - neath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last - eth time's brief day; No turn-ing back in
3. On - ward we press in haste, Up - ward our jour-ney still; Ours is the path the
4. The way may rough-er grow, The wea - ri - ness increase, We gird our loins and
CHORUS.
ser-vice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! There re-
cow-ard fear, No lingering by the way.
Mas-ter trod Thro' good re- port and ill.
has-ten on,—The end, the end is peace.
- mains a rest for us. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! There remains a rest for us.

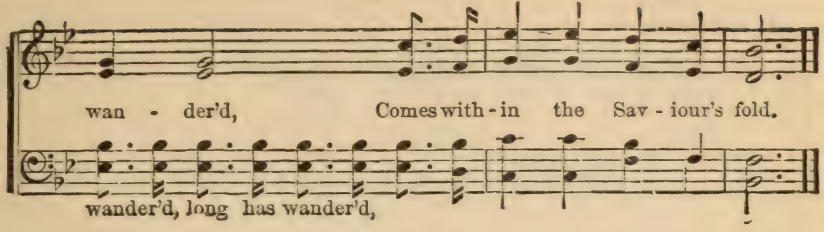
No. 171. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE, by per.


1. There is joy among the an-gels, Sing- ing round the throne a-bove,
2. There is joy among the an-gels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;
3. There is joy among the an-gels, When His cause is speed-ing on;
When re - pent- ant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ be-liev-ing, And from Him is love re- ceiving,
When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos - pel work is bringing,
All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love, All the
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that
Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious
CHORUS.
rich - es of His love. There is joy,..... oh, there is joy,
saves us one and all.
sheaves for har- vest morn.
glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,
Joy that nev- er can be told, When a soul... .. that long has
nev- er can be told, When a soul that long has

There is Joy.—Concluded.

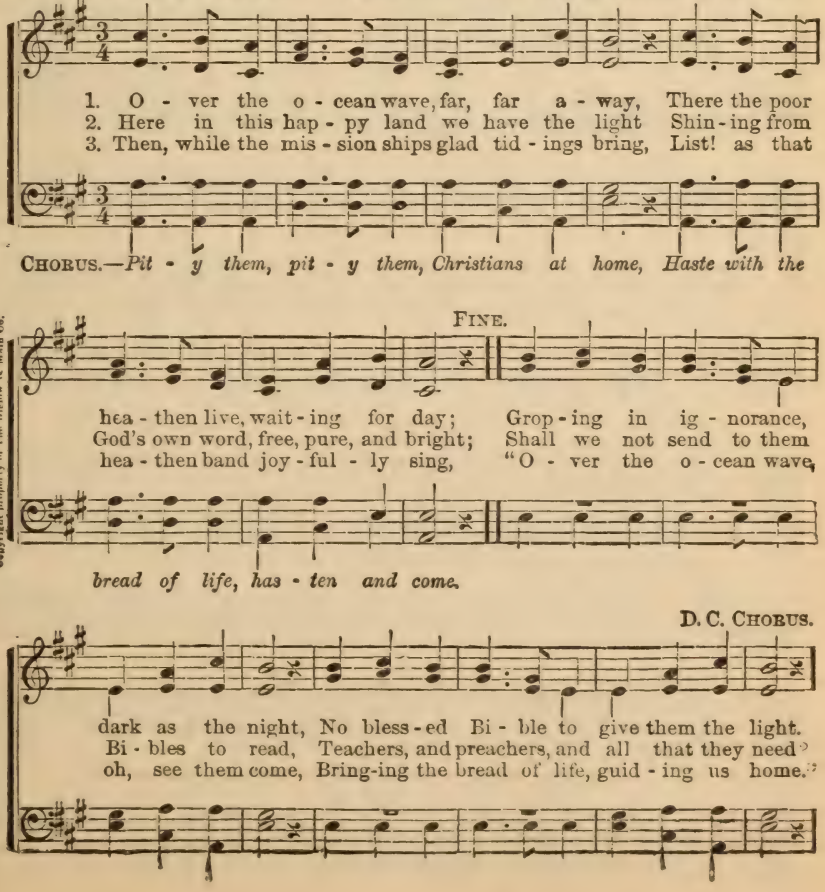


—o—

No. 172. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

JULIA SAMPSON HASKELL. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor
2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from
3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad tid - ings bring, List! as that
CHORUS.—Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Haste with the
FINE.
hea - then live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - norance,
God's own word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them
hea - then band joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave,
bread of life, has - ten and come.
D. C. CHORUS.
dark as the night, No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light.
Bi - bles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
oh, see them come, Bring - ing the bread of life, guid - ing us home."

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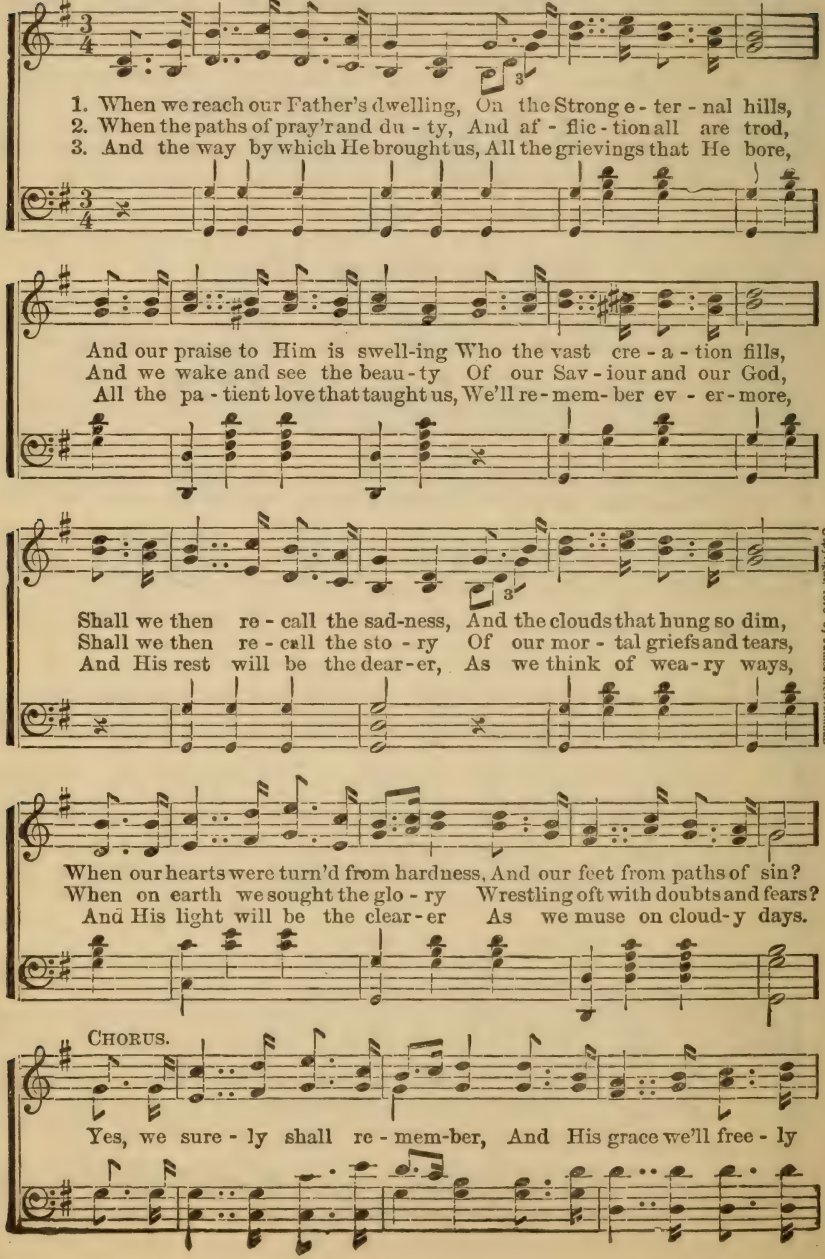
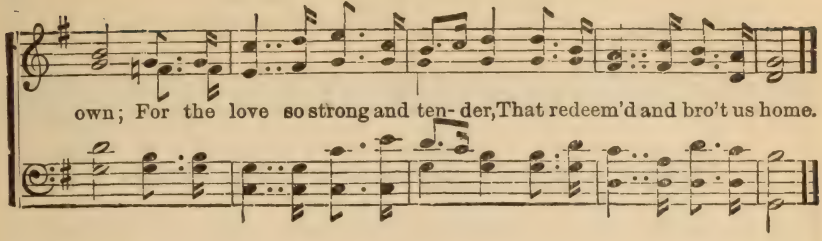
No. 173. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D. James McGranahan, by per.


1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,
And our praise to Him is swell-ing Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau-ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,
Shall we then re - call the sad-ness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear-er, As we think of wea - ry ways,
When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloud - y days.
Chorus.
Yes, we sure - ly shall re - mem-ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

Copyright, 1878 by James McGranahan



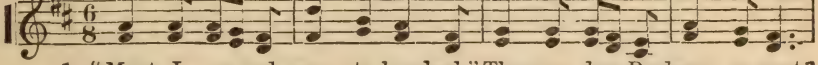
—o—

No. 174. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

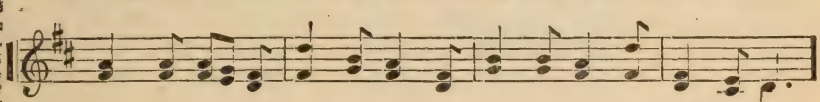
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER. (DAN. 12: 3.) GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.



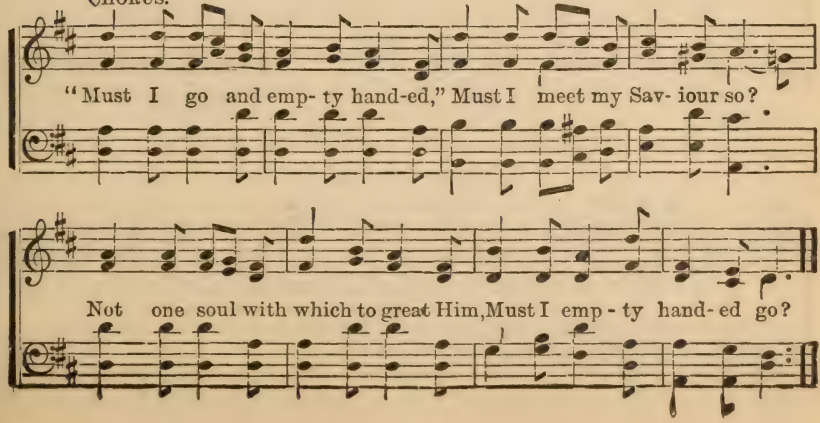
1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin- ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn- est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of ser- vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp- ty hand- ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav- iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Copyright, 1878, by B. Brown.

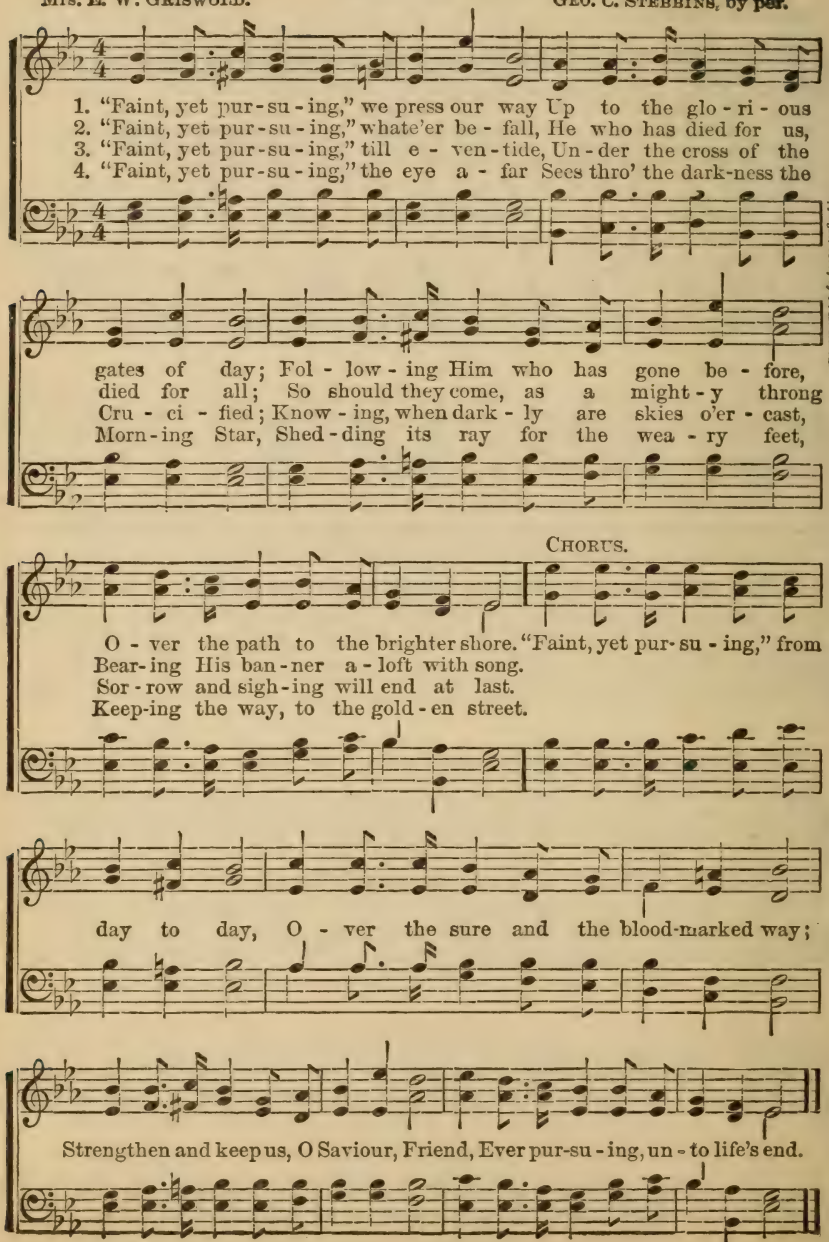
CHORUS.



No. 177. Faint, yet Pursuing.

(JUDGES 8: 4).

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

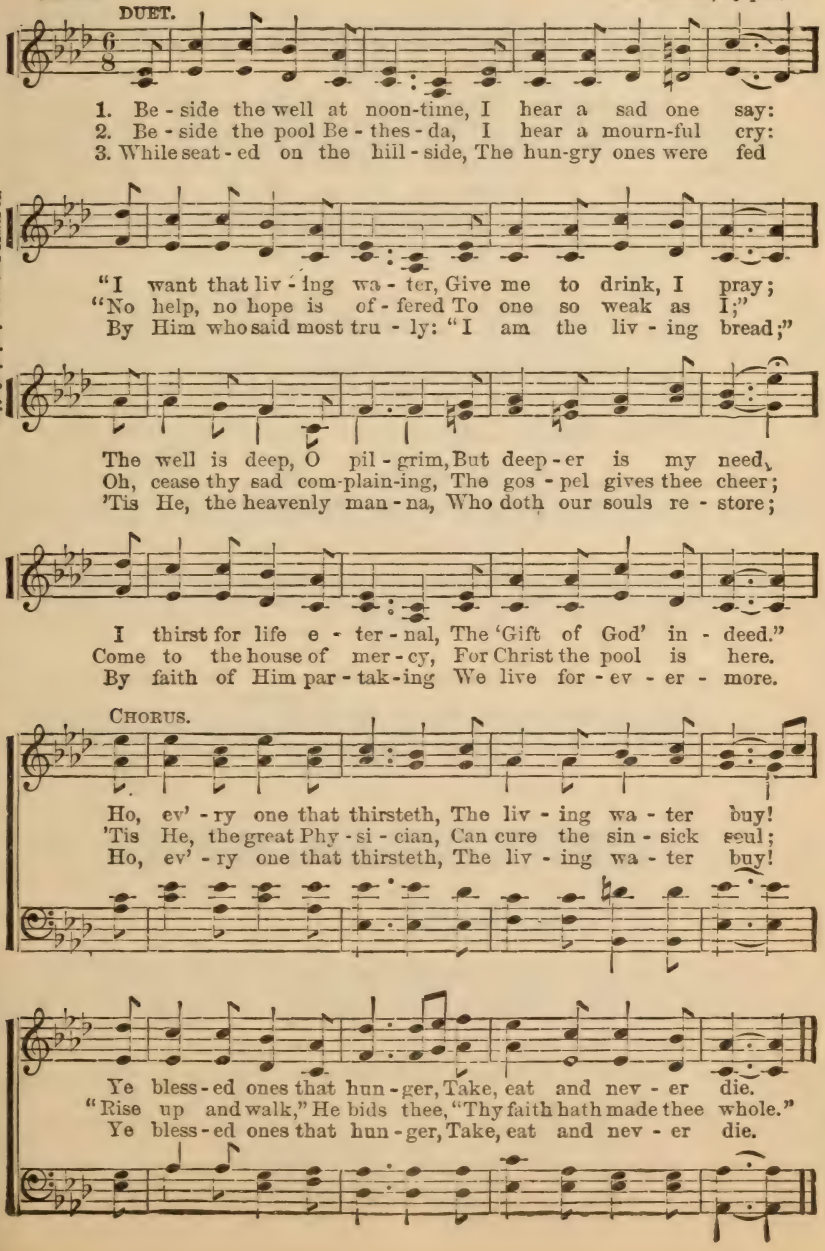

1. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," we press our way Up to the glo-ri-ous
2. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us,
3. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," till e-ven-tide, Un-der the cross of the
4. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," the eye a-far Sees thro' the dark-ness the
gates of day; Fol-low-ing Him who has gone be-fore,
died for all; So should they come, as a might-y throng
Cru-ci-fied; Know-ing, when dark-ly are skies o'er-cast,
Morn-ing Star, Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,
CHORUS.
O-ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from
Bear-ing His ban-ner a-loft with song.
Sor-row and sigh-ing will end at last.
Keep-ing the way, to the gold-en street.
day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pur-su-ing, un-to life's end.

Copyright, 1877, by P. H. Reed.

No. 178. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say:
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mourn-ful cry:
3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun-gry ones were fed
"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray;
"No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most tru - ly: "I am the liv - ing bread;"
The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need,
Oh, cease thy sad com-plain-ing, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;
I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

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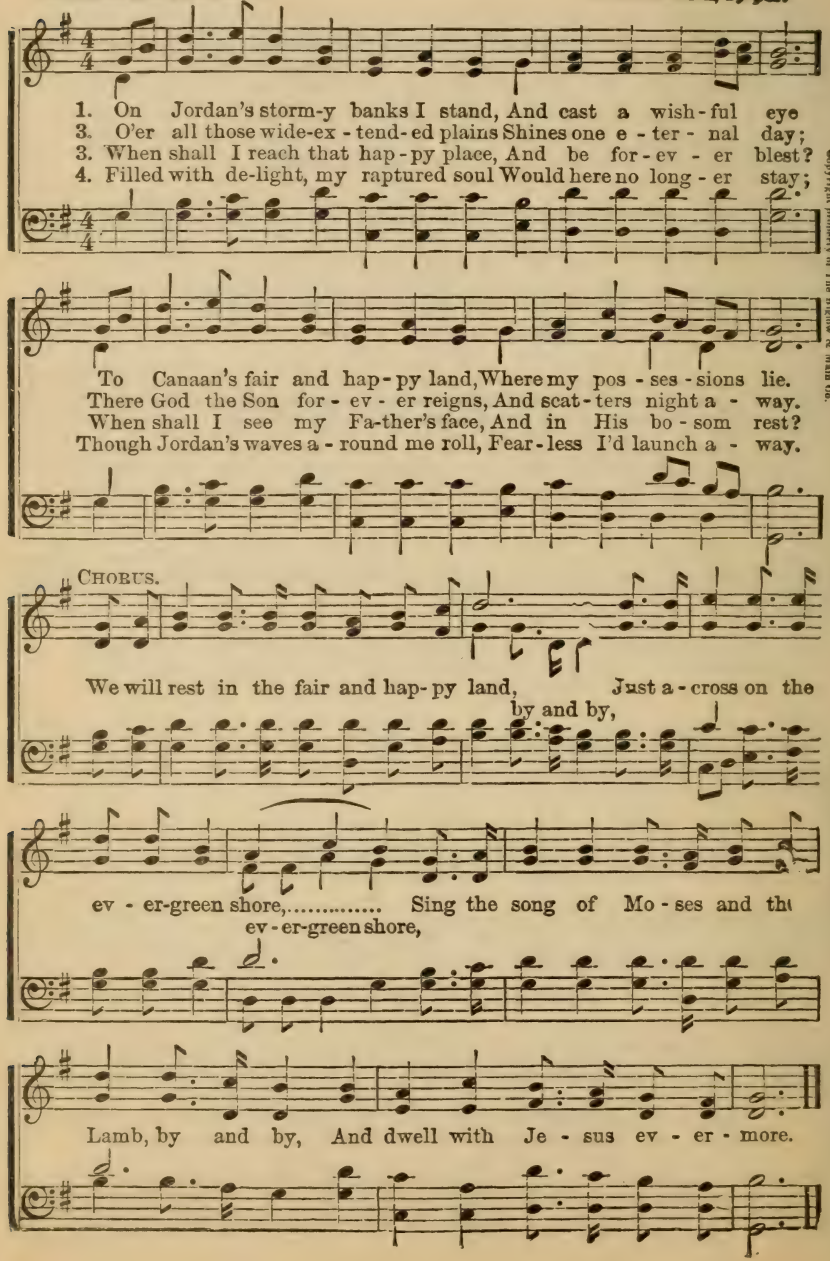
No. 179. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.


1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
3. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
Chorus.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the
by and by,
ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
ev-er-green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

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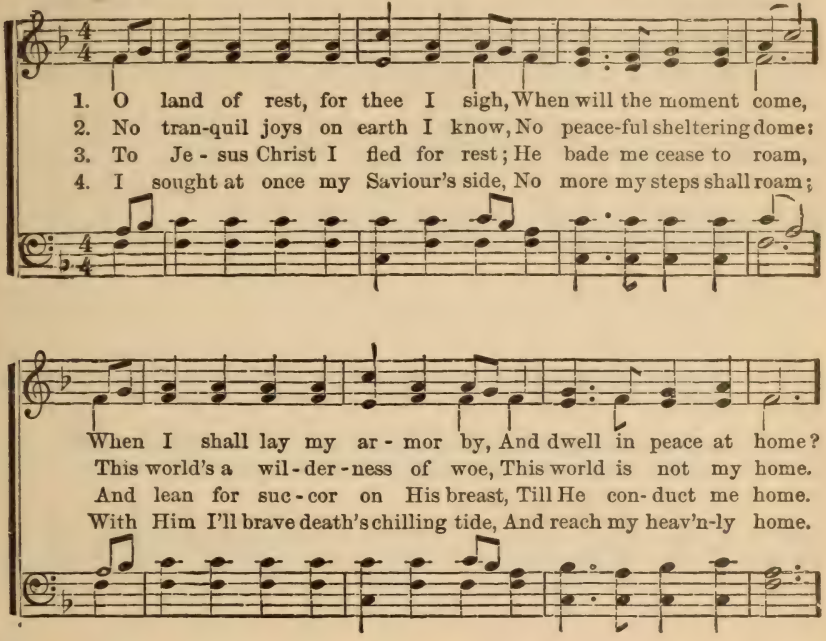
No. 180. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31 : 16.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.

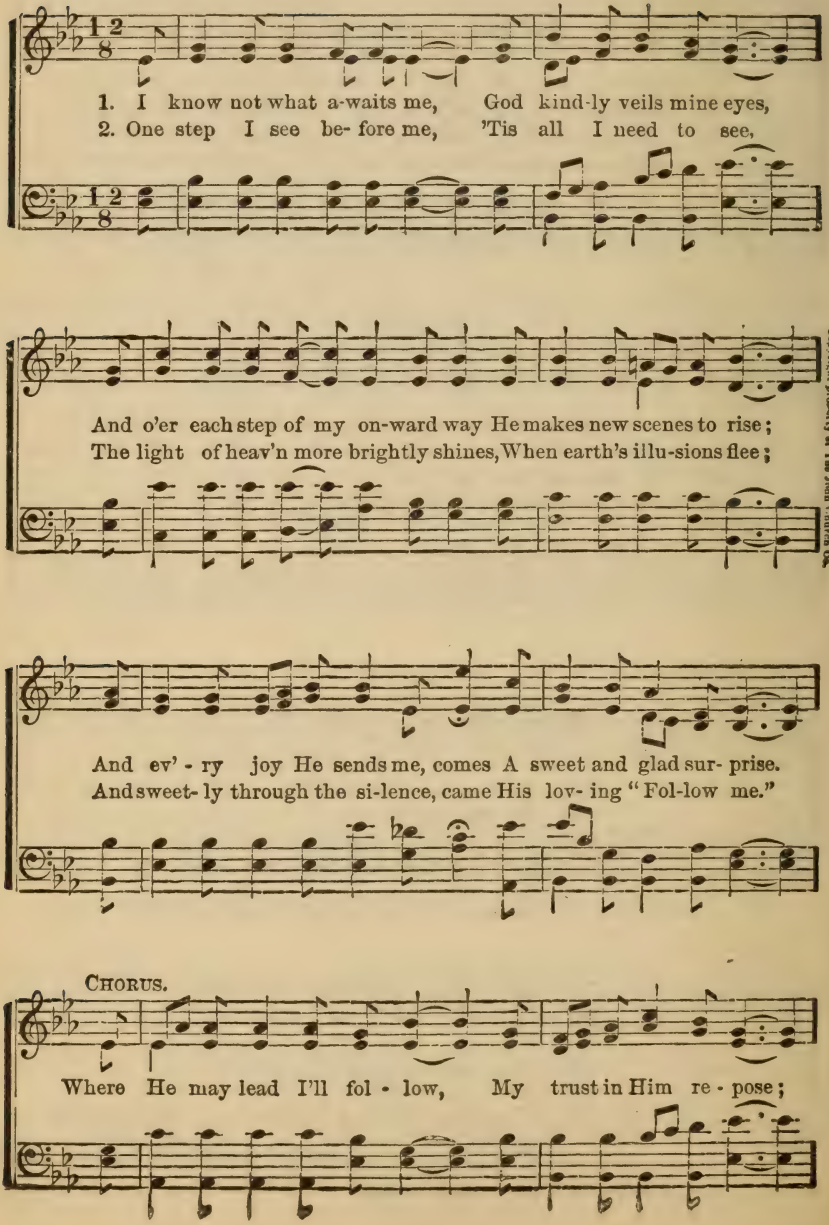

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,

No. 181.

He Knows.

Words arranged by P. P. BLISS.

MARY G. BRAINARD. P. P. BLISS.


1. I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be- fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
And o'er each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illu-sions flee;
And ev' - ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur- prise.
And sweet- ly through the si-lence, came His lov- ing "Fol-low me."
CHORUS.
Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

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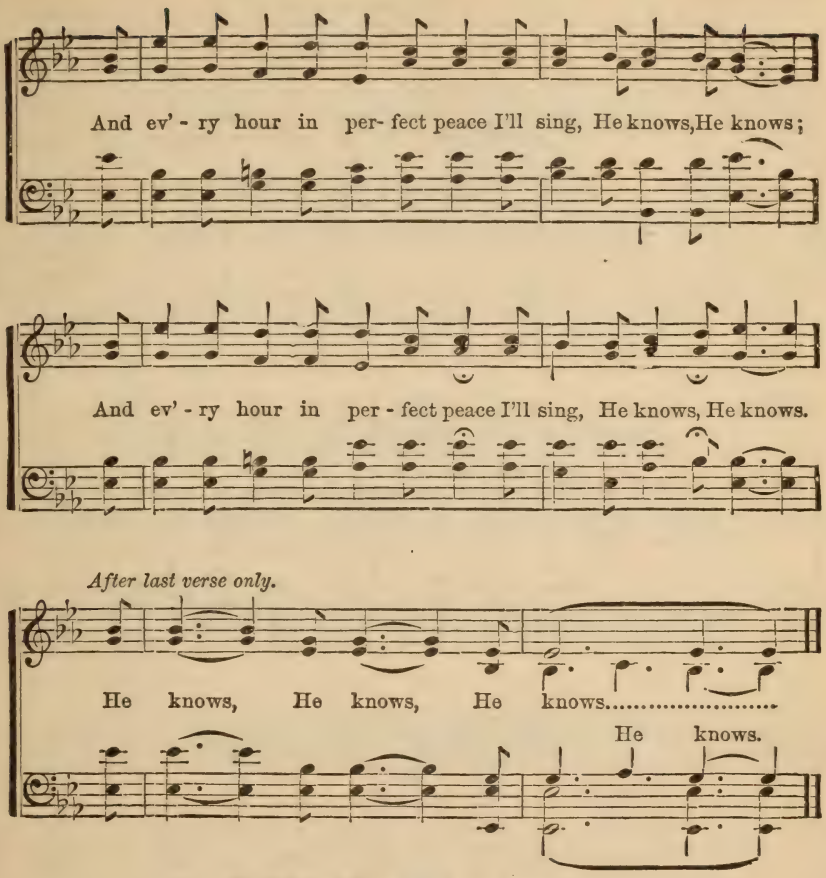
He Knows.—Concluded.


And ev' - ry hour in per- fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows;
And ev' - ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.
After last verse only.
He knows, He knows, He knows.....
He knows.

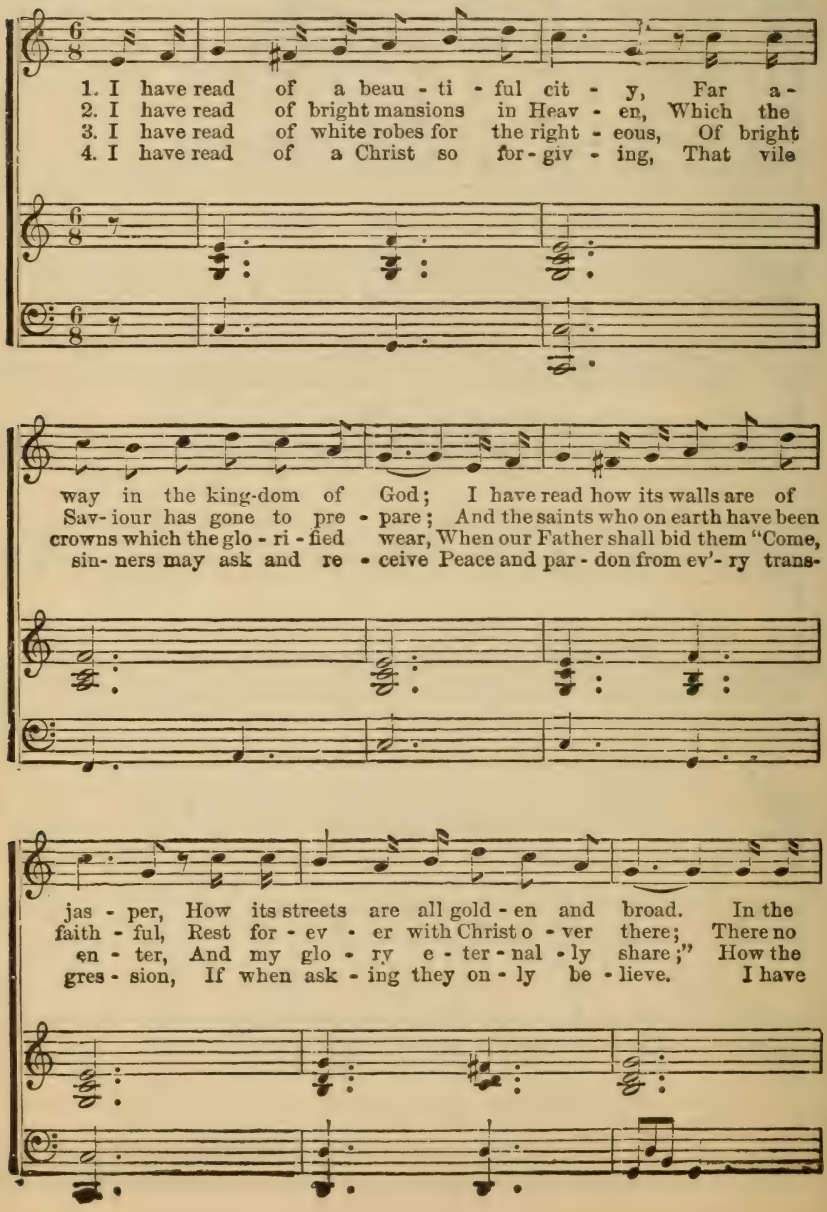
3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

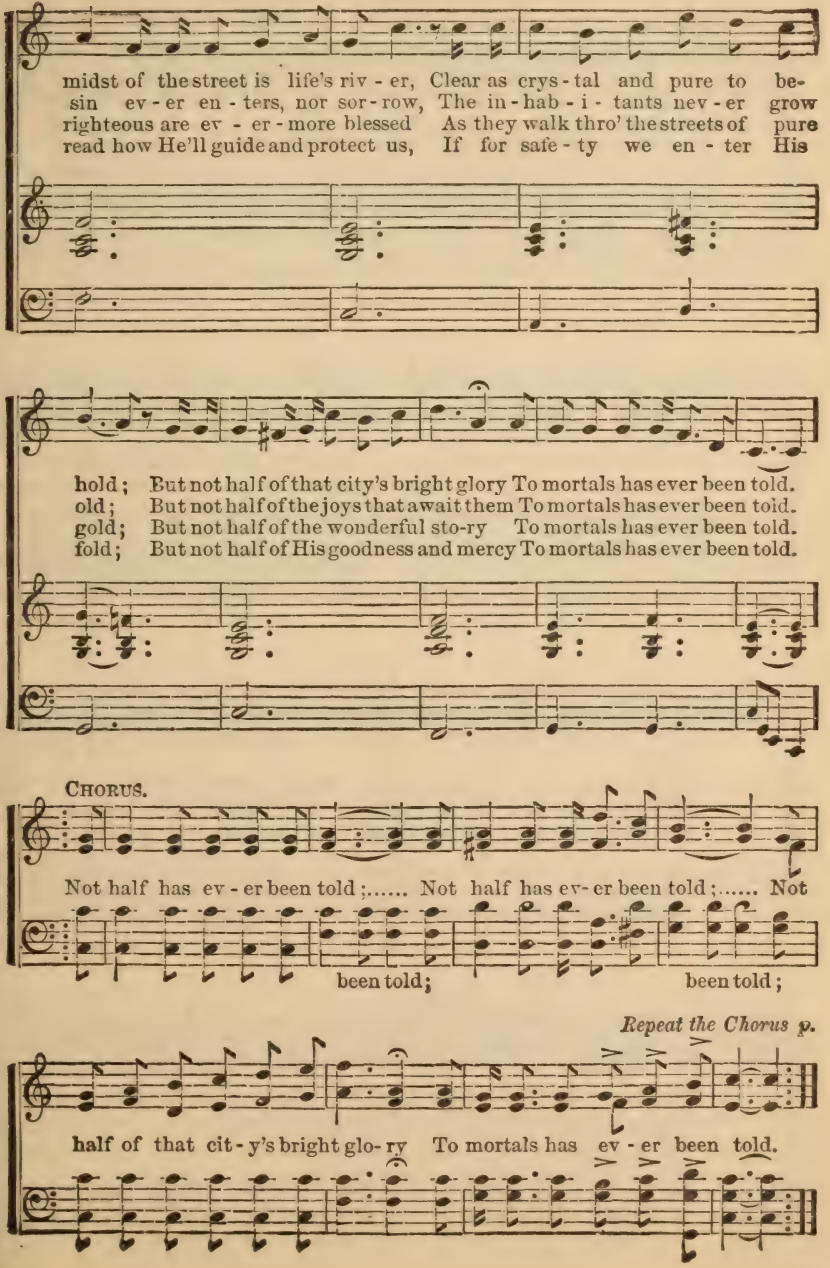
4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

No. 183. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Prysbrey, by per.

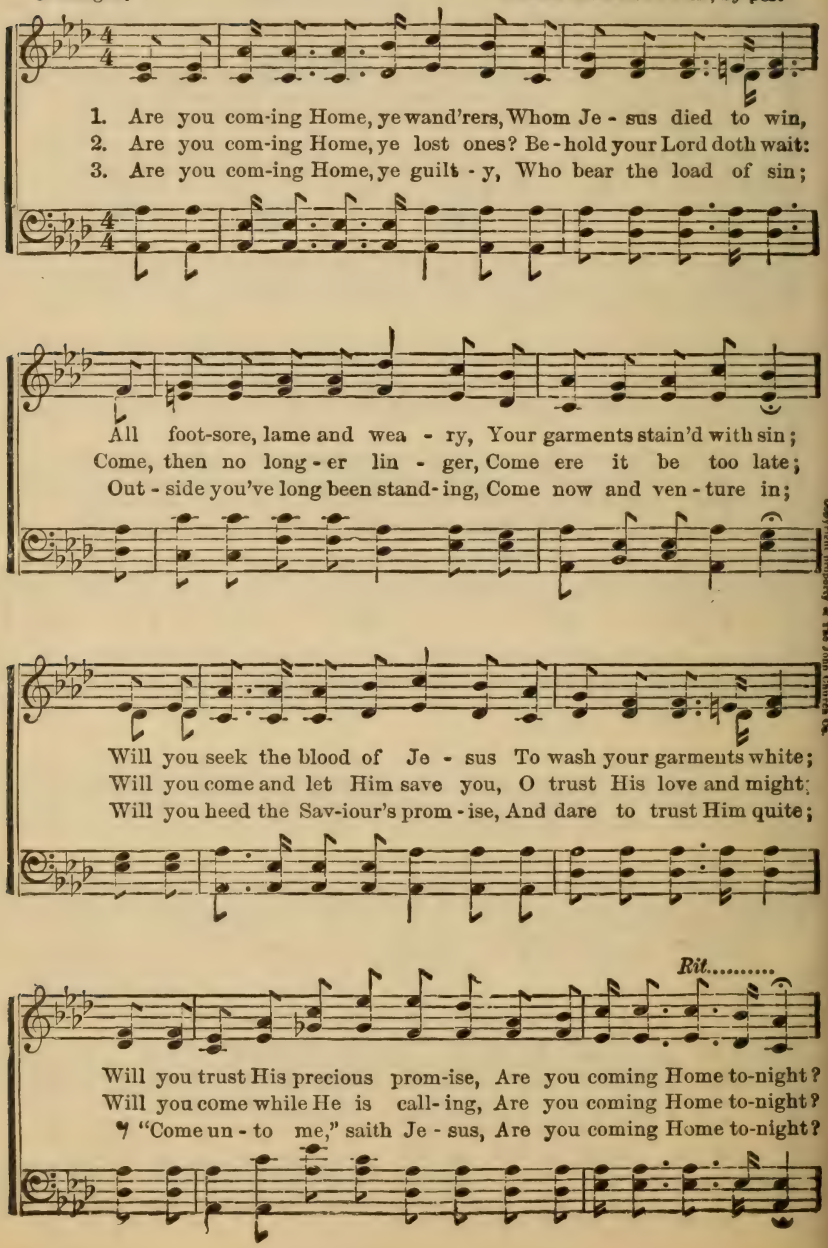

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a-
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile
way in the king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of
Sav- iour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been
crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come,
sin- ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and par - don from ev'- ry trans-
jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
faith - ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be-
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His
hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto-ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.
Chorus.
Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not
been told; been told;
Repeat the Chorus p.
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 184. Are you coming Home to-night?

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;
All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav-iour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;
Rit.....
Will you trust His precious prom-ise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come while He is call - ing, Are you coming Home to-night?
"Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

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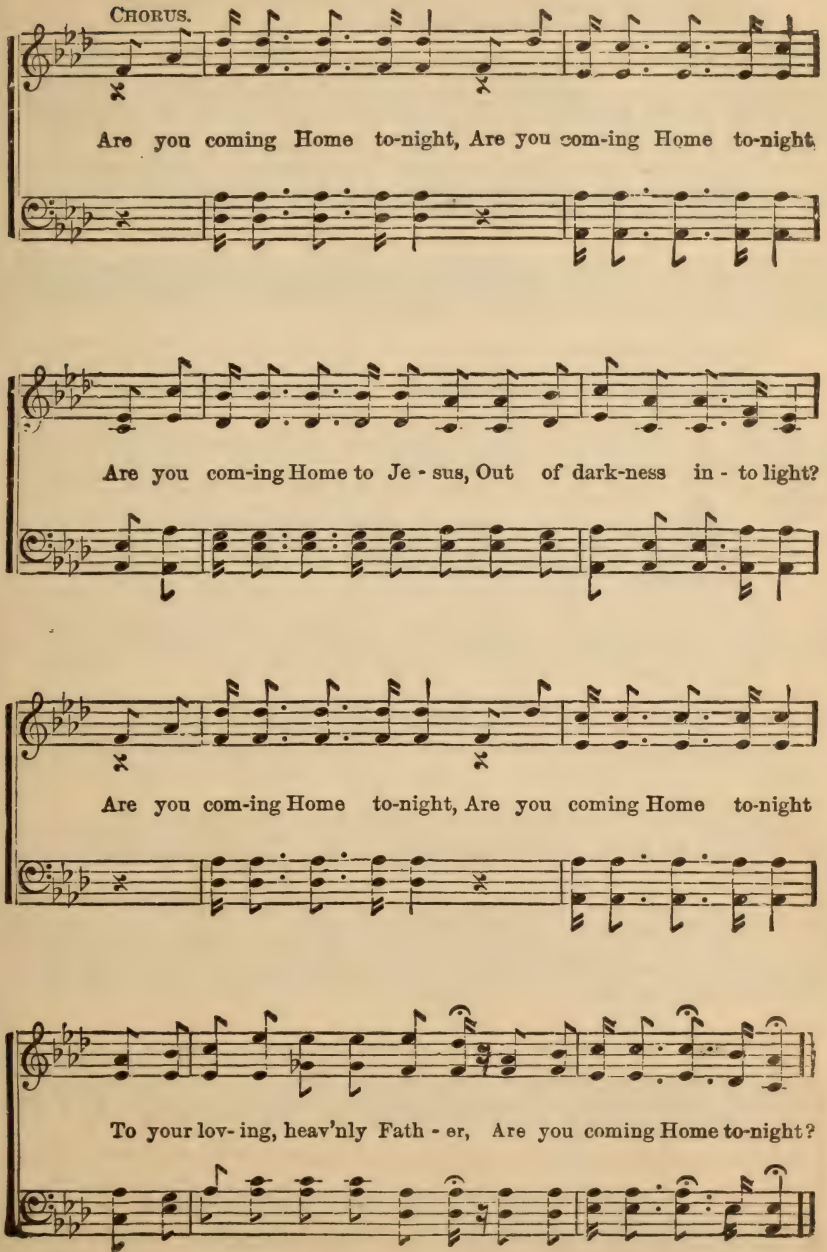
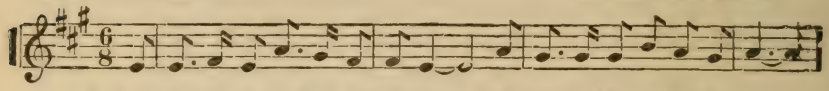
Are you coming Home?—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Are you coming Home to-night, Are you com-ing Home to-night
Are you com-ing Home to Je - sus, Out of dark-ness in - to light?
Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night
To your lov- ing, heav'nly Fath - er, Are you coming Home to-night?

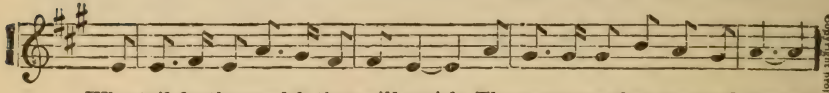
No. 185. Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Mas-ter is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning, poor sinner, Repent, ere the season is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a- bove:
God's goodness to thee is extend- ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

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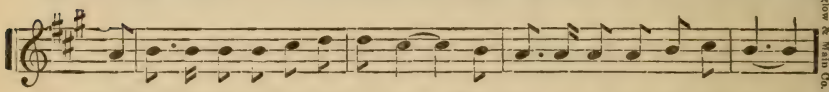
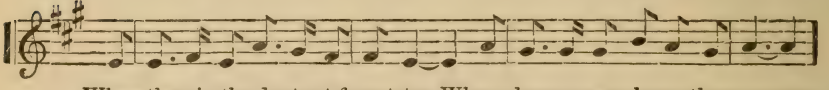
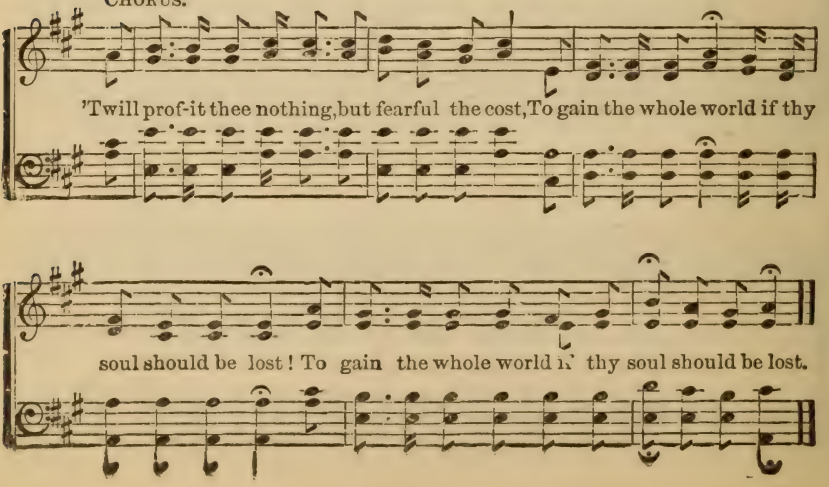


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev- er Must live on e - ter- ni- ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art forgot-ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

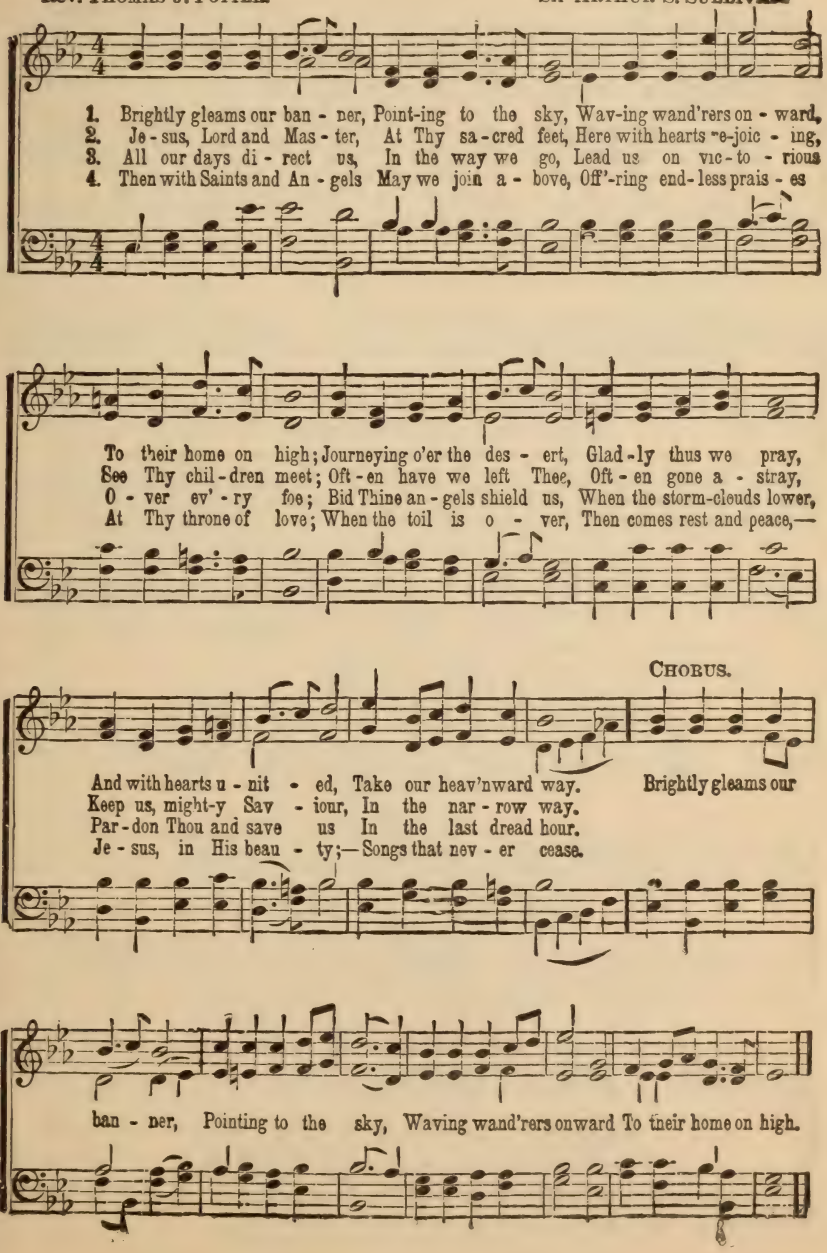


'Twill prof-it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

No. 186. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

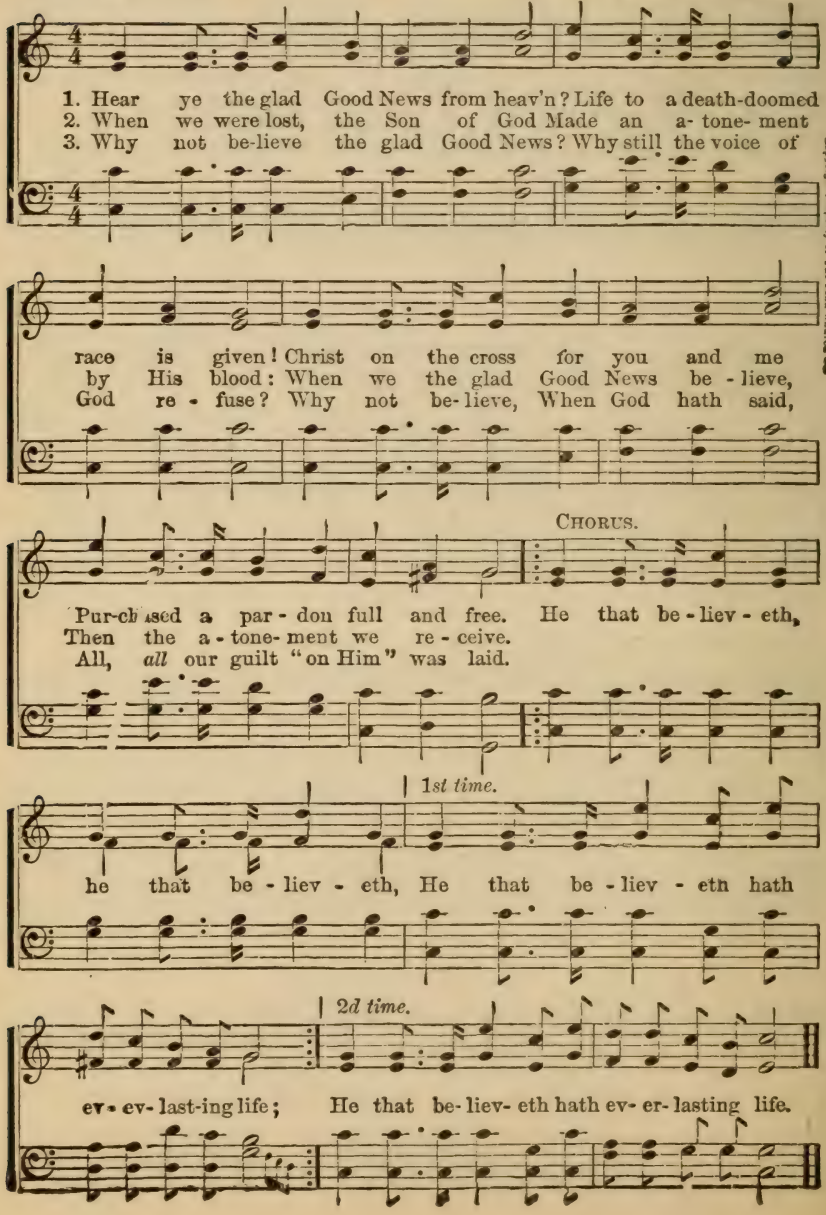
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on - ward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to - rious
4. Then with Saints and An - gels May we join a - bove, Off'-ring end-less prais - es
To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev' - ry foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—
Chorus.
And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus, in His beau - ty;—Songs that nev - er cease.
ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

No. 187. He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6; 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a-tone-ment
3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of
race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me
by His blood: When we the glad Good News be-lieve,
God re-fuse? Why not be-lieve, When God hath said,
CHORUS.
Pur-chased a par-don full and free. He that be-liev-eth,
Then the a-tone-ment we re-ceive.
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.
1st time.
he that be-liev-eth, He that be-liev-eth hath
2d time.
ev-ev-last-ing life; He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-lasting life.

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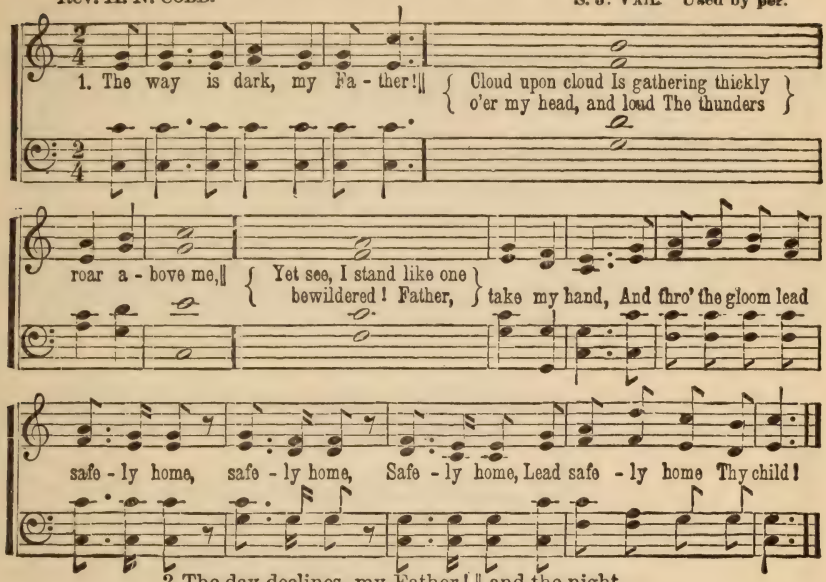
No. 188. Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

Rev. H. N. Cobb. S. J. Vail. Used by per.


1. The way is dark, my Fa - ther! ‖ Cloud upon cloud Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders
roar a - bove me, ‖ Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead
safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Safe - ly home, Lead safe - ly home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

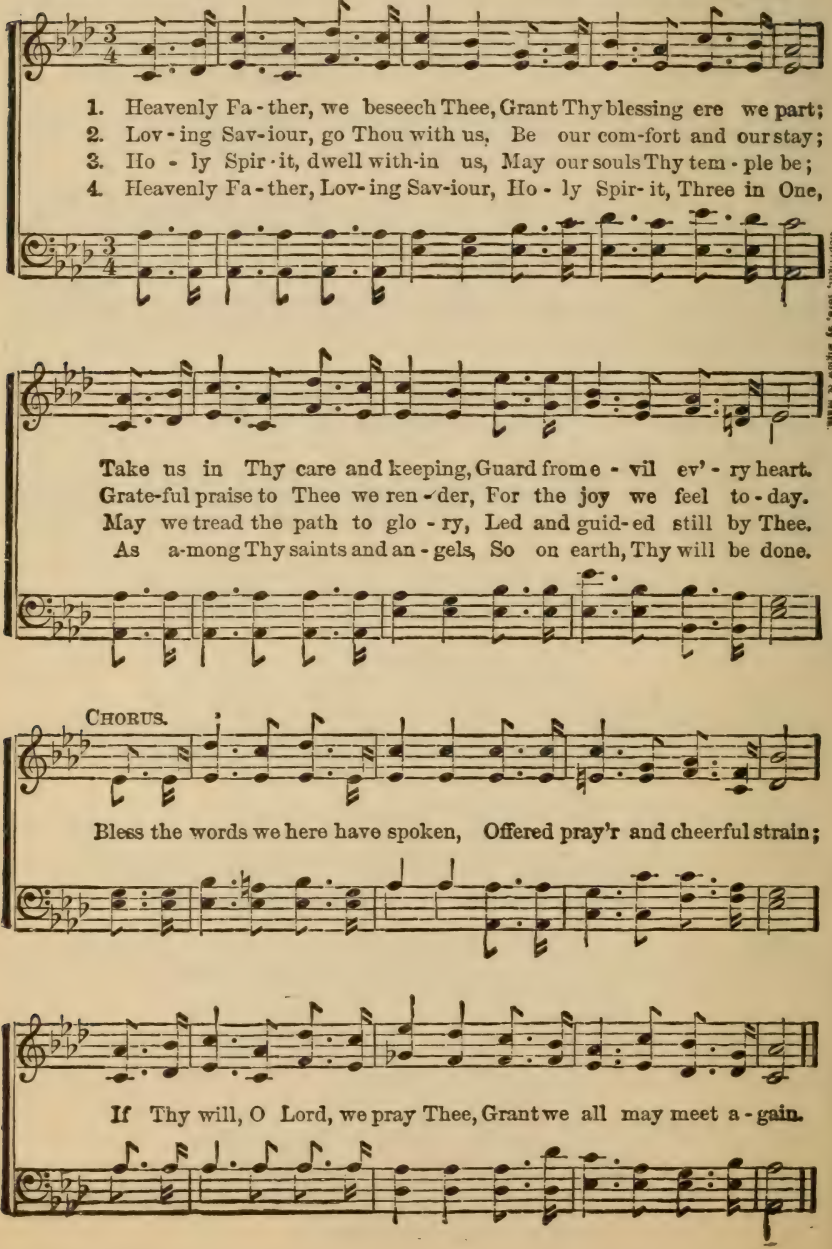
5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

No. 189. Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

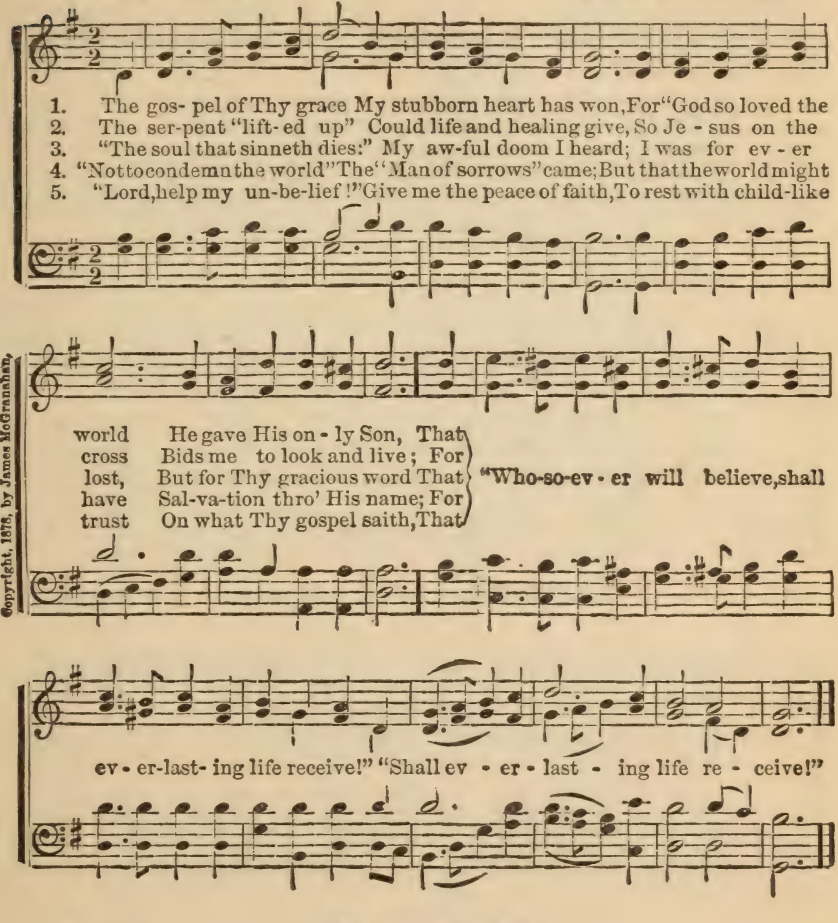
FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.


1. Heavenly Fa-ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov-ing Sav-iour, go Thou with us, Be our com-fort and our stay;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell with-in us, May our souls Thy tem-ple be;
4. Heavenly Fa-ther, Lov-ing Sav-iour, Ho-ly Spir-it, Three in One,
Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e-vil ev'-ry heart.
Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren-der, For the joy we feel to-day.
May we tread the path to glo-ry, Led and guid-ed still by Thee.
As a-mong Thy saints and an-gels, So on earth, Thy will be done.
CHORUS.
Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered pray'r and cheerful strain;
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a-gain.

No. 190. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

REV. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. The gos- pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, For "God so loved the
2. The ser-pent "lift-ed up" Could life and healing give, So Je - sus on the
3. "The soul that sinneth dies:" My aw-ful doom I heard; I was for ev - er
4. "Not to condemn the world" The "Man of sorrows" came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un-be-lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like
world He gave His on - ly Son, That
cross Bids me to look and live; For
lost, But for Thy gracious word That
have Sal-va-tion thro' His name; For
trust On what Thy gospel saith, That
"Who-so-ev - er will believe, shall
ev - er-last- ing life receive!" "Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

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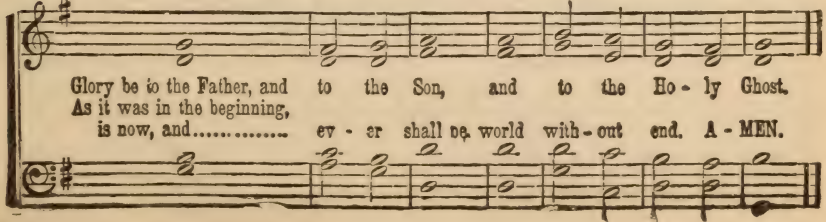
No. 191. Gloria Patri.

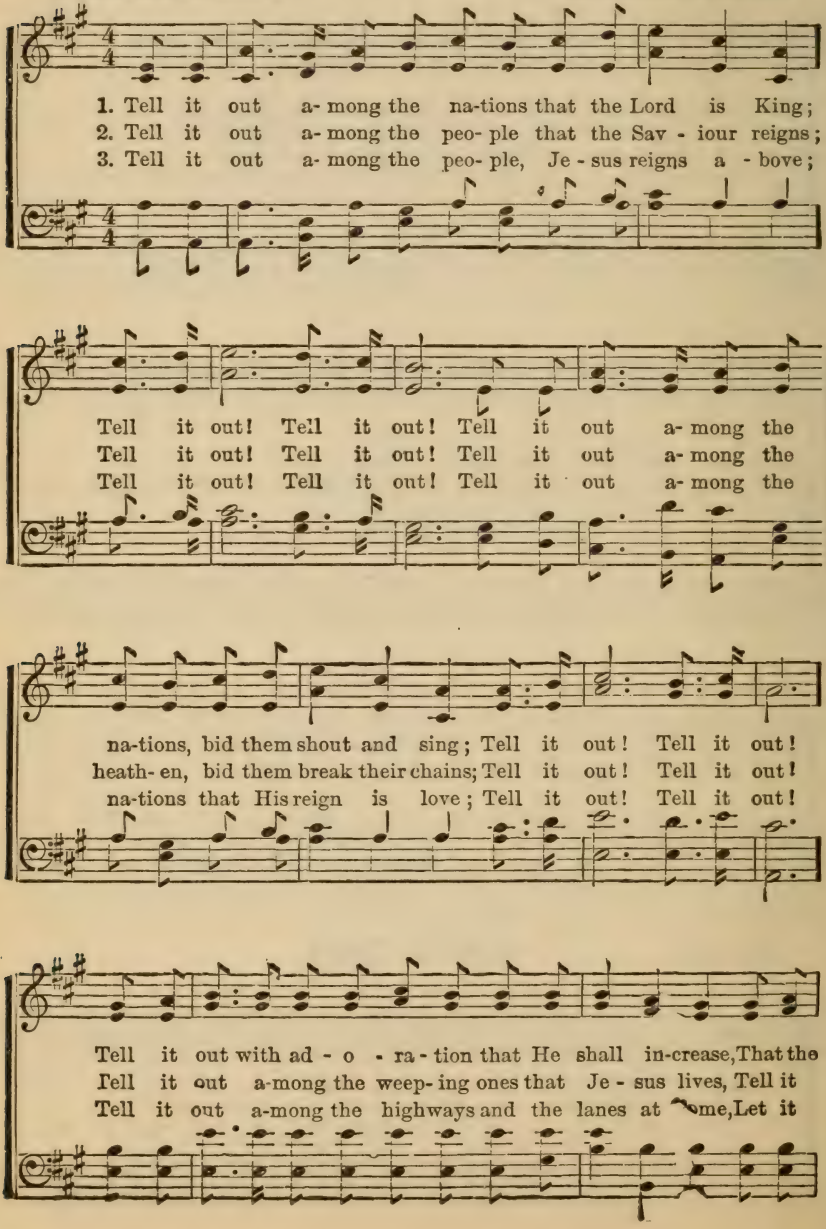
ANON.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.

No. 192. Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Tell it out a- mong the na-tions that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out a- mong the peo- ple that the Sav - iour reigns;
3. Tell it out a- mong the peo- ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the
na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out!
heath- en, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out!
na-tions that His reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall in-crease, That the
Tell it out a-mong the weep- ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it
Tell it out a-mong the highways and the lanes at ^ome, Let it

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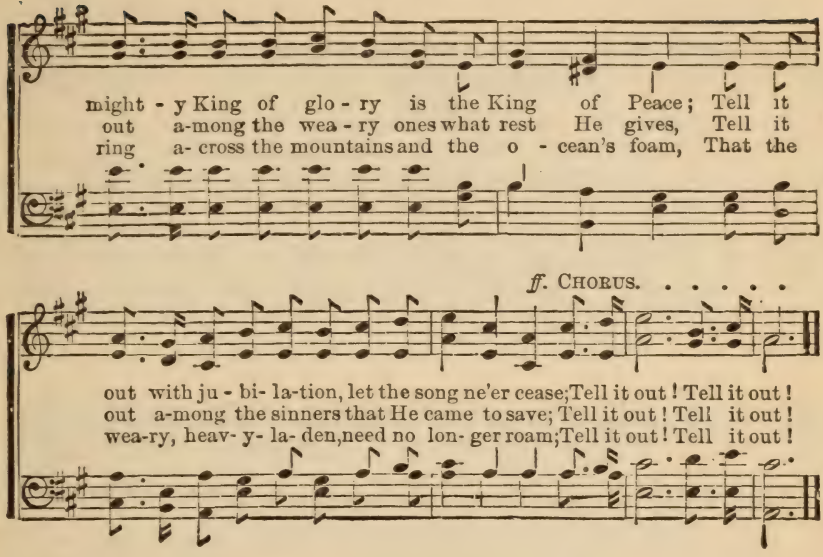
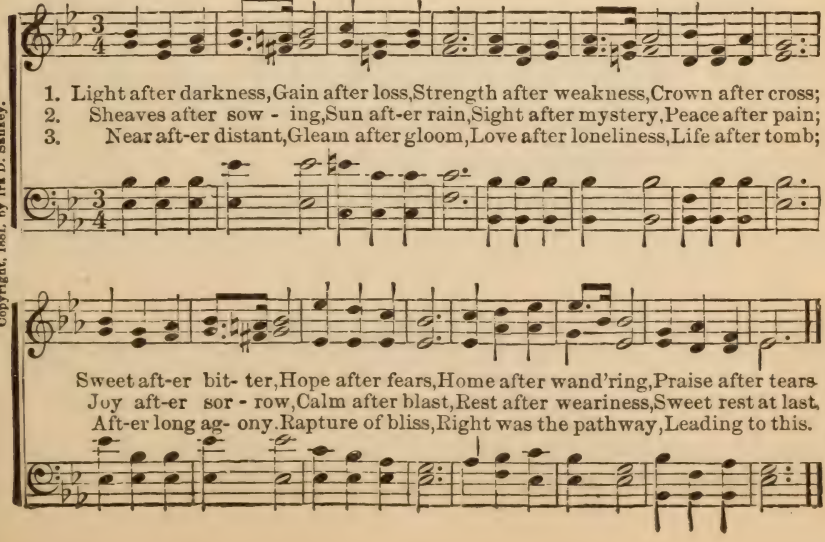
Tell it Out.—Concluded.


might - y King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
out a-mong the wea - ry ones what rest He gives, Tell it
ring a- cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the
ff. CHORUS.
out with ju - bi- la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
out a-mong the sinners that He came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!
wea-ry, heav- y- la- den, need no lon- ger roam; Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 193. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun aft-er rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain;
3. Near aft-er distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;
Sweet aft-er bit- ter, Hope after fears, Home after wand'ring, Praise after tears.
Joy aft-er sor - row, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft-er long ag- ony. Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

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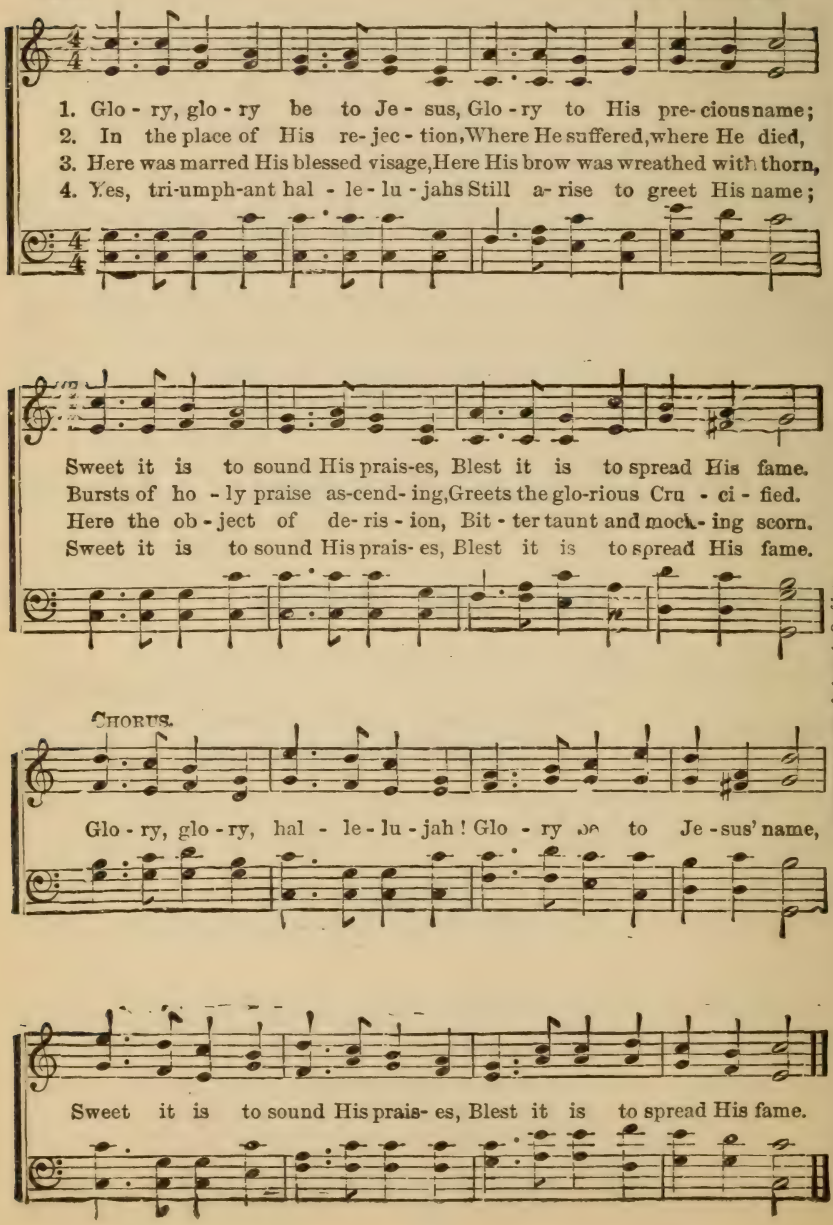
No. 194. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up *your* heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24: 7.

ANON GEO. C. STEBBINS.

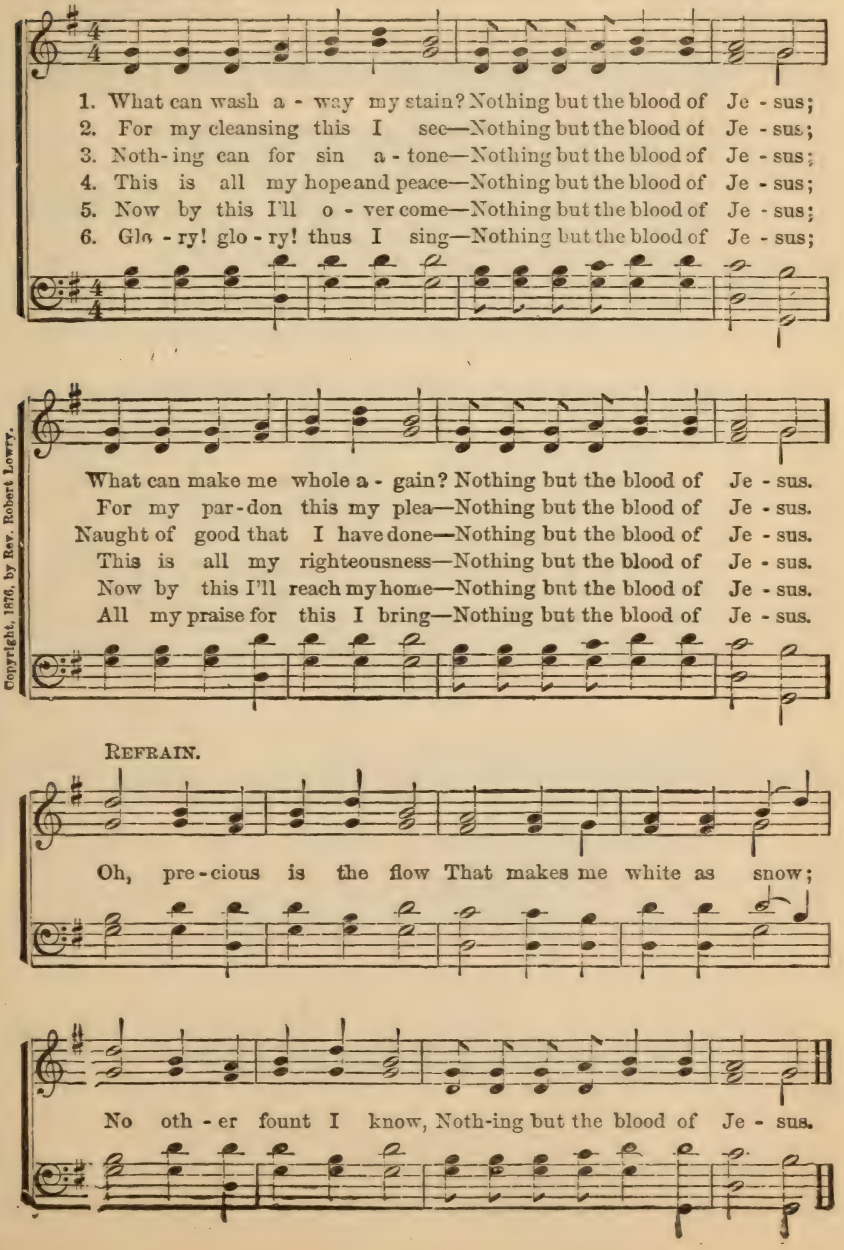

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His pre- cious name;
2. In the place of His re- jec - tion, Where He suffered, where He died,
3. Here was marred His blessed visage, Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
4. Yes, tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu - jahs Still a- rise to greet His name;
Sweet it is to sound His prais-es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
Bursts of ho - ly praise as-cend- ing, Greets the glo-rious Cru - ci - fied.
Here the ob - ject of de- ris - ion, Bit - ter taunt and mock - ing scorn.
Sweet it is to sound His prais- es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name,
Sweet it is to sound His prais- es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

Copyright, 1879, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 195. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HEB. 9: 22.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

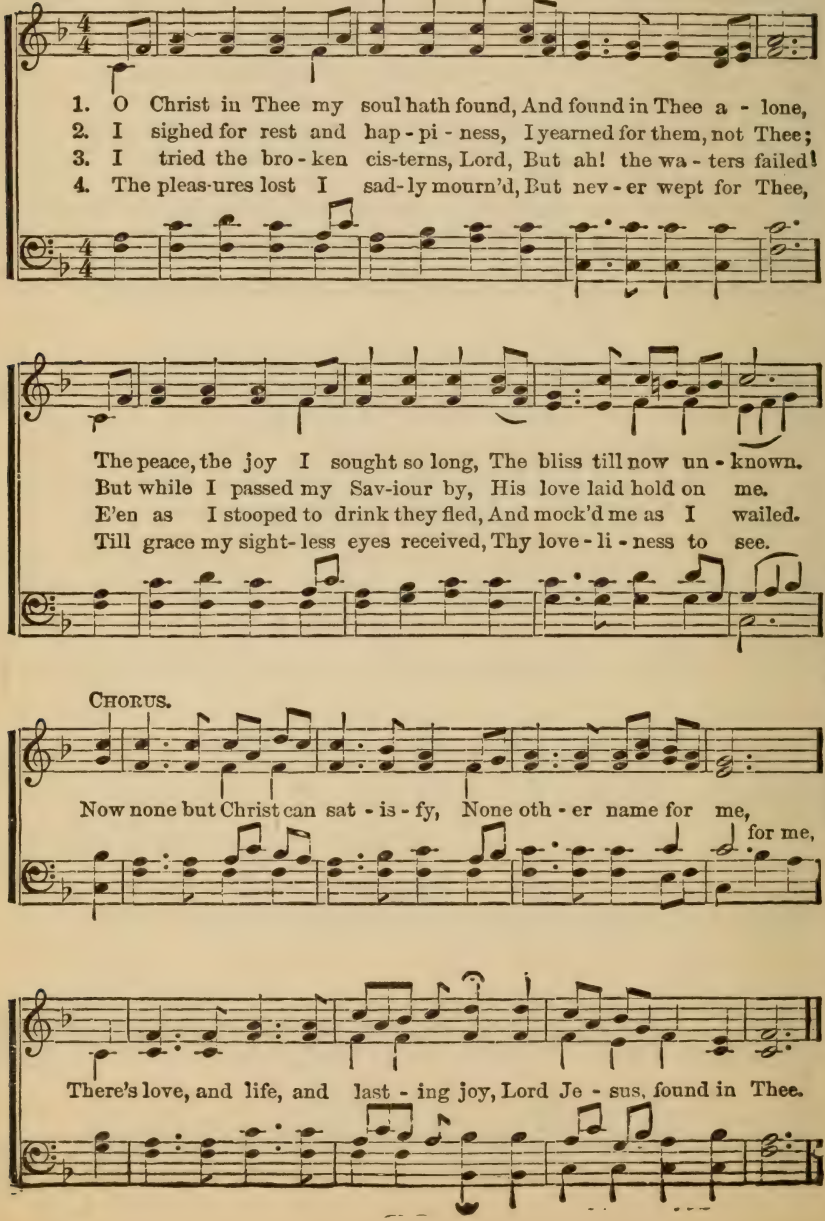

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth- ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver come—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. Robert Lowry.

No. 196. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. 5: 118.

B. E. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O Christ in Thee my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,
2. I sighed for rest and hap - pi - ness, I yearned for them, not Thee;
3. I tried the bro - ken cis-terns, Lord, But ah! the wa - ters failed!
4. The pleas-ures lost I sad-ly mourn'd, But nev - er wept for Thee,
The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
But while I passed my Sav-iour by, His love laid hold on me.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wailed.
Till grace my sight-less eyes received, Thy love - li - ness to see.
CHORUS.
Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None oth - er name for me,
for me,
There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

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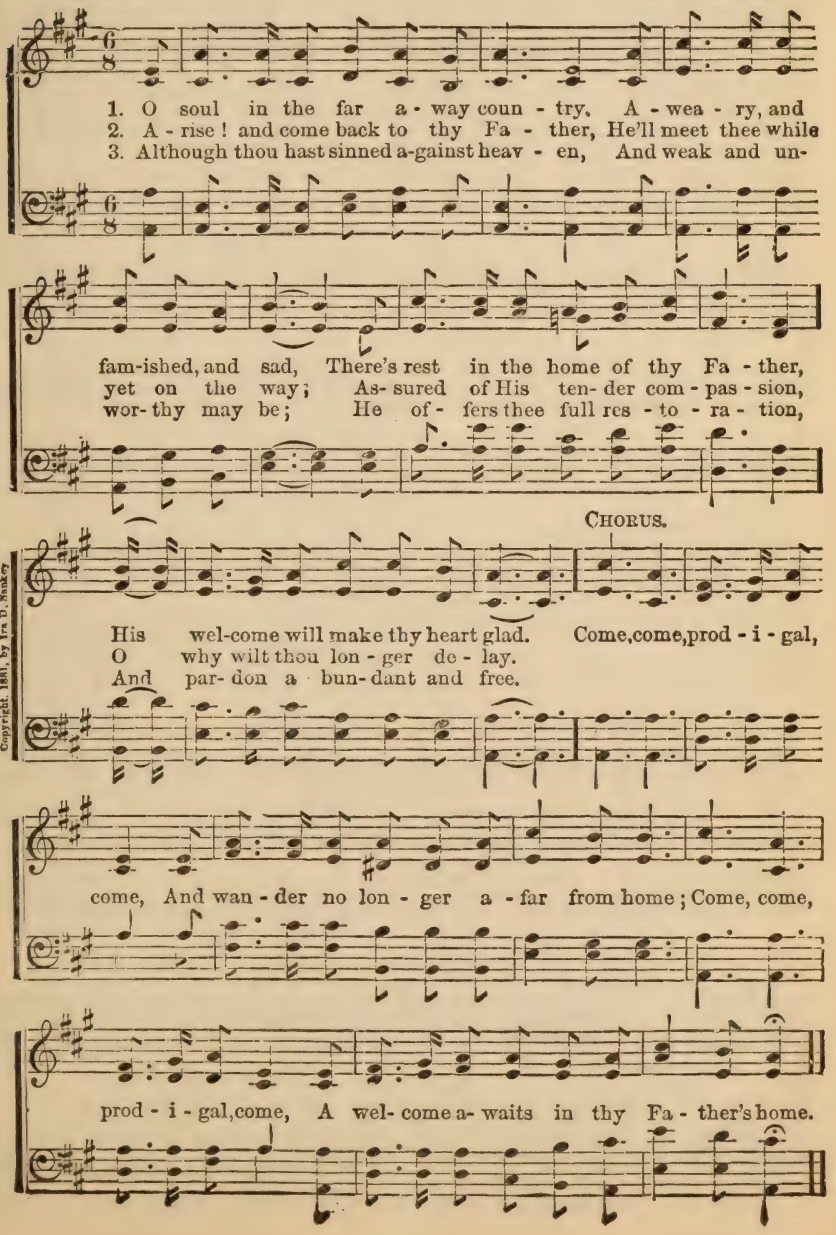
No. 197. Come, Prodigal, Come.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O soul in the far a - way coun - try, A - wea - ry, and
2. A - rise! and come back to thy Fa - ther, He'll meet thee while
3. Although thou hast sinned a-gainst heav - en, And weak and un-
fam-ished, and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Fa - ther,
yet on the way; As-sured of His ten- der com - pas - sion,
wor- thy may be; He of - fers thee full res - to - ra - tion,
CHORUS.
His wel-come will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prod - i - gal,
O why wilt thou lon - ger de - lay.
And par- don a - bun- dant and free.
come, And wan - der no lon - ger a - far from home; Come, come,
prod - i - gal, come, A wel- come a- waits in thy Fa - ther's home.

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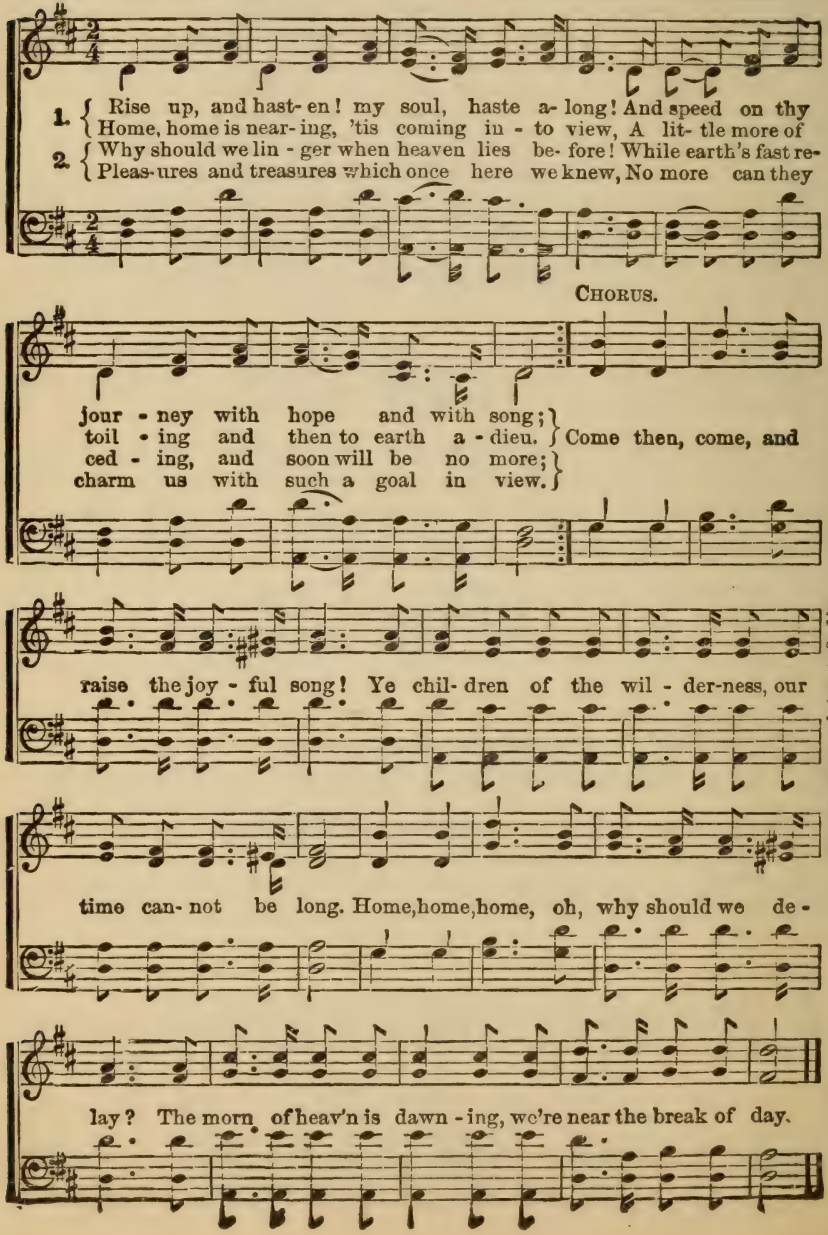
No. 200. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Song of Sol. 2: 10.

J. Denham Smith. Arr. Arr. by James McGranahan.


1. Rise up, and hast- en! my soul, haste a- long! And speed on thy
Home, home is near- ing, 'tis coming in - to view, A lit- tle more of
2. Why should we lin - ger when heaven lies be- fore! While earth's fast re-
Pleas-ures and treasures which once here we knew, No more can they
Chorus.
jour - ney with hope and with song;
toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
ced - ing, and soon will be no more;
charm us with such a goal in view.
Come then, come, and
raise the joy - ful song! Ye chil- dren of the wil - der-ness, our
time can- not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de -
lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.

Copyright, 1891, by James McGranahan.

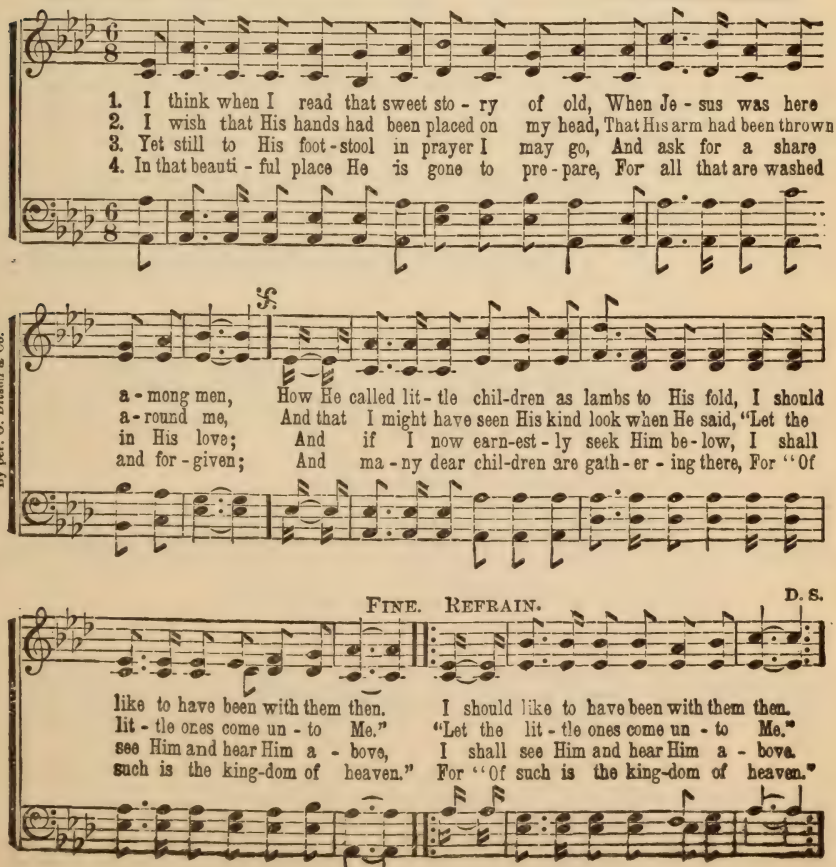
Rise Up and Hasten.—Concluded.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 201. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 16.

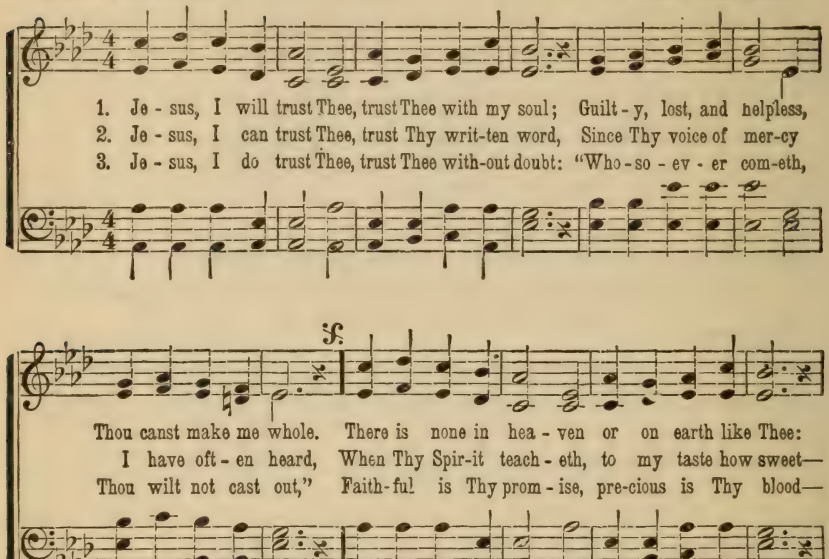
MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beauti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed
f
a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now earn-est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, For "Of
FINE. REFRAIN.
D. S.
like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then.
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the king-dom of heaven." For "Of such is the king-dom of heaven."

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 202. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt - y, lost, and helpless,
2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy writ-ten word, Since Thy voice of mer-cy
3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with-out doubt: "Who - so - ev - er com-eth,
Thou canst make me whole. There is none in hea - ven or on earth like Thee:
I have oft - en heard, When Thy Spir-it teach - eth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faith-ful is Thy prom - ise, pre-cious is Thy blood—
D.S.—Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;

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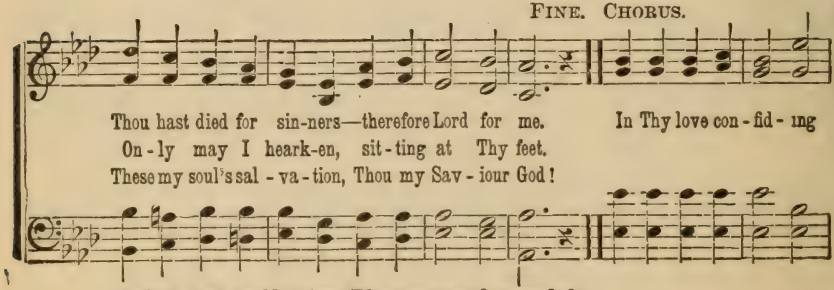
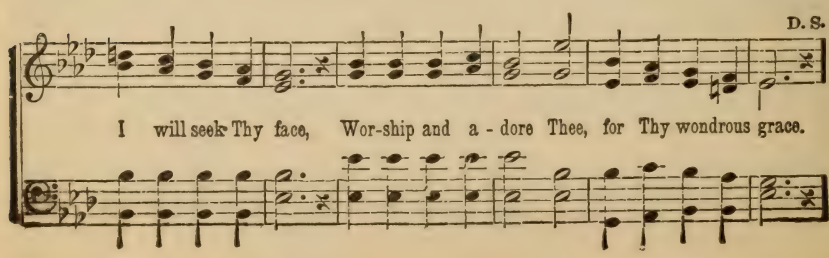

FINE. CHORUS.
Thou hast died for sin-ners—therefore Lord for me. In Thy love con - fid - ing
On - ly may I heark-en, sit - ting at Thy feet.
These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my Sav - iour God!
Guilt-y, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

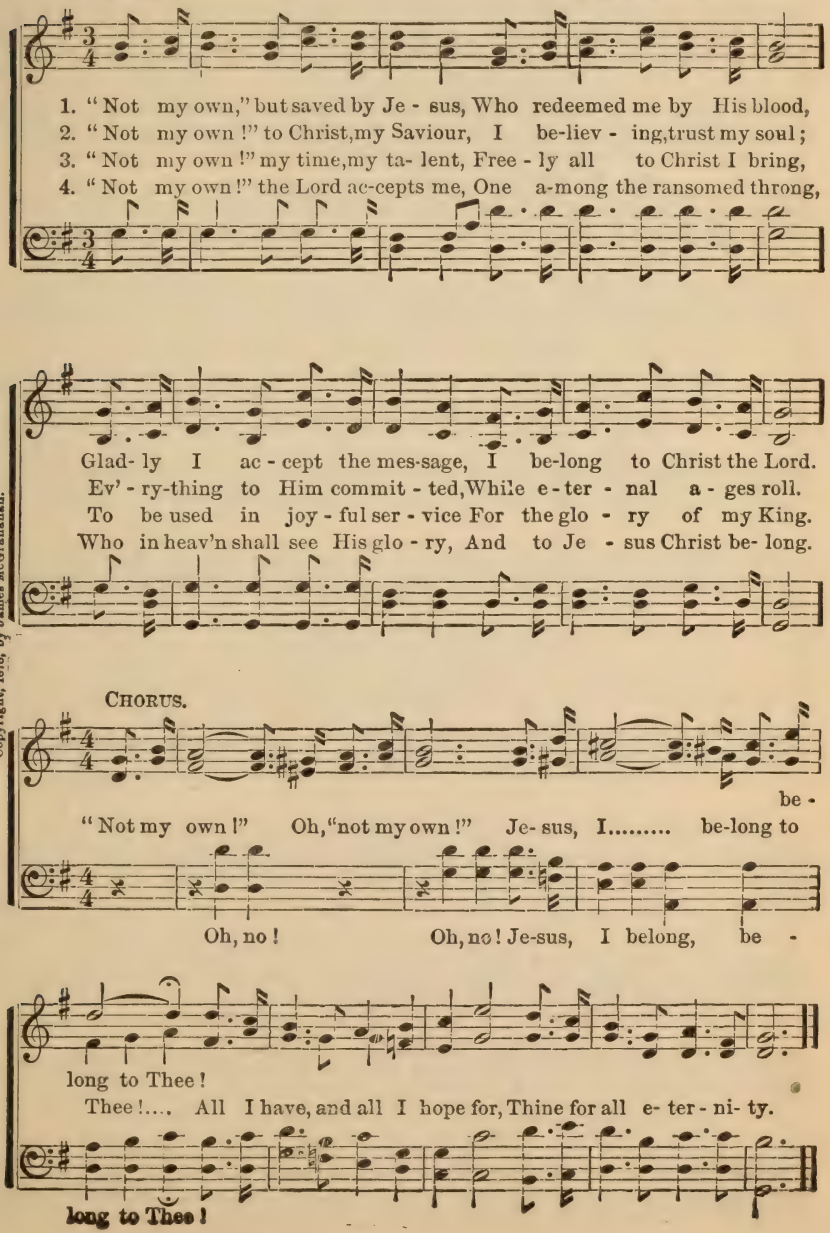


No. 203.

Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I be-liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my ta- lent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac-cepts me, One a-mong the ransomed throng,
Glad- ly I ac - cept the mes-sage, I be-long to Christ the Lord.
Ev'- ry-thing to Him commit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful ser - vice For the glo - ry of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be- long.
CHORUS.
"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je- sus, I..... be-long to
be -
Oh, no! Oh, no! Je-sus, I belong, be -
long to Thee!
Thee!.... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e- ter - ni- ty.
long to Thee!

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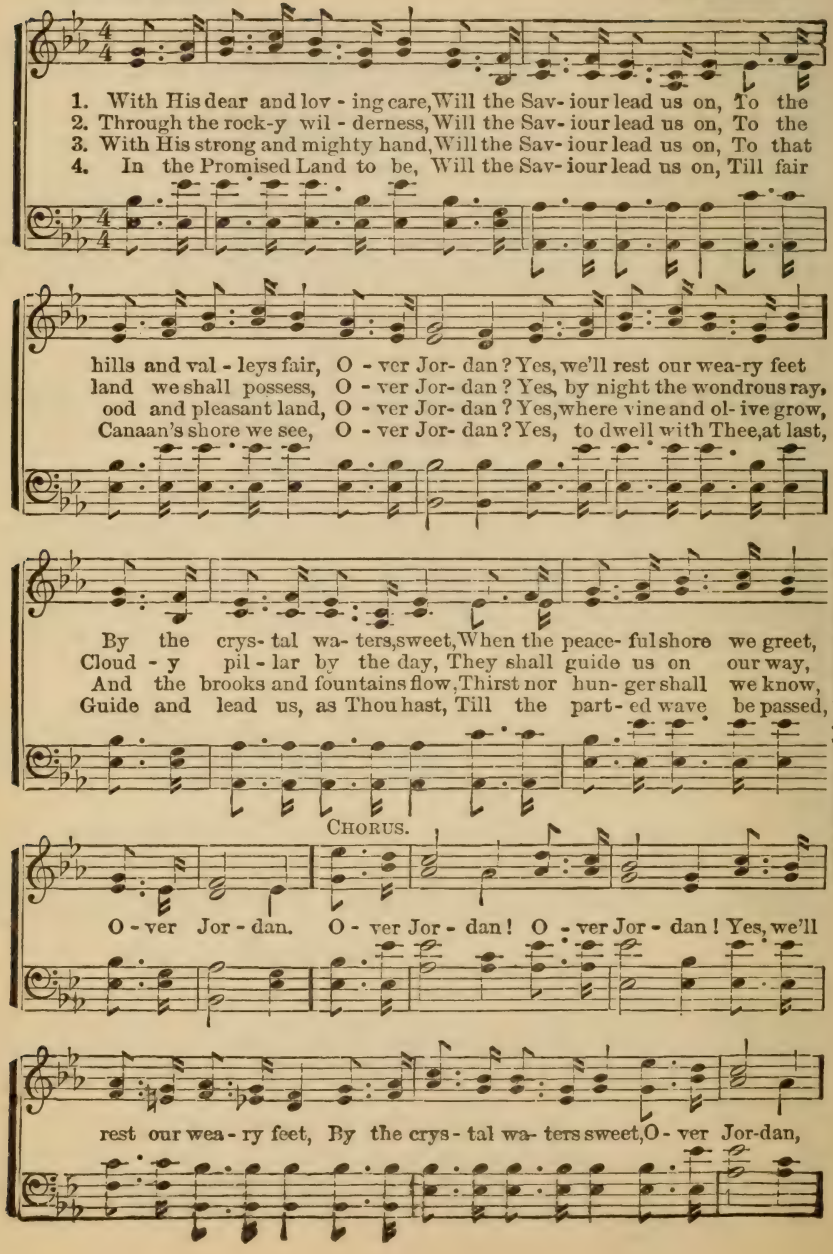
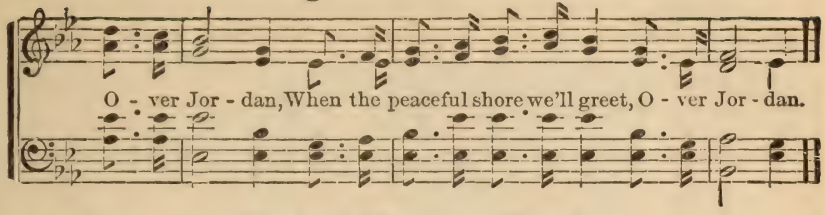
No. 204.

Over Jordan.

(Read Duet. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

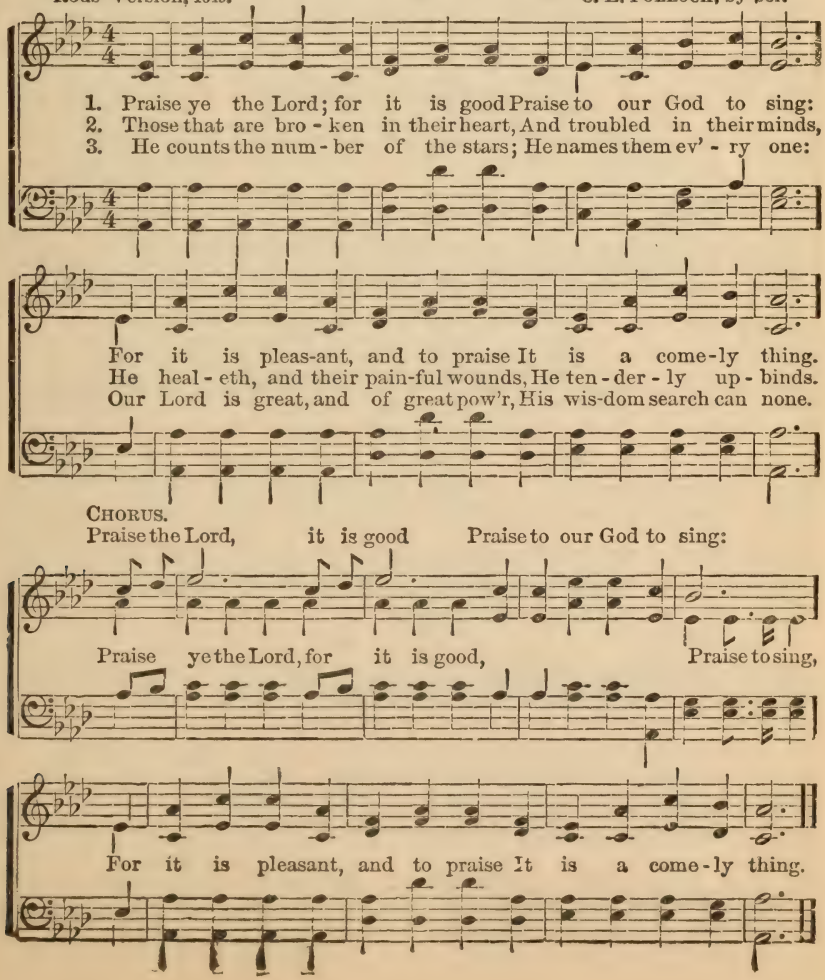
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. J. R. Murray.

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rock-y wil - derness, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, Till fair
hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea-ry feet
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
ood and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and ol - ive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,
By the crys - tal wa - ters, sweet, When the peace - ful shore we greet,
Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed,
Chorus.
O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll
rest our wea - ry feet, By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor-dan,

From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.



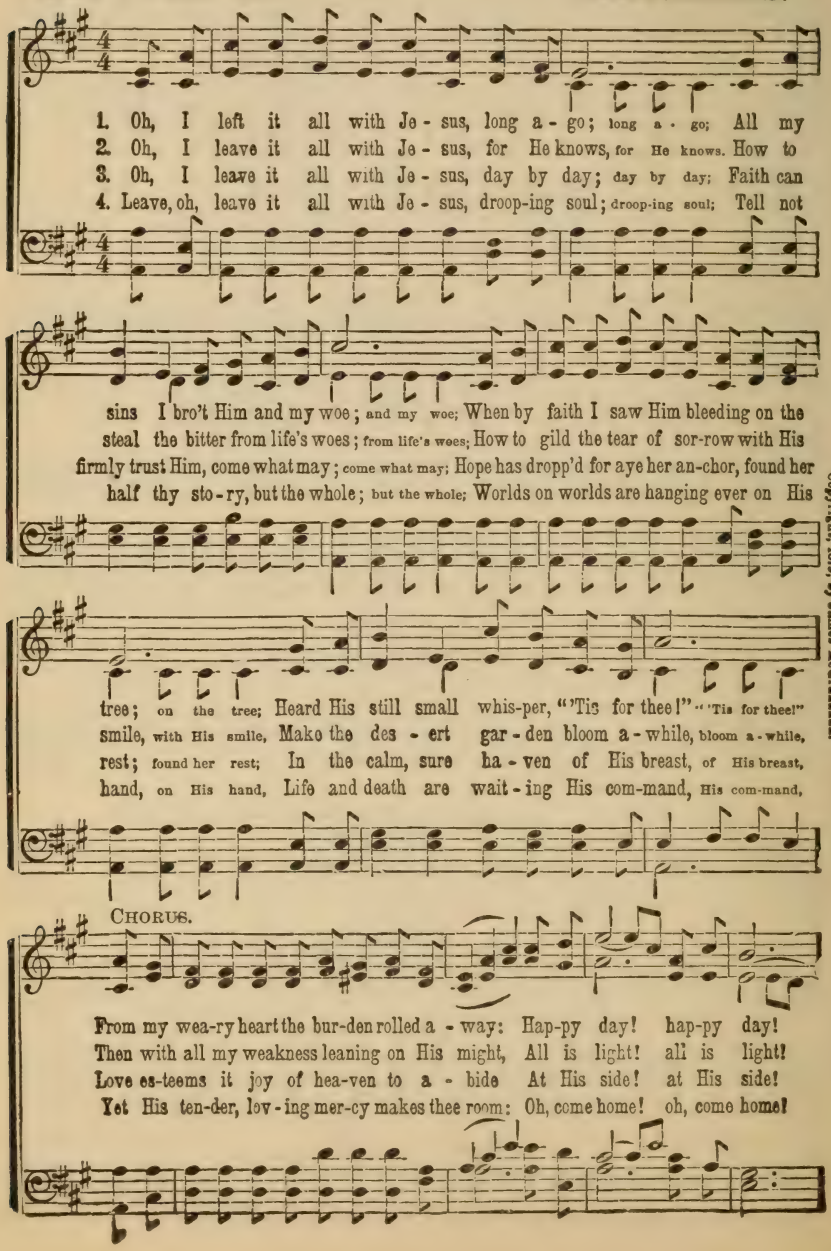
No. 205. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart * * He telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147: 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
2. Those that are bro - ken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the num - ber of the stars; He names them ev' - ry one:
For it is pleas-ant, and to praise It is a come-ly thing.
He heal - eth, and their pain-ful wounds, He ten - der - ly up - binds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wis-dom search can none.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, Praise to sing,
For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come-ly thing.

No. 206. I Left it all with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows. How to
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, droop-ing soul; droop-ing soul; Tell not
sins I bro't Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sor-row with His
firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her an-chor, found her
half thy sto-ry, but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His
tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whis-per, "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom a - while, bloom a - while,
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha - ven of His breast, of His breast,
hand, on His hand, Life and death are wait - ing His com-mand, His com-mand,
CHORUS.
From my wea-ry heart the bur-den rolled a - way: Hap-py day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love es-teems it joy of hea-ven to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His ten-der, lov - ing mer-cy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

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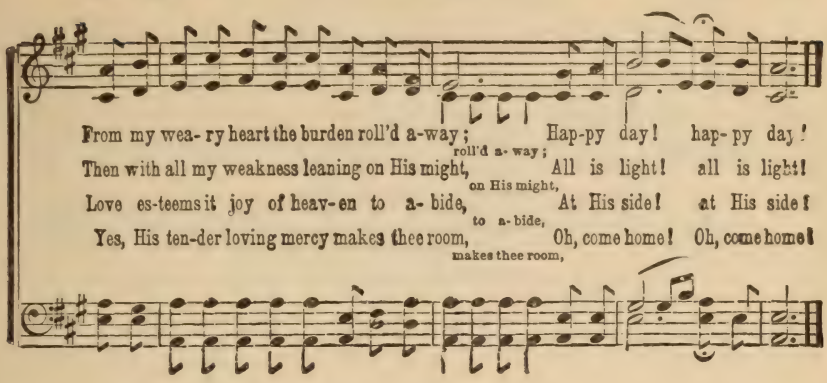
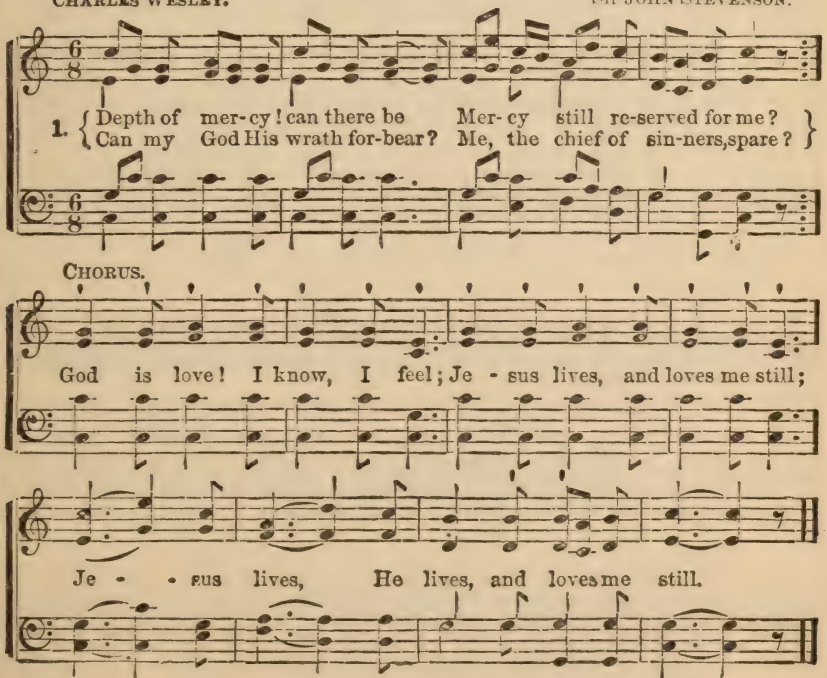

From my wea- ry heart the burden roll'd a-way; Hap-py day! hap- py day!
roll'd a- way;
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
on His might,
Love es-teems it joy of heav-en to a- bide, At His side! at His side!
to a- bide,
Yes, His ten-der loving mercy makes thee room, Oh, come home! Oh, come home!
makes thee room,

No. 207. Depth of Mercy.

"God is Love."—1 JOHN, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. Sir JOHN STEVENSON.


1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer- cy still re-served for me?
{ Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
CHORUS.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus lives, and loves me still;
Je - - sus lives, He lives, and loves me still.

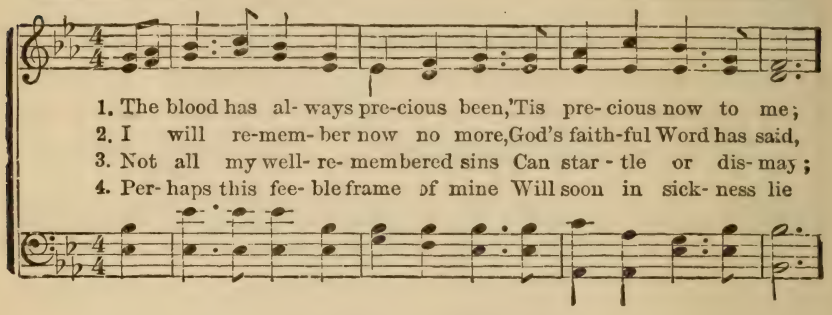
2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

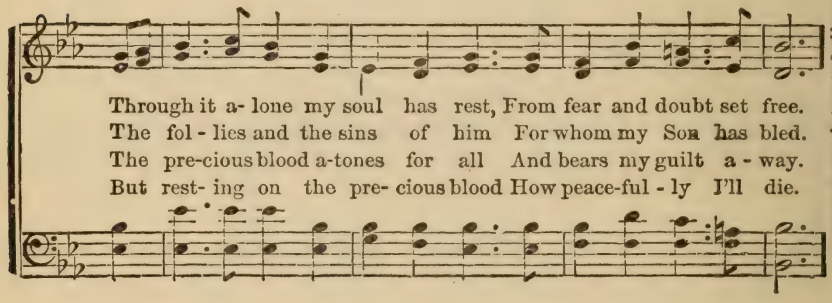
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 208. Precious Blood.

Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold ••• but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. The blood has al- ways pre-cious been, 'Tis pre- cious now to me;
2. I will re-mem- ber now no more, God's faith-ful Word has said,
3. Not all my well- re- membered sins Can star - tle or dis- may;
4. Per- haps this fee- ble frame of mine Will soon in sick- ness lie


Through it a- lone my soul has rest, From fear and doubt set free.
The fol - lies and the sins of him For whom my Son has bled.
The pre-cious blood a-tones for all And bears my guilt a - way.
But rest- ing on the pre- cious blood How peace-ful - ly I'll die.

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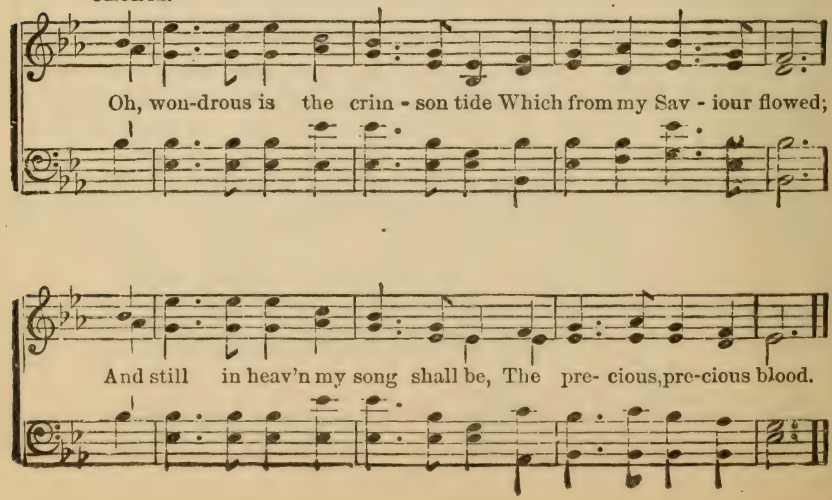
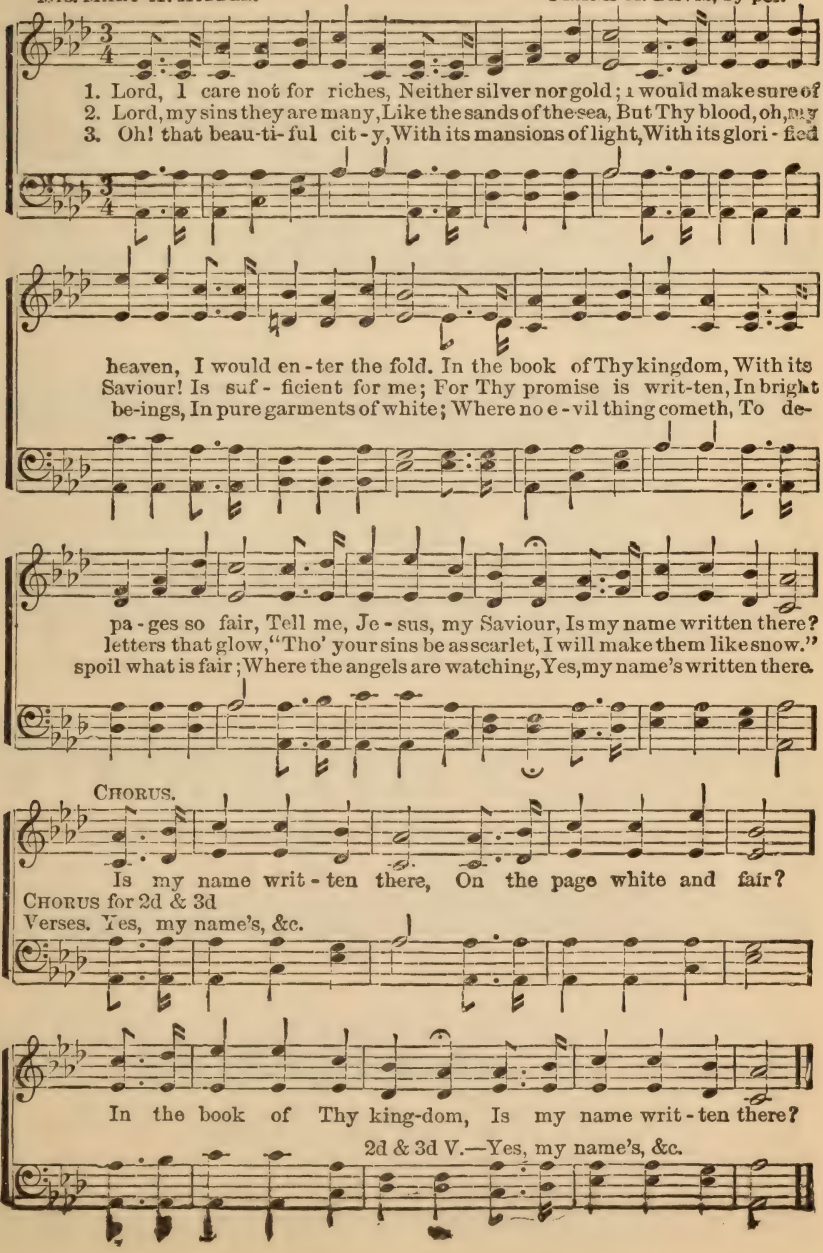
CHORUS.


Oh, won-drous is the crim - son tide Which from my Sav - iour flowed;
And still in heav'n my song shall be, The pre- cious, pre-cious blood.

No. 209. Is my Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

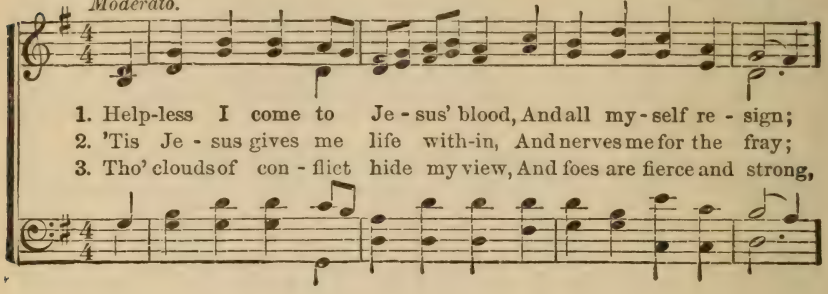

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glori-fied
heaven, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Saviour! Is suf-ficient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-
pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.
CHORUS.
Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
CHORUS for 2d & 3d
Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.
In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

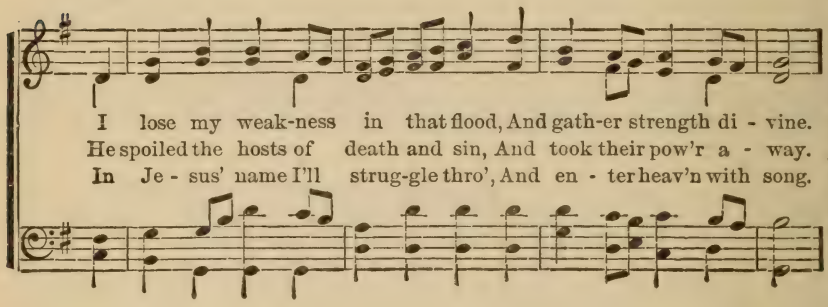
No. 210. My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

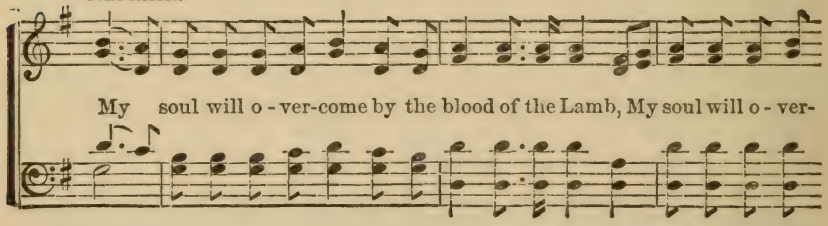
Moderato.

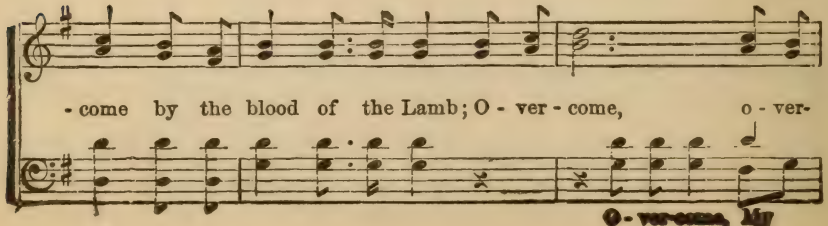

1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign;
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

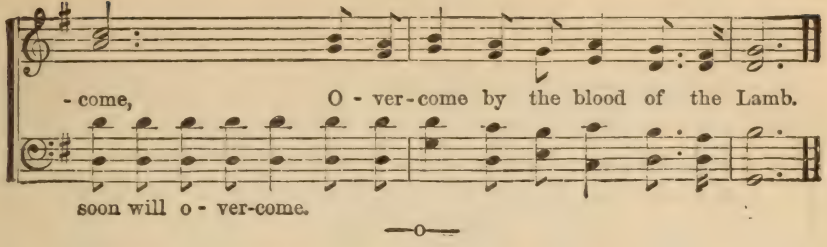

I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath-er strength di - vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. R. Lowry.

REFRAIN.



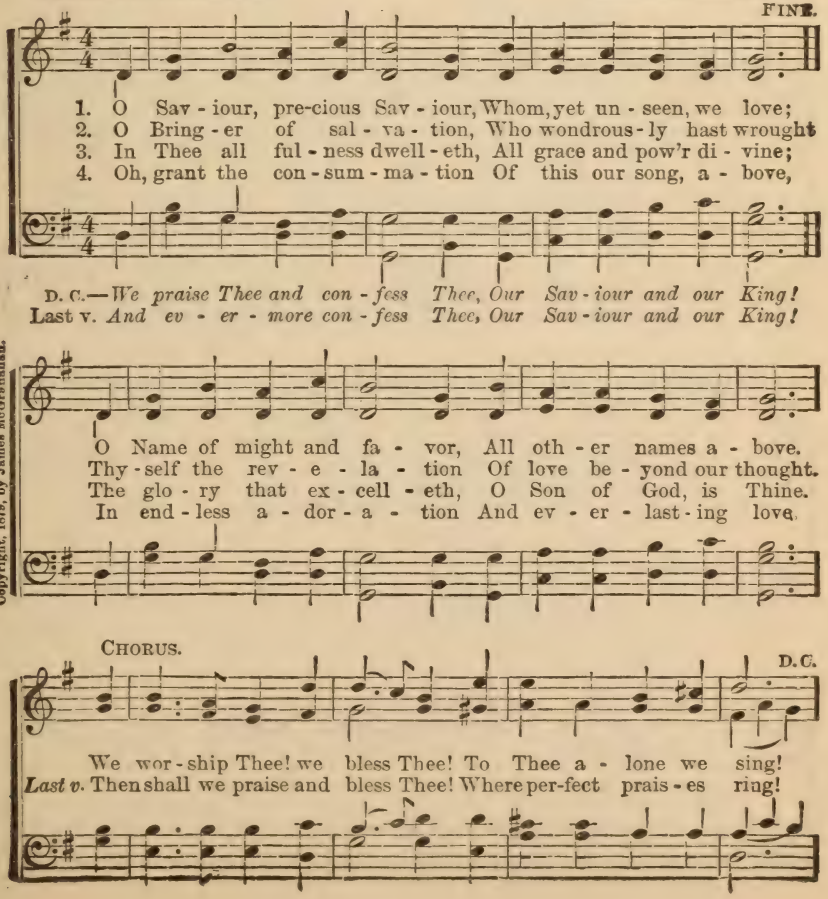




—o—

No. 211. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 PET. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

FINE.
1. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrous - ly hast wrought
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song, a - bove,
D. C.—We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King!
Last v. And ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King!
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less a - dor - a - tion And ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS.
D. C.
We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!
Last v. Then shall we praise and bless Thee! Where per-fect prais - es ring!

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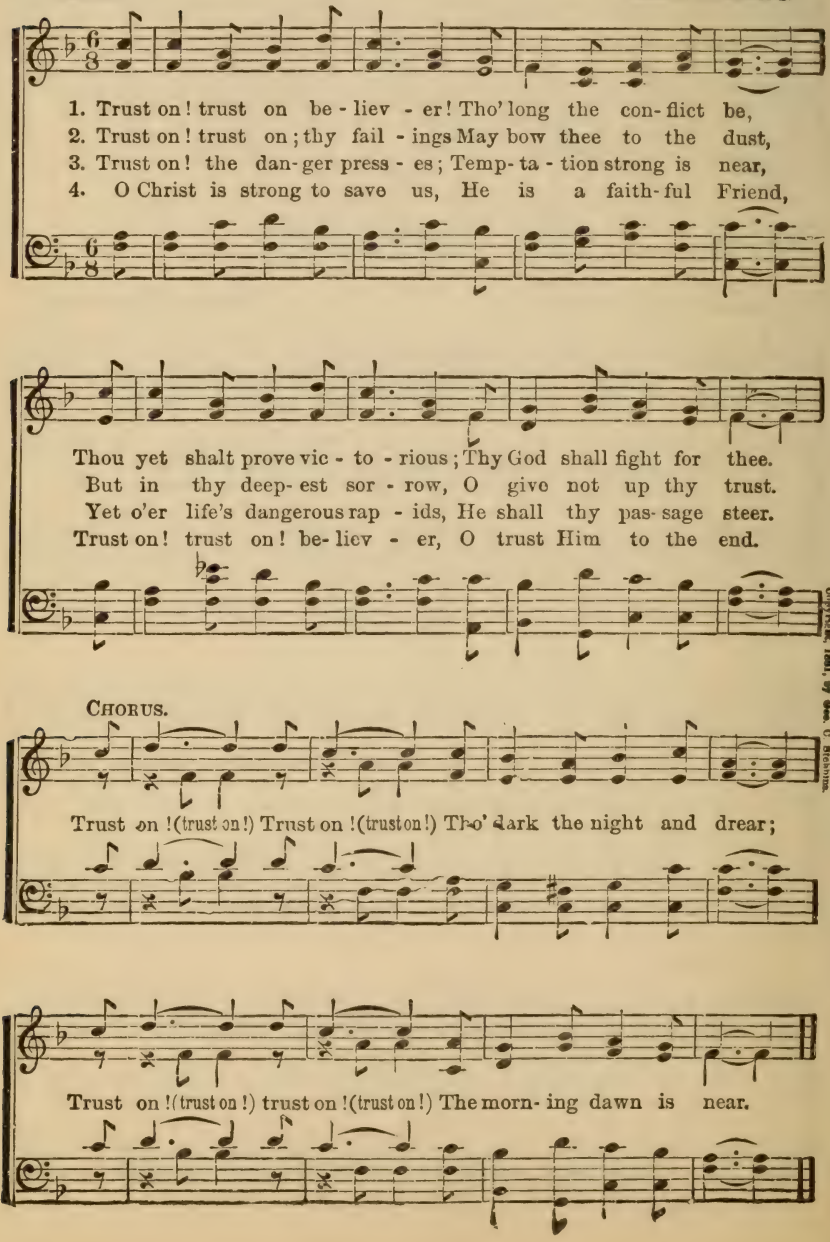
No. 212. Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—PROV. 3: 5.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Trust on! trust on be - liev - er! Tho' long the con- flict be,
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the dan- ger press - es; Temp- ta - tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith- ful Friend,
Thou yet shalt prove vic - to - rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep- est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rap - ids, He shall thy pas- sage steer.
Trust on! trust on! be- liev - er, O trust Him to the end.
CHORUS.
Trust on!(trust on!) Trust on!(trust on!) Tho' dark the night and drear;
Trust on!(trust on!) trust on!(trust on!) The morn- ing dawn is near.

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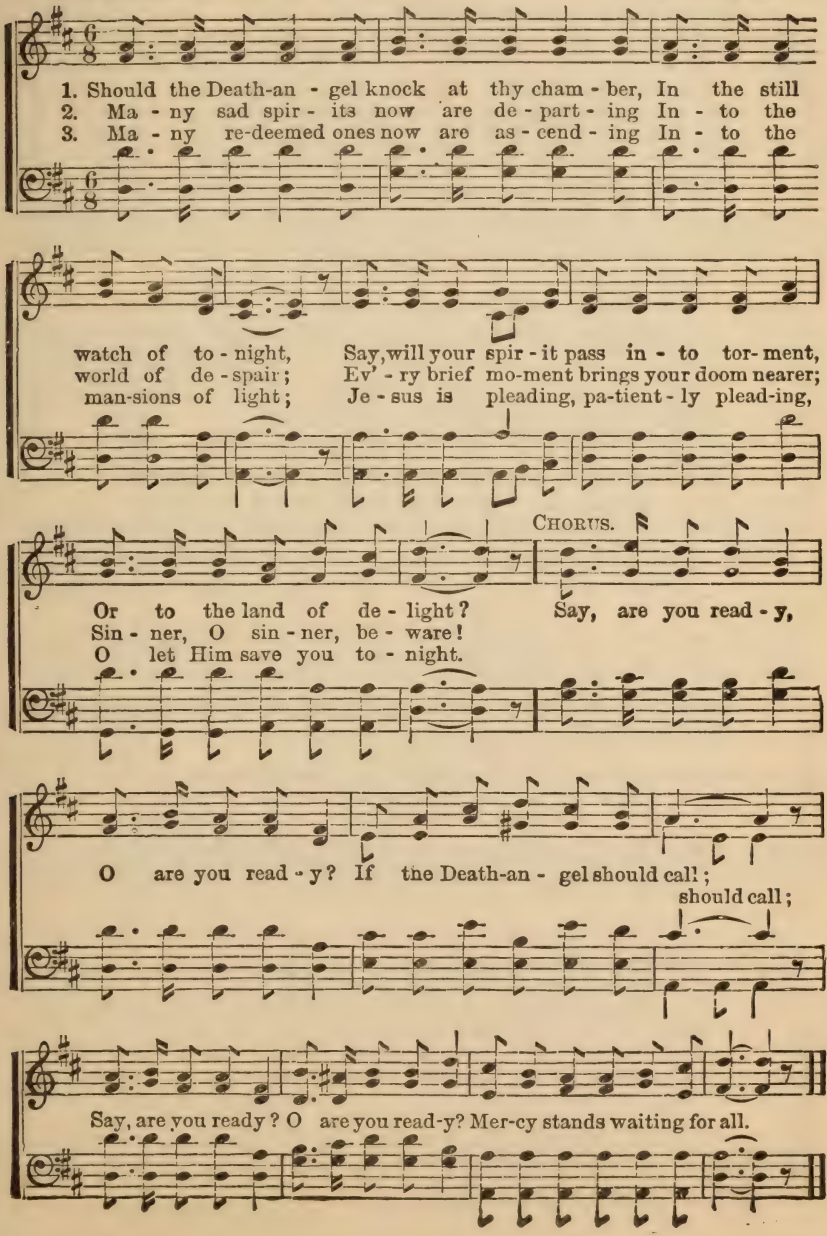
No. 213. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24 : 44.

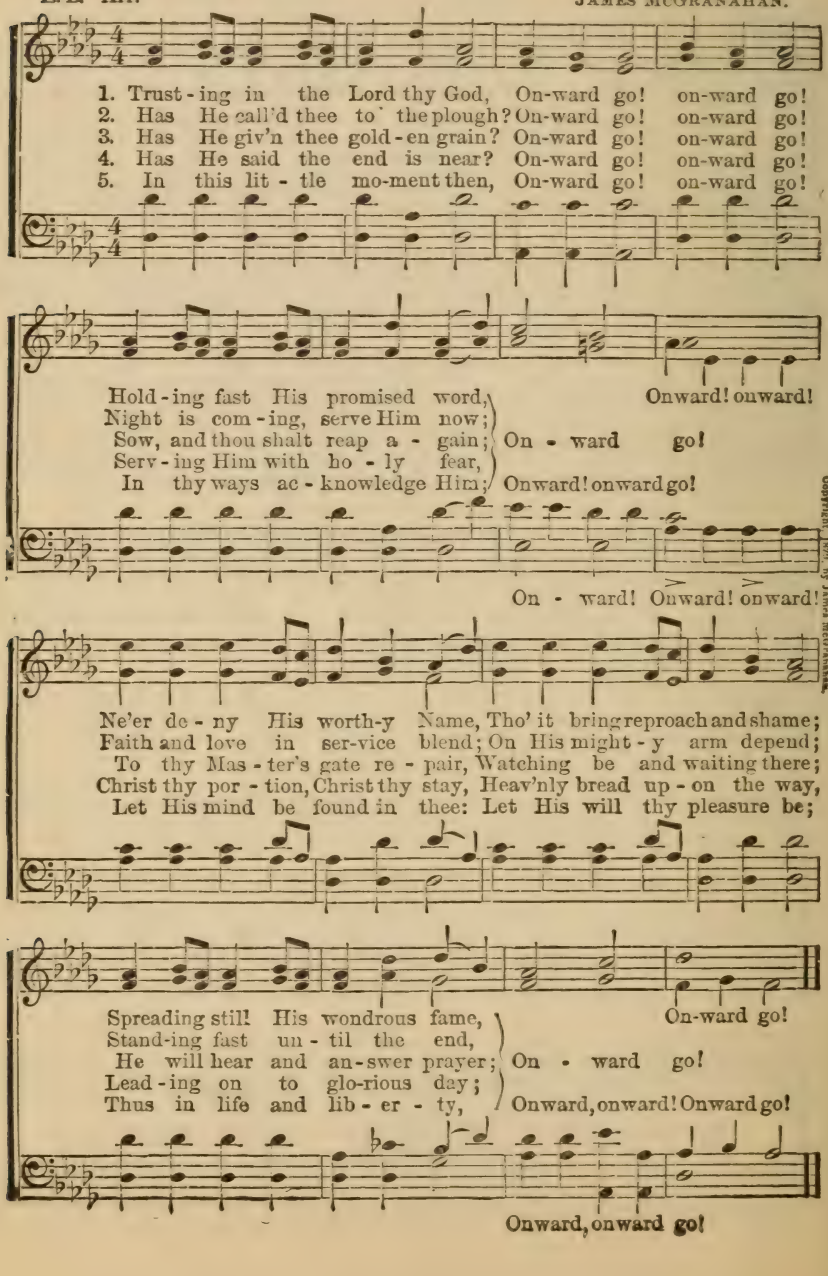
A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.


1. Should the Death-an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair; Ev' - ry brief mo-ment brings your doom nearer;
3. Ma - ny re-deemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa-tient - ly plead-ing,
CHORUS.
Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y,
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let Him save you to - night.
O are you read - y? If the Death-an - gel should call;
should call;
Say, are you ready? O are you read-y? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No. 214 Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Trust-ing in the Lord thy God, On-ward go! on-ward go!
2. Has He call'd thee to the plough? On-ward go! on-ward go!
3. Has He giv'n thee gold-en grain? On-ward go! on-ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On-ward go! on-ward go!
5. In this lit-tle mo-ment then, On-ward go! on-ward go!
Hold-ing fast His promised word, Onward! onward!
Night is com-ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a-gain; On-ward go!
Serv-ing Him with ho-ly fear,
In thy ways ac-knowledge Him; Onward! onward go!
On-ward! Onward! onward!
Ne'er de-ny His worth-y Name, Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Faith and love in ser-vice blend; On His might-y arm depend;
To thy Mas-ter's gate re-pair, Watching be and waiting there;
Christ thy por-tion, Christ thy stay, Heav'nly bread up-on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleasure be;
Spreading still His wondrous fame, On-ward go!
Stand-ing fast un-til the end,
He will hear and an-swer prayer; On-ward go!
Lead-ing on to glo-rious day;
Thus in life and lib-er-ty, Onward, onward! Onward go!
Onward, onward go!

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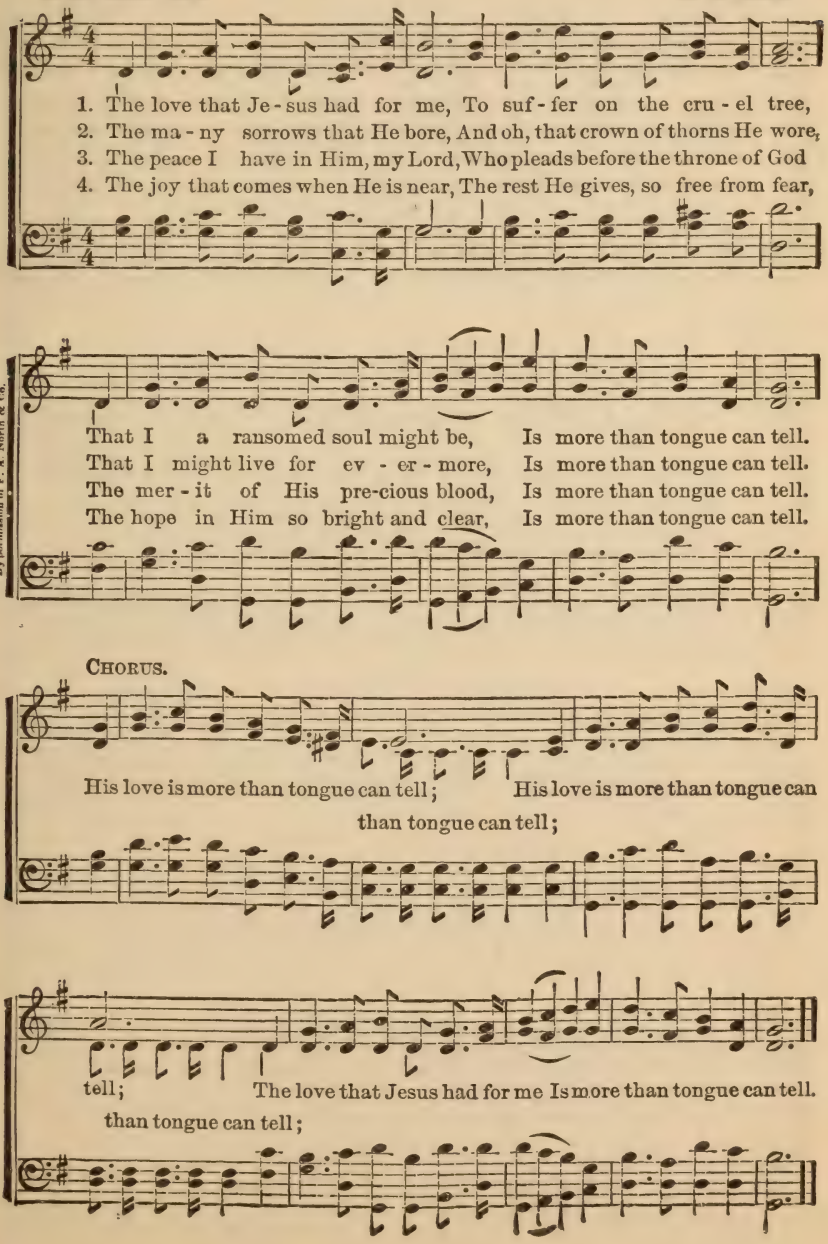
No. 215. More than Tongue can Tell.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 JOHN 15: 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr. J. E. HALL.

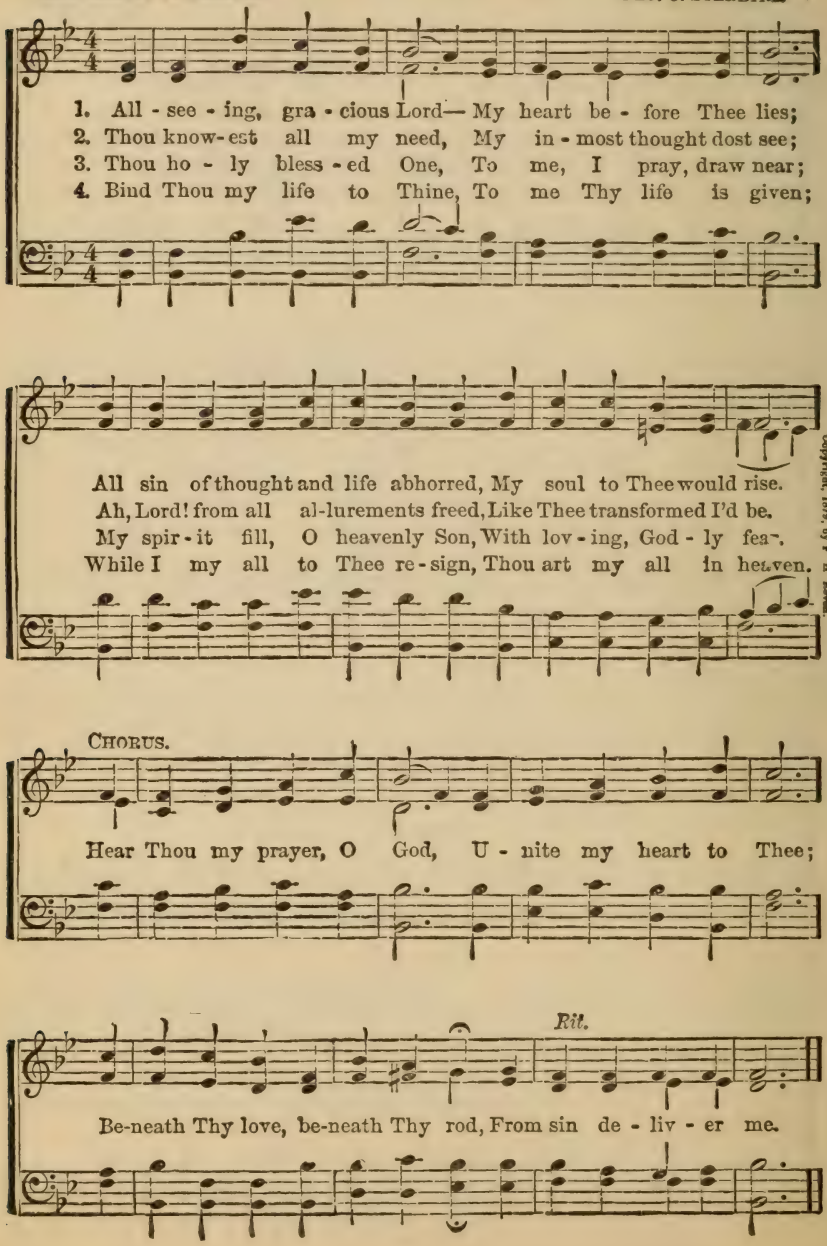

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The ma - ny sorrows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads before the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,
That I a ransomed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre-cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.
CHORUS.
His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can
than tongue can tell;
tell; The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.
than tongue can tell;

By permission of P. A. North & Co.

No. 216. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

Rev. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. All - see - ing, gra - cious Lord— My heart be - fore Thee lies;
2. Thou know-est all my need, My in - most thought dost see;
3. Thou ho - ly bless - ed One, To me, I pray, draw near;
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given;
All sin of thought and life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
Ah, Lord! from all al-lurements freed, Like Thee transformed I'd be.
My spir - it fill, O heavenly Son, With lov - ing, God - ly fear.
While I my all to Thee re - sign, Thou art my all in heaven.
CHORUS.
Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U - nite my heart to Thee;
Rit.
Be-neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.

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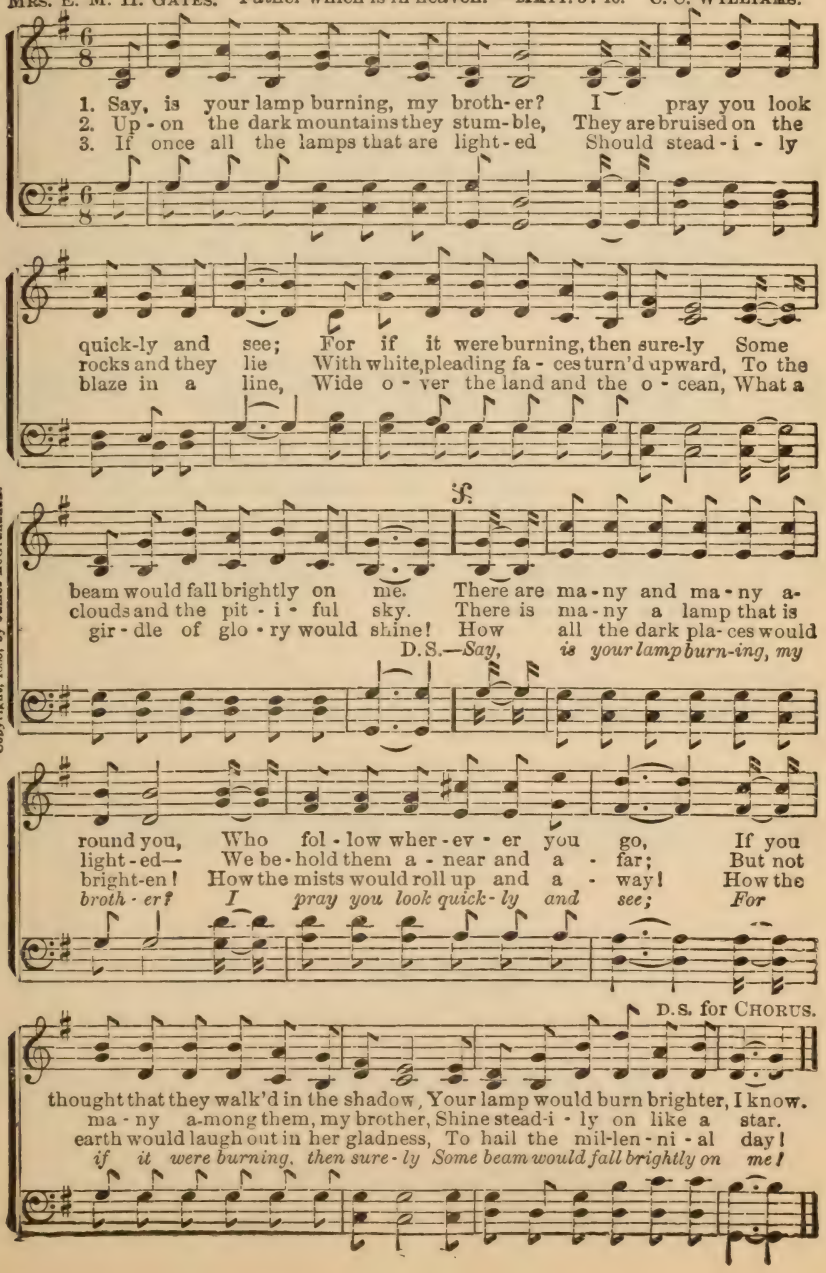
No. 217. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your
MRS. E. M. H. GATES. Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my broth-er? I pray you look
2. Up-on the dark mountains they stum-ble, They are bruised on the
3. If once all the lamps that are light-ed Should stead-i-ly
quick-ly and see; For if it were burning, then sure-ly Some
rocks and they lie With white, pleading fa-ces turn'd upward, To the
blaze in a line, Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean, What a
beam would fall brightly on me. There are ma-ny and ma-ny a-
clouds and the pit-i-ful sky. There is ma-ny a lamp that is
gir-dle of glo-ry would shine! How all the dark pla-ces would
D.S.—Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my
round you, Who fol-low wher-ev-er you go, If you
light-ed— We be-hold them a-near and a-far; But not
bright-en! How the mists would roll up and a-way! How the
broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For
thought that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
ma-ny a-mong them, my brother, Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the mil-len-ni-al day!
if it were burning, then sure-ly Some beam would fall brightly on me!

D.S. for CHORUS.

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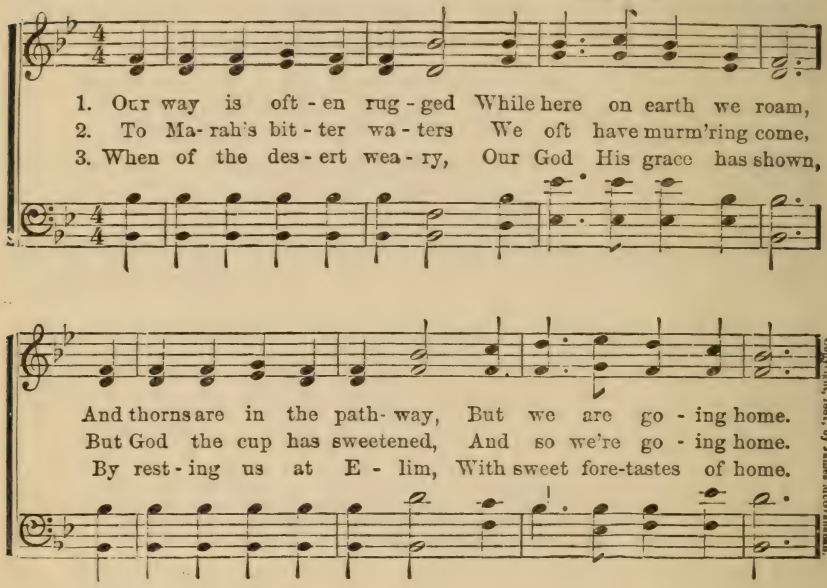
No. 218. We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 5: 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Our way is oft - en rug - ged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Ma- rah's bit - ter wa - ters We oft have murm'ring come,
3. When of the des - ert wea - ry, Our God His grace has shown,
And thorns are in the path- way, But we are go - ing home.
But God the cup has sweetened, And so we're go - ing home.
By rest - ing us at E - lim, With sweet fore-tastes of home.
CHORUS.
We're go - ing, go - ing,
go - ing, we are go - ing, Yes, we are go - ing home;
go- ing home;
We soon shall cross the riv - er, And be with Christ at home.

Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.

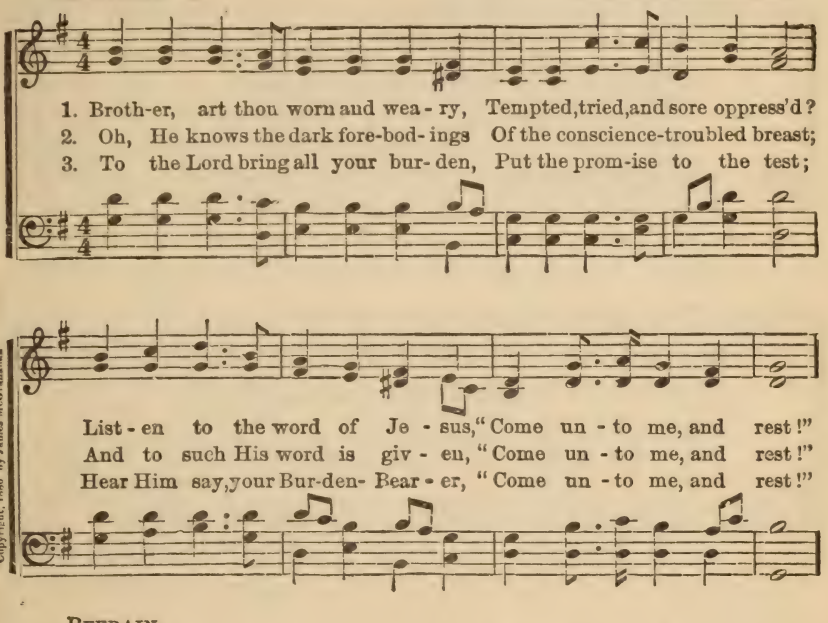
4 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;
But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley;
But all are going home.

No. 219. Come unto Me, and Rest.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Broth-er, art thou worn and wea - ry, Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod- ings Of the conscience-troubled breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your bur- den, Put the prom-ise to the test;
List - en to the word of Je - sus, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
And to such His word is giv - en, "Come un - to me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your Bur-den- Bear - er, "Come un - to me, and rest!"

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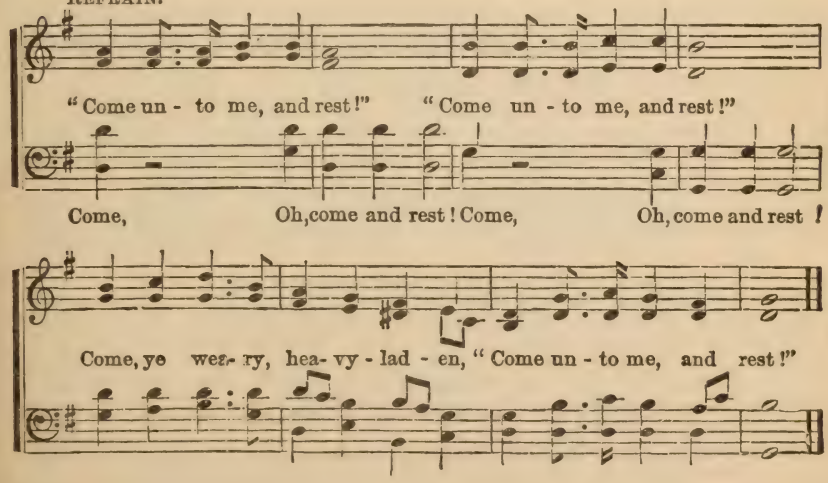

"Come un - to me, and rest!" "Come un - to me, and rest!"
Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!
Come, ye wea- ry, hea- vy - lad - en, "Come un - to me, and rest!"

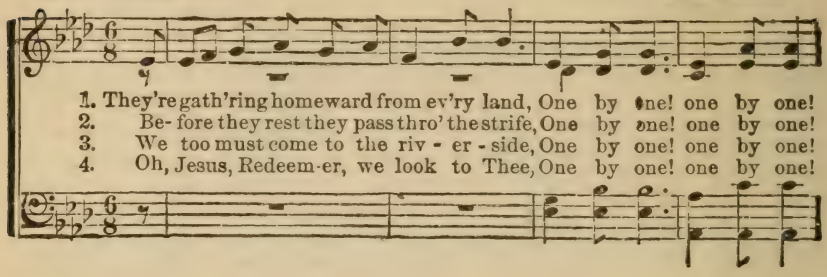
5 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

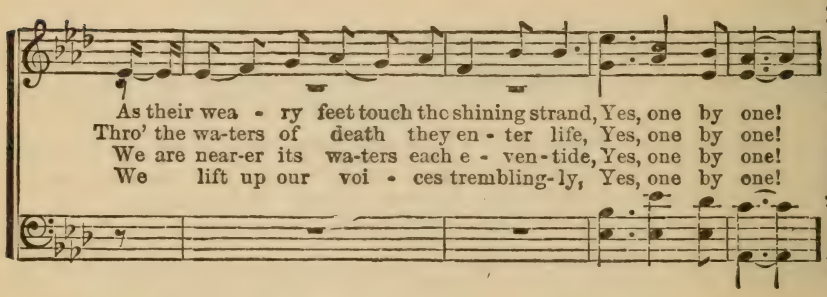
5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto me, and rest!"

No. 220. Gathering Home.

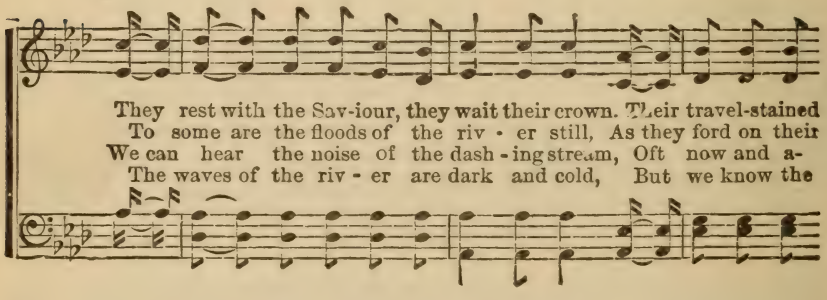
"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

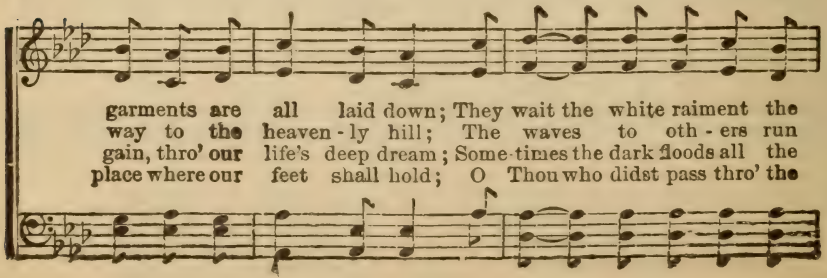
MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

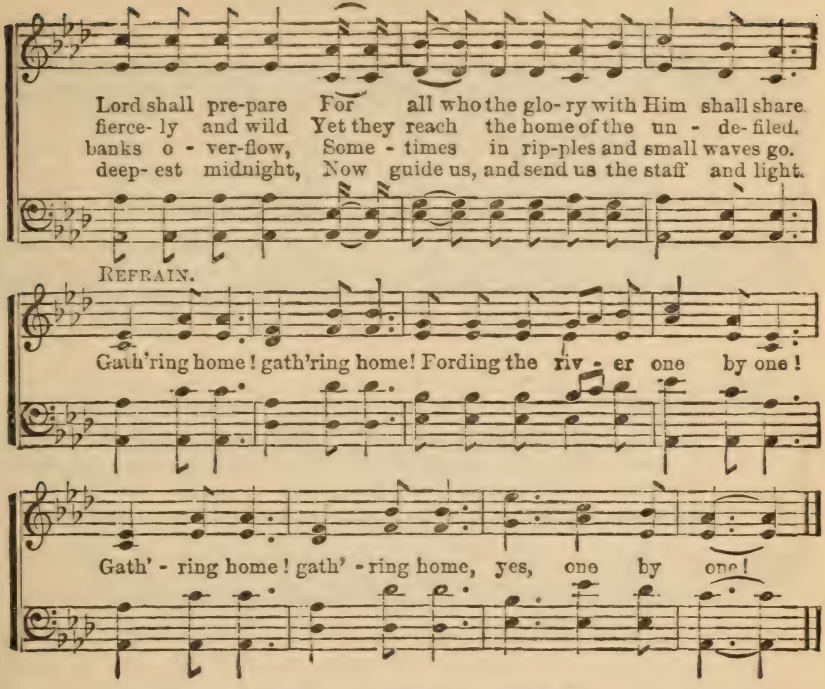

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. Be- fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one!
3. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
4. Oh, Jesus, Redeem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!


As their wea - ry feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one!
Thro' the wa-ters of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one!
We are near-er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voi - ces trembling-ly, Yes, one by one!

By permission, W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.


They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown. Their travel-stained
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their
We can hear the noise of the dash - ing stream, Oft now and a-
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the

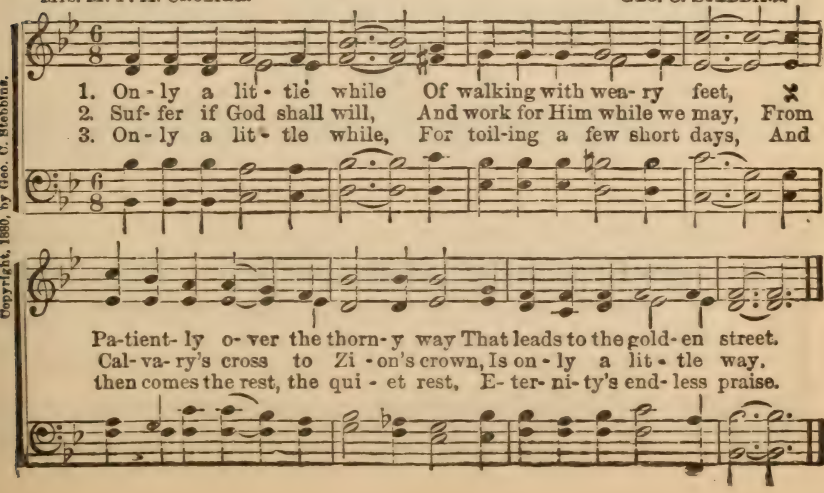

garments are all laid down; They wait the white raiment the
way to the heaven - ly hill; The waves to oth - ers run
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the
place where our feet shall hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the


Lord shall pre-pare For all who the glo-ry with Him shall share.
fierce-ly and wild Yet they reach the home of the un-de-filed.
banks o-ver-flow, Some-times in rip-ples and small waves go.
deep-est midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.
REFRAIN.
Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording the riv-er one by one!
Gath'-ring home! gath'-ring home, yes, one by one!

No. 221. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. On-ly a lit-tle while Of walking with wea-ry feet,
2. Suf-fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On-ly a lit-tle while, For toil-ing a few short days, And
Pa-tient-ly o-ver the thorn-y way That leads to the gold-en street.
Cal-va-ry's cross to Zi-on's crown, Is on-ly a lit-tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui-et rest, E-ter-ni-ty's end-less praise.

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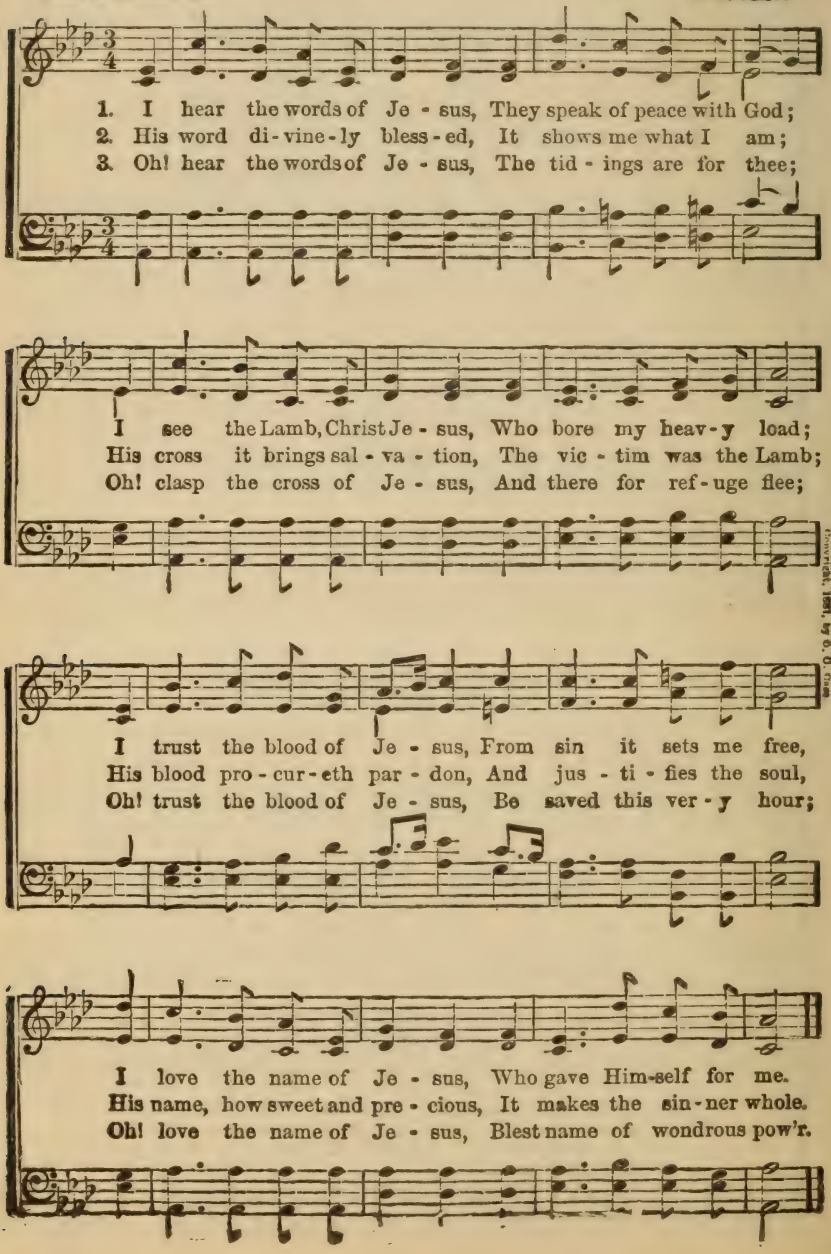
No. 222. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

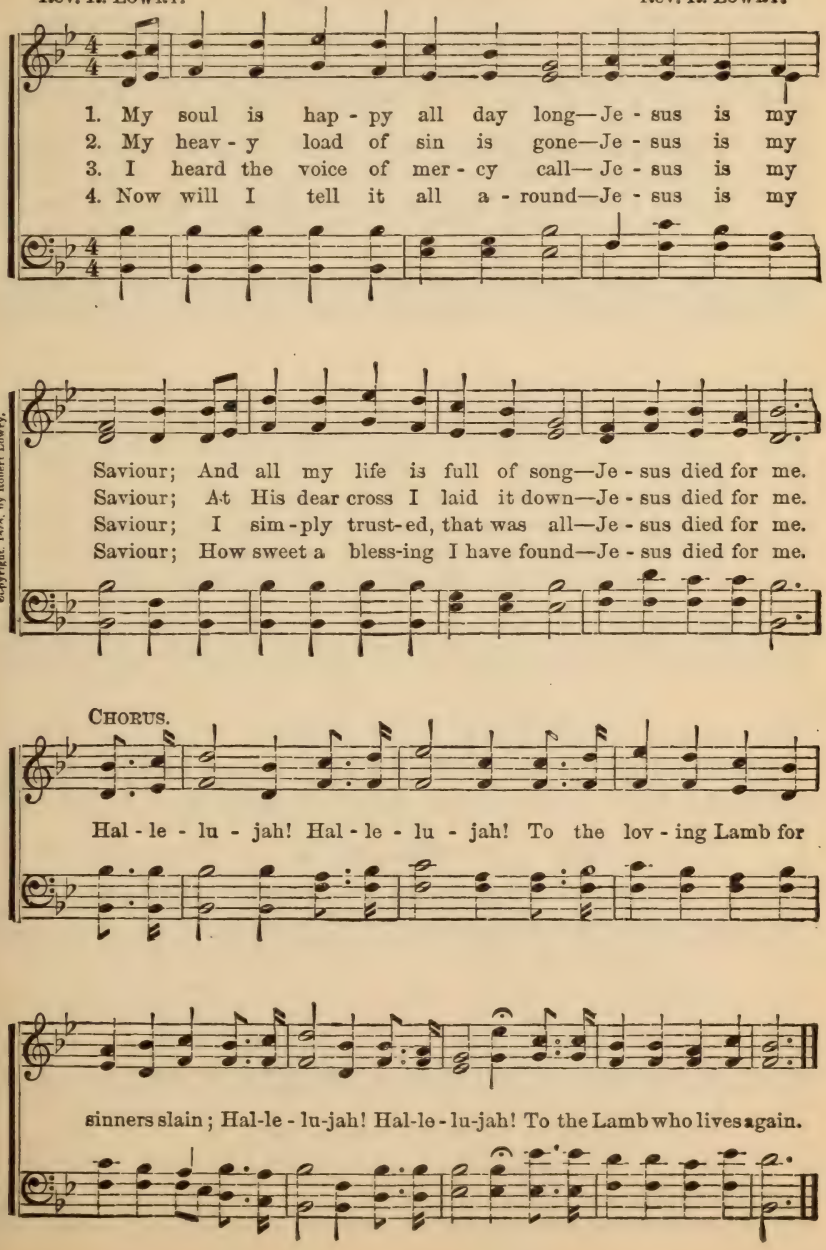

1. I hear the words of Je - sus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word di-vine-ly bless-ed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Je - sus, The tid - ings are for thee;
I see the Lamb, Christ Je - sus, Who bore my heav-y load;
His cross it brings sal - va - tion, The vic - tim was the Lamb;
Oh! clasp the cross of Je - sus, And there for ref-uge flee;
I trust the blood of Je - sus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And jus - ti - fies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be saved this ver - y hour;
I love the name of Je - sus, Who gave Him-self for me.
His name, how sweet and pre - cious, It makes the sin-ner whole.
Oh! love the name of Je - sus, Blest name of wondrous pow'r.

Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case.

No. 223. Jesus is My Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

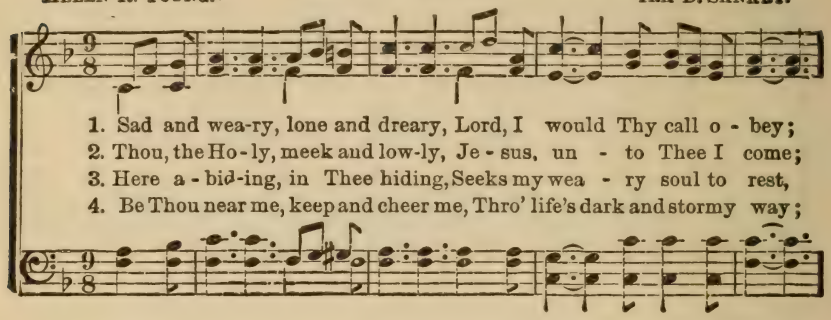

1. My soul is hap - py all day long—Je - sus is my
2. My heav - y load of sin is gone—Je - sus is my
3. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my
4. Now will I tell it all a - round—Je - sus is my
Saviour; And all my life is full of song—Je - sus died for me.
Saviour; At His dear cross I laid it down—Je - sus died for me.
Saviour; I sim - ply trust - ed, that was all—Je - sus died for me.
Saviour; How sweet a bless-ing I have found—Je - sus died for me.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! To the lov - ing Lamb for
sinners slain; Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! To the Lamb who lives again.

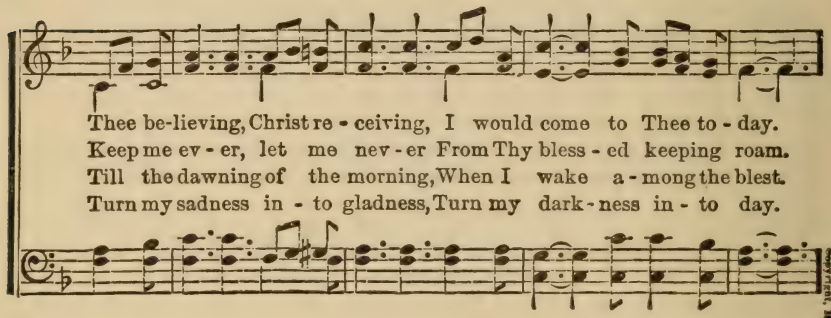
Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.

No. 224. I am Coming.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

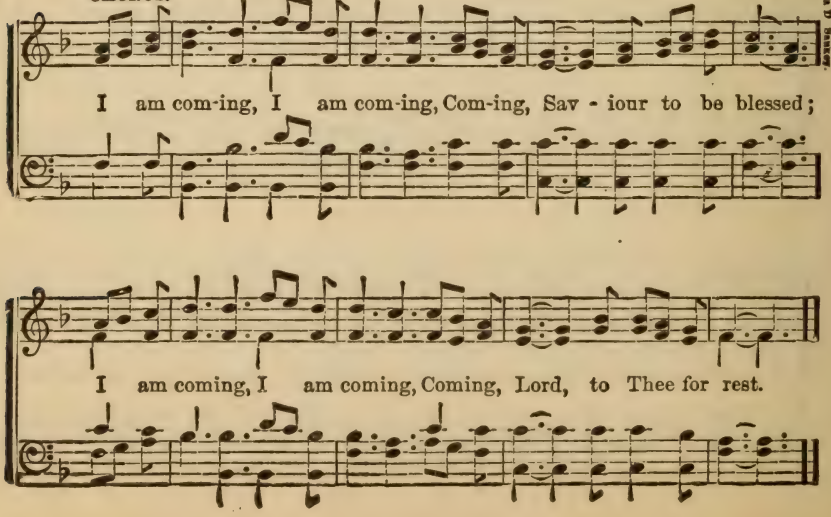
HELEN R. YOUNG. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek and low-ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a - bid-ing, in Thee hiding, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;


Thee be-lieving, Christ re - ceiving, I would come to Thee to - day.
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.
Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake a - mong the blest.
Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

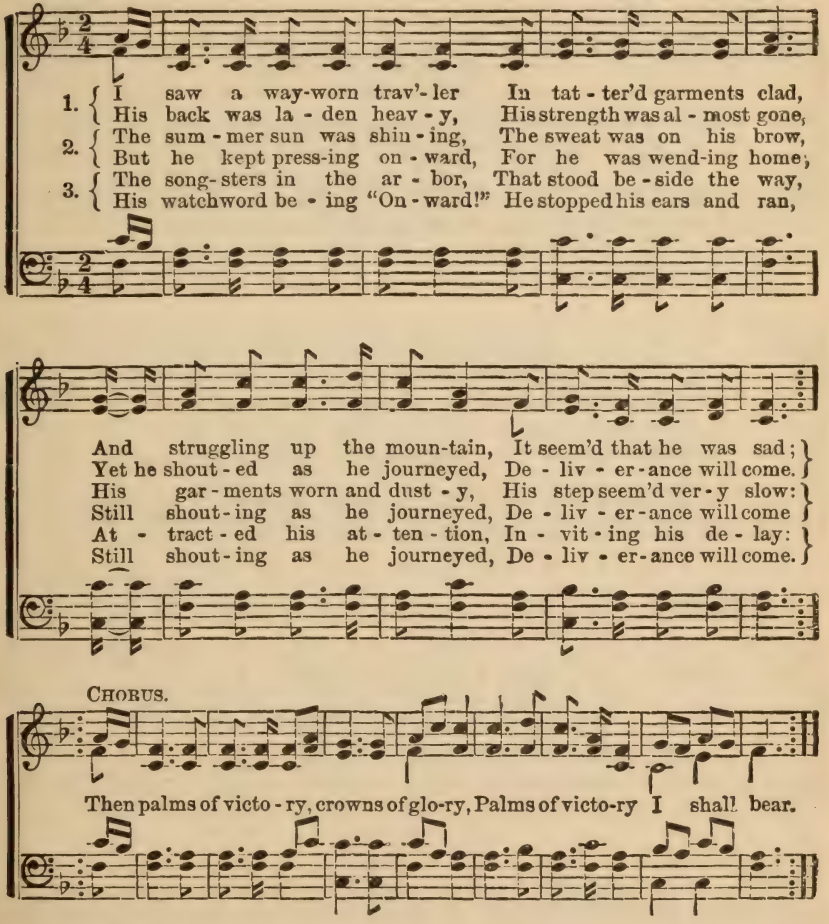
CHORUS.



No. 225. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1858.


1. I saw a way-worn trav'-ler In tat - ter'd garments clad,
His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on - ward, For he was wend-ing home;
3. The song-sters in the ar - bor, That stood be - side the way,
His watchword be - ing "On - ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
And struggling up the moun-tain, It seem'd that he was sad;
Yet he shout - ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come.
His gar - ments worn and dust - y, His step seem'd ver - y slow:
Still shout - ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come
At - tract - ed his at - ten - tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay:
Still shout - ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come.
CHORUS.
Then palms of victo - ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of victo-ry I shall bear.

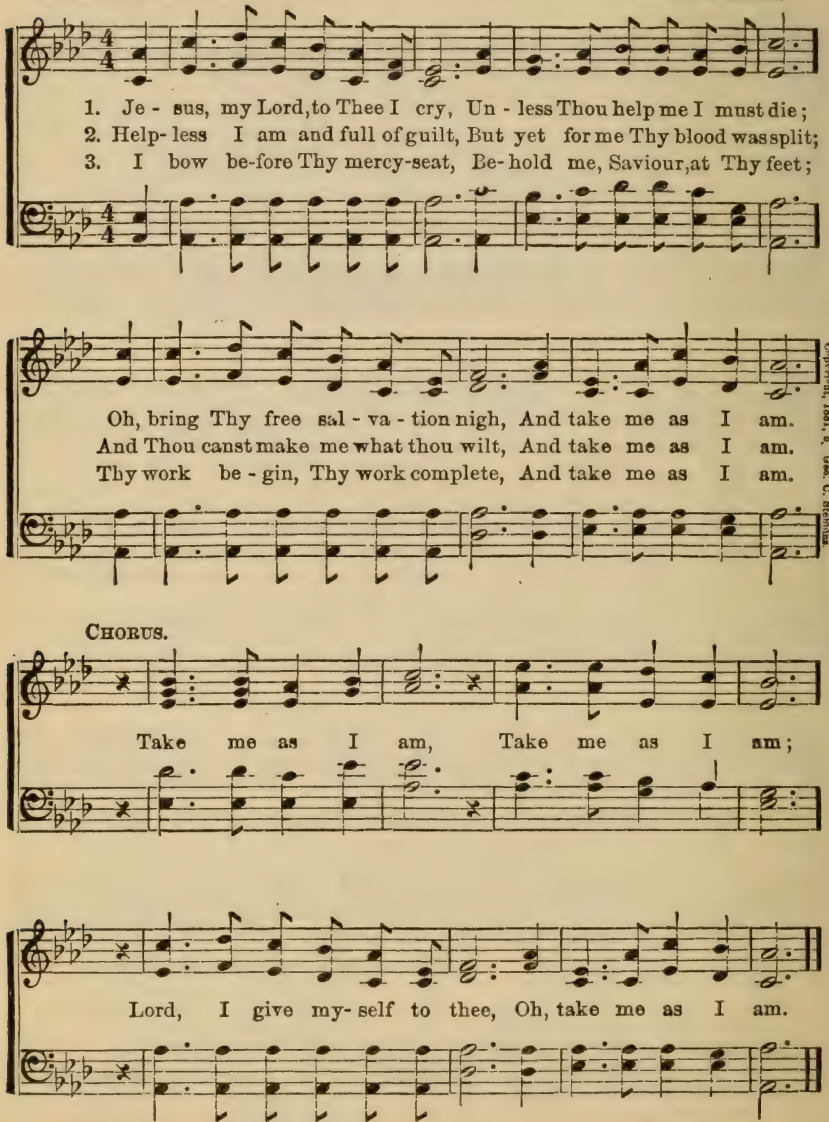
4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 226. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

ELIZA H. HAMLITON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help- less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was split;
3. I bow be-fore Thy mercy-seat, Be-hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
Copyright, 1891, by Geo. C. Stebbins
CHORUS.
Take me as I am, Take me as I am;
Lord, I give my- self to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

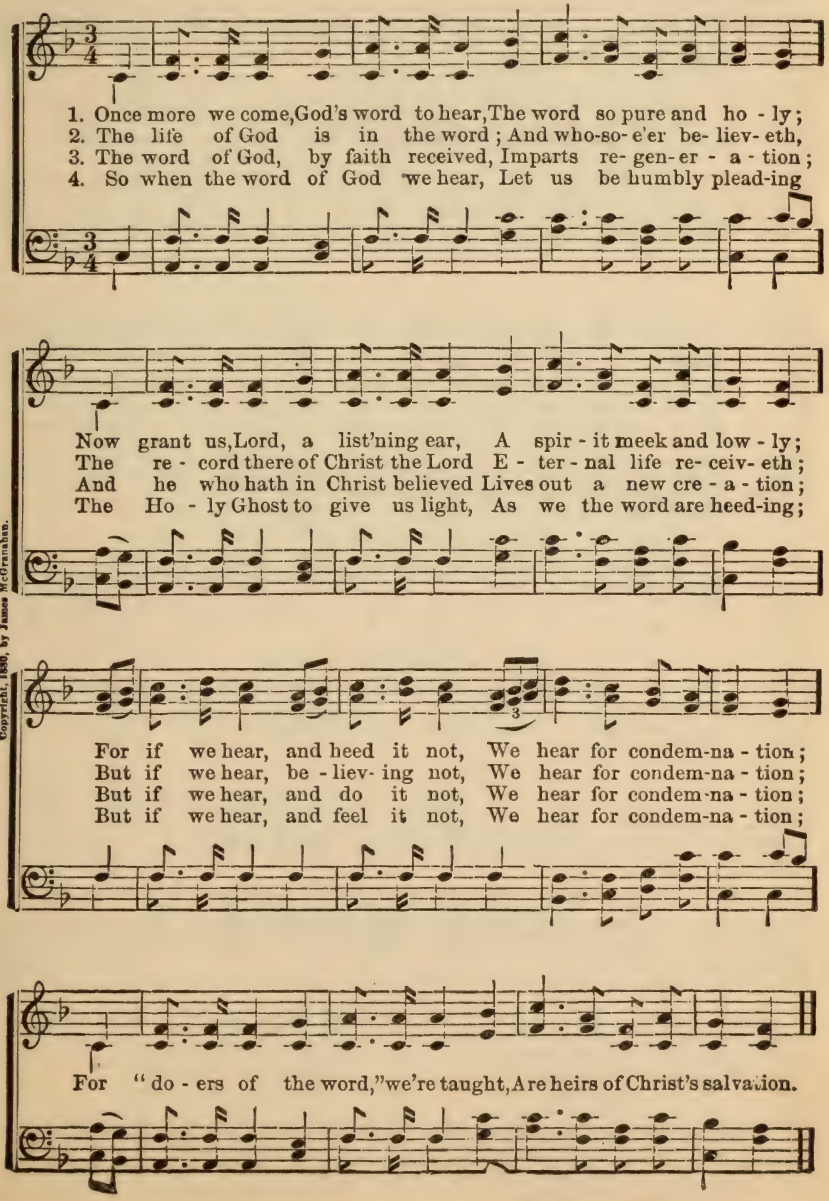
4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am.

No. 227. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES 1: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Once more we come, God's word to hear, The word so pure and ho - ly;
2. The life of God is in the word; And who-so-e'er be- liev- eth,
3. The word of God, by faith received, Imparts re- gen- er - a - tion;
4. So when the word of God we hear, Let us be humbly plead-ing
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear, A spir - it meek and low - ly;
The re - cord there of Christ the Lord E - ter - nal life re- ceiv- eth;
And he who hath in Christ believed Lives out a new cre - a - tion;
The Ho - ly Ghost to give us light, As we the word are heed-ing;
For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for condem-na - tion;
But if we hear, be - liev- ing not, We hear for condem-na - tion;
But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for condem-na - tion;
But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for condem-na - tion;
For "do - ers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

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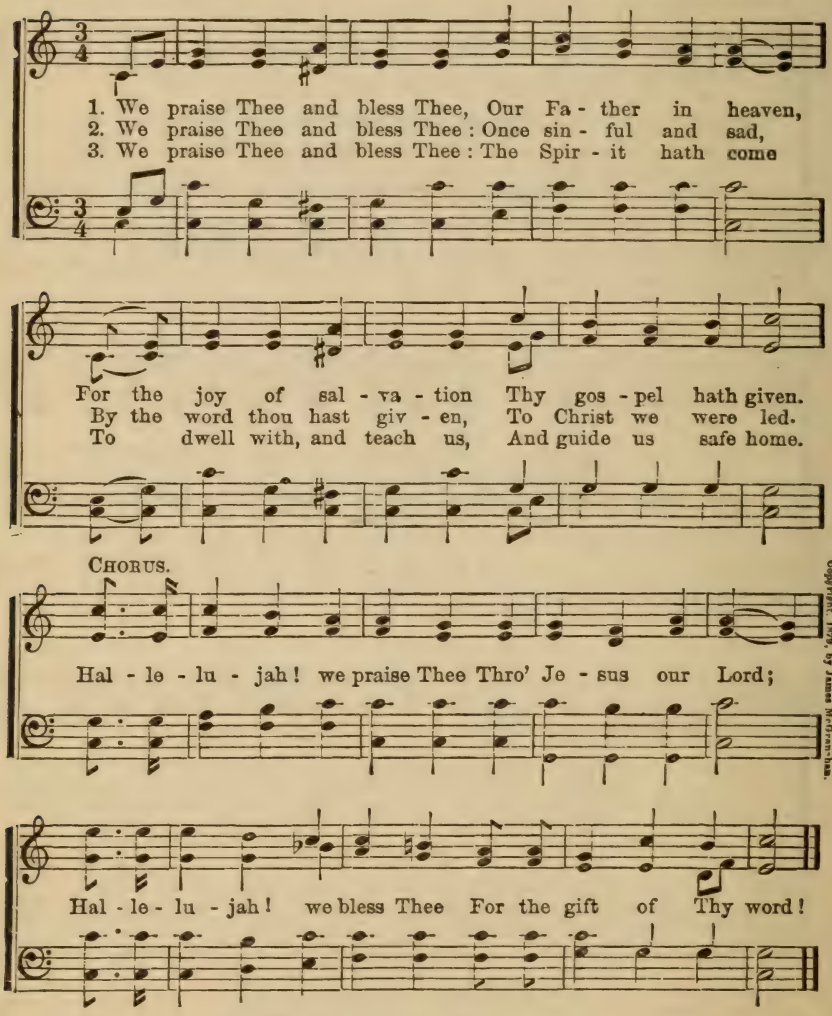
No. 228. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113: 1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Fa - ther in heaven,
2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sin - ful and sad,
3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spir - it hath come
For the joy of sal - va - tion Thy gos - pel hath given.
By the word thou hast giv - en, To Christ we were led.
To dwell with, and teach us, And guide us safe home.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! we praise Thee Thro' Je - sus our Lord;
Hal - le - lu - jah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

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4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee;
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

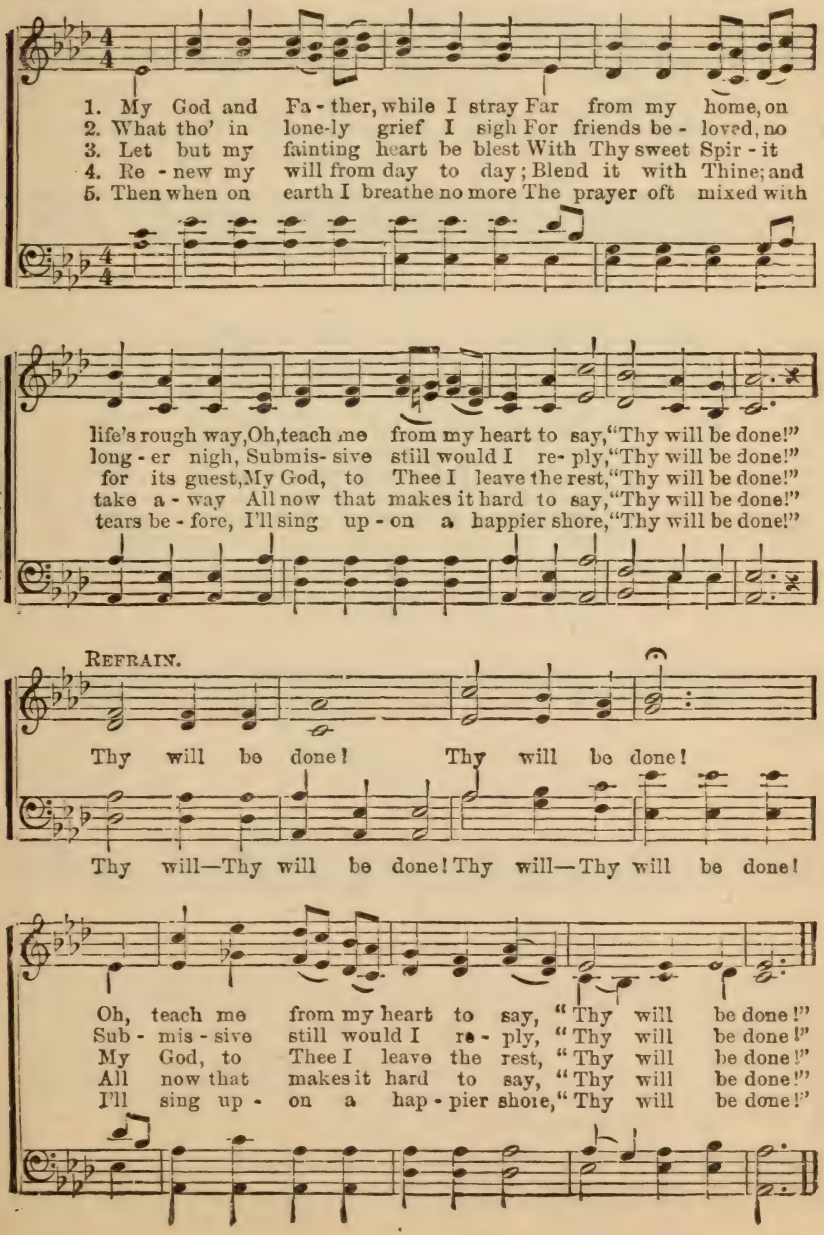
6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

No. 229. Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with
life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Submis- sive still would I re- ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"
REFRAIN.
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
Thy will—Thy will be done! Thy will—Thy will be done!
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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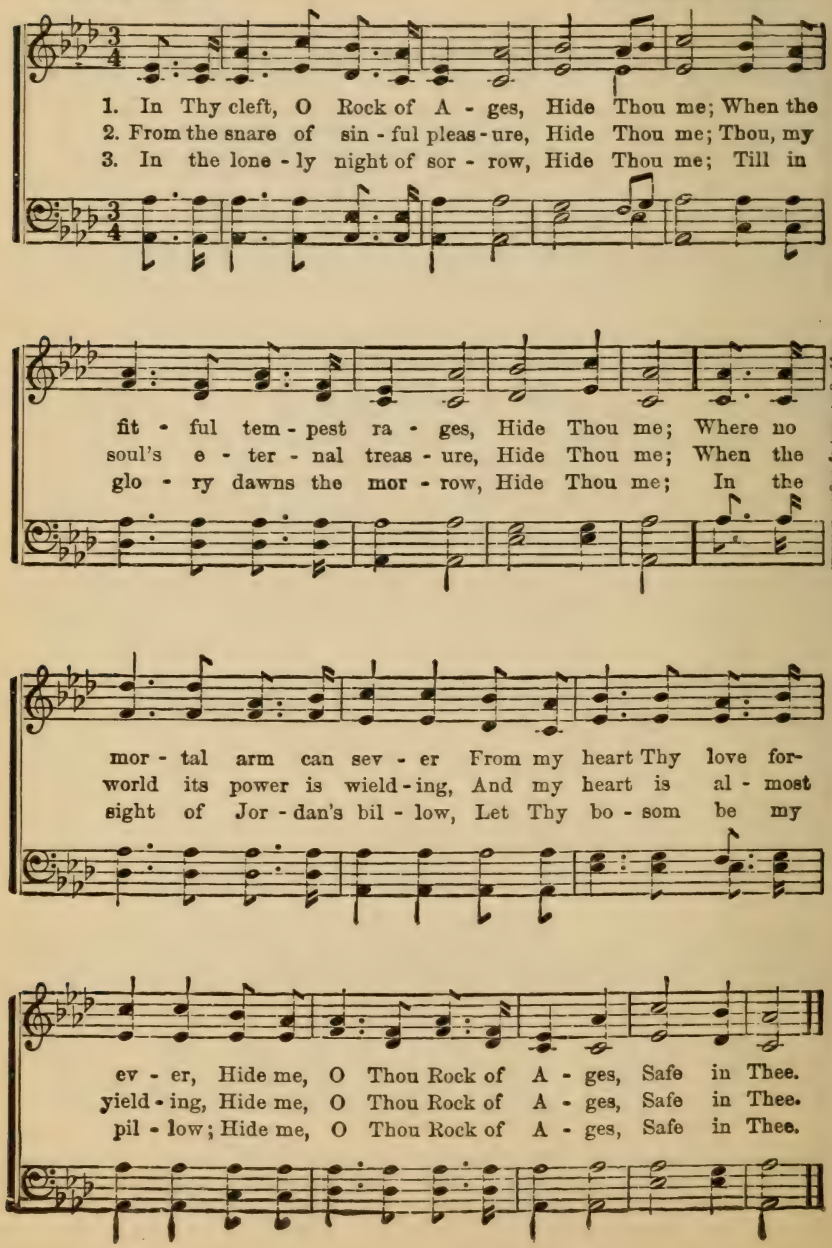
No. 230. Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in
fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the
glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the
mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for-
world its power is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my
ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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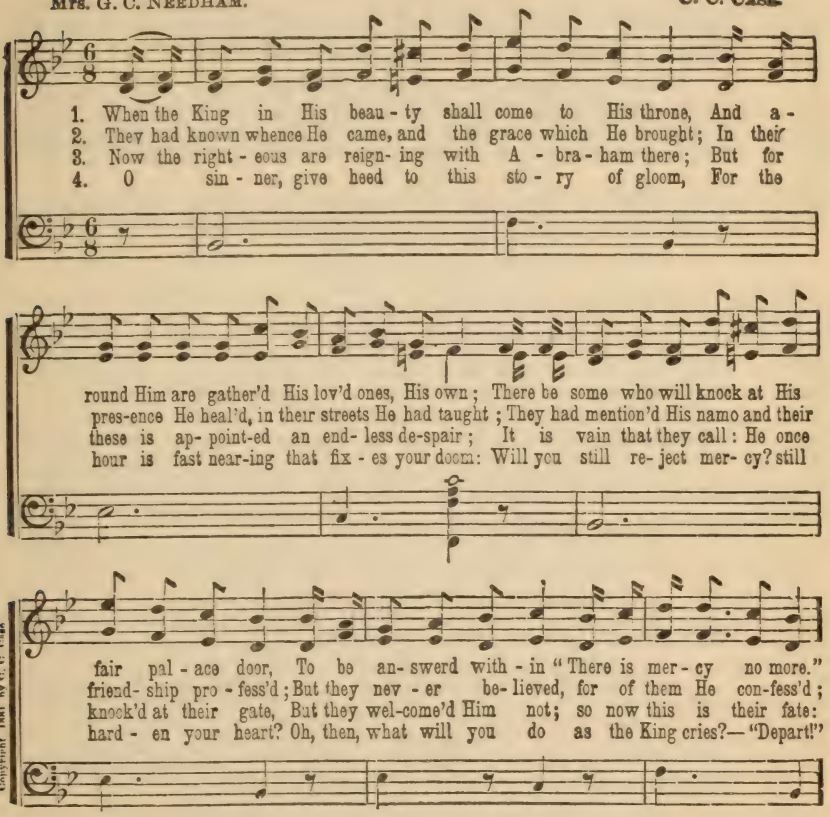
No. 231. I Never Knew You.

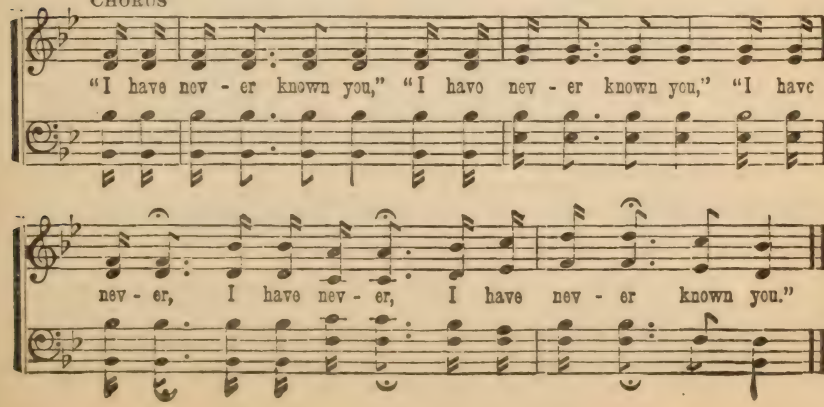
"I never knew you: depart from Me."—MATT. 7: 23.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.


1. When the King in His beau - ty shall come to His throne, And a -
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
3. Now the right - eous are reign - ing with A - bra - ham there; But for
4. O sin - ner, give heed to this sto - ry of gloom, For the
round Him are gather'd His lov'd ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His
pres-ence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their
these is ap- point-ed an end - less de-spair; It is vain that they call: He once
hour is fast near-ing that fix - es your doom: Will you still re- ject mer - cy? still
fair pal - ace door, To be an- swerd with - in "There is mer - cy no more."
friend- ship pro - fess'd; But they nev - er be- lieved, for of them He con-fess'd;
knock'd at their gate, But they wel-come'd Him not; so now this is their fate:
hard - en your heart? Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

Copyright 1881 by C. C. Case.

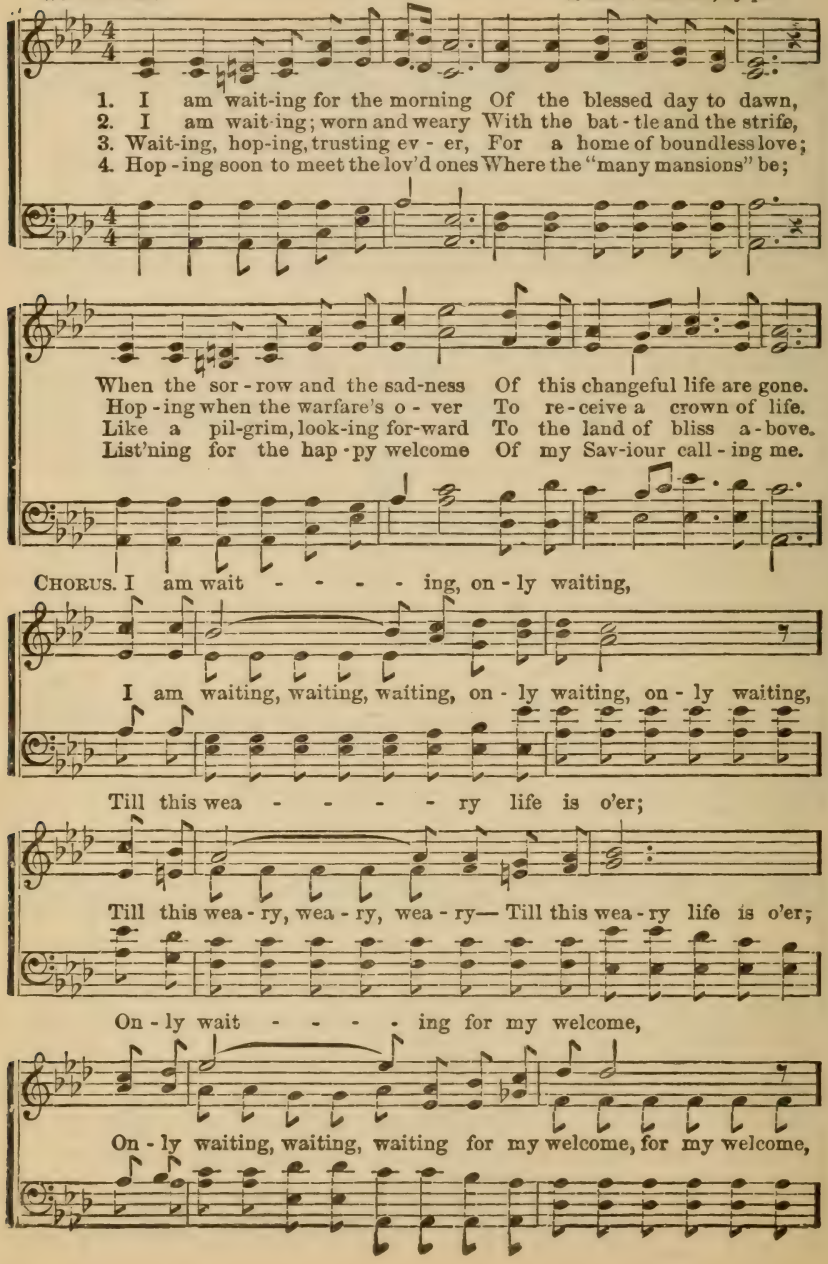
CHORUS

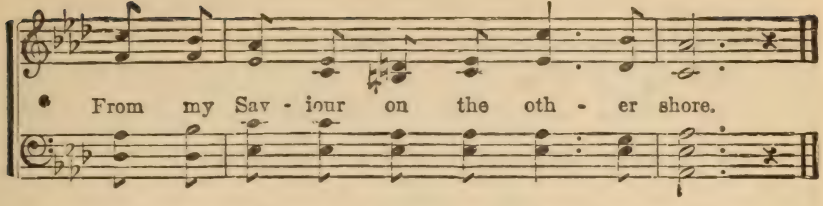


No. 232. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3: 5.

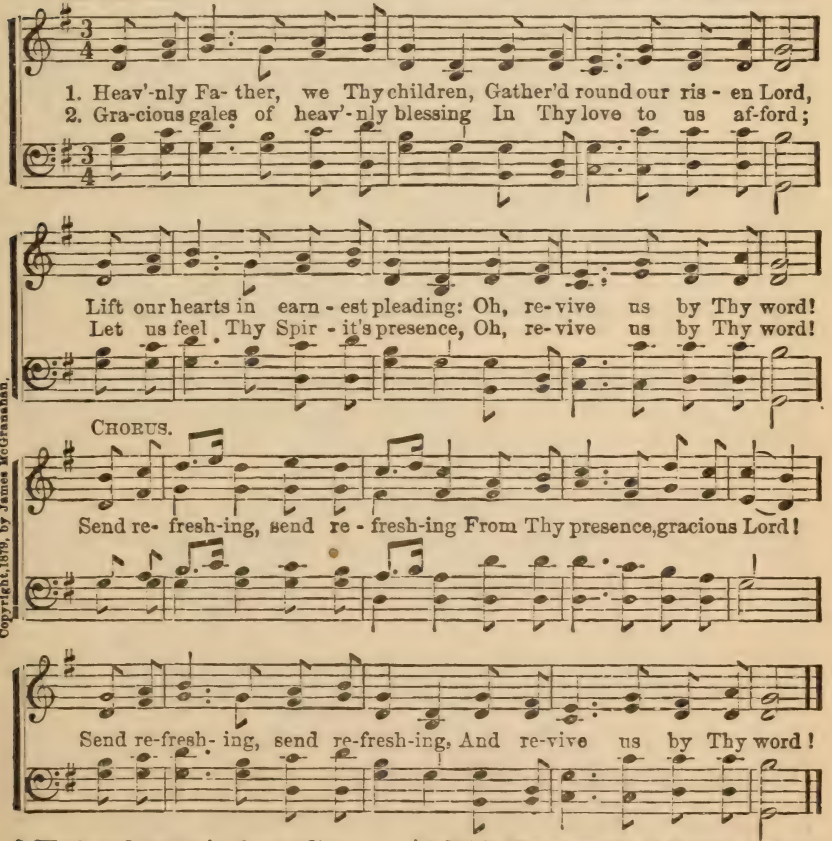
W. G. Irvin. J. H. Fillmore, by per.


1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing; worn and weary With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trusting ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "many mansions" be;
When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop-ing when the warfare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
List'ning for the hap-py welcome Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.
Chorus. I am wait - - - - ing, on-ly waiting,
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on-ly waiting, on-ly waiting,
Till this wea - - - - ry life is o'er;
Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry— Till this wea-ry life is o'er;
On-ly wait - - - - ing for my welcome,
On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,



No. 233. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Heav'-nly Fa- ther, we Thy children, Gather'd round our ris - en Lord,
2. Gra-cious gales of heav'-nly blessing In Thy love to us af-ford;
Lift our hearts in earn - est pleading: Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!
Let us feel Thy Spir - it's presence, Oh, re-vive us by Thy word!
CHORUS.
Send re- fresh-ing, send re - fresh-ing From Thy presence, gracious Lord!
Send re-fresh- ing, send re-fresh-ing, And re-vive us by Thy word!

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3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

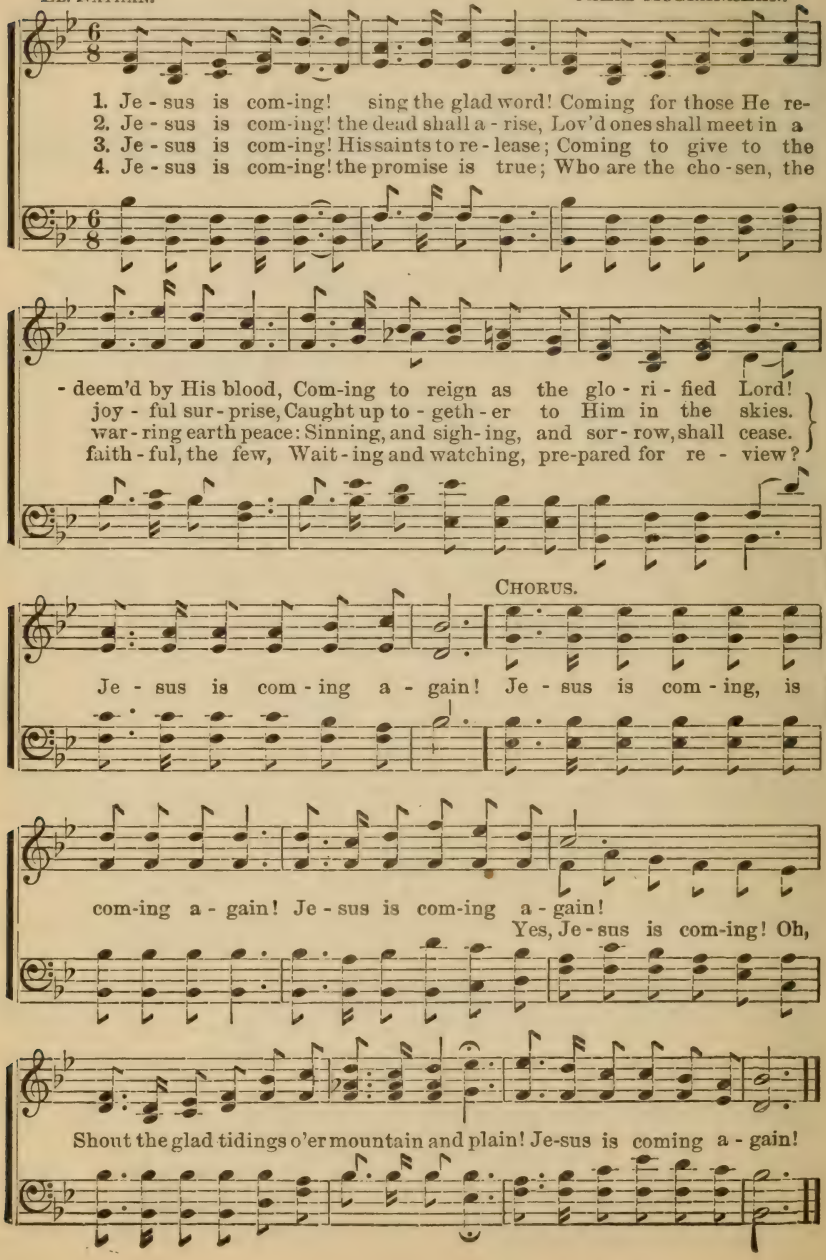
4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us:
Be our Guide and be our Guard:
Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

No. 234.

Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Je - sus is com-ing! sing the glad word! Coming for those He re-
2. Je - sus is com-ing! the dead shall a - rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a
3. Je - sus is com-ing! His saints to re - lease; Coming to give to the
4. Je - sus is com-ing! the promise is true; Who are the cho - sen, the
- deem'd by His blood, Com-ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!
joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies.
war - ring earth peace: Sinning, and sigh - ing, and sor - row, shall cease.
faith - ful, the few, Wait - ing and watching, pre-pared for re - view?
CHORUS.
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is
com-ing a - gain! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is com-ing! Oh,
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je-sus is coming a - gain!

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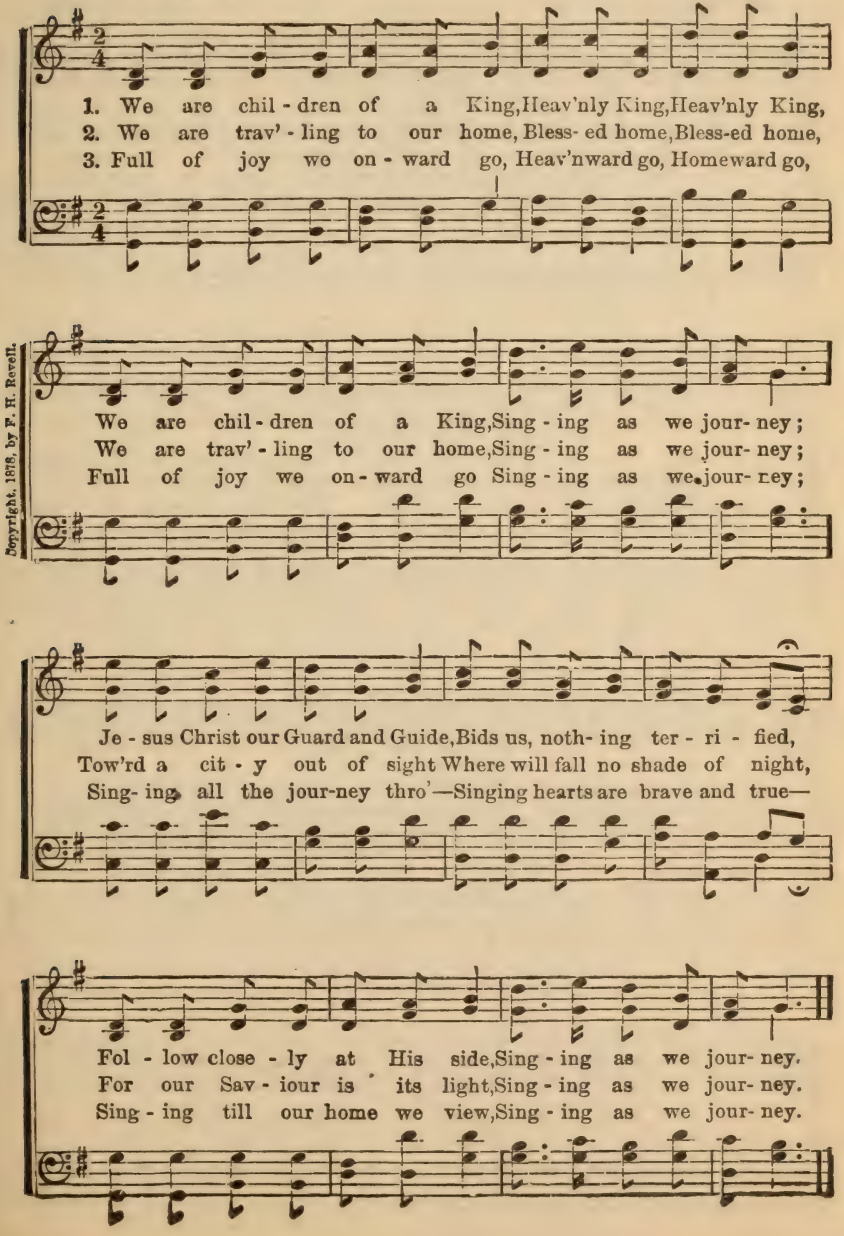
No. 235. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER


1. We are chil - dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King,
2. We are trav' - ling to our home, Bless- ed home, Bless-ed home,
3. Full of joy we on - ward go, Heav'nward go, Homeward go,
We are chil - dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour- ney;
We are trav' - ling to our home, Sing - ing as we jour- ney;
Full of joy we on - ward go Sing - ing as we jour- ney;
Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth- ing ter - ri - fied,
Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing- ing all the jour-ney thro'—Singing hearts are brave and true—
Fol - low close - ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.
For our Sav - iour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.
Sing - ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.

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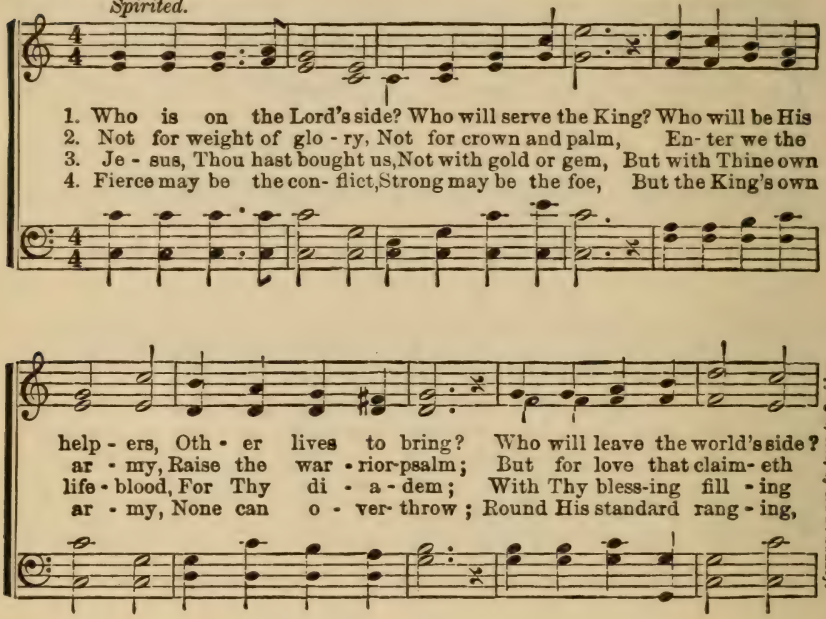
No. 236. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 Chron. 12: 18.

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

Spirited.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En- ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con- flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
ar - my, Raise the war - rior-psalm; But for love that claim- eth
life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless-ing fill - ing
ar - my, None can o - ver- throw; Round His standard rang - ing,
Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nam- eth Must be on His side.
All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
Vic- t'ry is se- cure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.

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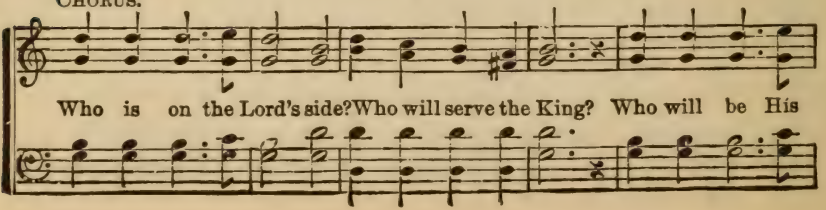
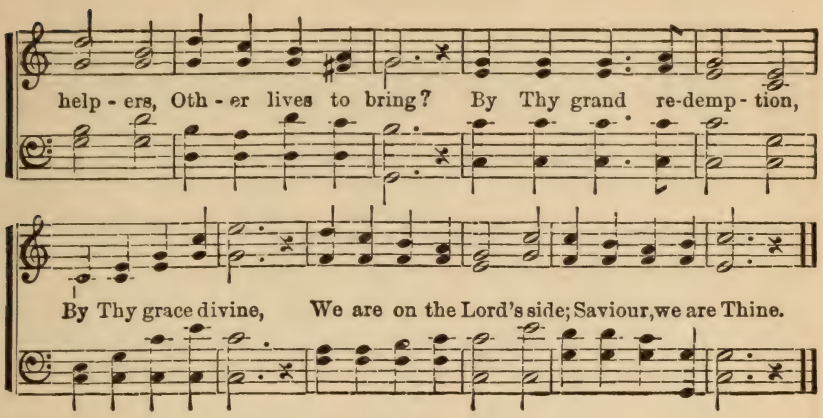
Chorus.

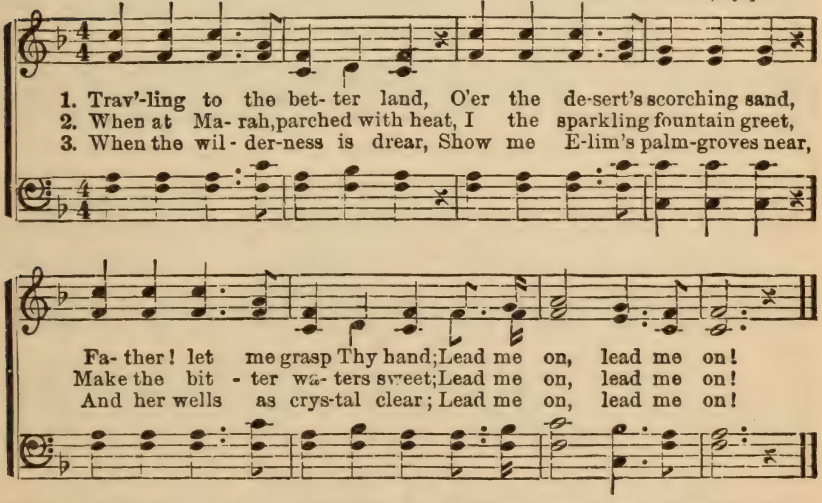




No. 237. Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.


1. Trav'-ling to the bet- ter land, O'er the de-sert's scorching sand,
2. When at Ma- rah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
3. When the wil - der-ness is drear, Show me E-lim's palm-groves near,
Fa- ther! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!
Make the bit - ter wa- ters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
And her wells as crys-tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

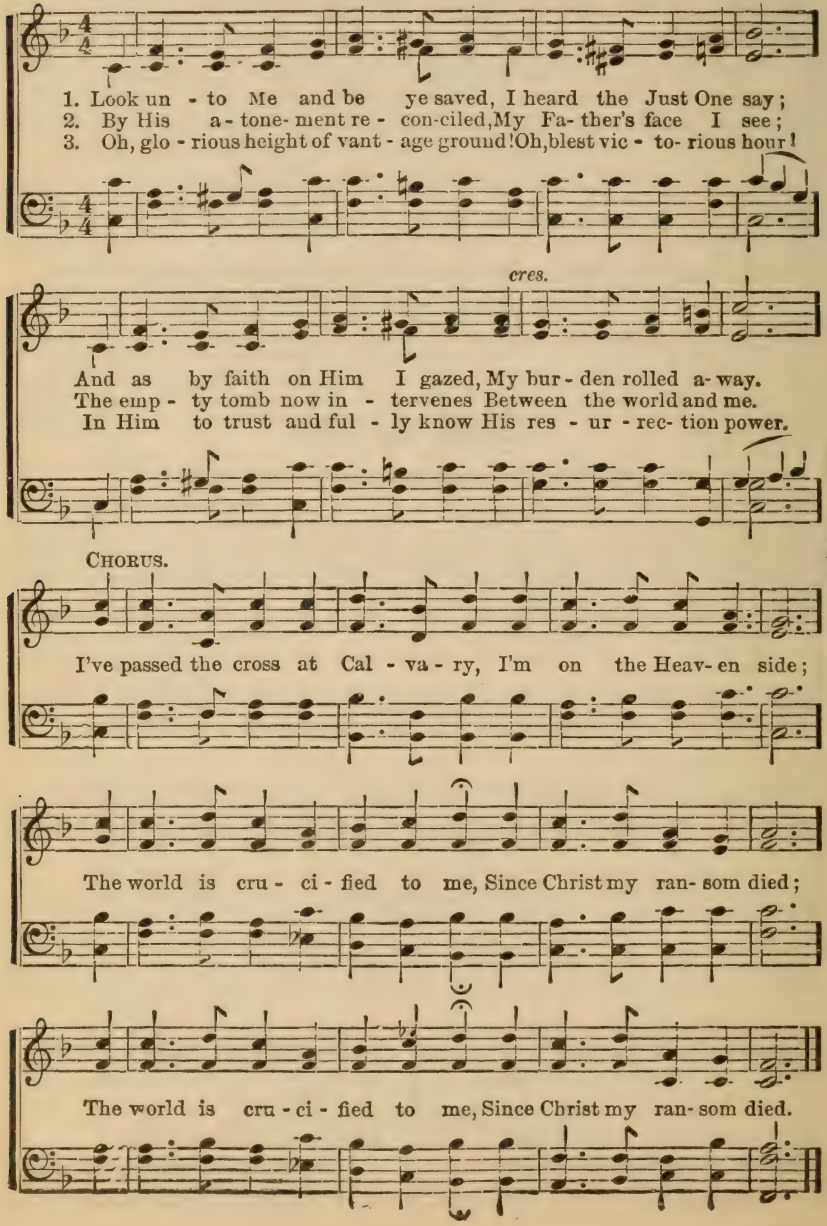
6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on

No. 238. I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5: 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Look un - to Me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say;
2. By His a - tone- ment re - con-ciled, My Fa- ther's face I see;
3. Oh, glo - rious height of vant - age ground! Oh, blest vic - to- rious hour!
cres.
And as by faith on Him I gazed, My bur - den rolled a- way.
The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Between the world and me.
In Him to trust and ful - ly know His res - ur - rec- tion power.
CHORUS.
I've passed the cross at Cal - va - ry, I'm on the Heav- en side;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran- som died;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran- som died.

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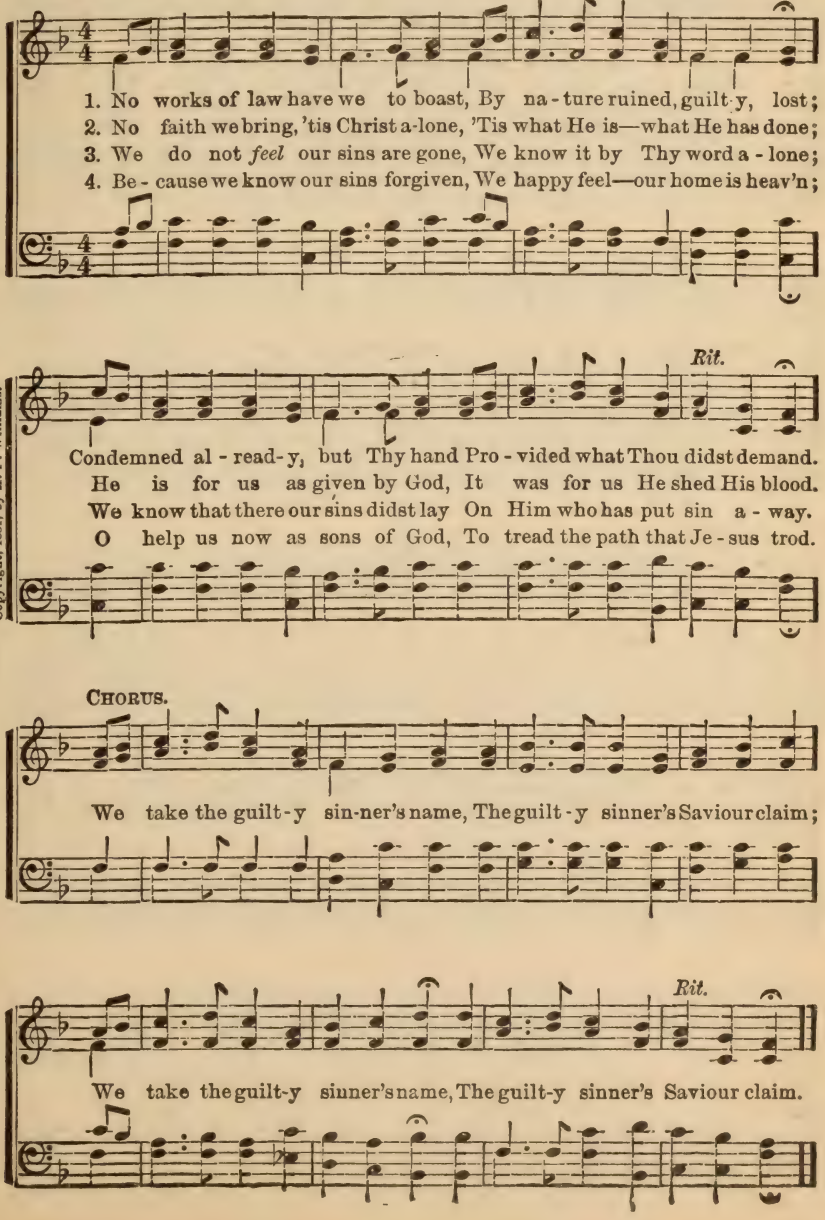
No. 239. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5: 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.


1. No works of law have we to boast, By na - ture ruined, guilt - y, lost;
2. No faith we bring, 'tis Christ a-lone, 'Tis what He is—what He has done;
3. We do not *feel* our sins are gone, We know it by Thy word a - lone;
4. Be - cause we know our sins forgiven, We happy feel—our home is heav'n;
Rit.
Condemned al - read - y, but Thy hand Pro - vided what Thou didst demand.
He is for us as given by God, It was for us He shed His blood.
We know that there our sins didst lay On Him who has put sin a - way.
O help us now as sons of God, To tread the path that Je - sus trod.
CHORUS.
We take the guilt - y sin-ner's name, The guilt - y sinner's Saviour claim;
Rit.
We take the guilt-y sinner's name, The guilt-y sinner's Saviour claim.

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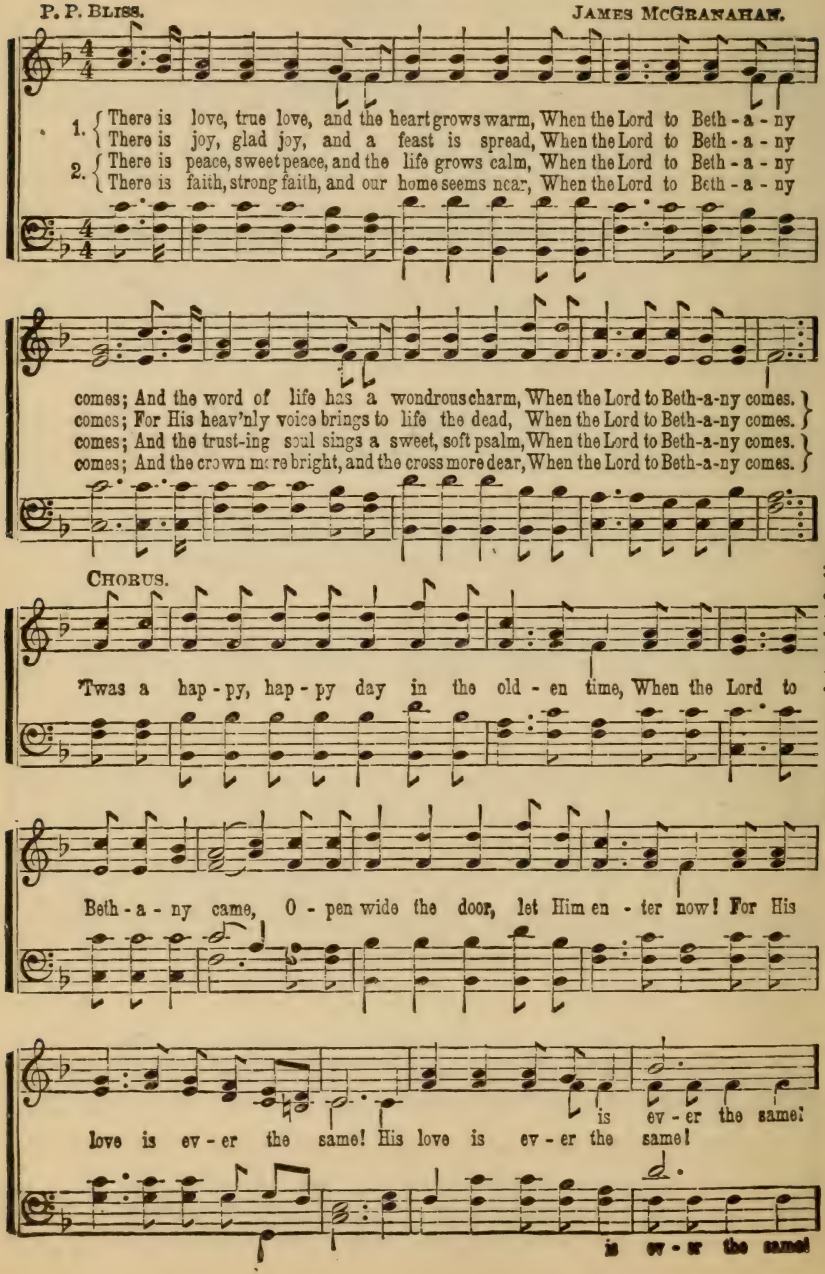
No. 240. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—JOHN 12: 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes; And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes; For His heav'nly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
2. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes; And the trust-ing soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes; And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
CHORUS.
'Twas a hap - py, hap - py day in the old - en time, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny came, O - pen wide the door, let Him en - ter now! For His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same!

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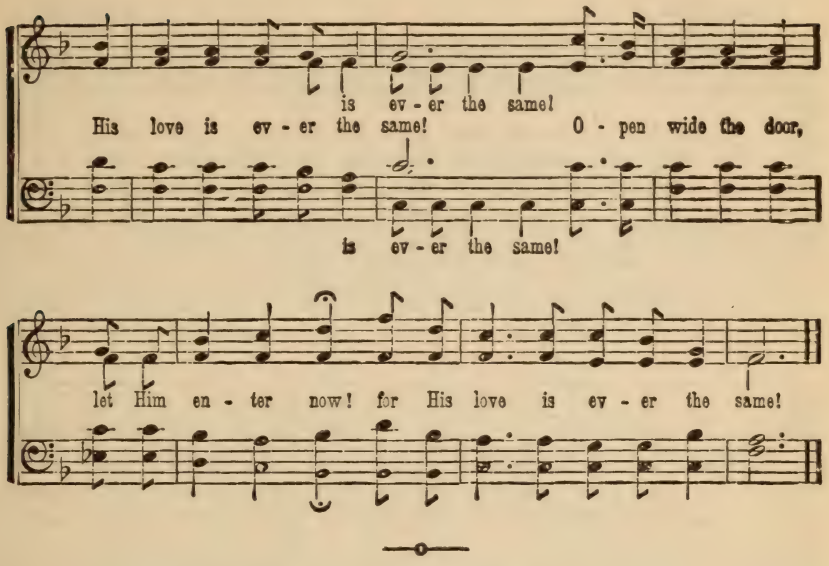
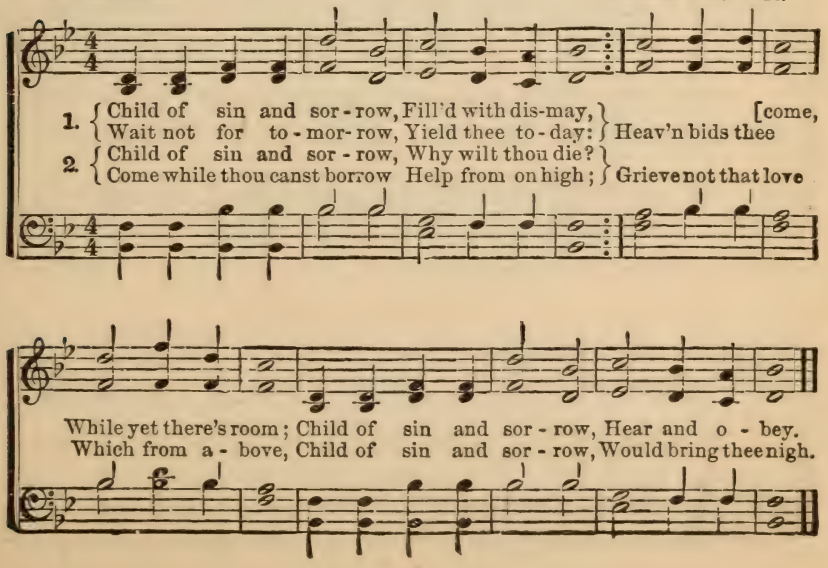

No. 241. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

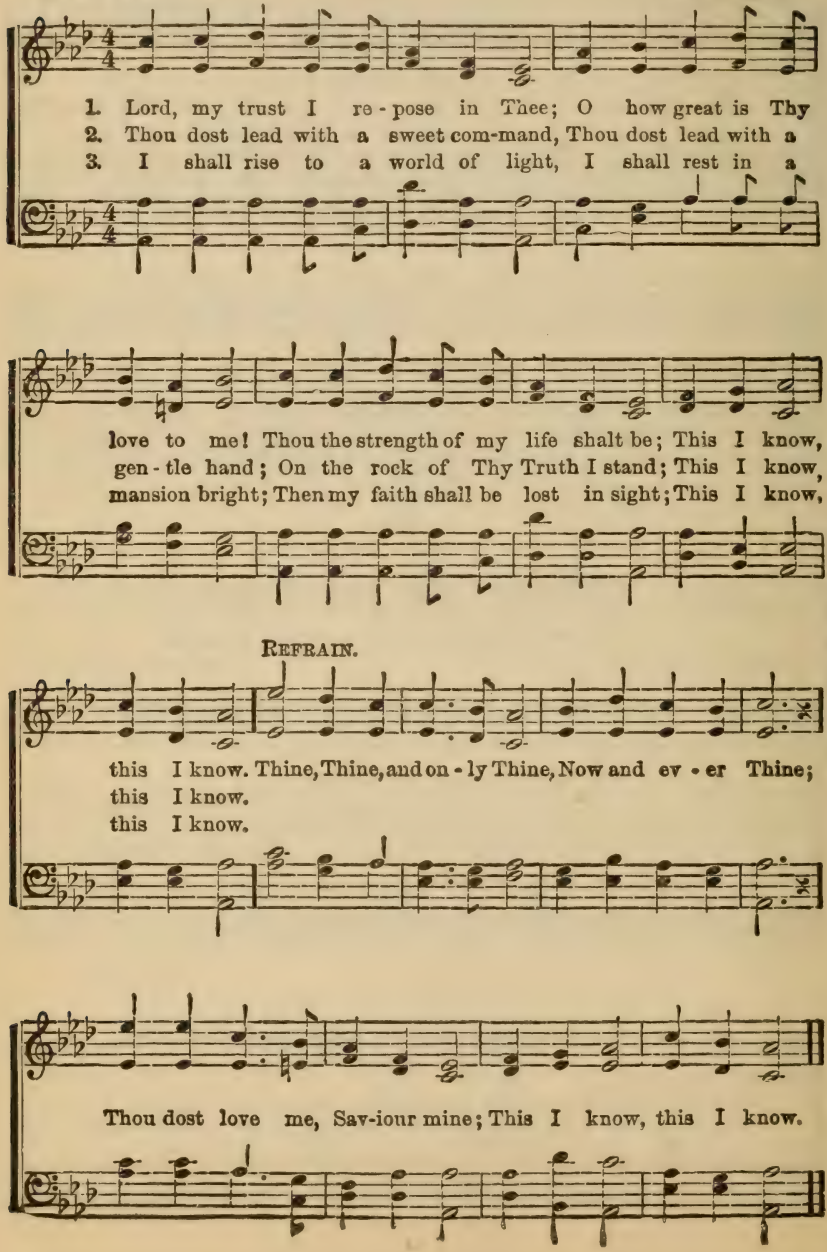
"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

TH. HASTINGS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis-may, [come,
Wait not for to - mor- row, Yield thee to - day: Heav'n bids thee
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love
While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

No. 242. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Lord, my trust I re-pose in Thee; O how great is Thy
2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com-mand, Thou dost lead with a
3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a
love to me! Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know,
gen-tle hand; On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know,
mansion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know,
REFRAIN.
this I know. Thine, Thine, and on-ly Thine, Now and ev-er Thine;
this I know.
this I know.
Thou dost love me, Sav-iour mine; This I know, this I know.

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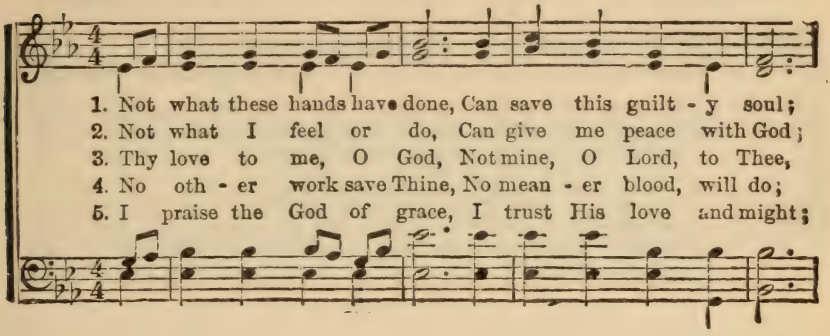
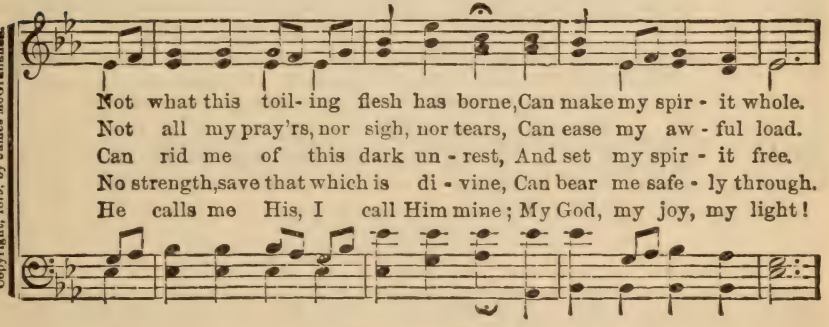
No. 243. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—COL. 1: 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt - y soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
4. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood, will do;
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;


Not what this toil- ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.
Not all my pray'rs, nor sigh, nor tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

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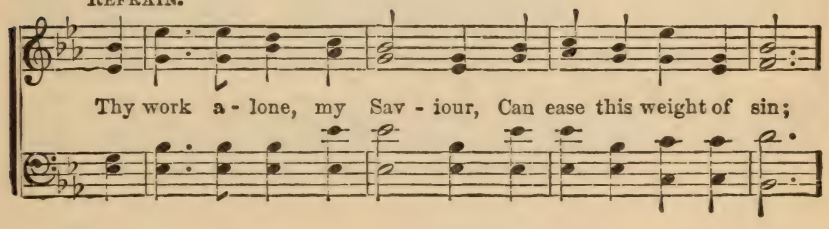
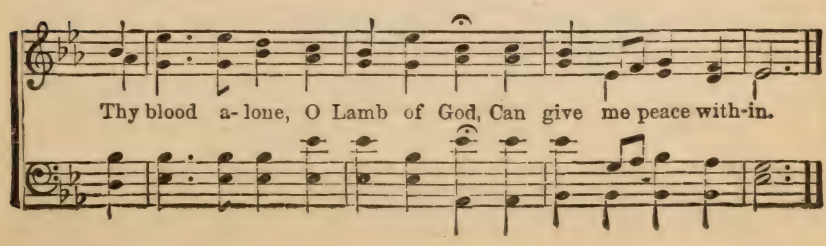
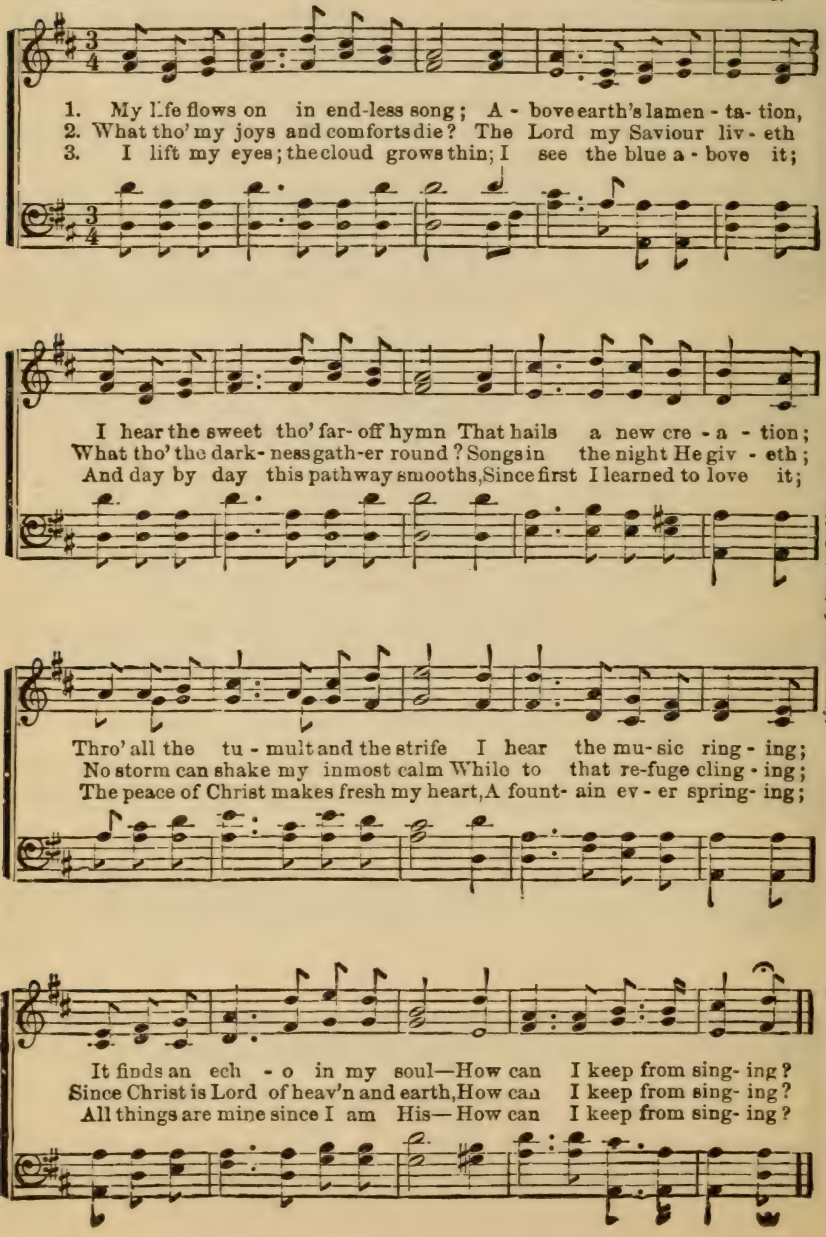
REFRAIN.



No. 244. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's lamen - ta- tion,
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Saviour liv - eth
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;
I hear the sweet tho' far- off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark- ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it;
Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu- sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that re-fuge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fount- ain ev - er spring- ing;
It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing- ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing- ing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing- ing?

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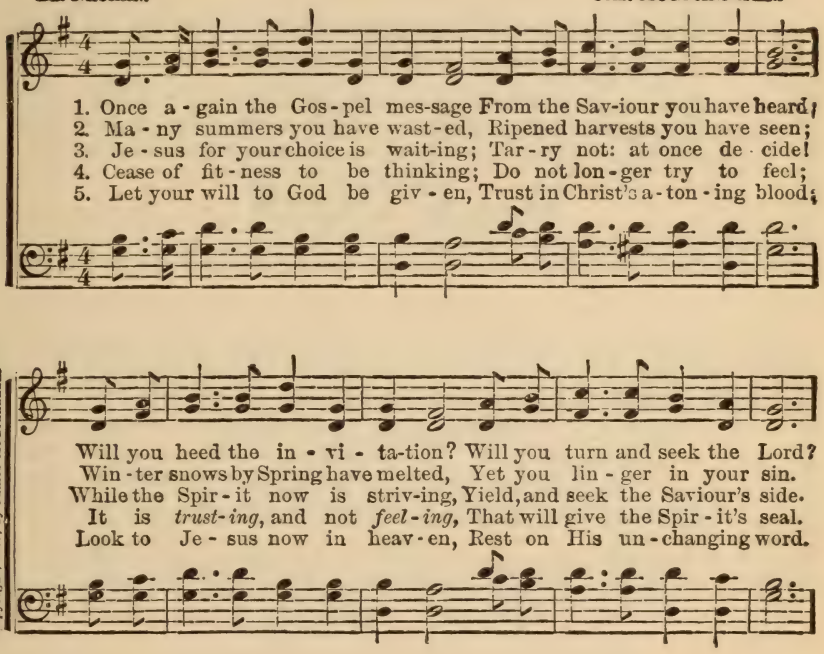
No. 245. Come Believing!

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAS. McGRANAHAN.


1. Once a - gain the Gos - pel mes-sage From the Sav-iour you have heard;
2. Ma - ny summers you have wast-ed, Ripened harvests you have seen;
3. Je - sus for your choice is wait-ing; Tar - ry not: at once de - cide!
4. Cease of fit - ness to be thinking; Do not lon - ger try to feel;
5. Let your will to God be giv - en, Trust in Christ's a - ton - ing blood;
Will you heed the in - vi - ta-tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Win - ter snows by Spring have melted, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.
While the Spir - it now is striv-ing, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
It is *trust-ing*, and not *feel-ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.
Look to Je - sus now in heav - en, Rest on His un - changing word.

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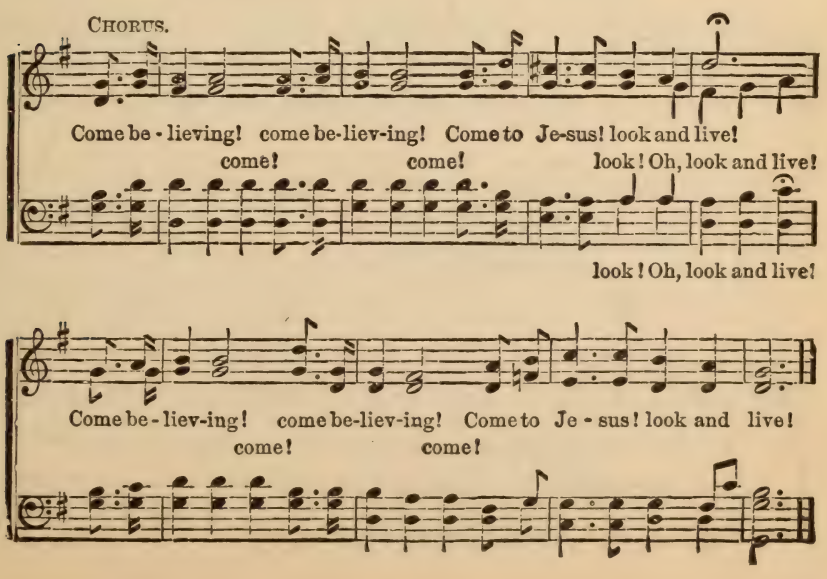
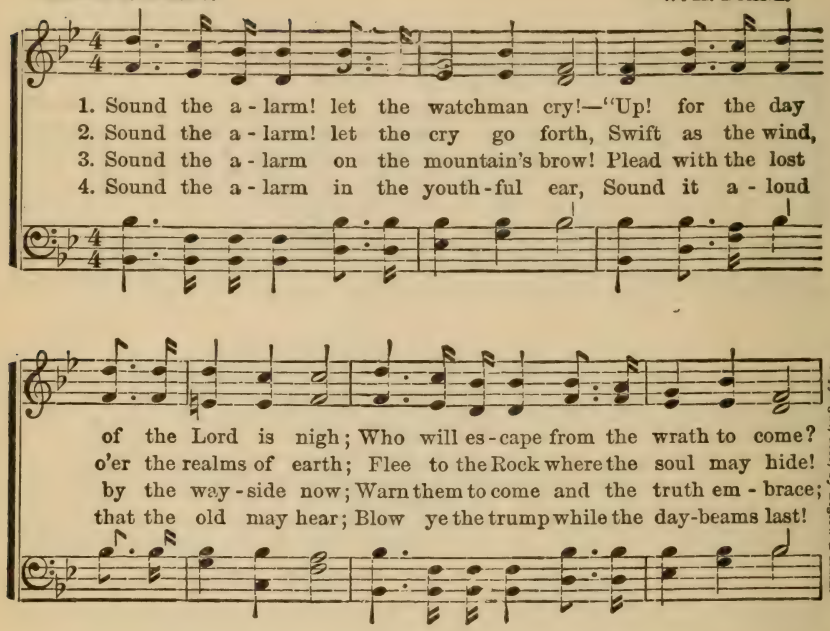

CHORUS.
Come be - lieving! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je-sus! look and live!
come! come! look! Oh, look and live!
look! Oh, look and live!
Come be - liev-ing! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je - sus! look and live!
come! come!

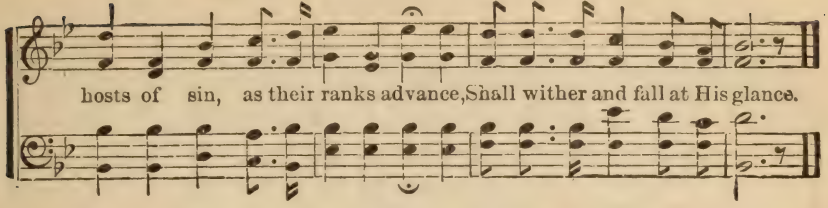
No. 246.

Sound the Alarm!

"Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

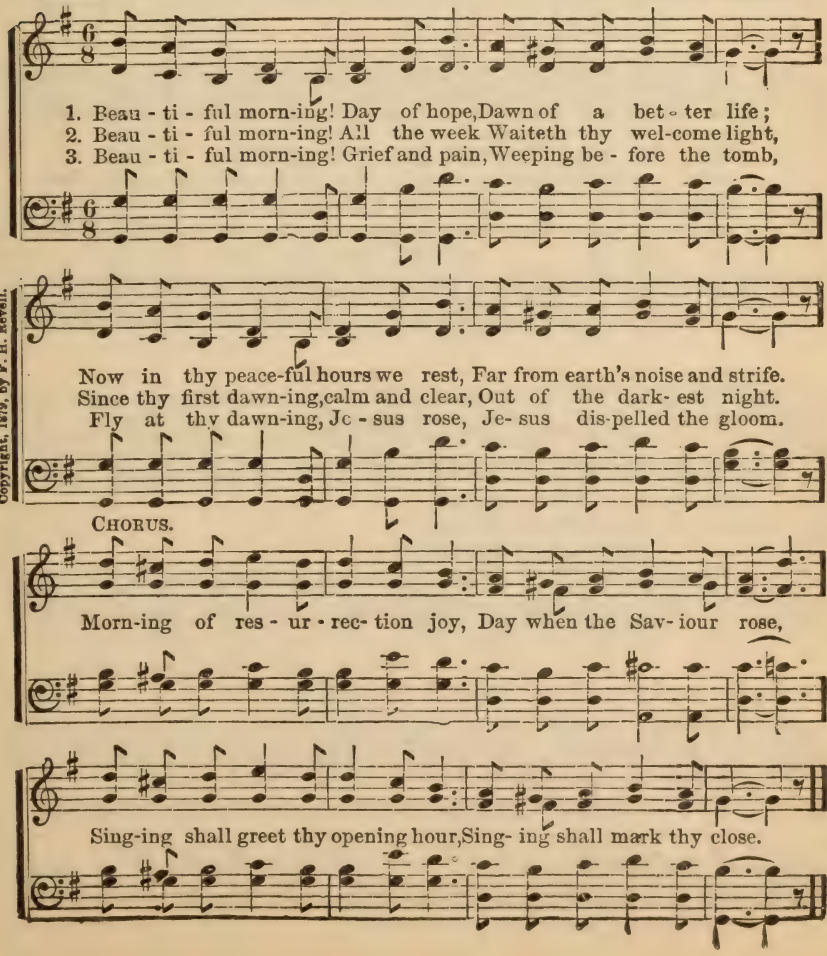

1. Sound the a - larm! let the watchman cry!—"Up! for the day
2. Sound the a - larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind,
3. Sound the a - larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost
4. Sound the a - larm in the youth - ful ear, Sound it a - loud
of the Lord is nigh; Who will es - cape from the wrath to come?
o'er the realms of earth; Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
by the way - side now; Warn them to come and the truth em - brace;
that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!
Copyright, 1890, by Biglow & Main.
REFRAIN.
Who have a place in the soul's bright home?" Sound the alarm, watchman,
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a - bide.
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!
Sound the a - larm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm; And the



No. 247. Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER.


1. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! Day of hope, Dawn of a bet - ter life;
2. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! All the week Waiteth thy wel-come light,
3. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing! Grief and pain, Weeping be - fore the tomb,
Now in thy peace-ful hours we rest, Far from earth's noise and strife.
Since thy first dawn-ing, calm and clear, Out of the dark- est night.
Fly at thy dawn-ing, Je - sus rose, Je- sus dis-pelled the gloom.
CHORUS.
Morn-ing of res - ur - rec- tion joy, Day when the Sav- iour rose,
Sing-ing shall greet thy opening hour, Sing- ing shall mark thy close.

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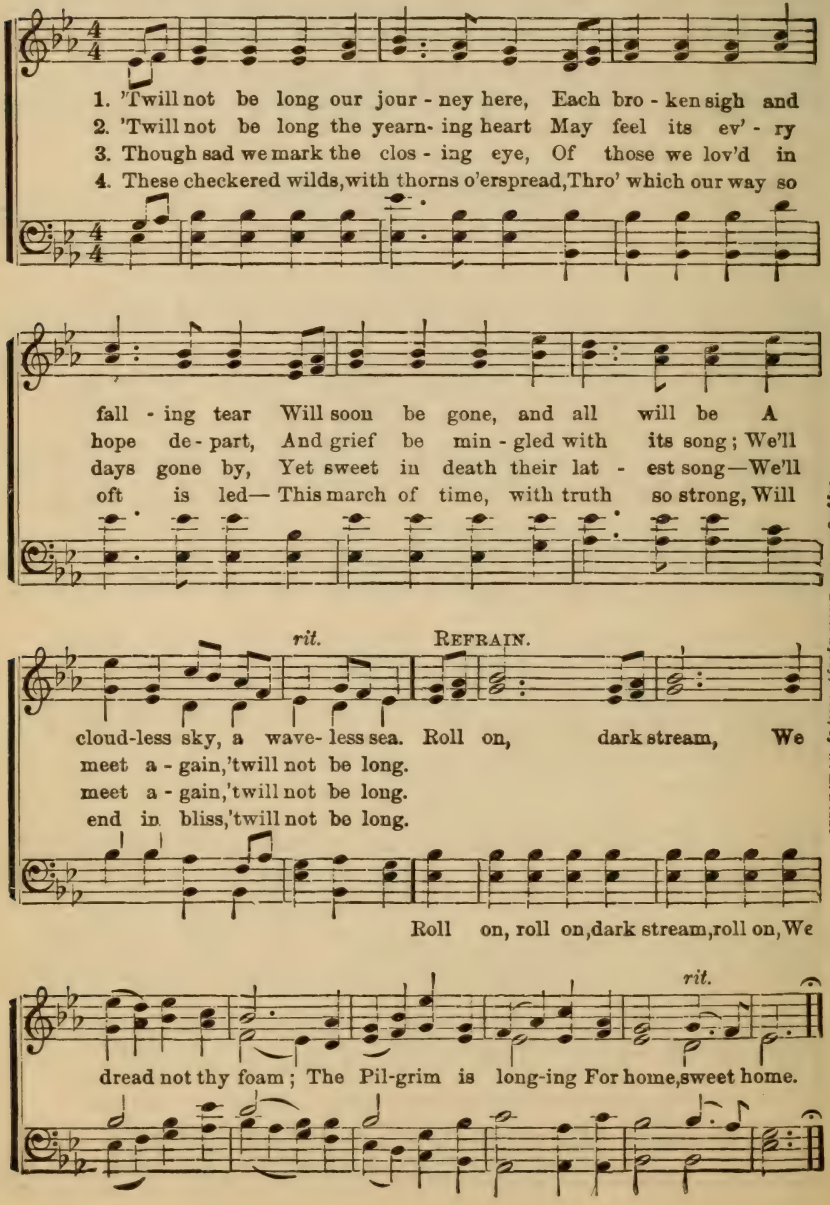
No. 248. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each bro - ken sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearn- ing heart May feel its ev' - ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so
fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de- part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song—We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will
rit.
REFRAIN.
cloud-less sky, a wave- less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.
Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We
rit.
dread not thy foam; The Pil-grim is long-ing For home, sweet home.

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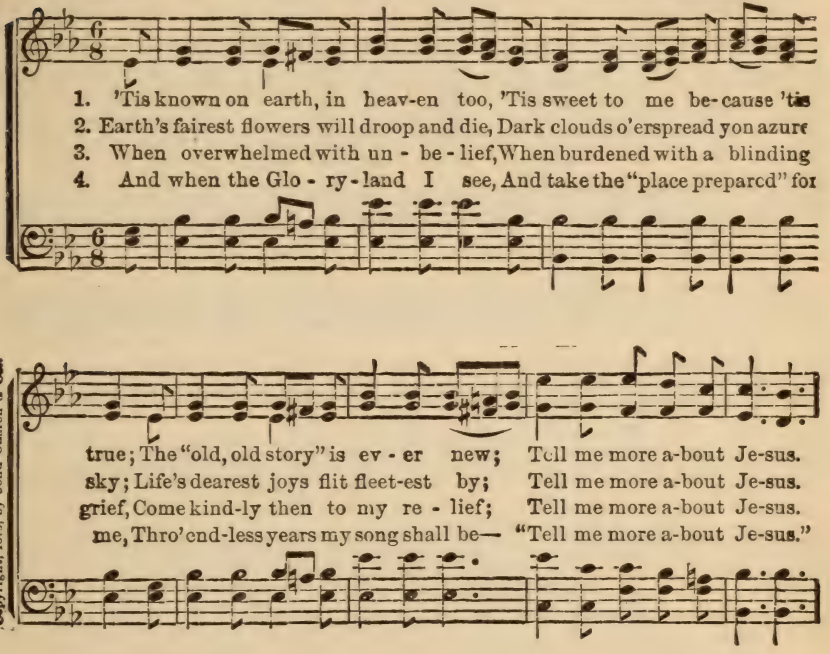
No. 249. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav-en too, 'Tis sweet to me be-cause 'tis
2. Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure
3. When overwhelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blinding
4. And when the Glo - ry - land I see, And take the "place prepared" for
true; The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleet-est by; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
grief, Come kind-ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
me, Thro' end-less years my song shall be— "Tell me more a-bout Je-sus."

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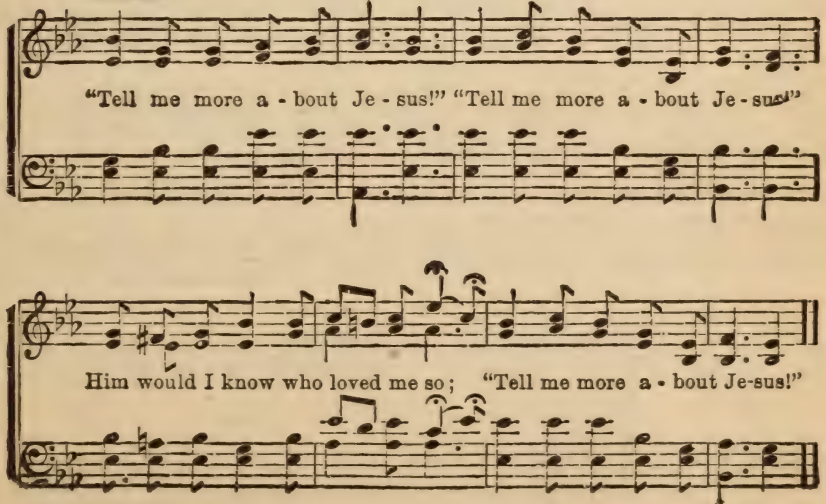
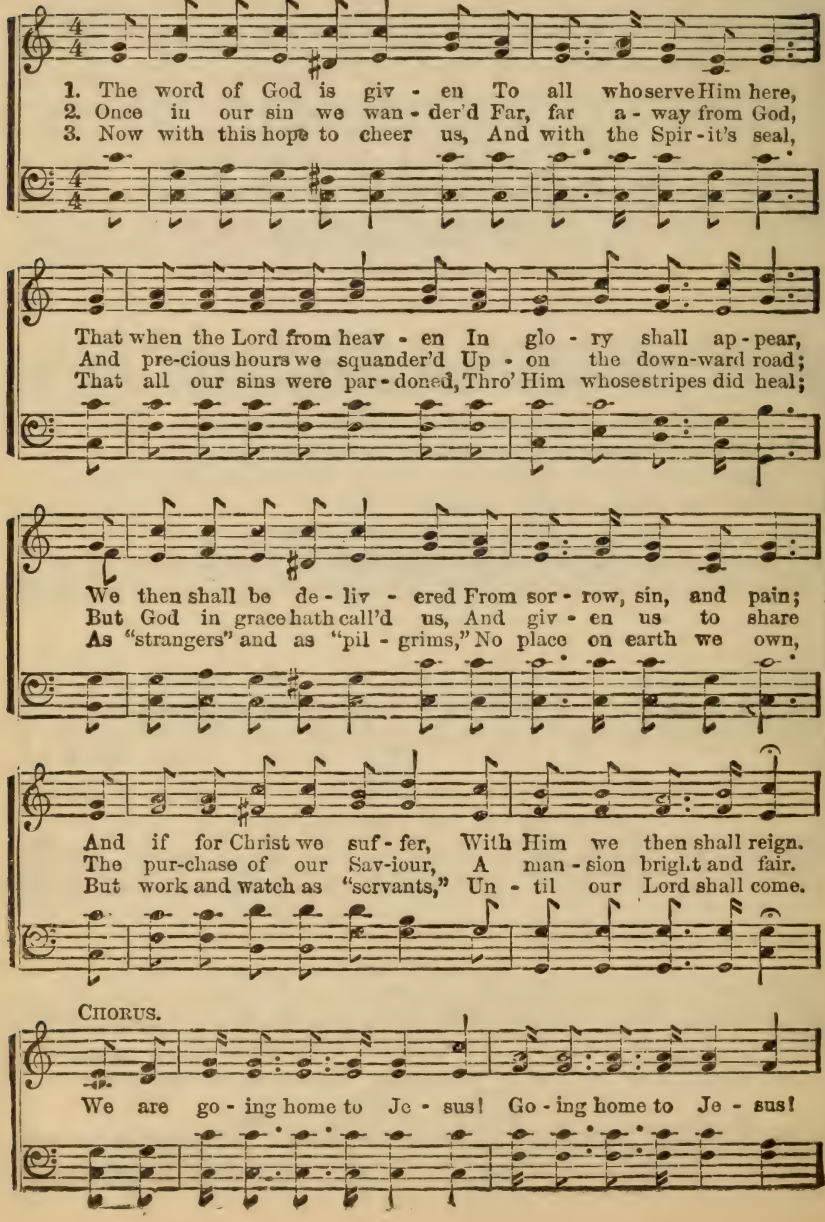
CHORUS.

No. 250. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,
That when the Lord from heav - en In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre-cious hours we squander'd Up - on the down-ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;
We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And giv - en us to share
As "strangers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,
And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur-chase of our Sav-iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "servants," Un - til our Lord shall come.
CHORUS.
We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing home to Je - sus!

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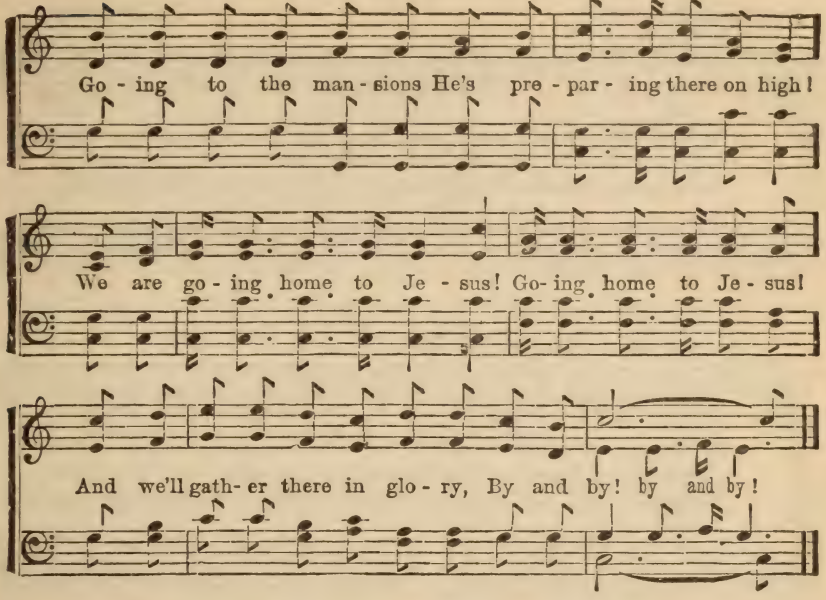
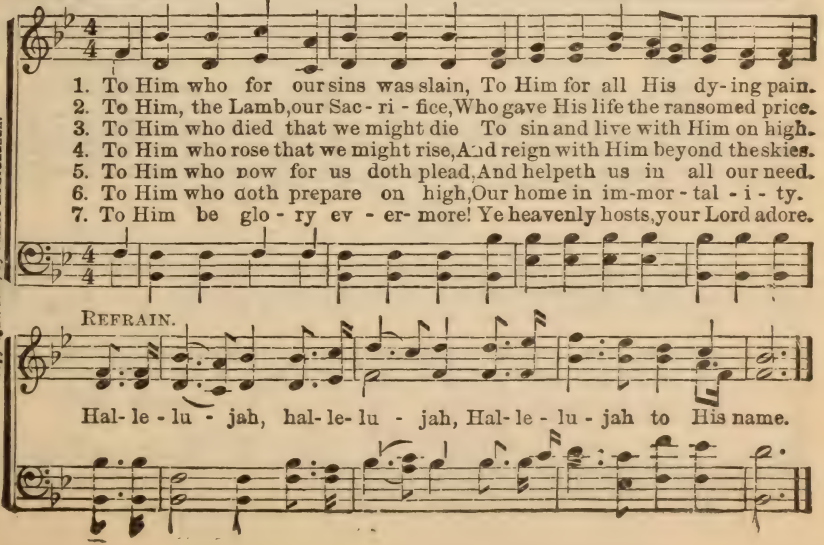
We'll gather there in Glory.—Concluded.


Go - ing to the man - sions He's pre - par - ing there on high!
We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go- ing home to Je - sus!
And we'll gath- er there in glo - ry, By and by! by and by!

No. 251. To Him be Glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy-ing pain.
2. To Him, the Lamb, our Sac - ri - fice, Who gave His life the ransomed price.
3. To Him who died that we might die To sin and live with Him on high.
4. To Him who rose that we might rise, And reign with Him beyond the skies.
5. To Him who now for us doth plead, And helpeth us in all our need.
6. To Him who doth prepare on high, Our home in im-mor - tal - i - ty.
7. To Him be glo - ry ev - er- more! Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore.
Refrain.
Hal- le - lu - jah, hal- le- lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah to His name.

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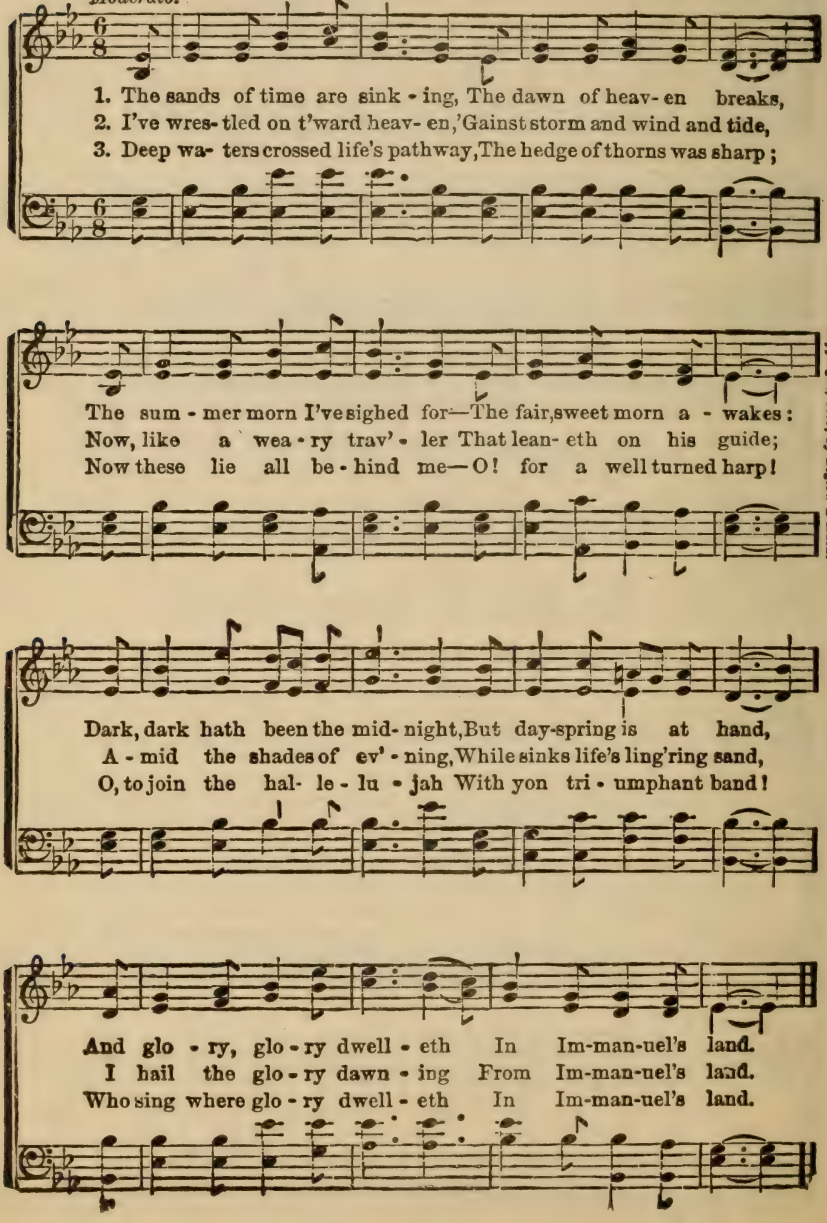
No. 252. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.


1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav- en breaks,
2. I've wres- tled on t'ward heav- en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa- ters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
Now, like a wea - ry trav' - ler That lean- eth on his guide;
Now these lie all be - hind me—O! for a well turned harp!
Dark, dark hath been the mid- night, But day-spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of ev' - ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
O, to join the hal- le - lu - jah With yon tri - umphant band!
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing From Im-man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.

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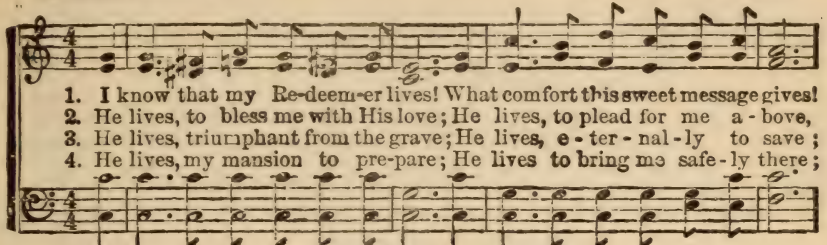
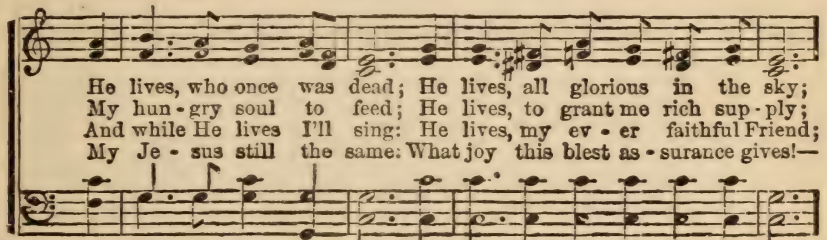
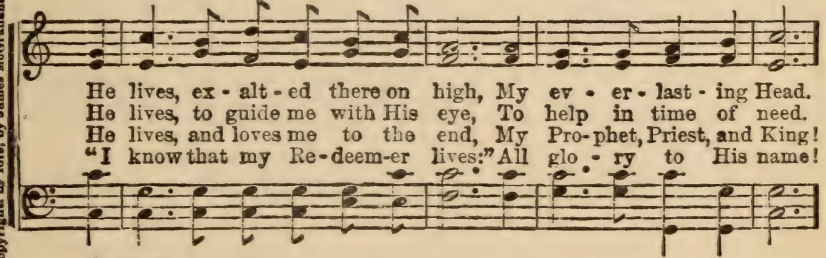
No. 253. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley — James McGranahan.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove,
3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e-ter-nal-ly to save;
4. He lives, my mansion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe-ly there;


He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;
My hun-gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup-ply;
And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev-er faithful Friend;
My Je-sus still the same: What joy this blest as-surance gives!—


He lives, ex-alt-ed there on high, My ev-er-last-ing Head.
He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Pro-phet, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re-deem-er lives:" All glo-ry to His name!

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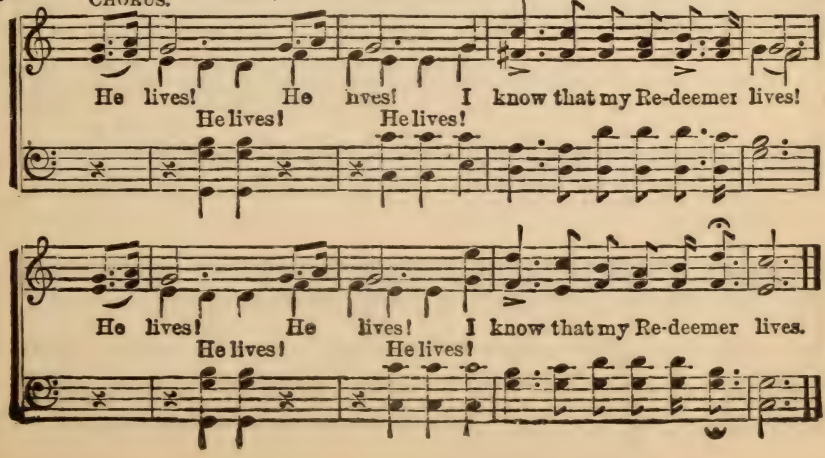
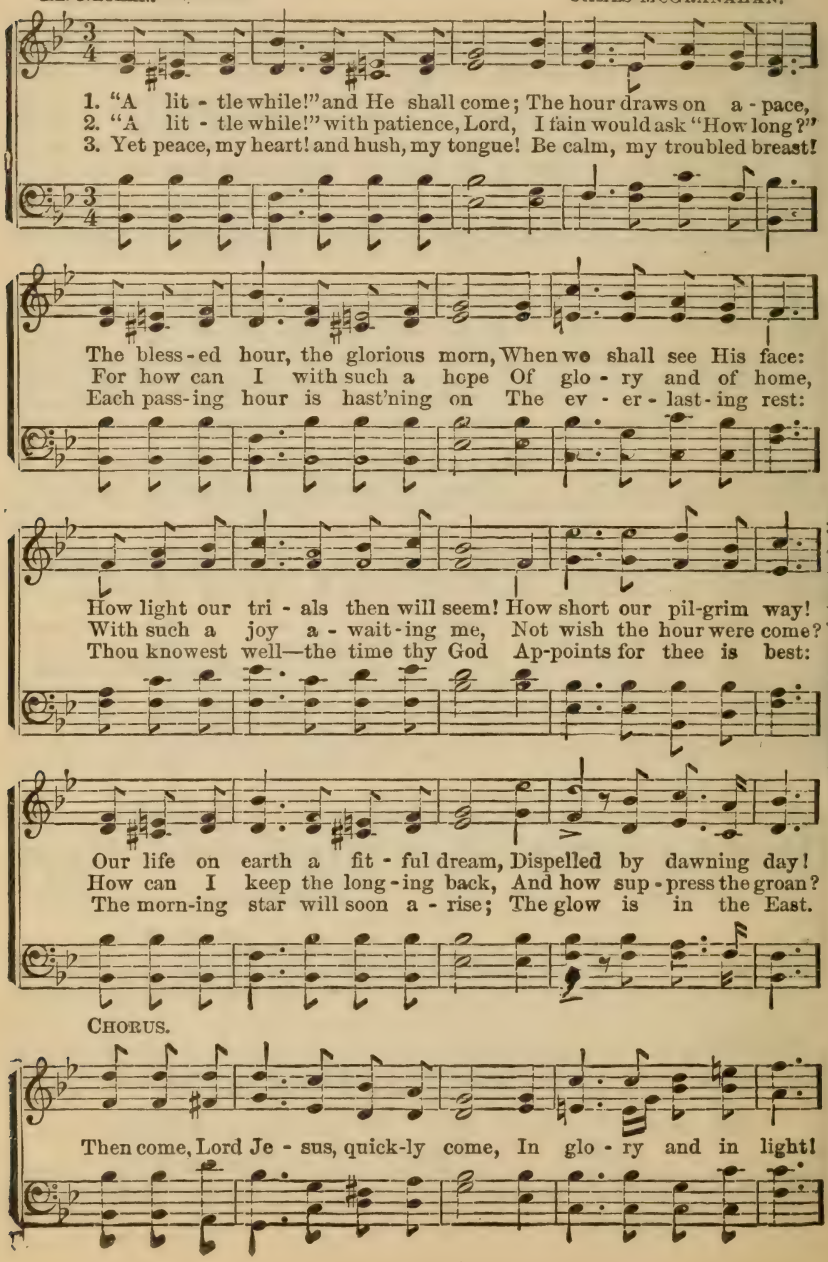
Chorus.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deemer lives!
He lives! He lives!
He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deemer lives.
He lives! He lives!

No. 254. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace,
2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?"
3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast!
The bless - ed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face:
For how can I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home,
Each pass-ing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - last - ing rest:
How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pil-grim way!
With such a joy a - wait - ing me, Not wish the hour were come?
Thou knowest well—the time thy God Ap-points for thee is best:
Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dispelled by dawning day!
How can I keep the long - ing back, And how sup - press the groan?
The morn-ing star will soon a - rise; The glow is in the East.
Chorus.
Then come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come, In glo - ry and in light!

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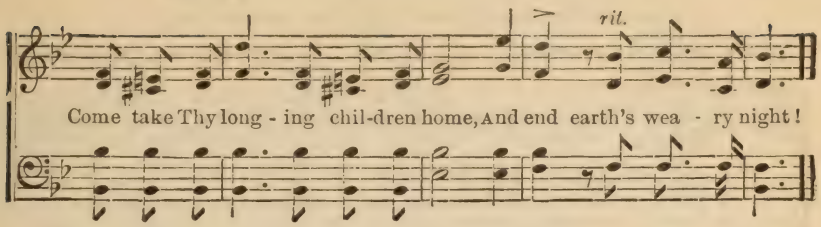
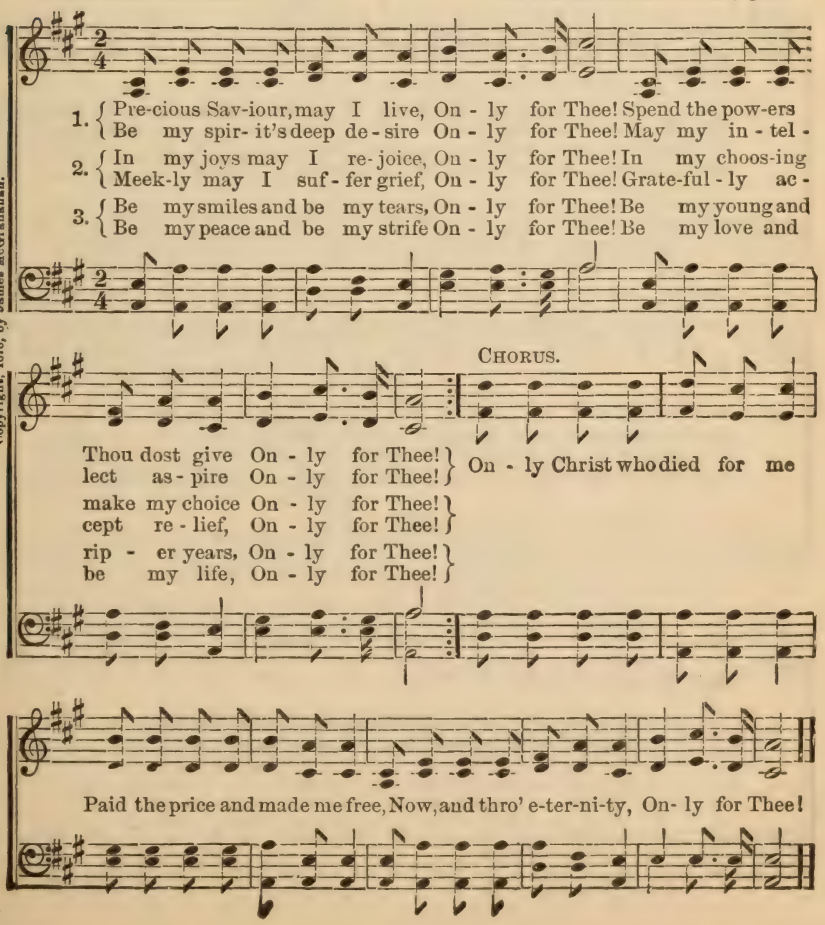


No. 255. Only for Thee.

"For me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ELIZA ANN WALKER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. Pre-cious Sav-iour, may I live, On - ly for Thee! Spend the pow-ers
Be my spir- it's deep de - sire On - ly for Thee! May my in - tel -
2. In my joys may I re- joice, On - ly for Thee! In my choos-ing
Meek-ly may I suf - fer grief, On - ly for Thee! Grate-ful - ly ac -
3. Be my smiles and be my tears, On - ly for Thee! Be my young and
Be my peace and be my strife On - ly for Thee! Be my love and
CHORUS.
Thou dost give On - ly for Thee!
lect as - pire On - ly for Thee!
make my choice On - ly for Thee!
cept re - lief, On - ly for Thee!
rip - er years, On - ly for Thee!
be my life, On - ly for Thee!
On - ly Christ who died for me
Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' e-ter-ni-ty, On- ly for Thee!

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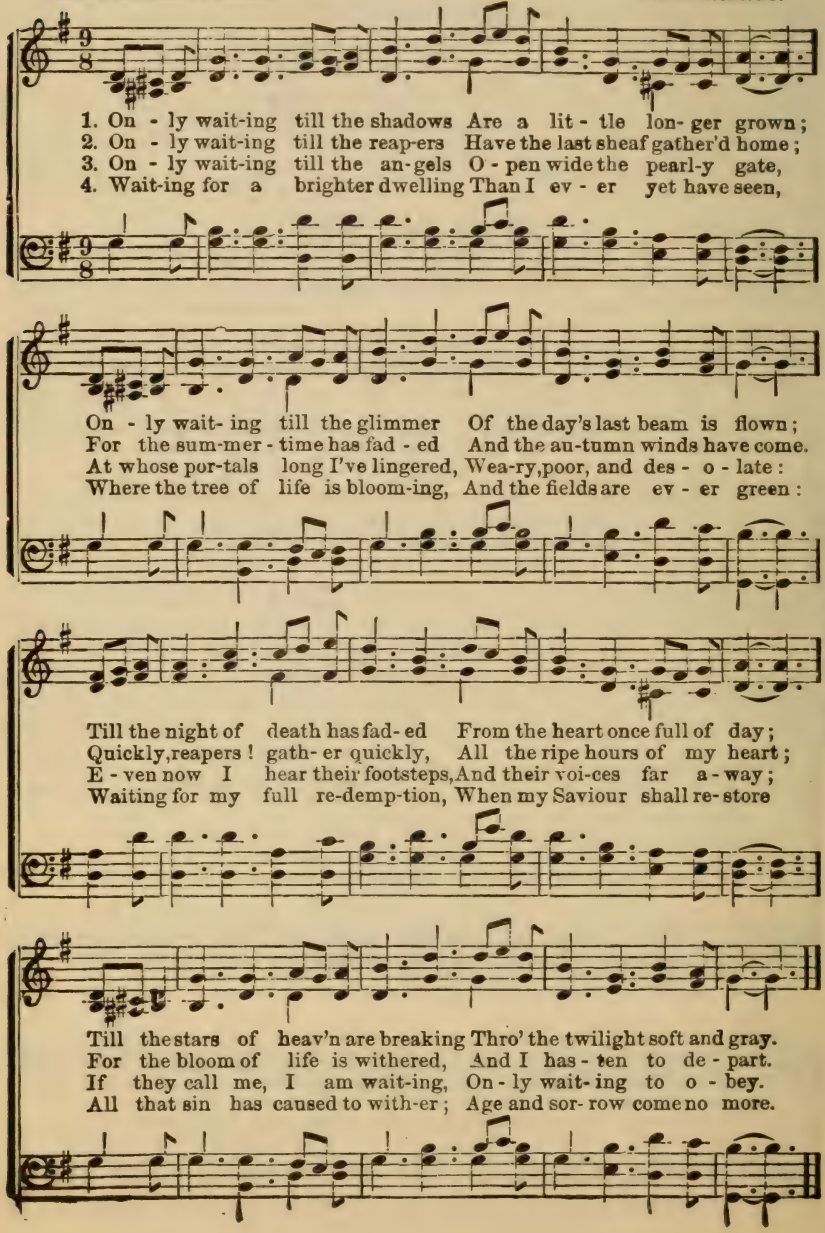
No. 256. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

Mrs. Frances L. Mace. Ira D. Sankey.


1. On - ly wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon- ger grown;
2. On - ly wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
3. On - ly wait-ing till the an-gels O - pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Wait-ing for a brighter dwelling Than I ev - er yet have seen,
On - ly wait- ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum-mer - time has fad - ed And the au-tumn winds have come.
At whose por-tals long I've lingered, Wea-ry,poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev - er green:
Till the night of death has fad- ed From the heart once full of day;
Quickly,reapers! gath- er quickly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
E - ven now I hear their footsteps,And their voi-ces far a - way;
Waiting for my full re-demp-tion, When my Saviour shall re- store
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait-ing, On - ly wait- ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with-er; Age and sor- row come no more.

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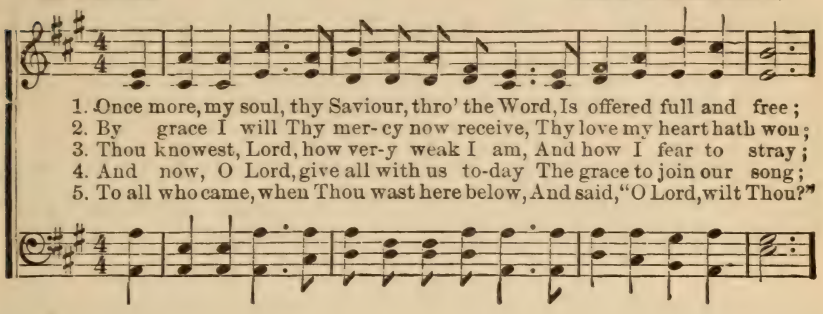
No. 257.

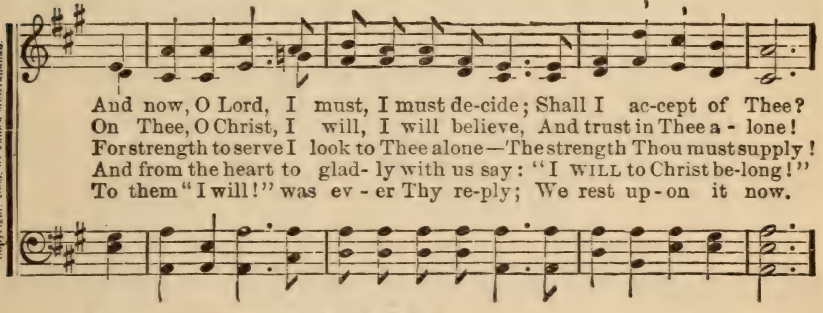
I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH. 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how ver-y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"


And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of Thee?
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee a-lone!
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—The strength Thou must supply!
And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I WILL to Christ be-long!"
To them "I will!" was ev-er Thy re-ply; We rest up-on it now.

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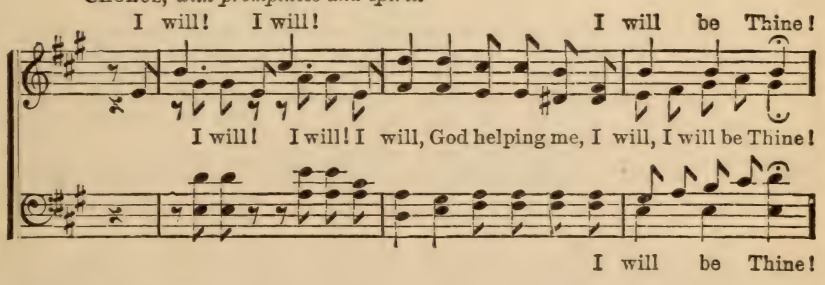
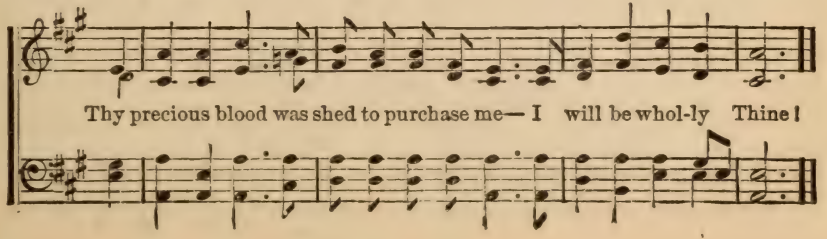
CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*

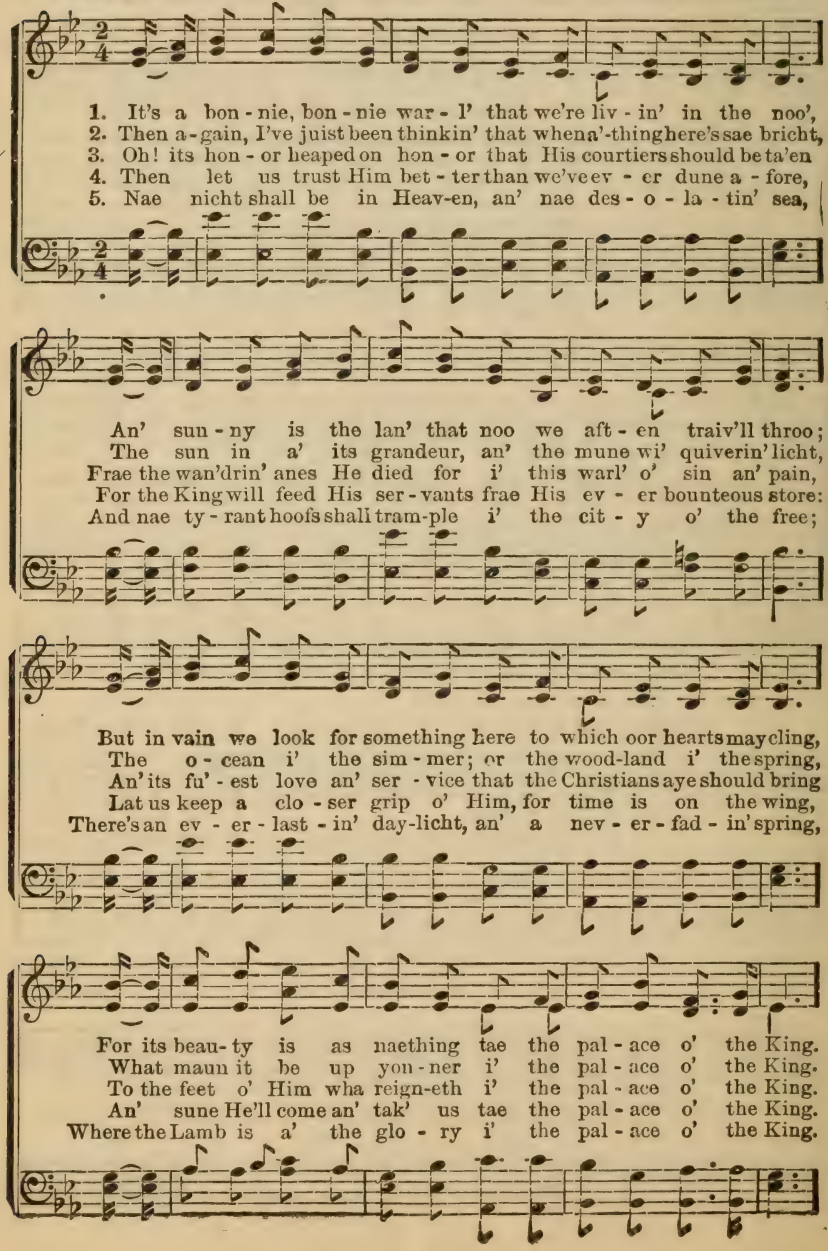




No. 258. The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. It's a bon - nie, bon - nie war - l' that we're liv - in' in the noo',
2. Then a - gain, I've juist been thinkin' that whena'-thing here's sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon - or heaped on hon - or that His courtiers should be ta'en
4. Then let us trust Him bet - ter than we've ev - er dune a - fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav-en, an' nae des - o - la - tin' sea,
An' sun - ny is the lan' that noo we aft - en traiv'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His ser - vants frae His ev - er bounteous store:
And nae ty - rant hoofs shall tram-ple i' the cit - y o' the free;
But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o - cean i' the sim - mer; or the wood-land i' the spring,
An' its fu' - est love an' ser - vice that the Christians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clo - ser grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev - er - last - in' day-licht, an' a nev - er - fad - in' spring,
For its beau-ty is as naething tae the pal - ace o' the King.
What maun it be up yon - ner i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To the feet o' Him wha reign-eth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the pal - ace o' the King.
Where the Lamb is a' the glo - ry i' the pal - ace o' the King.

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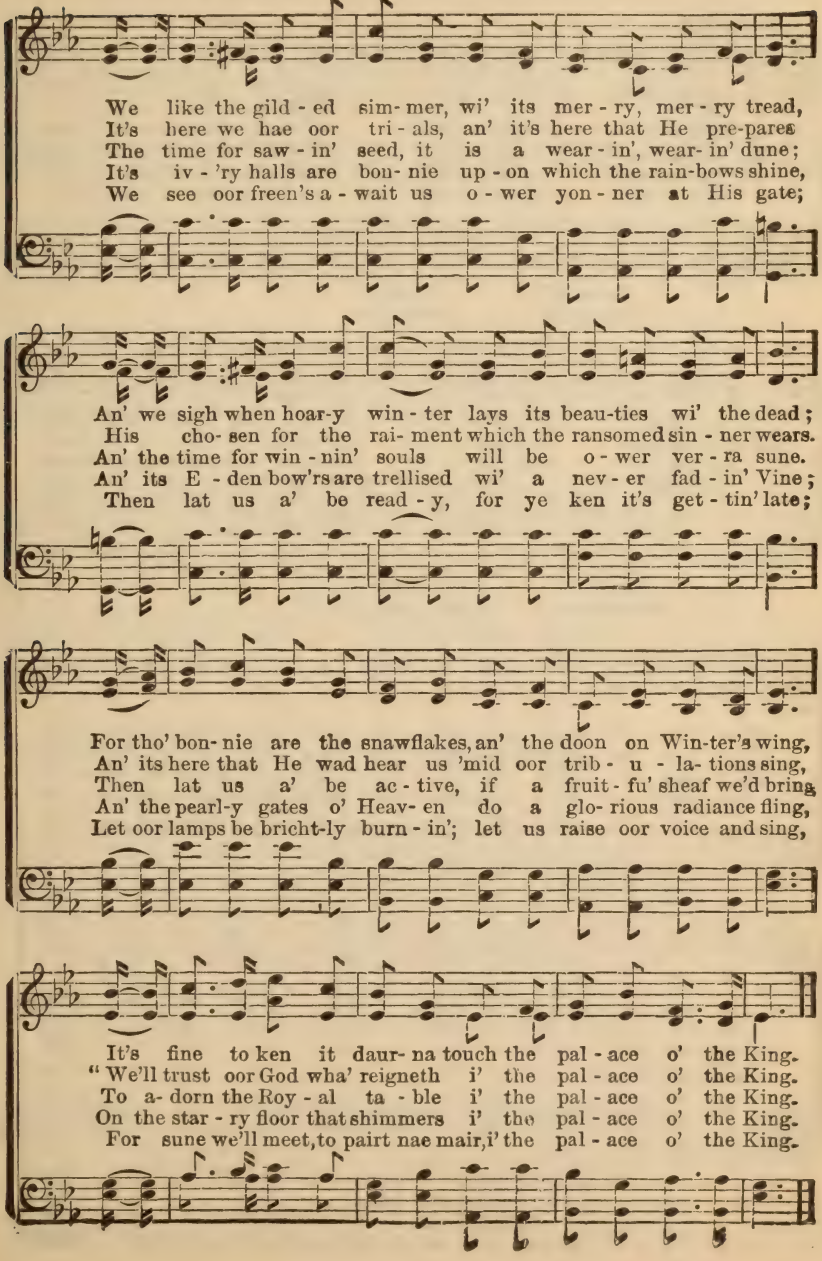
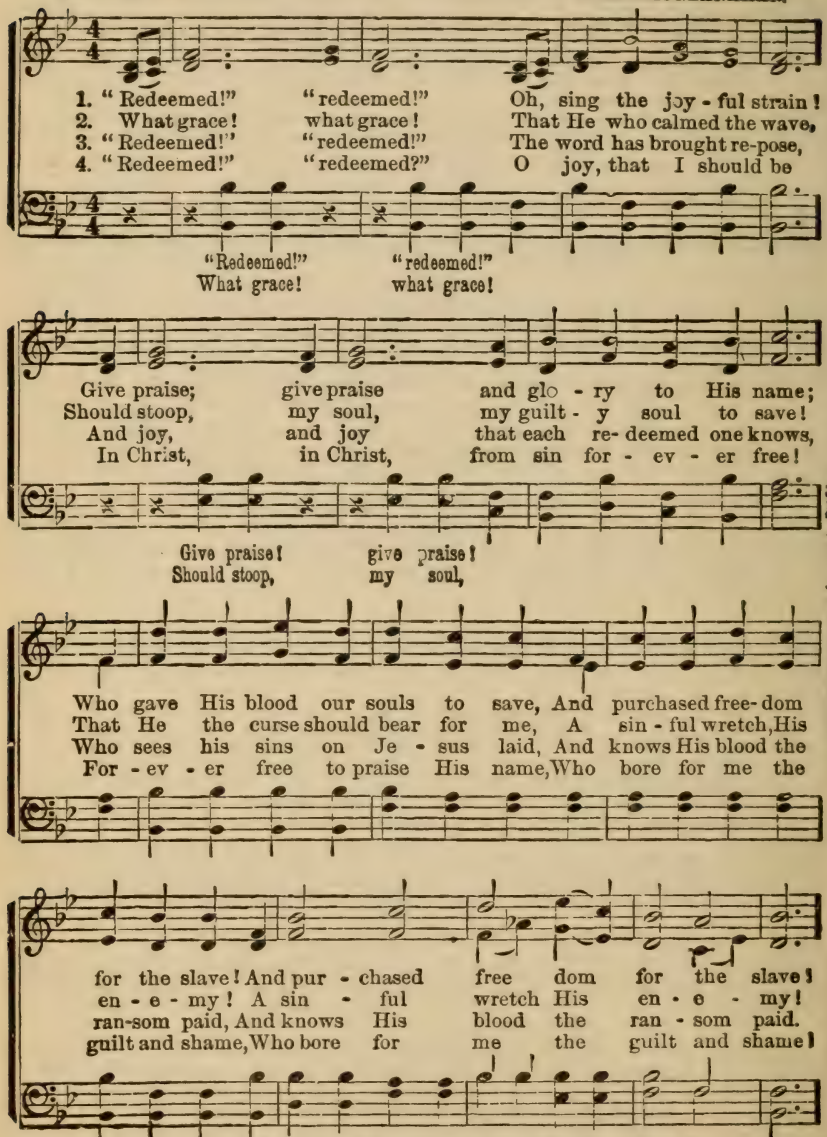
The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.


We like the gild - ed sim- mer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre-pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear - in', wear- in' dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon- nie up - on which the rain-bows shine,
We see oor freen's a - wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;
An' we sigh when hoar-y win - ter lays its beau-ties wi' the dead;
His cho- sen for the rai- ment which the ransomed sin - ner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - ra sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trellised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get - tin' late;
For tho' bon- nie are the snawflakes, an' the doon on Win-ter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la- tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit - fu' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Heav- en do a glo- rious radiance fling,
Let oor lamps be bricht-ly burn - in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,
It's fine to ken it daur- na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
"We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a- dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shimmers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

No. 259. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107:2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, sing the joy-ful strain!
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
3. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" The word has brought re-pose,
4. "Redeemed!" "redeemed?" O joy, that I should be
"Redeemed!" "redeemed!"
What grace! what grace!
Give praise; give praise and glo-ry to His name;
Should stoop, my soul, my guilt-y soul to save!
And joy, and joy that each re-deemed one knows,
In Christ, in Christ, from sin for-ev-er free!
Give praise! give praise!
Should stoop, my soul,
Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased free-dom
That He the curse should bear for me, A sin-ful wretch, His
Who sees his sins on Je-sus laid, And knows His blood the
For-ev-er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the
for the slave! And pur-chased free dom for the slave!
en-e-my! A sin-ful wretch His en-e-my!
ran-som paid, And knows His blood the ran-som paid.
guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!
And pur-chased free-dom, purchased free-dom for the slave!
A sin-ful wretch, His en-e-my, His en-e-my!
And knows His blood the ran-som paid, the ran-som paid.
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

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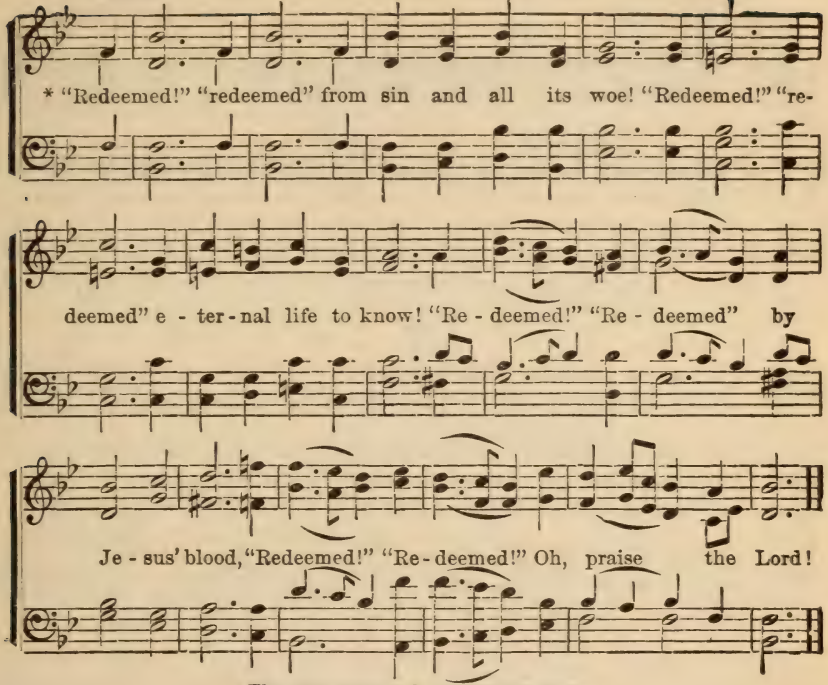
Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

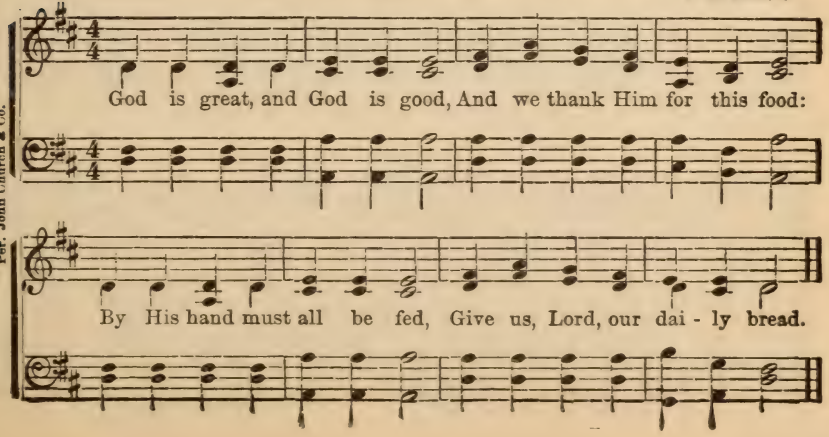

* "Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and all its woe! "Redeemed!" "re-
deemed" e - ter - nal life to know! "Re - deemed!" "Re - deemed" by
Je - sus' blood, "Redeemed!" "Re - deemed!" Oh, praise the Lord!

* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 260. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145 : 15.

P. P. BLISS.

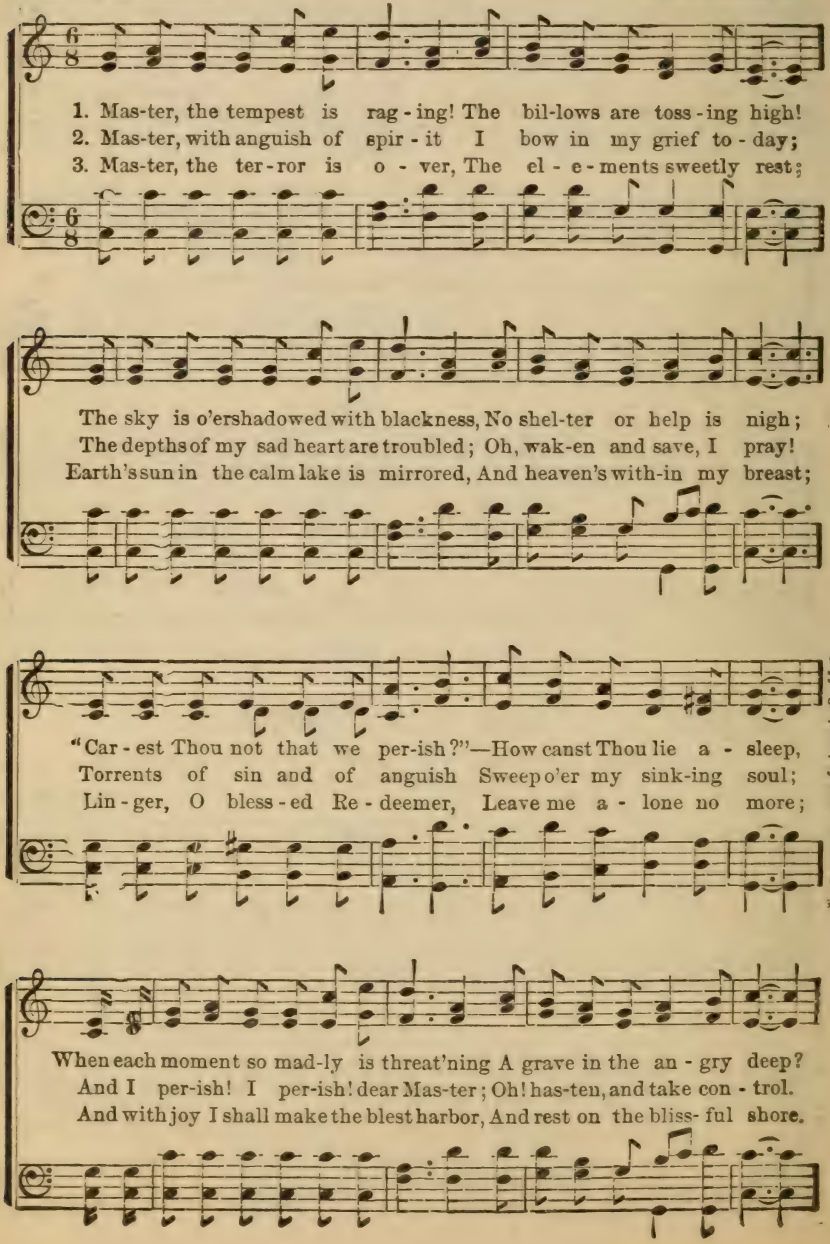


Per. John Church & Co.

No. 261. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4: 39.

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweetly rest;
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;
"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deemer, Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh! has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

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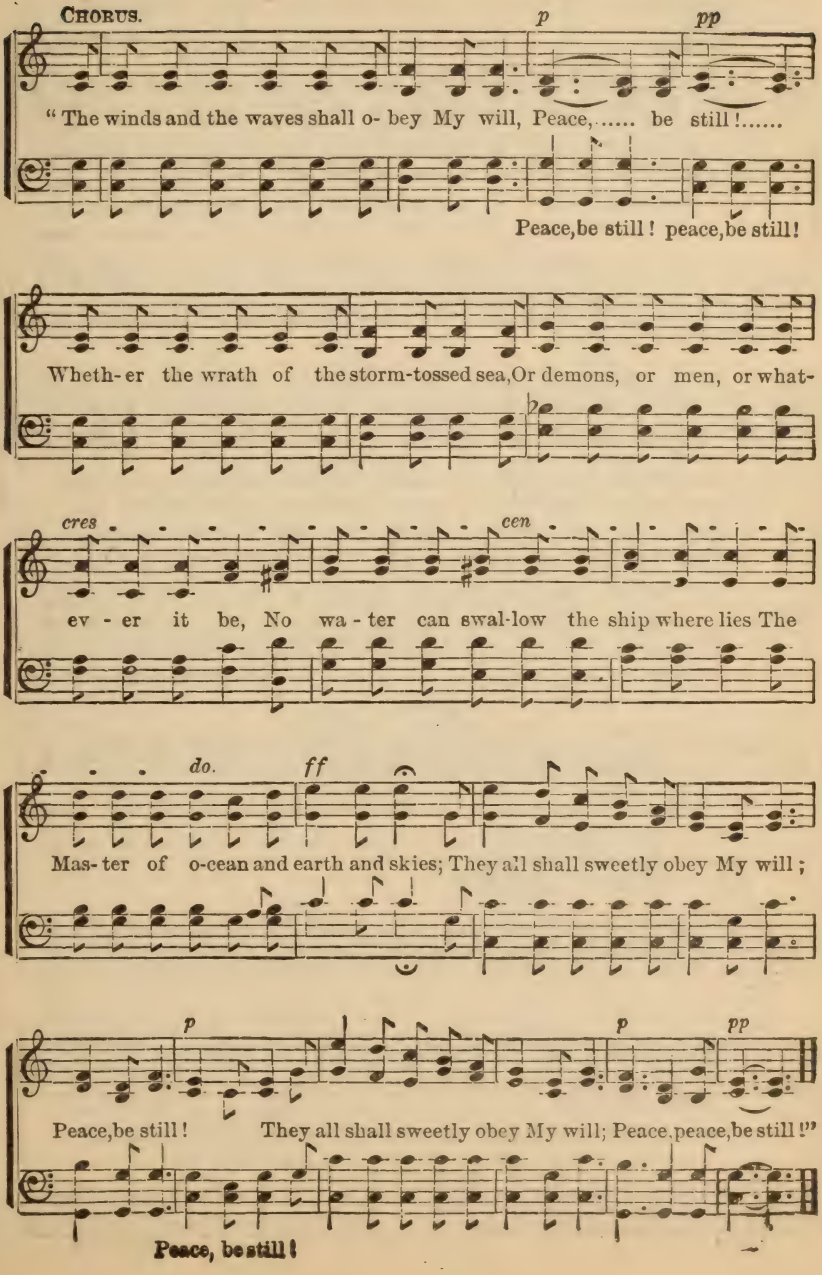
Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

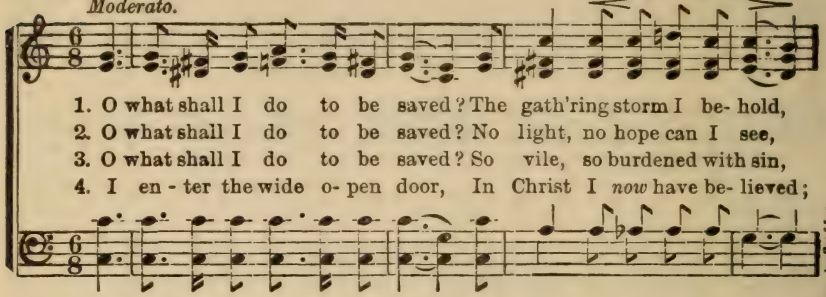

Chorus.
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o- bey My will, Peace,..... be still!.....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth- er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-
cres
cen
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The
do.
ff
Mas- ter of o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will;
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"
Peace, be still!

No. 262. I am the Door.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gath'ring storm I be- hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I en - ter the wide o- pen door, In Christ I *now* have be- lieved;

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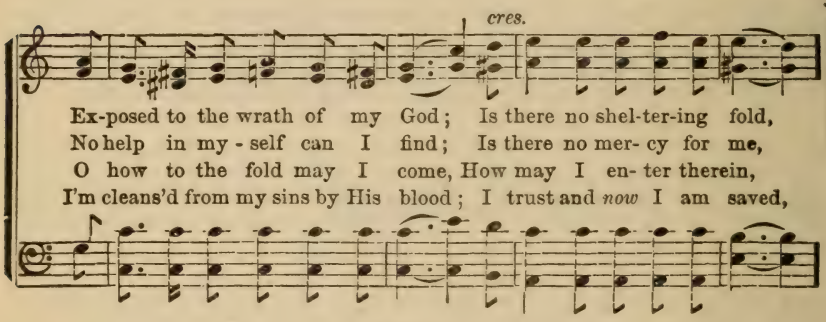
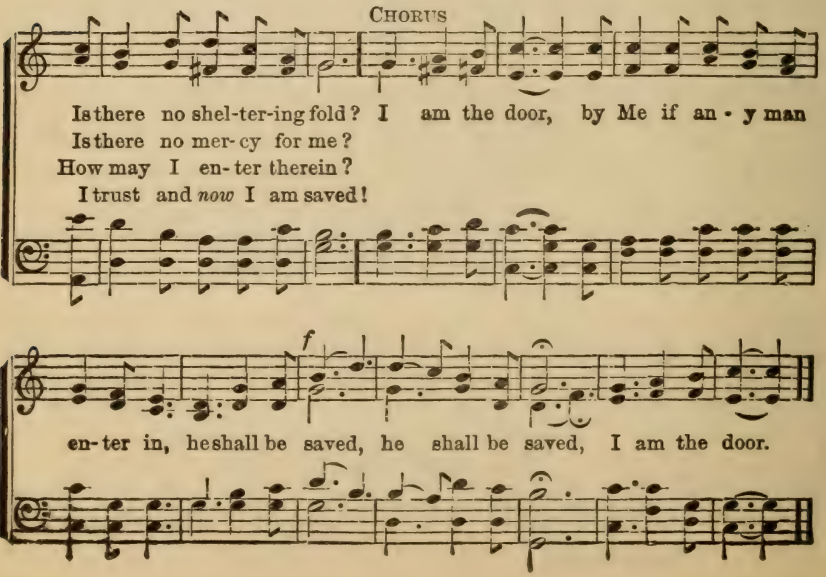
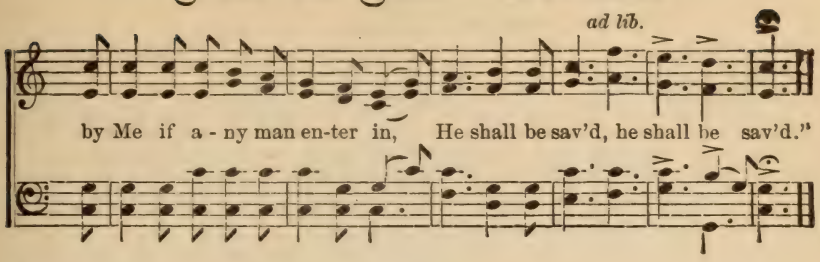

cres.
Ex-posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel-ter-ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer- cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en- ter therein,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,


CHORUS
Is there no shel-ter-ing fold? I am the door, by Me if an - y man
Is there no mer- cy for me?
How may I en- ter therein?
I trust and *now* I am saved!
f
en- ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

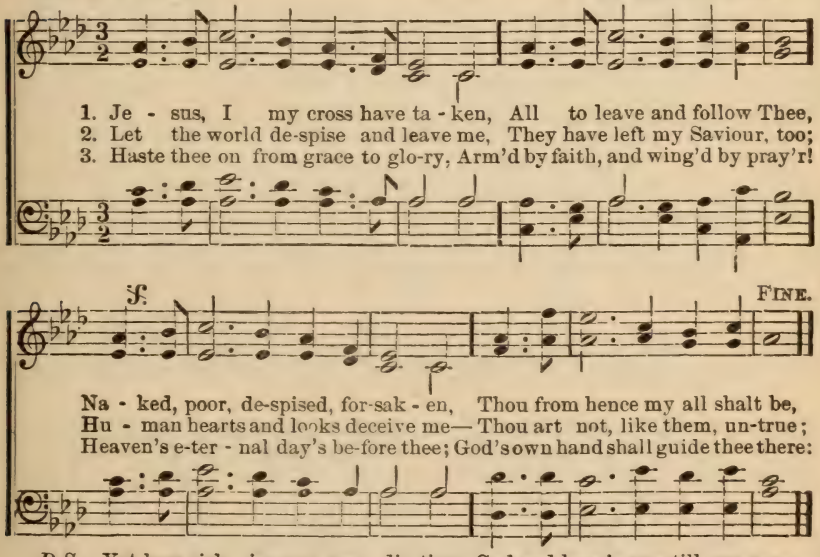
I am the Door.—Concluded.



No. 263. Autumn. 8s, & 7s.

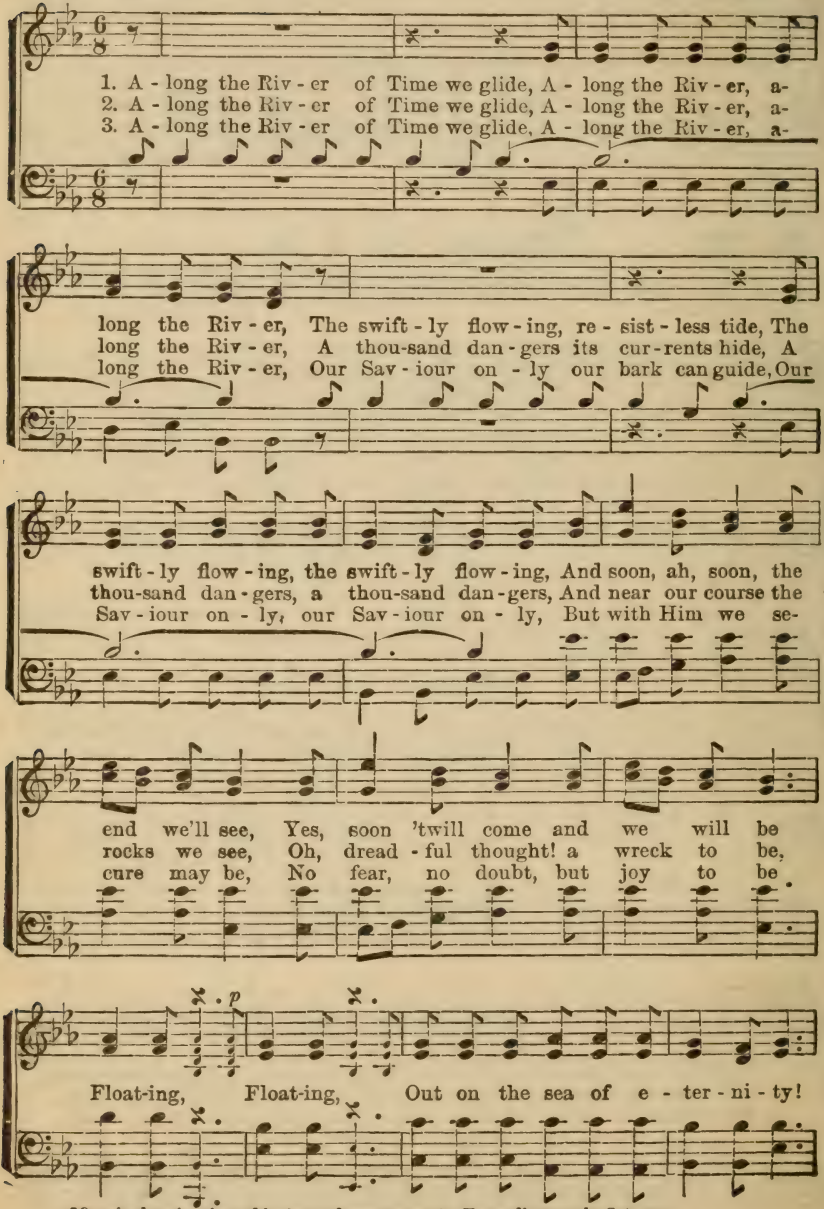
"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee.—MATT. 19: 27.

Rev. H. F. LYTE. F. H. BARTHELEMON.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and follow Thee,
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo-ry, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!
F.
FINE.
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be,
Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me— Thou art not, like them, un-true;
Heaven's e-ter - nal day's be-fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there:
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.
D.S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days,

No. 264. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-
long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow - ing, re - sist - less tide, The
long the Riv - er, A thou-sand dan - gers its cur - rents hide, A
long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our
swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou-sand dan - gers, a thou-sand dan - gers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se-
end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
p
Float-ing, Float-ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

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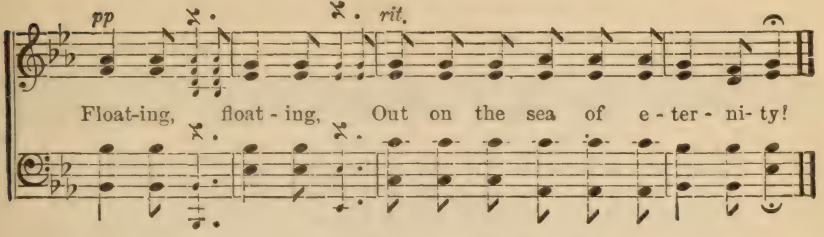
If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

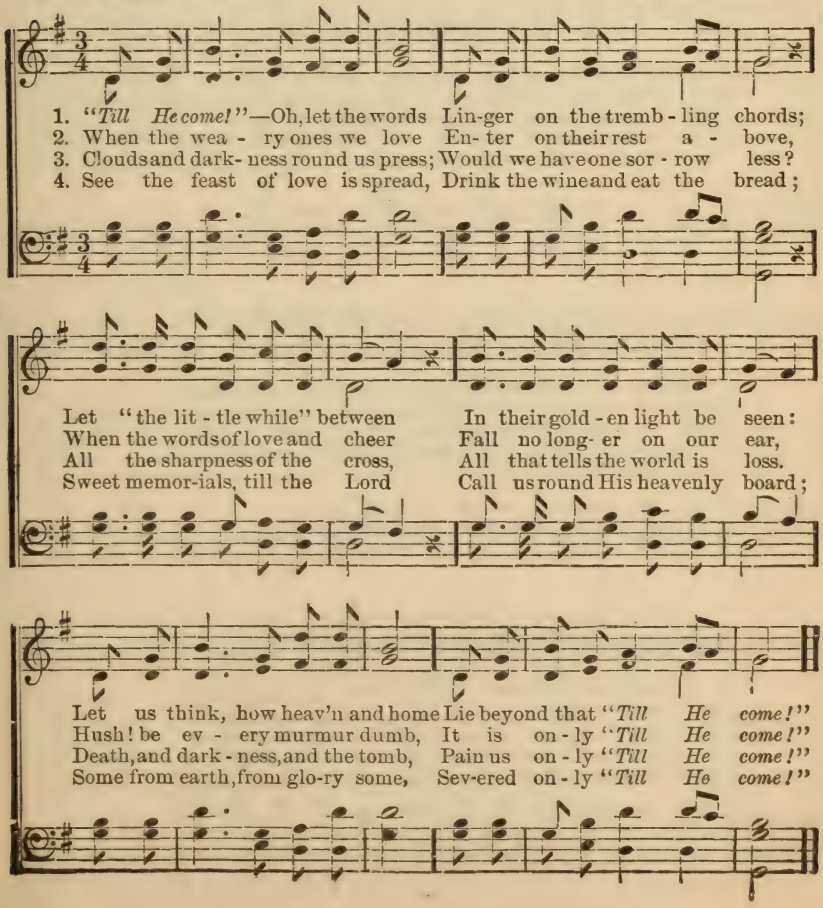
Along the River of Time.—Concluded.



No. 265. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

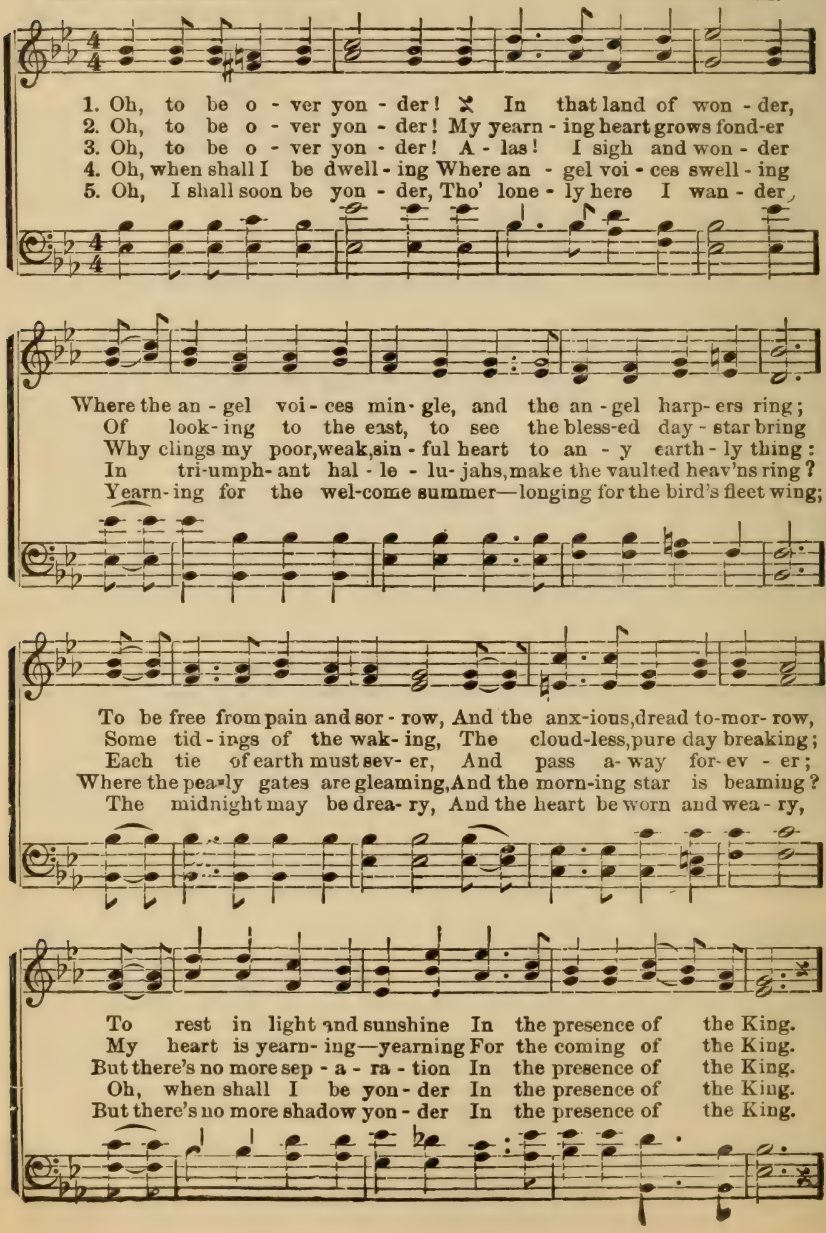
Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the tremb - ling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En- ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and dark- ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Let "the lit - tle while" between In their gold - en light be seen:
When the words of love and cheer Fall no long- er on our ear,
All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss.
Sweet memor-ials, till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board;
Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
Hush! be ev - ery murmur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
Death, and dark - ness, and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"
Some from earth, from glo-ry some, Sev-ered on - ly "Till He come!"

No. 266. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond-er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voi - ces swell - ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,
Where the an - gel voi - ces min - gle, and the an - gel harp- ers ring;
Of look- ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day - star bring
Why clings my poor,weak,sin - ful heart to an - y earth - ly thing:
In tri-umph- ant hal - le - lu- jahs,make the vaulted heav'ns ring?
Yearn- ing for the wel-come summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing;
To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx-ious,dread to-mor- row,
Some tid - ings of the wak- ing, The cloud-less,pure day breaking;
Each tie of earth must sev- er, And pass a- way for- ev - er;
Where the pea-ly gates are gleaming,And the morn-ing star is beaming?
The midnight may be drea- ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,
To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearn- ing—yearning For the coming of the King.
But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der In the presence of the King.
But there's no more shadow yon - der In the presence of the King.

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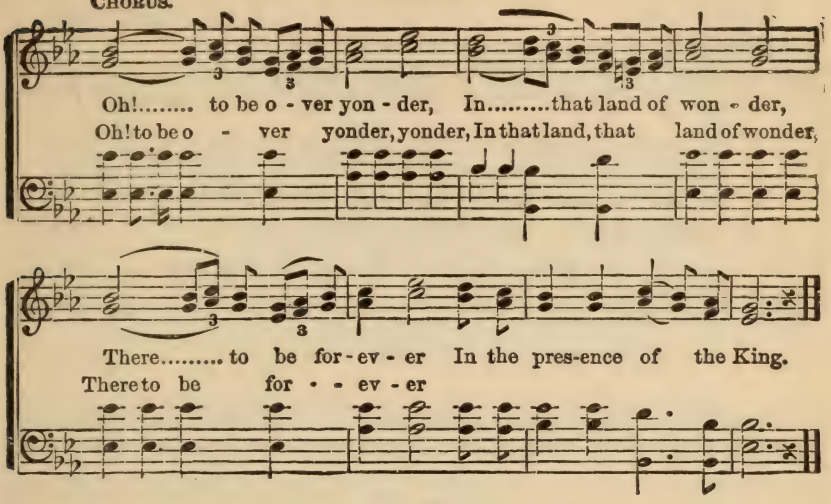
Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

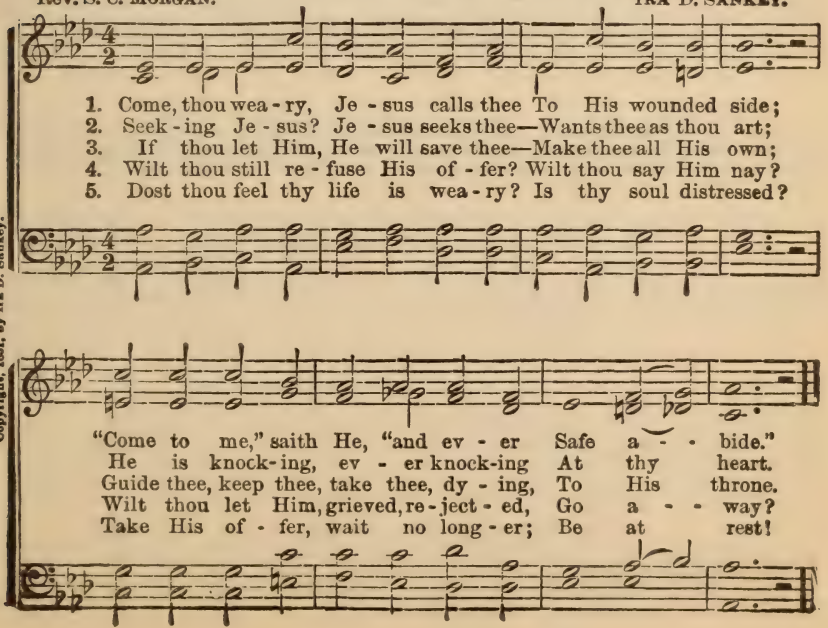
CHORUS.


Oh!..... to be o - ver yon - der, In.....that land of won - der,
Oh! to be o - ver yonder, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder,
There..... to be for - ev - er In the pres-ence of the King.
There to be for - - ev - er

No. 267. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

REV. S. C. MORGAN. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Come, thou wea - ry, Je - sus calls thee To His wounded side;
2. Seek - ing Je - sus? Je - sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;
4. Wilt thou still re - fuse His of - fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea - ry? Is thy soul distressed?
"Come to me," saith He, "and ev - er Safe a - - bide."
He is knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing At thy heart.
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dy - ing, To His throne.
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re - ject - ed, Go a - - way?
Take His of - fer, wait no long - er; Be at rest!

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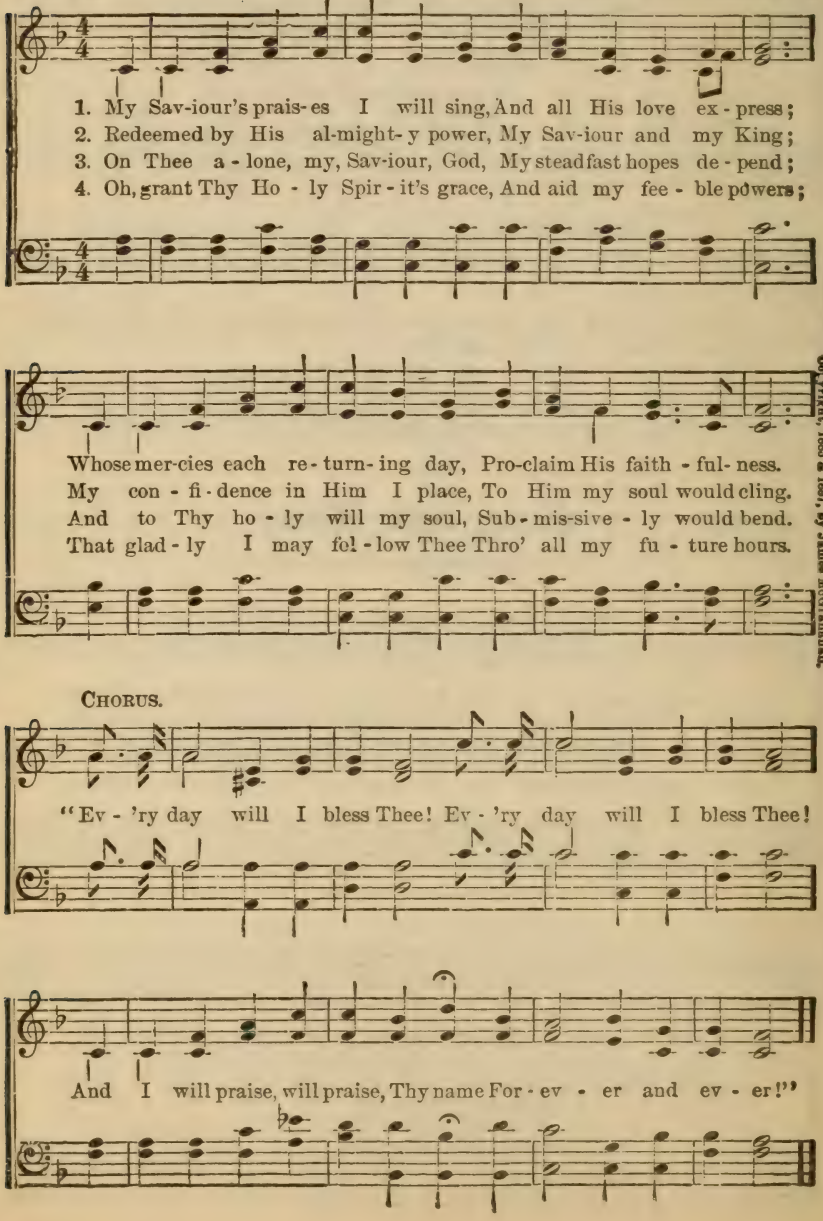
No. 268. Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

Ps. 145: 2.

J. R. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. My Sav-iour's prais-es I will sing, And all His love ex-press;
2. Redeemed by His al-might-y power, My Sav-iour and my King;
3. On Thee a-lone, my, Sav-iour, God, My steadfast hopes de-pend;
4. Oh, grant Thy Ho-ly Spir-it's grace, And aid my fee-ble powers;
Whose mer-cies each re-turn-ing day, Pro-claim His faith-ful-ness.
My con-fi-dence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.
And to Thy ho-ly will my soul, Sub-mis-sive-ly would bend.
That glad-ly I may fol-low Thee Thro' all my fu-ture hours.
CHORUS.
"Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee!
And I will praise, will praise, Thy name For-ev-er and ev-er!"

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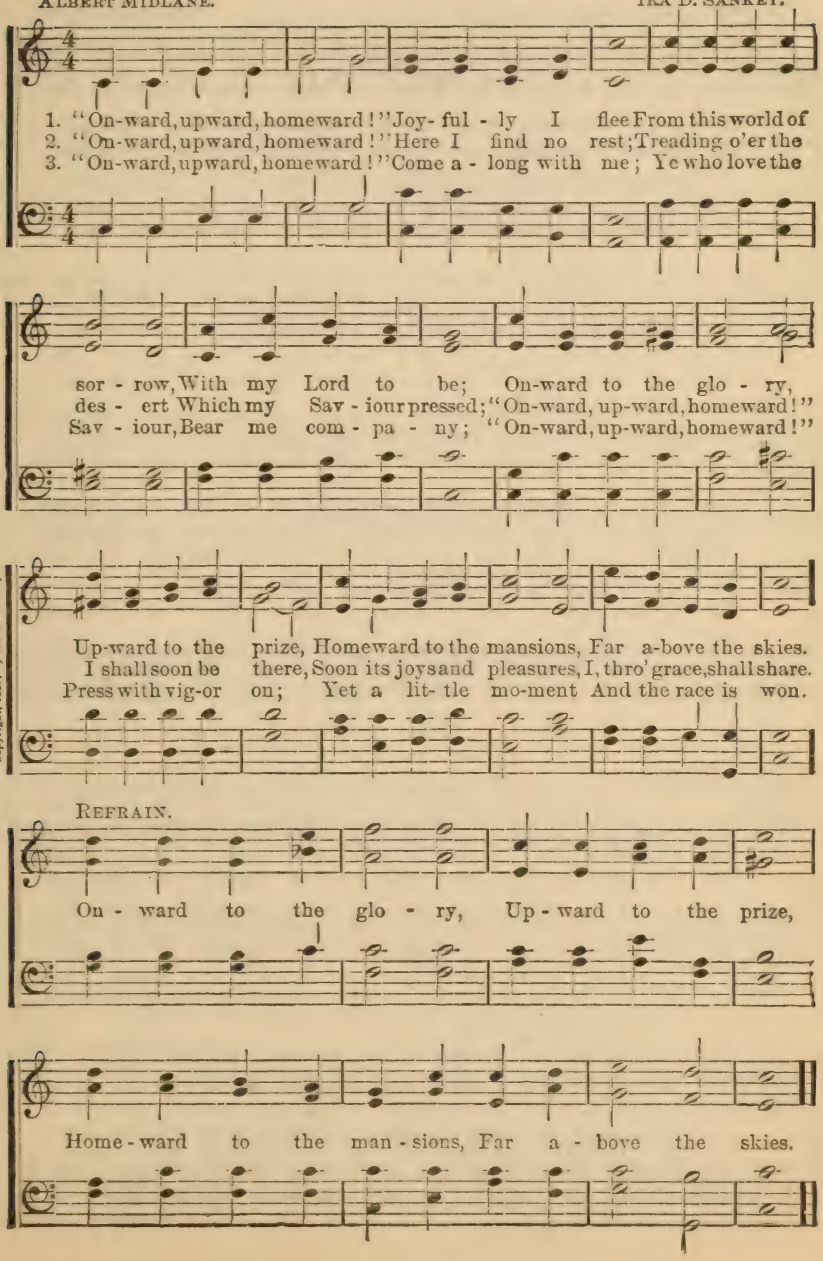
No. 269. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy- ful - ly I flee From this world of
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a - long with me; Ye who love the
sor - row, With my Lord to be; On-ward to the glo - ry,
des - ert Which my Sav - iour pressed; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Sav - iour, Bear me com - pa - ny; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a-bove the skies.
I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.
Press with vig-or on; Yet a lit- tle mo-ment And the race is won.
REFRAIN.
On - ward to the glo - ry, Up - ward to the prize,
Home - ward to the man - sions, Far a - bove the skies.

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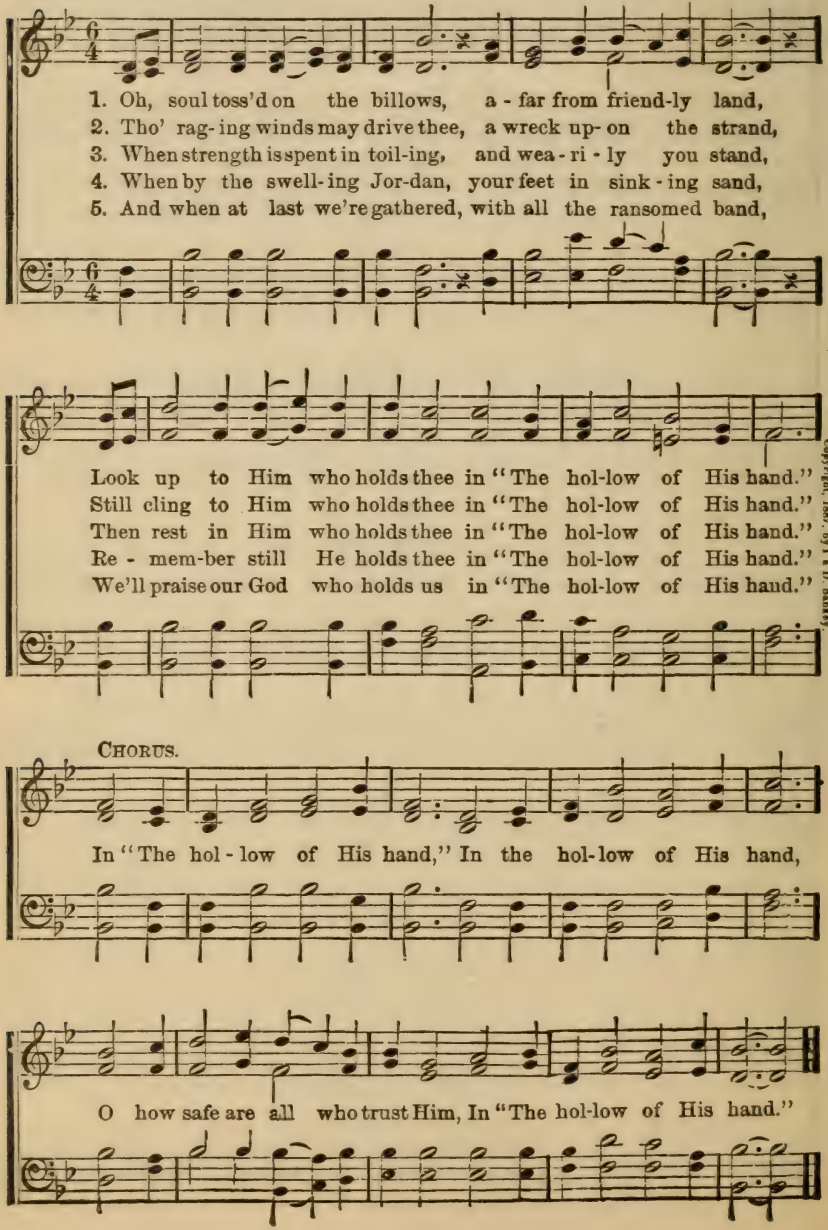
No. 270. In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN 10. 28.

LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD, alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, soul toss'd on the billows, a - far from friend-ly land,
2. Tho' rag - ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up - on the strand,
3. When strength is spent in toil-ing, and wea - ri - ly you stand,
4. When by the swell - ing Jor-dan, your feet in sink - ing sand,
5. And when at last we're gathered, with all the ransomed band,
Look up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Re - mem-ber still He holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hol-low of His hand."
CHORUS.
In "The hol - low of His hand," In the hol-low of His hand,
O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His hand."

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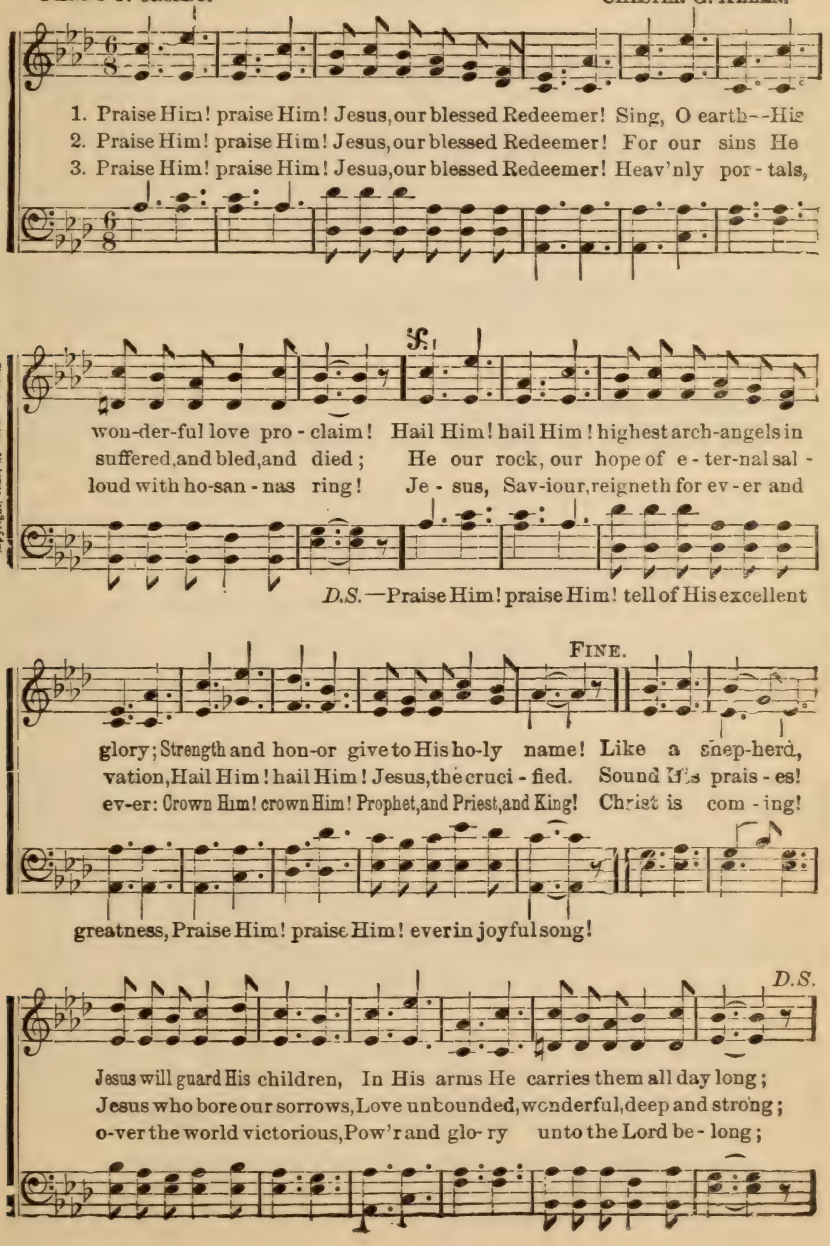
No. 271. Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

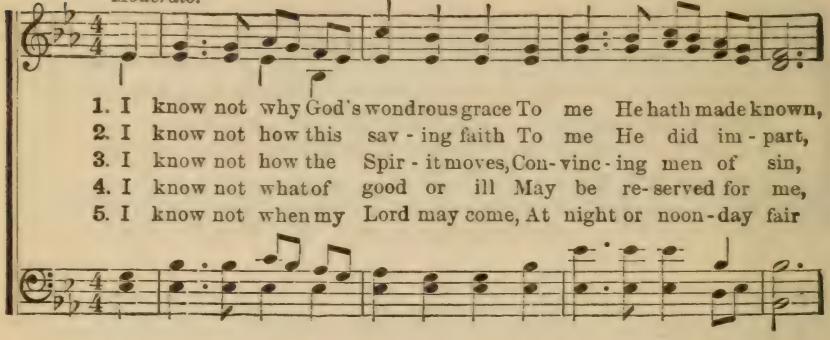

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth--His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'nly por-tals,
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in
suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for ev-er and
D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent
FINE.
glory; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cruci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
D.S.
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
o-ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry unto the Lord be-long;

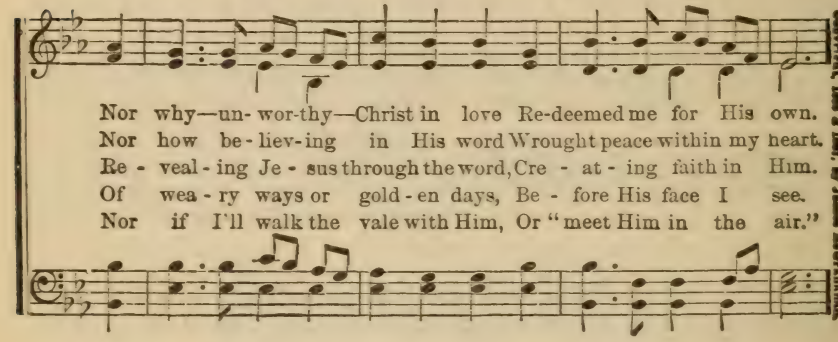
No. 272. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

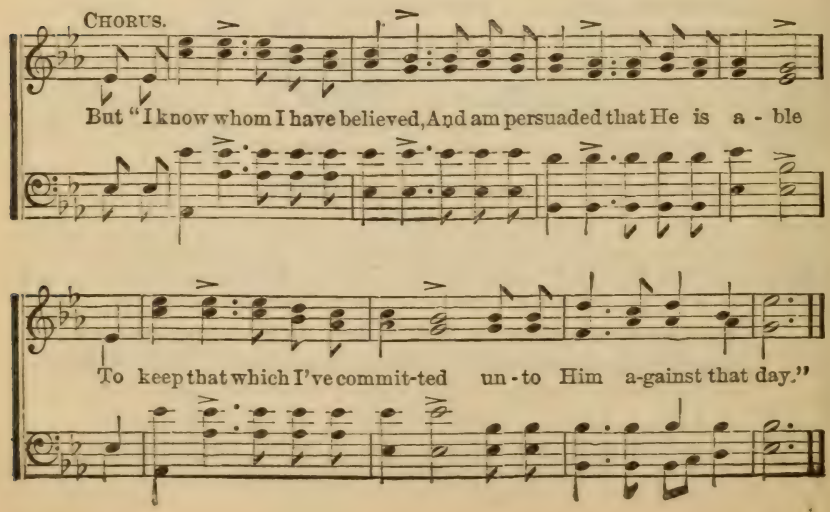
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair


Nor why—un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

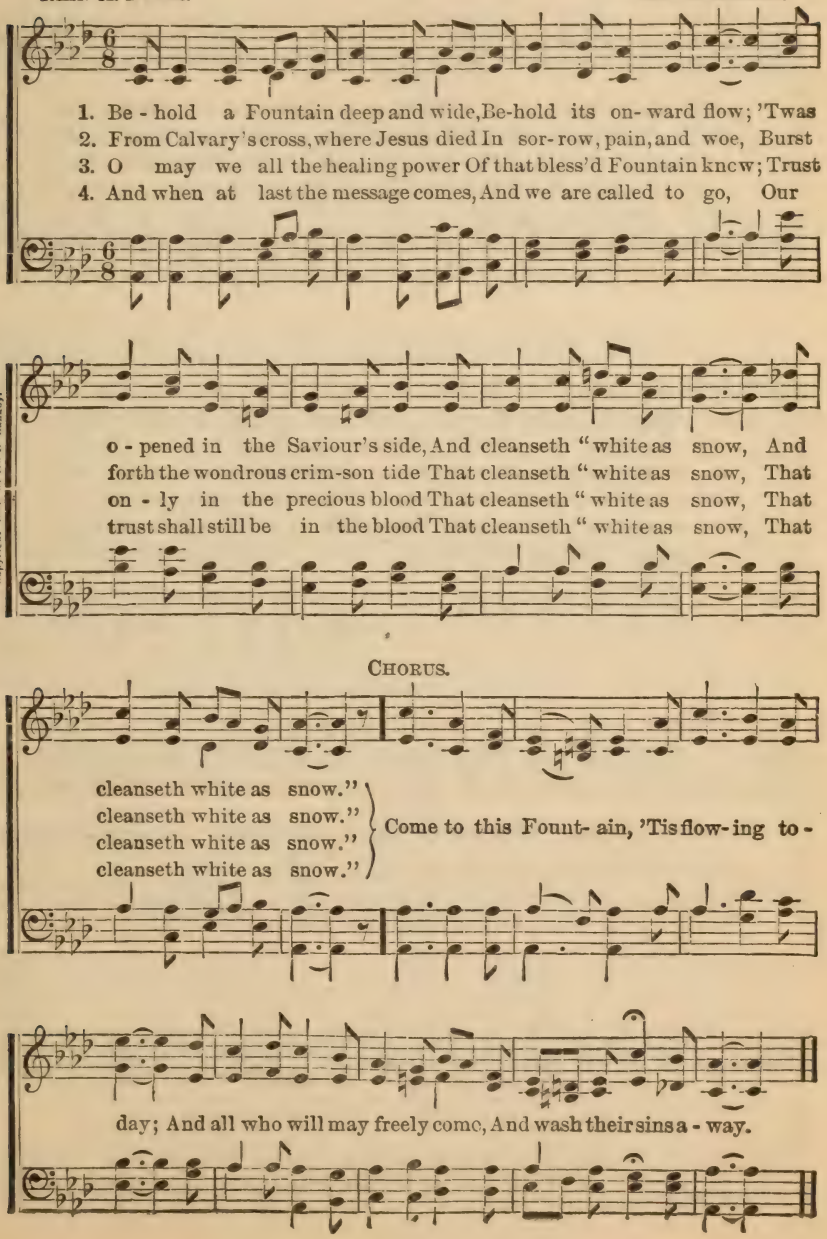
Copyright, 1895 & 1897, by James McGranahan.


CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've commit - ted un - to Him a - gainst that day."

No. 273. The Cleansing Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

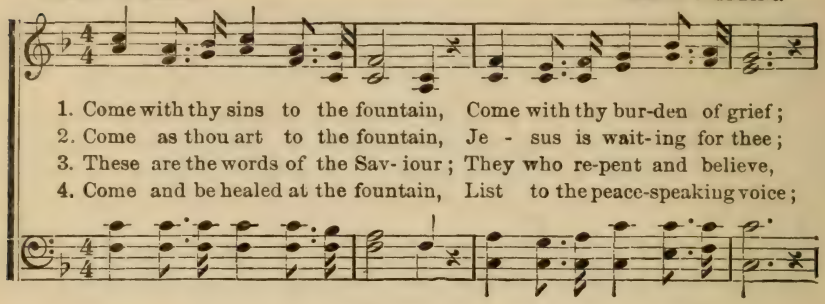

1. Be - hold a Fountain deep and wide, Be-hold its on- ward flow; 'Twas
2. From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died In sor- row, pain, and woe, Burst
3. O may we all the healing power Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust
4. And when at last the message comes, And we are called to go, Our
o - pened in the Saviour's side, And cleanseth "white as snow, And
forth the wondrous crim-son tide That cleanseth "white as snow, That
on - ly in the precious blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That
trust shall still be in the blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That
CHORUS.
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
Come to this Fount- ain, 'Tis flow- ing to -
day; And all who will may freely come, And wash their sins a - way.

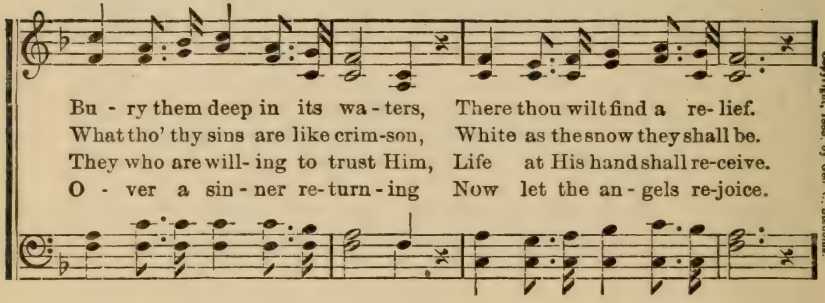
Copyright 1887 by Ira D Sankey.

No. 274. Come to the Fountain.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

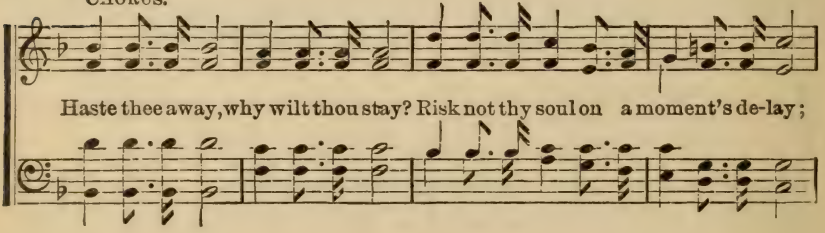
FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

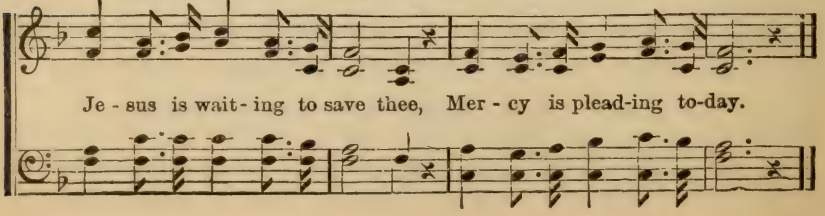

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav-iour; They who re-pent and believe,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speaking voice;


Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crim-son, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re-ceive.
O - ver a sin - ner re-turn - ing Now let the an - gels re-joice.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

CHORUS.

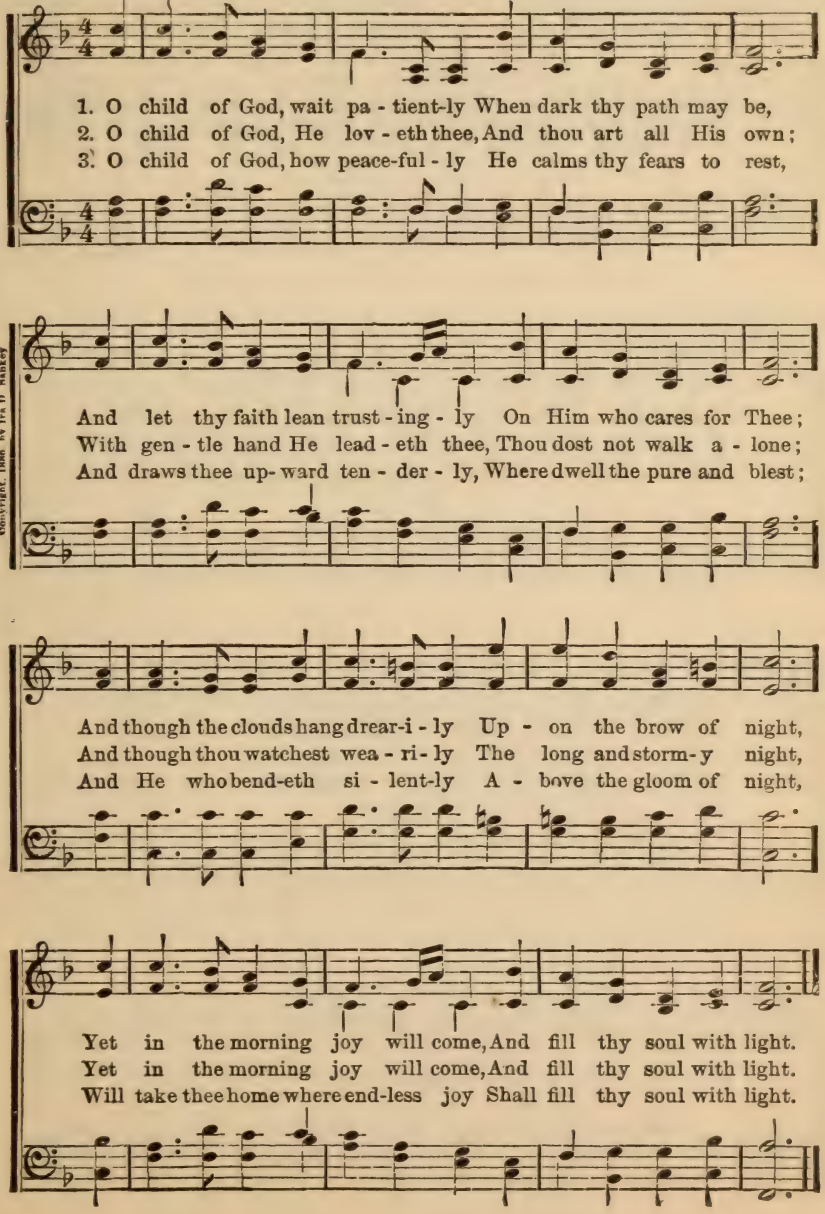




No. 275. O Child of God.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

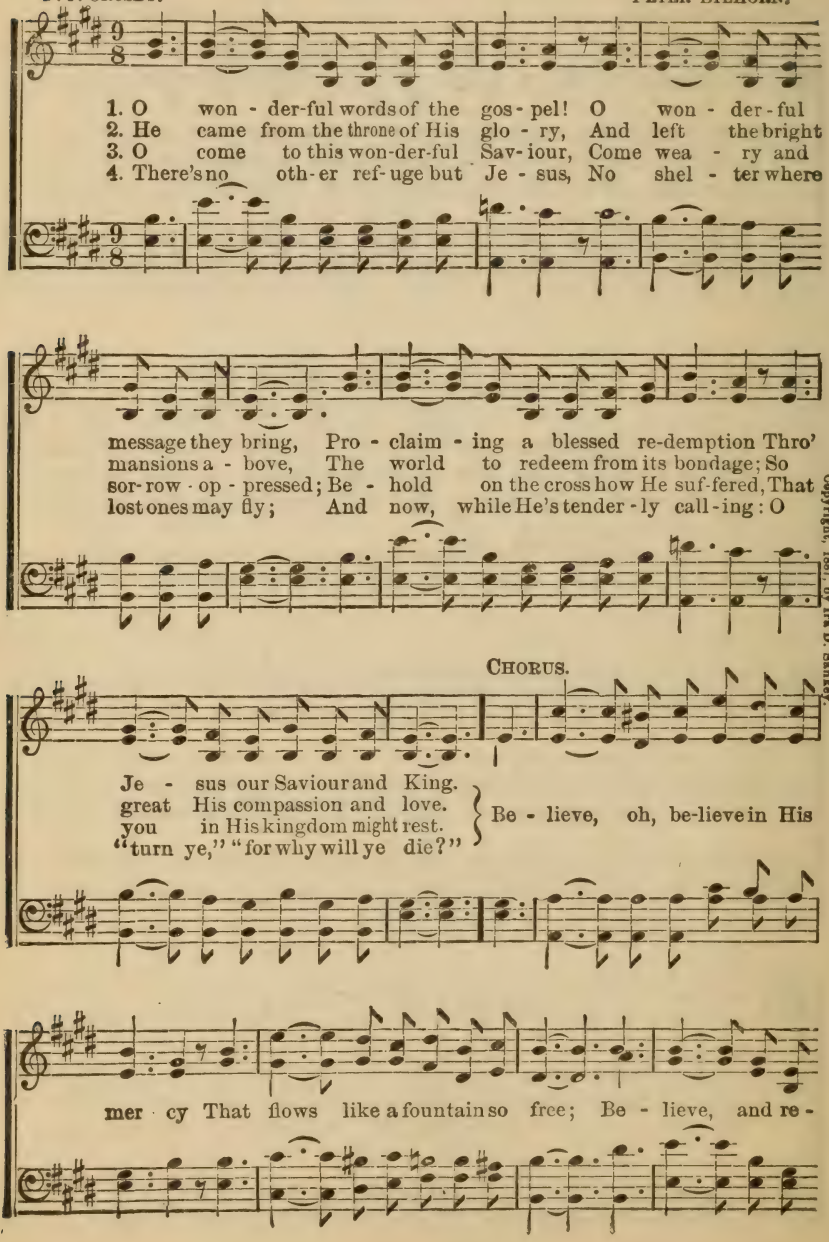

1. O child of God, wait pa - tient-ly When dark thy path may be,
2. O child of God, He lov - eth thee, And thou art all His own;
3. O child of God, how peace-ful - ly He calms thy fears to rest,
And let thy faith lean trust - ing - ly On Him who cares for Thee;
With gen - tle hand He lead - eth thee, Thou dost not walk a - lone;
And draws thee up- ward ten - der - ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;
And though the clouds hang drear-i - ly Up - on the brow of night,
And though thou watchest wea - ri - ly The long and storm-y night,
And He who bend-eth si - lent-ly A - bove the gloom of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Will take thee home where end-less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.

Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey

No. 276. Redemption.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

F. J. Crosby. Peter Bilhorn.


1. O won - der-ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won-der-ful Sav-iour, Come wea - ry and
4. There's no oth-er ref-uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where
message they bring, Pro - claim - ing a blessed re-demption Thro'
mansions a - bove, The world to redeem from its bondage; So
sor-row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf-fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's tender - ly call - ing: O
Chorus.
Je - sus our Saviour and King.
great His compassion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?"
Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His
mer - cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re -

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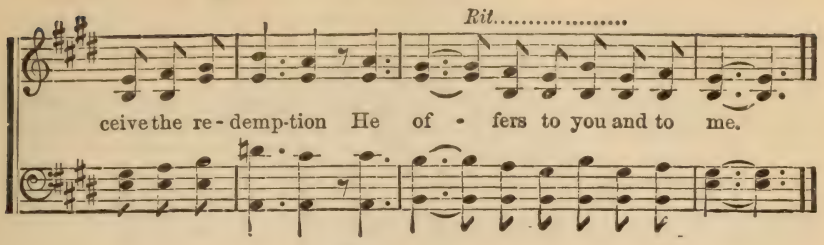
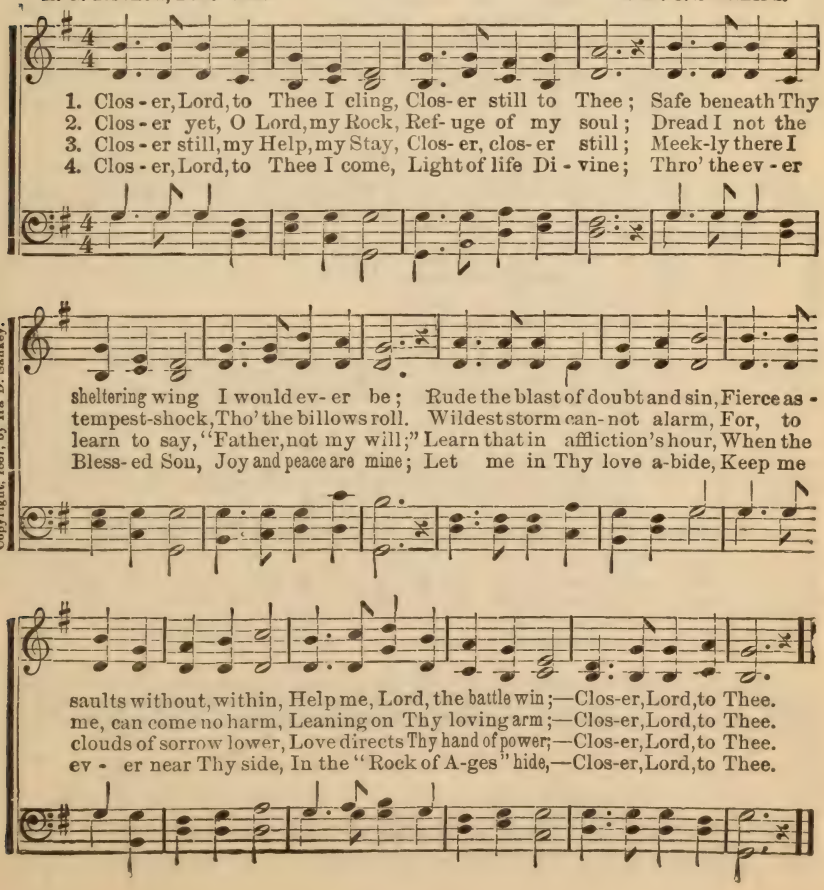


No. 277. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. Taylor, D.D. Alt. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos- er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref- uge of my soul; Dread I not the
3. Clos - er still, my Help, my Stay, Clos- er, clos- er still; Meek-ly there I
4. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di - vine; Thro' the ev - er
sheltering wing I would ev- er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as -
tempest-shock, Tho' the billows roll. Wildest storm can- not alarm, For, to
learn to say, "Father, not my will;" Learn that in affliction's hour, When the
Bless- ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a-bide, Keep me
saults without, within, Help me, Lord, the battle win;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
me, can come no harm, Leaning on Thy loving arm;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
clouds of sorrow lower, Love directs Thy hand of power;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A-ges" hide,—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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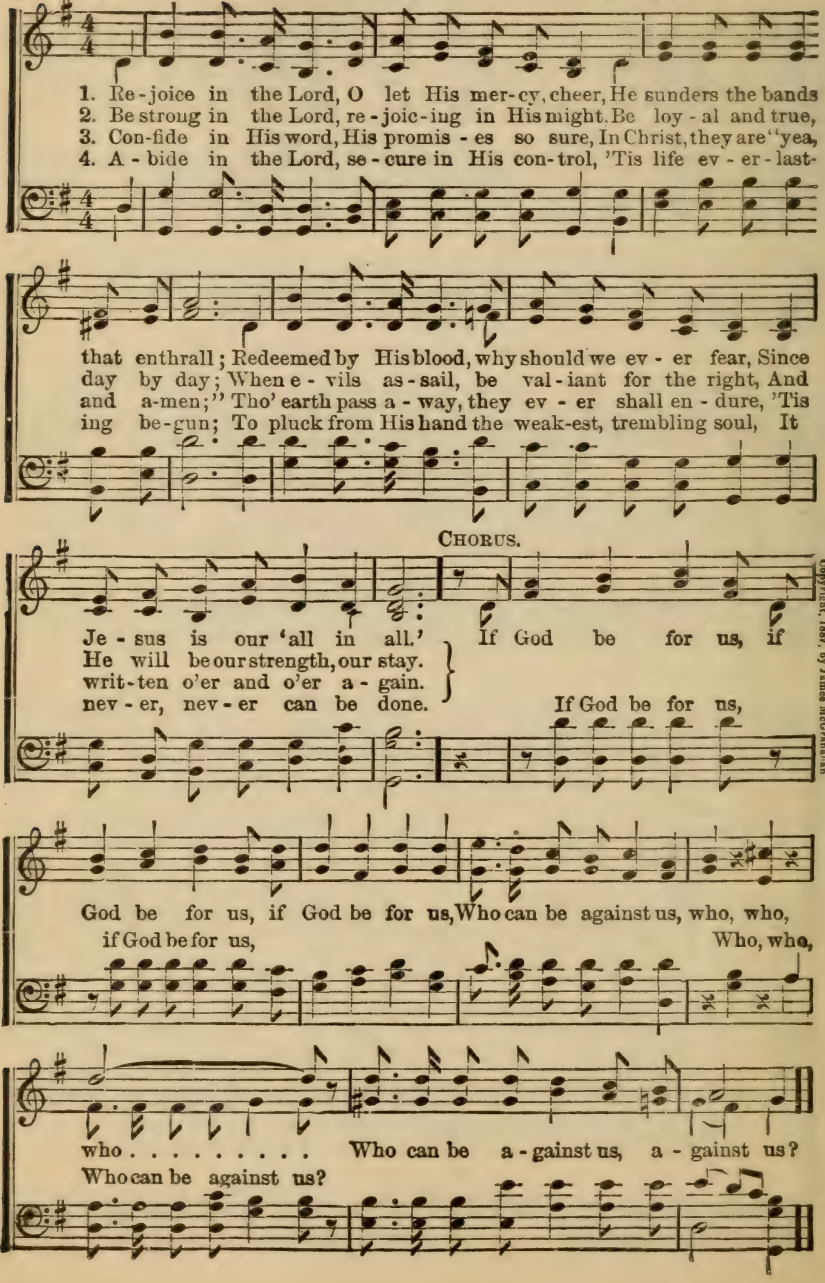
No. 278.

If God be For Us.

G. M. J. ROM. 8: 13. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy, cheer, He sunders the bands
2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might. Be loy-al and true,
3. Con-fide in His word, His promis-es so sure, In Christ, they are "yea,
4. A-bide in the Lord, se-cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last-
that enthrall; Redeemed by His blood, why should we ev-er fear, Since
day by day; When e-vils as-sail, be val-iant for the right, And
and a-men;" Tho' earth pass a-way, they ev-er shall en-dure, 'Tis
ing be-gun; To pluck from His hand the weak-est, trembling soul, It
CHORUS.
Je-sus is our 'all in all.' If God be for us, if
He will be our strength, our stay.
writ-ten o'er and o'er a-gain.
nev-er, nev-er can be done.
If God be for us,
God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who,
if God be for us, Who, who,
who . . . . . Who can be a-gainst us, a-gainst us?
Who can be against us?

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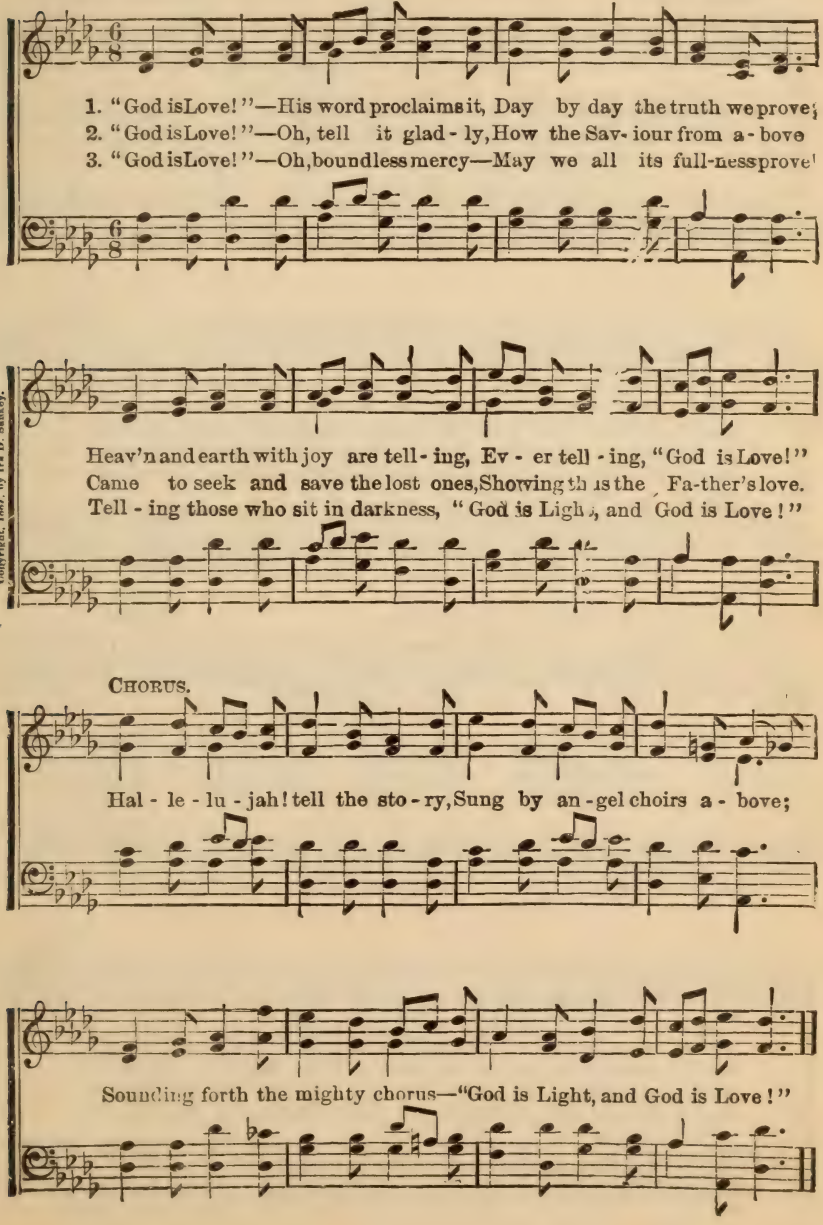
No. 279. **God is Love!**

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "God is Love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;
2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Sav - iour from a - bove
3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—May we all its full-ness prove!
Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"
Came to seek and save the lost ones, Showing th is the Fa-ther's love.
Tell - ing those who sit in darkness, "God is Ligh , and God is Love!"
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;
Sounding forth the mighty chorus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

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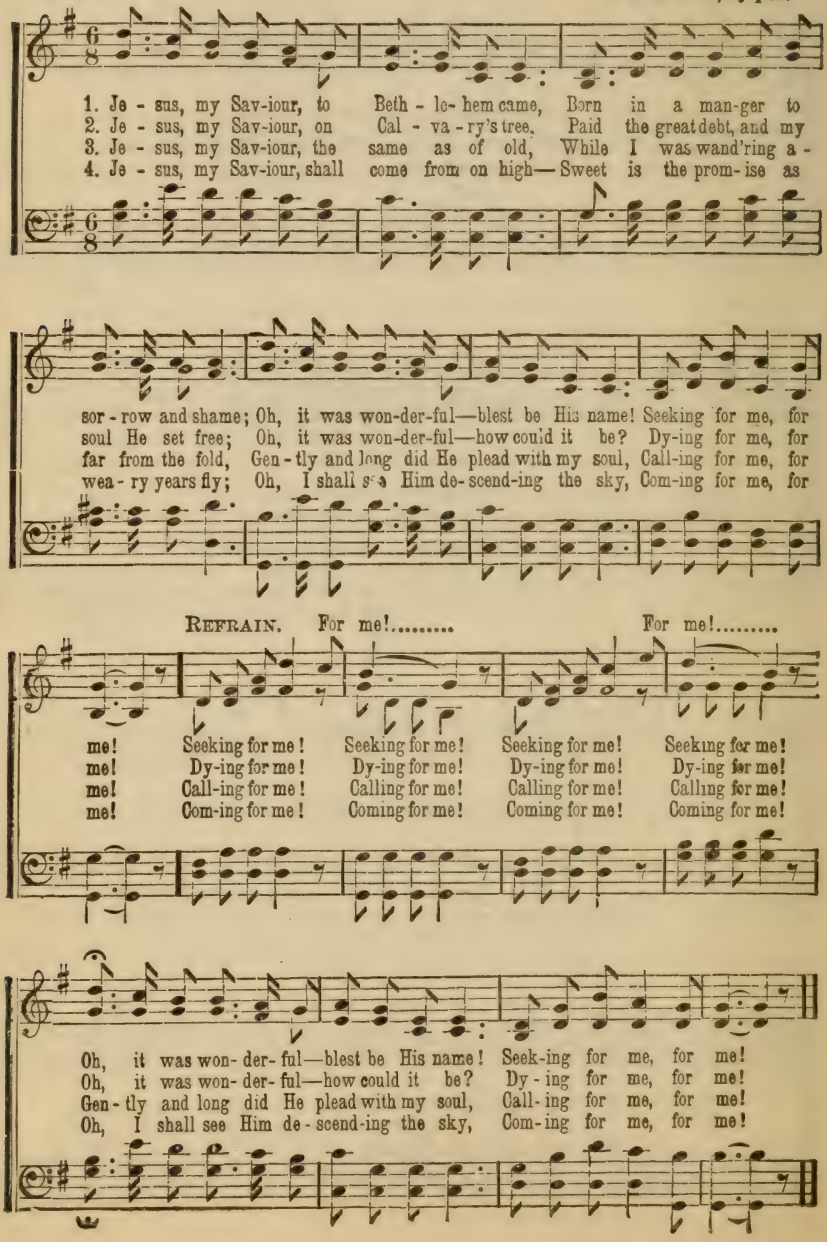
No. 280. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—EZEK. 34: 11.

A. N. E. E. HASTY, by per.

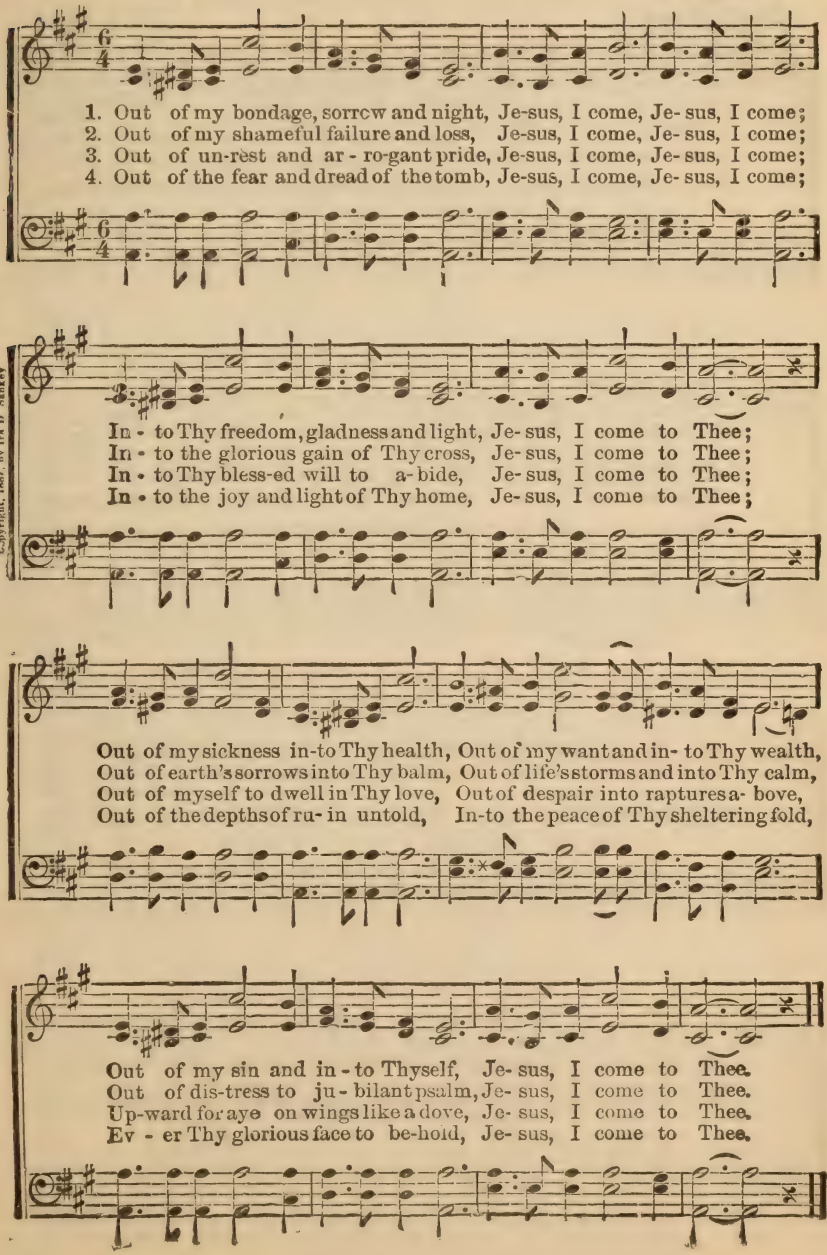

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le- hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high— Sweet is the prom-ise as
sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for
REFRAIN. For me!..... For me!.....
me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
me! Com-ing for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!
Oh, it was won- der- ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won- der- ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

No. 281.

Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71 : 4.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in untold, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thyself, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bilant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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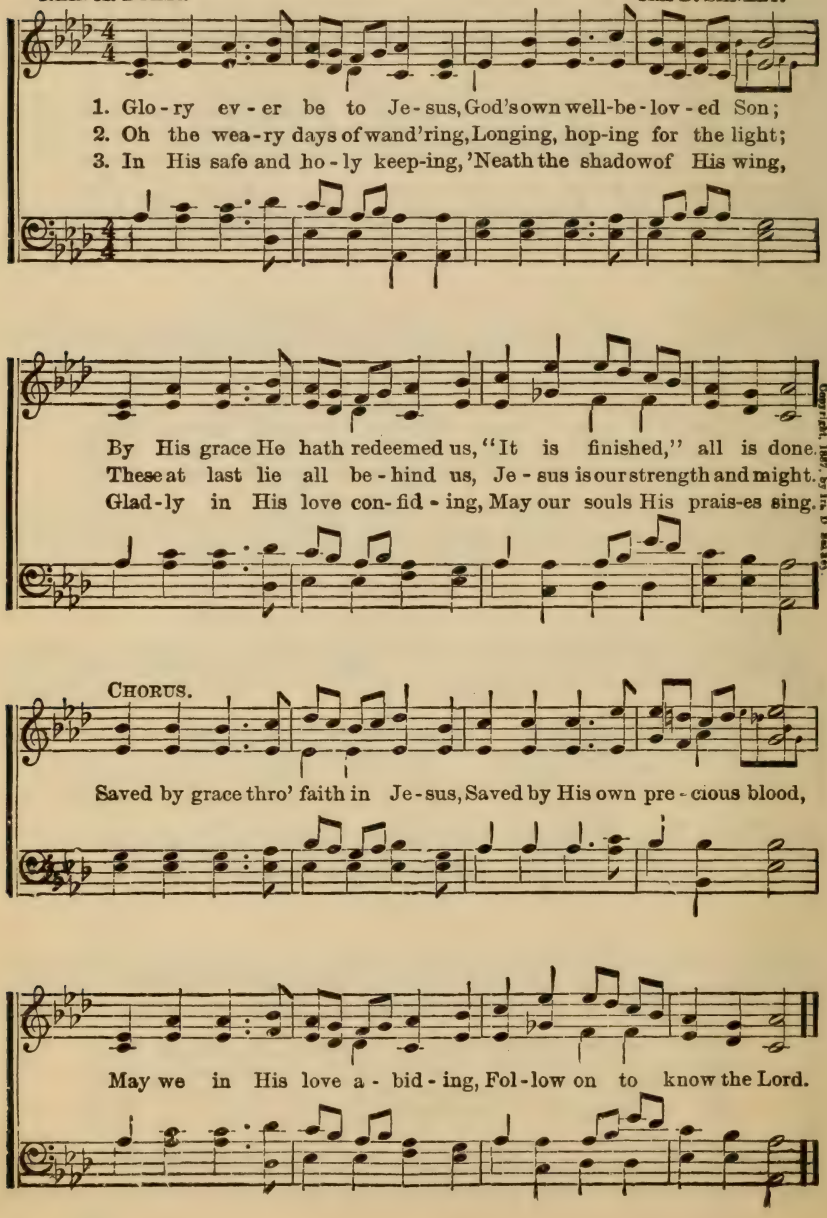
No. 282. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—PSA. 96: 7.

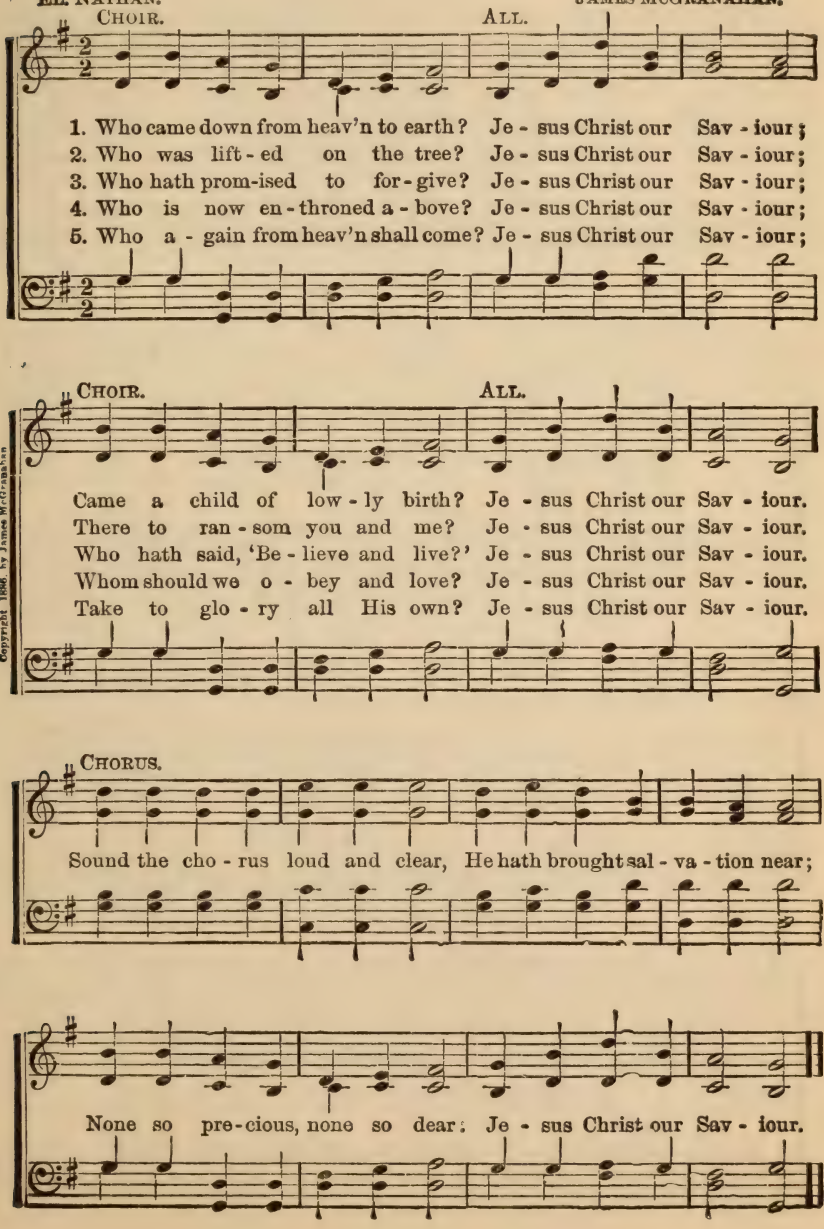
RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Glo-ry ev-er be to Je-sus, God's own well-be-lov-ed Son;
2. Oh the wea-ry days of wand'ring, Longing, hop-ing for the light;
3. In His safe and ho-ly keep-ing, 'Neath the shadow of His wing,
By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is finished," all is done.
These at last lie all be-hind us, Je-sus is our strength and might.
Glad-ly in His love con-fid-ing, May our souls His prais-es sing.
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.
CHORUS.
Saved by grace thro' faith in Je-sus, Saved by His own pre-cious blood,
May we in His love a-bid-ing, Fol-low on to know the Lord.

No. 283. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—JOHN 4: 42.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


CHOIR.
ALL.
1. Who came down from heav'n to earth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
2. Who was lift - ed on the tree? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
3. Who hath prom-ised to for-give? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
4. Who is now en - throned a - bove? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
5. Who a - gain from heav'n shall come? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
CHOIR.
ALL.
Came a child of low - ly birth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
There to ran - som you and me? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Who hath said, 'Be - lieve and live?' Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Whom should we o - bey and love? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Take to glo - ry all His own? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
CHORUS.
Sound the cho - rus loud and clear, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;
None so pre-cious, none so dear; Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.

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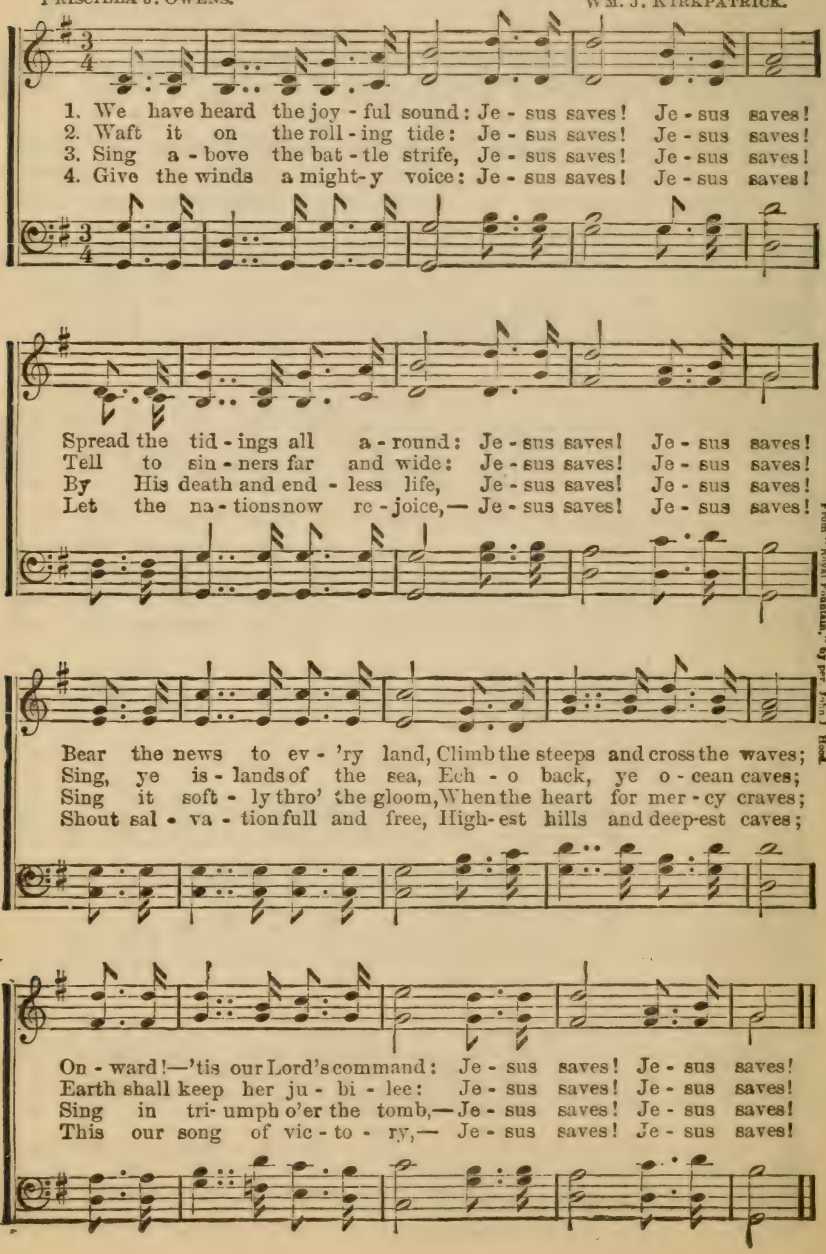
No. 284. Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

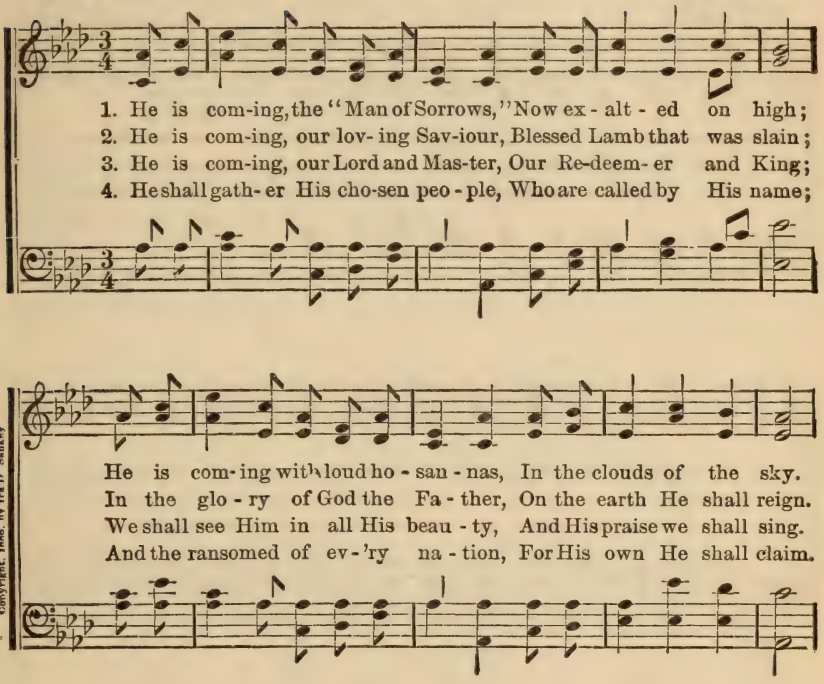
From "Royal Fountain," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 285.

He is Coming.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

ALICE MONTEITH. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. He is com-ing, the "Man of Sorrows," Now ex-alt-ed on high;
2. He is com-ing, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Blessed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com-ing, our Lord and Mas-ter, Our Re-deem-er and King;
4. He shall gath-er His cho-sen peo-ple, Who are called by His name;
He is com-ing with loud ho-san-nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau-ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ransomed of ev-'ry na-tion, For His own He shall claim.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! He is com-ing a-gain;
And with joy we shall gather round Him, At His com-ing to reign.

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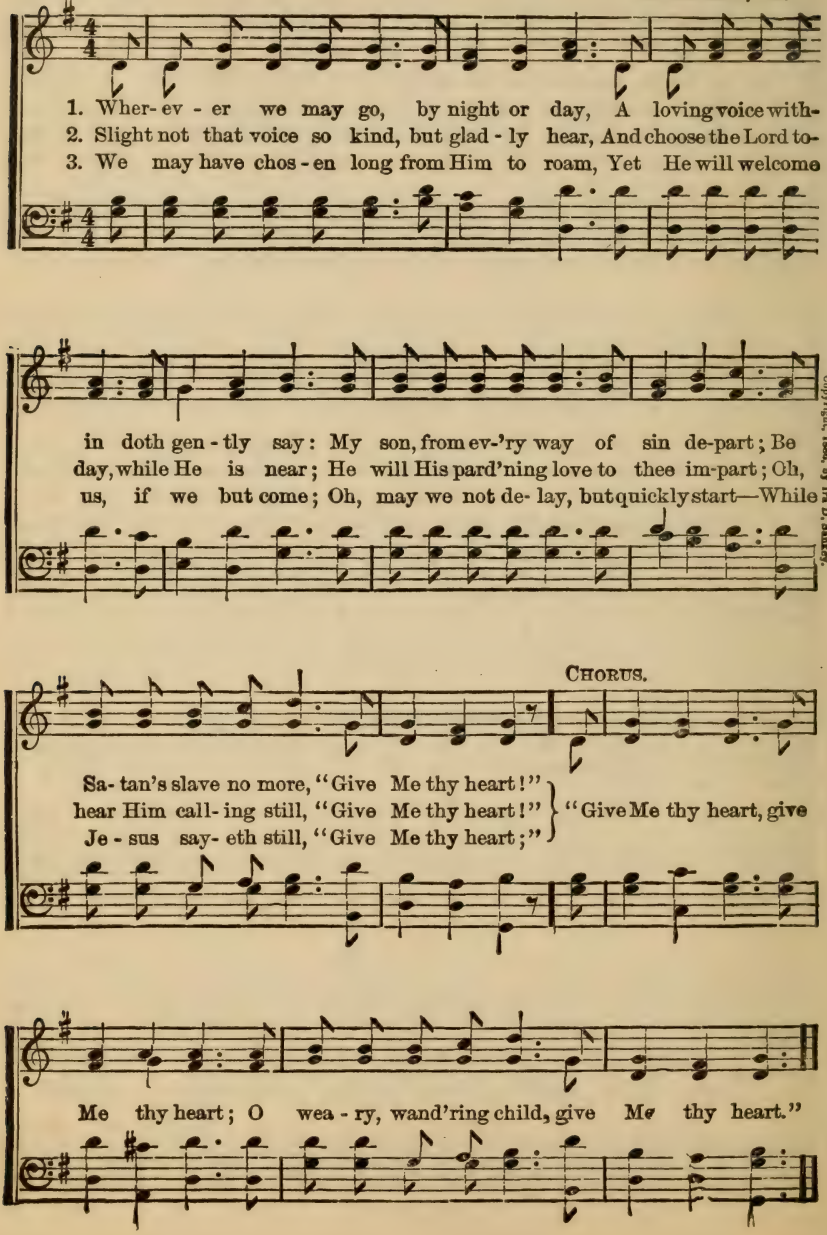
No. 286. Give Me Thine Heart!

"My son, give Me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23: 26.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. ABBEY, arr.


1. Wher-ev - er we may go, by night or day, A loving voice with-
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad - ly hear, And choose the Lord to-
3. We may have chos - en long from Him to roam, Yet He will welcome
in doth gen - tly say: My son, from ev-'ry way of sin de-part; Be
day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im-part; Oh,
us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de- lay, but quickly start—While
CHORUS.
Sa- tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"
hear Him call- ing still, "Give Me thy heart!"
Je - sus say- eth still, "Give Me thy heart;"
"Give Me thy heart, give
Me thy heart; O wea - ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."

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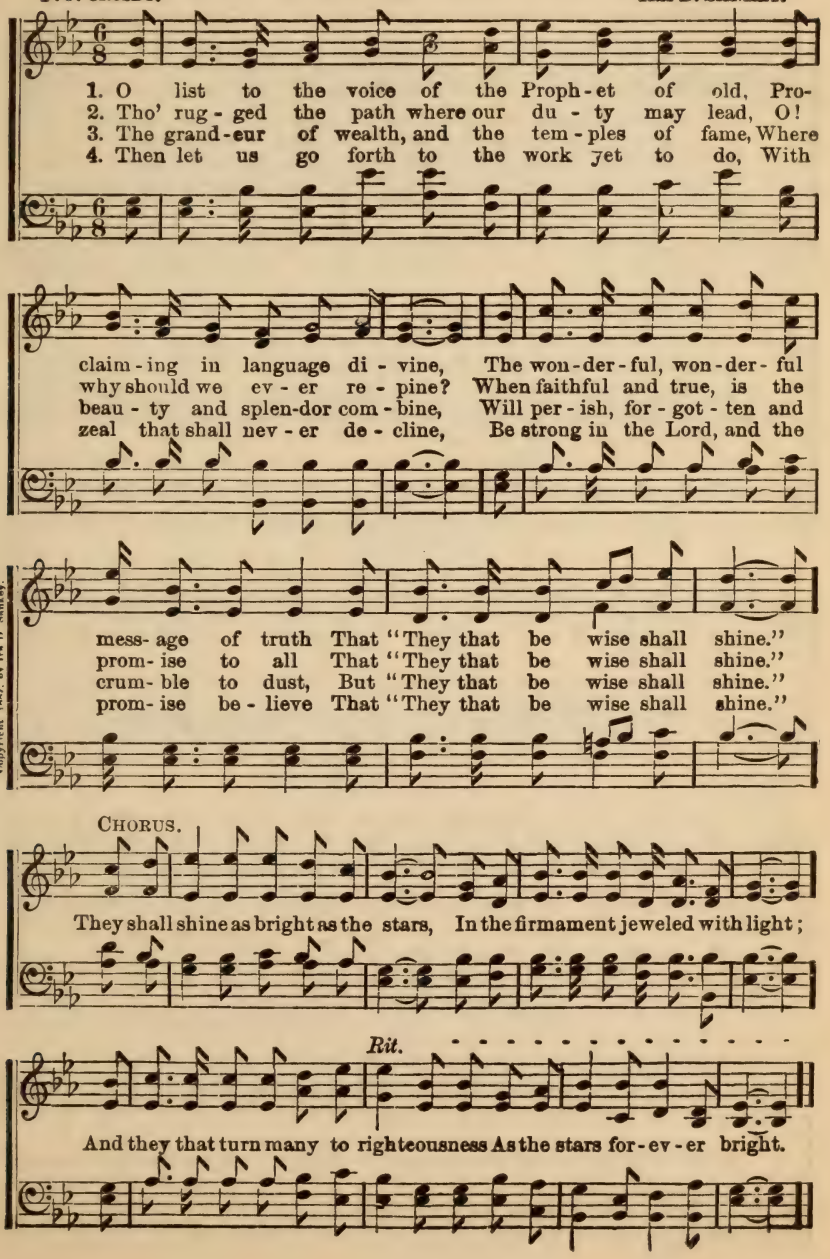
No. 287. They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—DAN. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O list to the voice of the Proph-et of old, Pro-
2. Tho' rug-ged the path where our du-ty may lead, O!
3. The grand-eur of wealth, and the tem-ples of fame, Where
4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With
claim-ing in language di-vine, The won-der-ful, won-der-ful
why should we ev-er re-pine? When faithful and true, is the
beau-ty and splen-dor com-bine, Will per-ish, for-got-ten and
zeal that shall nev-er de-cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the
mess-age of truth That "They that be wise shall shine."
prom-ise to all That "They that be wise shall shine."
crum-ble to dust, But "They that be wise shall shine."
prom-ise be-lieve That "They that be wise shall shine."
CHORUS.
They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the firmament jeweled with light;
Rit.
And they that turn many to righteousness As the stars for-ev-er bright.

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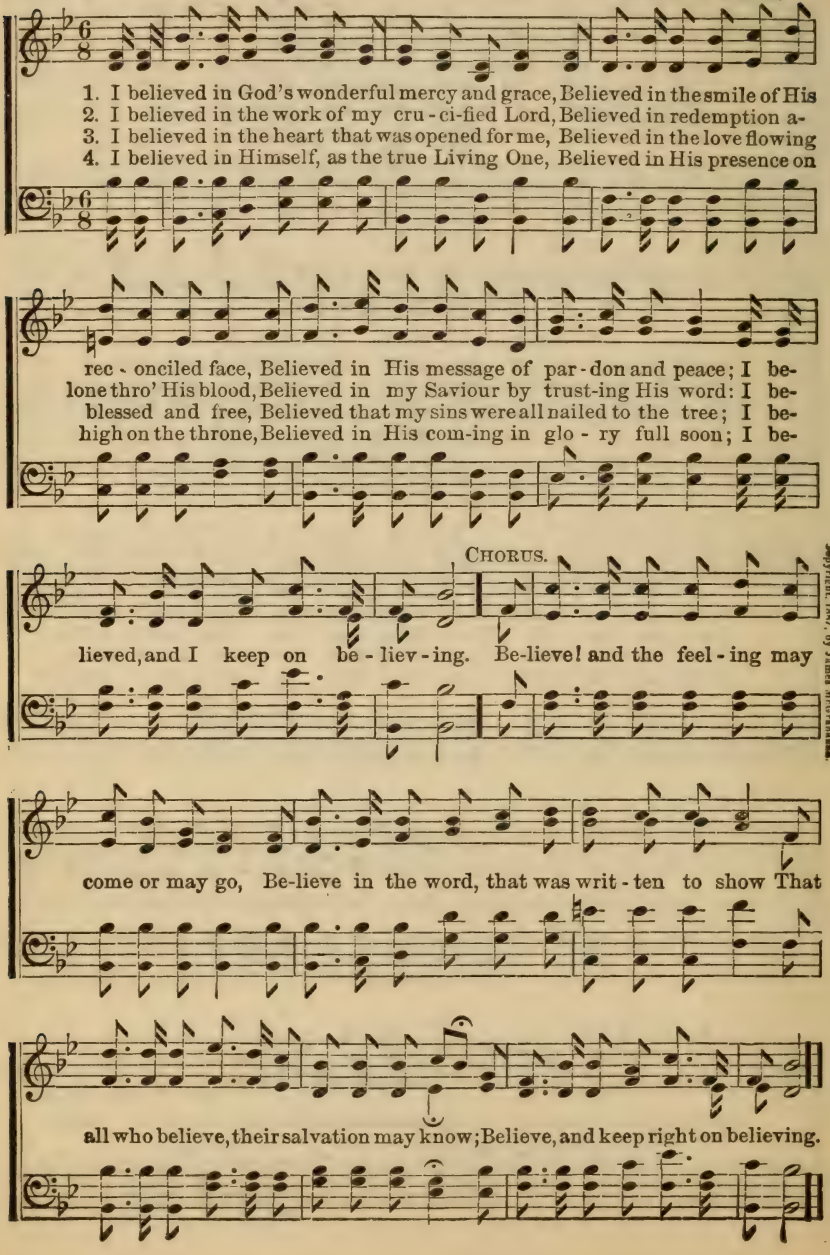
No. 288. Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—JNO. 3: 36.

ARR. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru - ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on
rec - onciled face, Believed in His message of par - don and peace; I be-
lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trust-ing His word: I be-
blessed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
high on the throne, Believed in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon; I be-
CHORUS.
lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be-lieve! and the feel - ing may
come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That
all who believe, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

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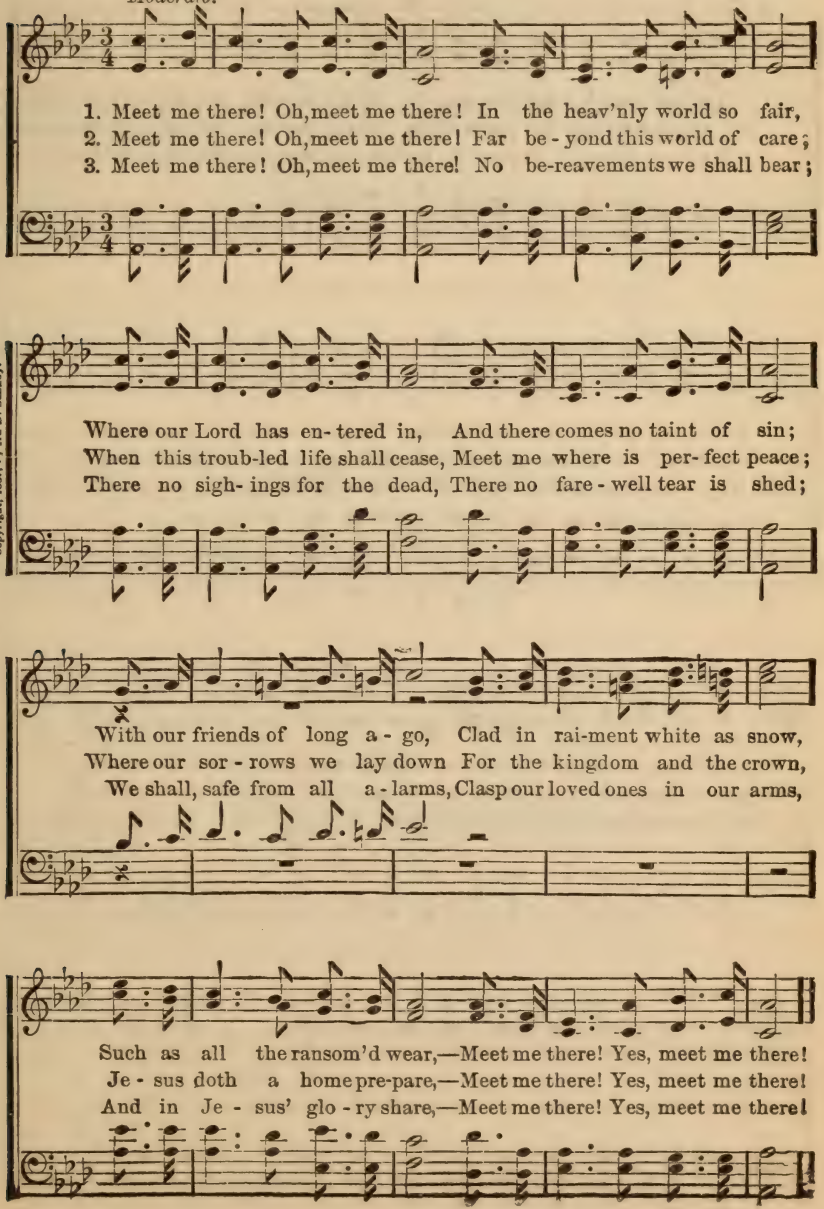
No. 289. Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.


1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'nly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be-yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be-reavements we shall bear;
Where our Lord has en-tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;
When this troub-led life shall cease, Meet me where is per-fect peace;
There no sigh-ings for the dead, There no fare-well tear is shed;
With our friends of long a-go, Clad in rai-ment white as snow,
Where our sor-rows we lay down For the kingdom and the crown,
We shall, safe from all a-larms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,
Such as all the ransom'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Je-sus doth a home pre-pare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
And in Je-sus' glo-ry share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

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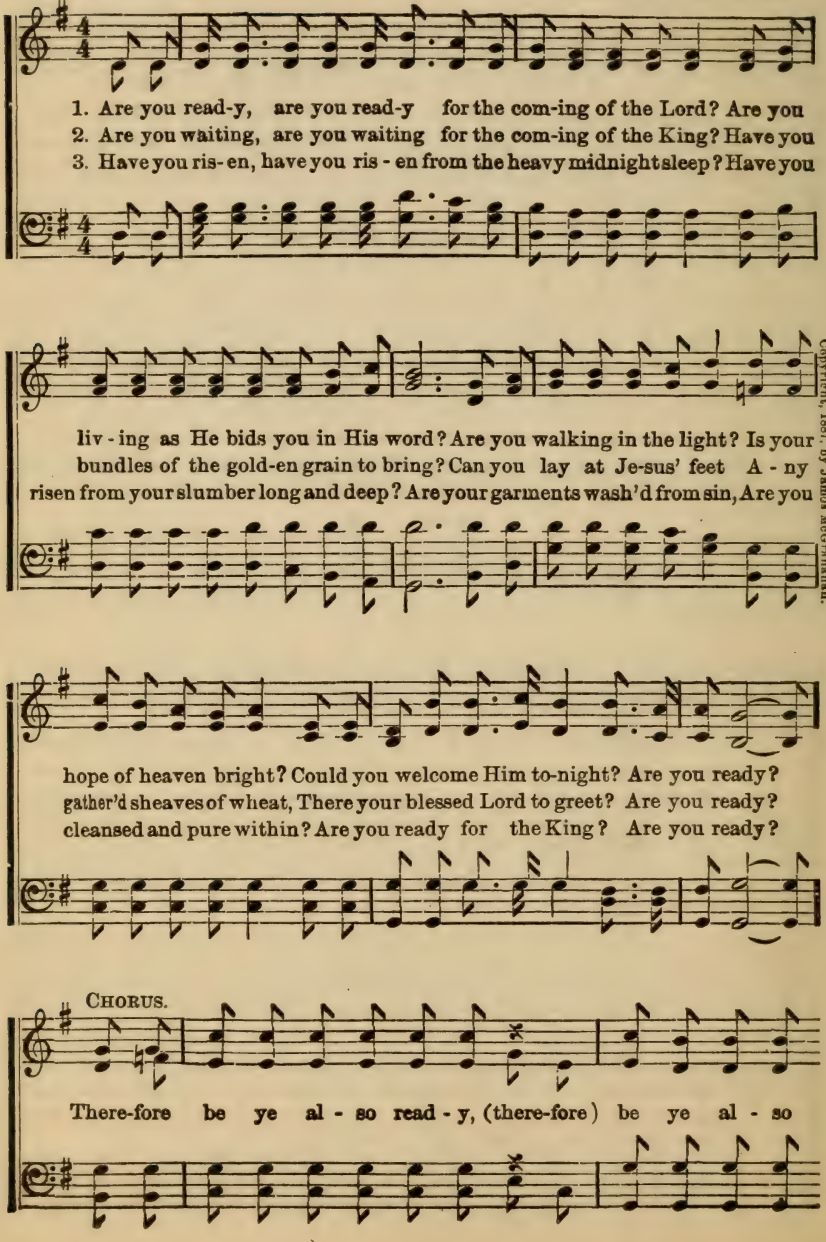
No. 290. Be Ye also Ready.

MATT. 24: 44.

GEO. R. CLARK. JAMES McGRAWAHAW.


1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you waiting, are you waiting for the com-ing of the King? Have you
3. Have you ris-en, have you ris-en from the heavy midnight sleep? Have you
liv-ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walking in the light? Is your
bundles of the gold-en grain to bring? Can you lay at Je-sus' feet A-ny
risen from your slumber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin, Are you
hope of heaven bright? Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you ready?
gather'd sheaves of wheat, There your blessed Lord to greet? Are you ready?
cleansed and pure within? Are you ready for the King? Are you ready?
CHORUS.
There-fore be ye al-so read-y, (there-fore) be ye al-so

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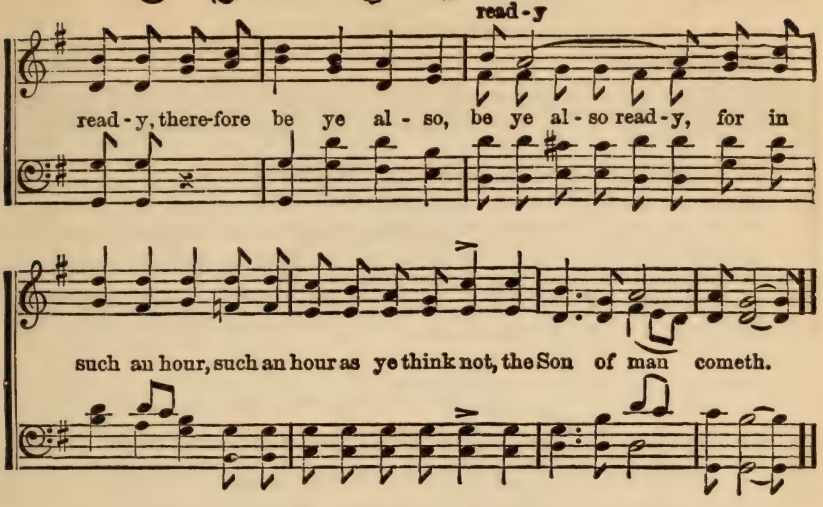
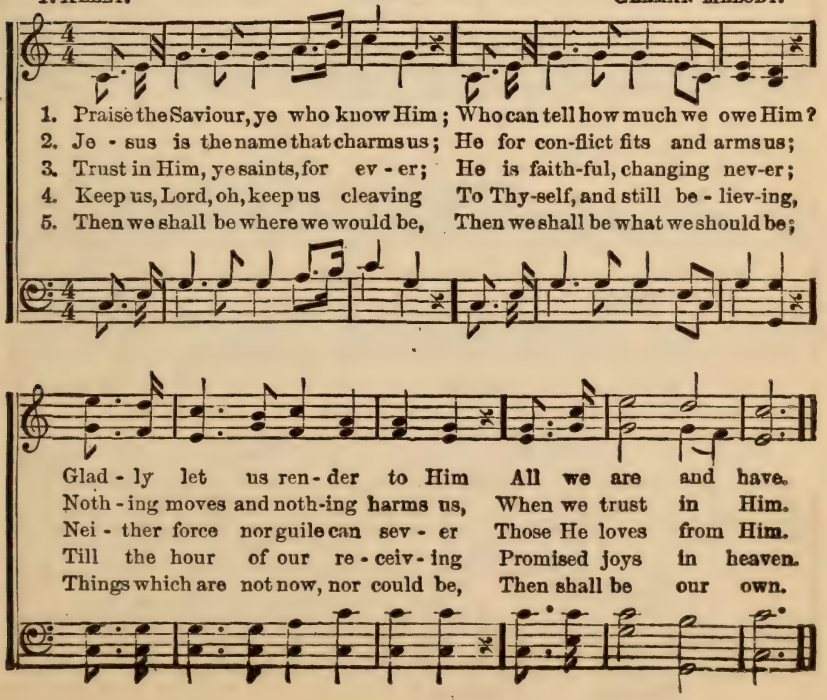
Be Ye also Ready. —Concluded.



No. 291. Praise the Saviour.

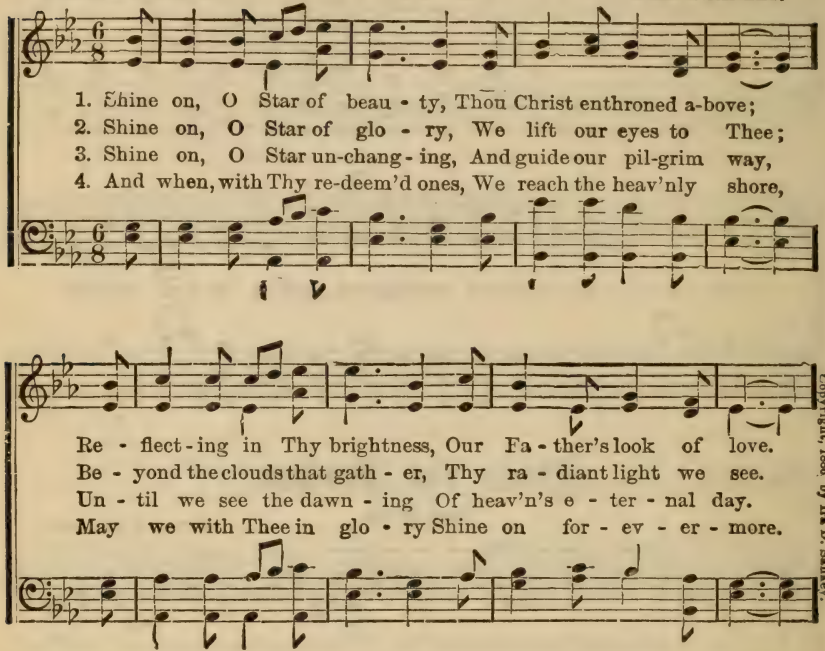
T. KELLY. HEB. 13: 15. GERMAN MELODY.


1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je-sus is the name that charms us; He for con-flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev-er; He is faith-ful, changing nev-er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving To Thy-self, and still be-liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;
Glad-ly let us ren-der to Him All we are and have.
Noth-ing moves and noth-ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
Nei-ther force nor guile can sev-er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re-ceiv-ing Promised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.

No. 292. Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.

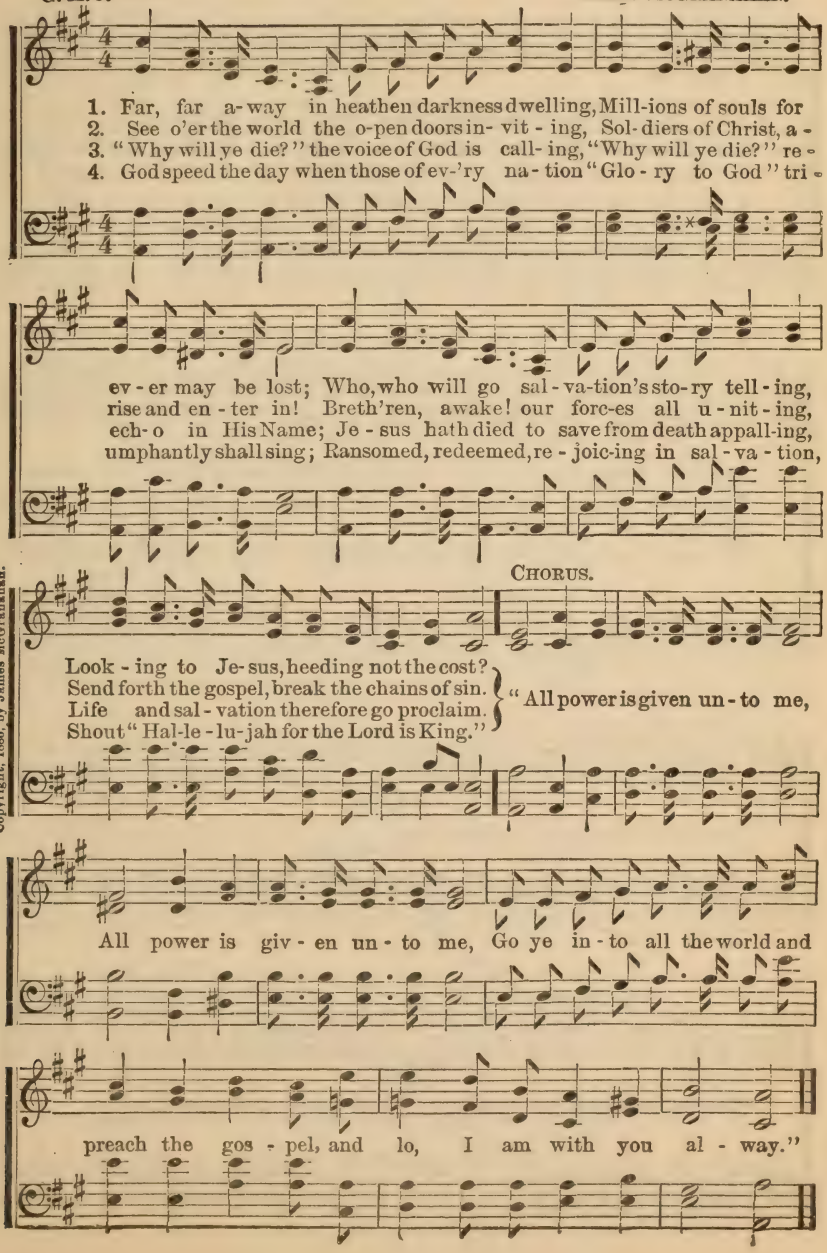
Victoria Stuart. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a-bove;
2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee;
3. Shine on, O Star un-chang - ing, And guide our pil-grim way,
4. And when, with Thy re-deem'd ones, We reach the heav'nly shore,
Re - flect - ing in Thy brightness, Our Fa - ther's look of love.
Be - yond the clouds that gath - er, Thy ra - diant light we see.
Un - til we see the dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
May we with Thee in glo - ry Shine on for - ev - er - more.
Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.
Chorus. shine on,..... Star.....
Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beauti- ful Star, shine on;
Shine on, shine on, shine on;
shine on,..... beau-ti- ful Star.....
rit.....
Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on.
Shine on, shine on.
rit.

No. 293. Go Ye Into all the World.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-
ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
rise and en-ter in! Breth'ren, awake! our forc-es all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
umphantly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,
CHORUS.
Look-ing to Je-sus, heeding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-vation therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah for the Lord is King."
"All power is given un-to me,
All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and
preach the gos-pel, and lo, I am with you al-way."

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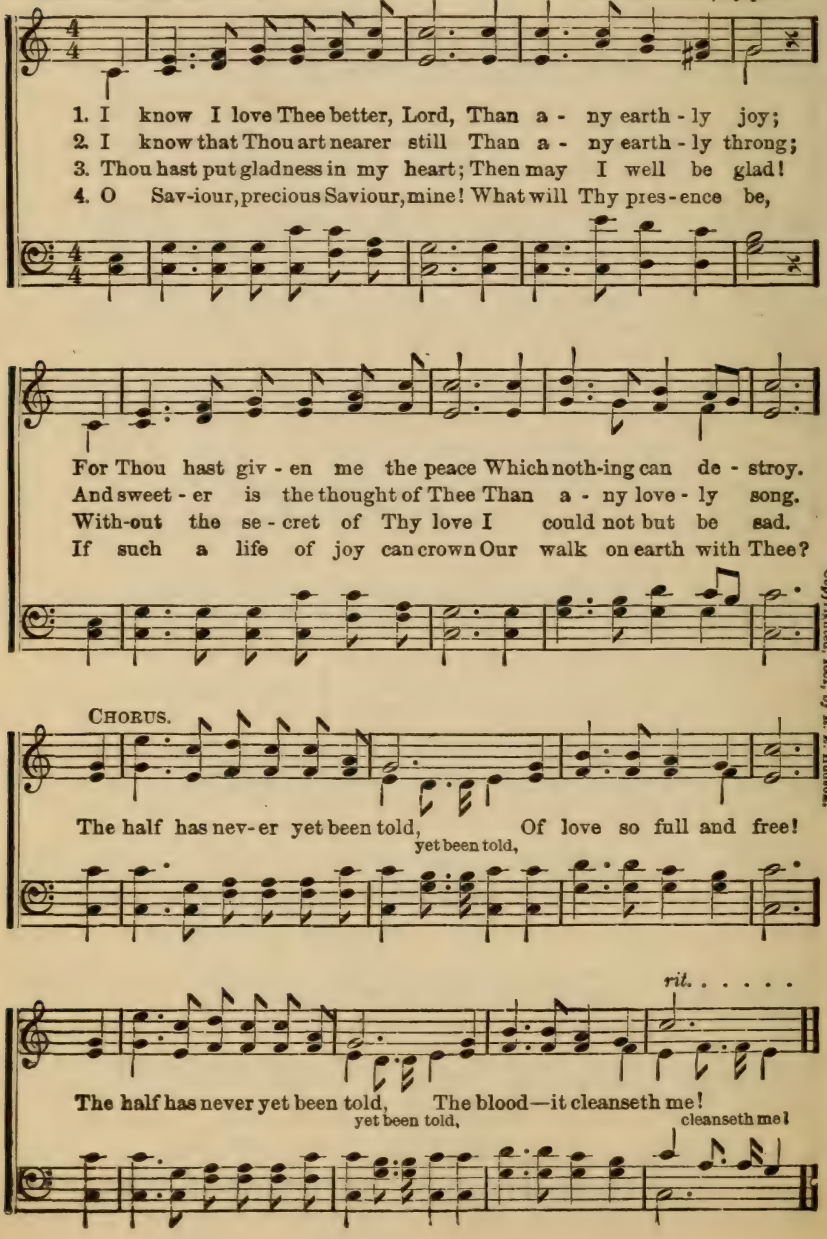
No. 294. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

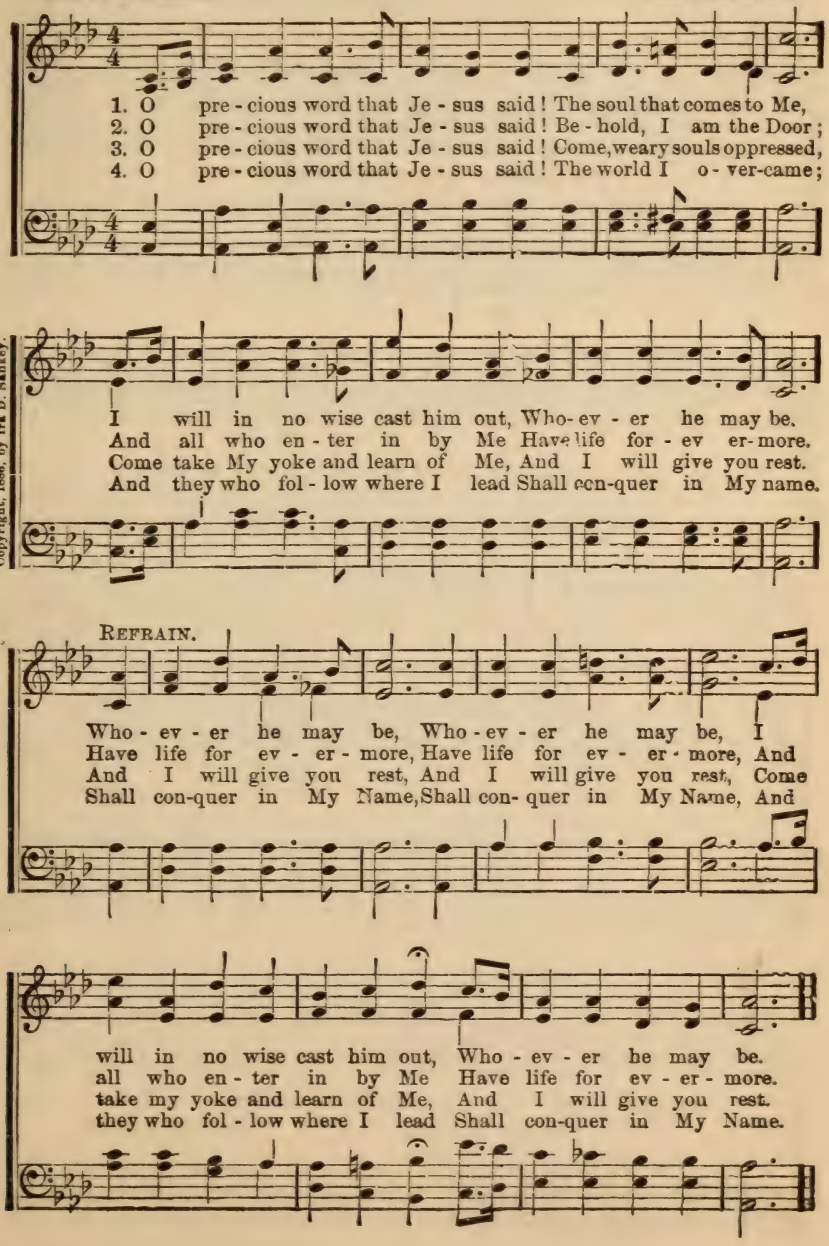
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.


1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav-iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,
rit.
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 295. O Precious Word.

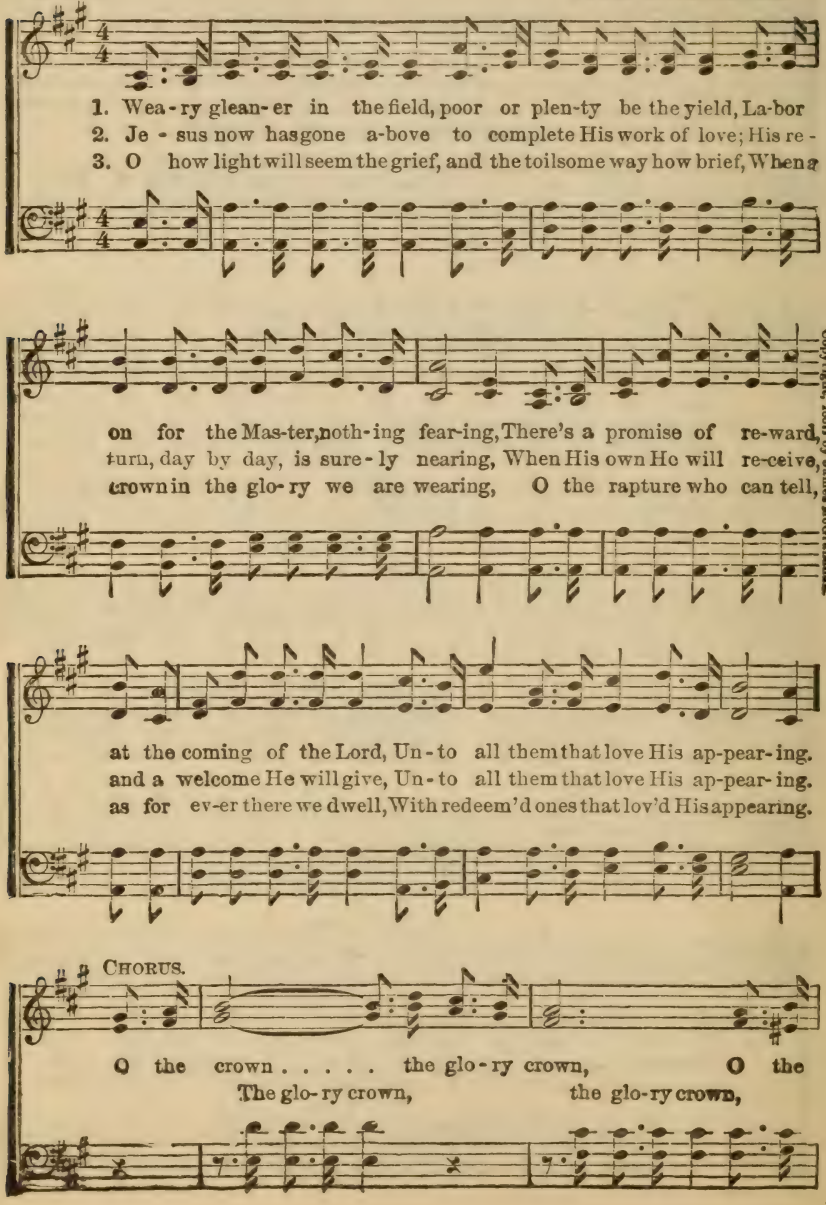
"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The soul that comes to Me,
2. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Be - hold, I am the Door;
3. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Come, weary souls oppressed,
4. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The world I o - ver-came;
I will in no wise cast him out, Who- ev - er he may be.
And all who en - ter in by Me Have life for - ev er-more.
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
And they who fol - low where I lead Shall con-quer in My name.
Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.
REFRAIN.
Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be, I
Have life for ev - er - more, Have life for ev - er - more, And
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come
Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con- quer in My Name, And
will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
all who en - ter in by Me Have life for ev - er - more.
take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
they who fol - low where I lead Shall con-quer in My Name.

No. 296. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Wea - ry glean - er in the field, poor or plen - ty be the yield, La - bor
2. Je - sus now has gone a - bove to complete His work of love; His re -
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a
on for the Mas - ter, noth - ing fear - ing, There's a promise of re - ward,
turn, day by day, is sure - ly nearing, When His own He will re - ceive,
crown in the glo - ry we are wearing, O the rapture who can tell,
at the coming of the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
and a welcome He will give, Un - to all them that love His ap - pear - ing.
as for ev - er there we dwell, With redeem'd ones that lov'd His appearing.
CHORUS.
O the crown . . . . . the glo - ry crown, O the
The glo - ry crown, the glo - ry crown,

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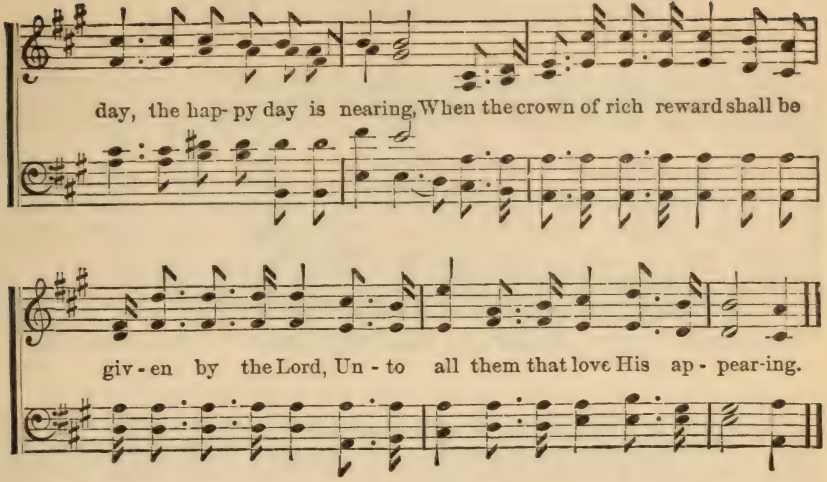
O the Crown.—Concluded.



No. 297. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

N. J. Squires. H. H. McGranahan.

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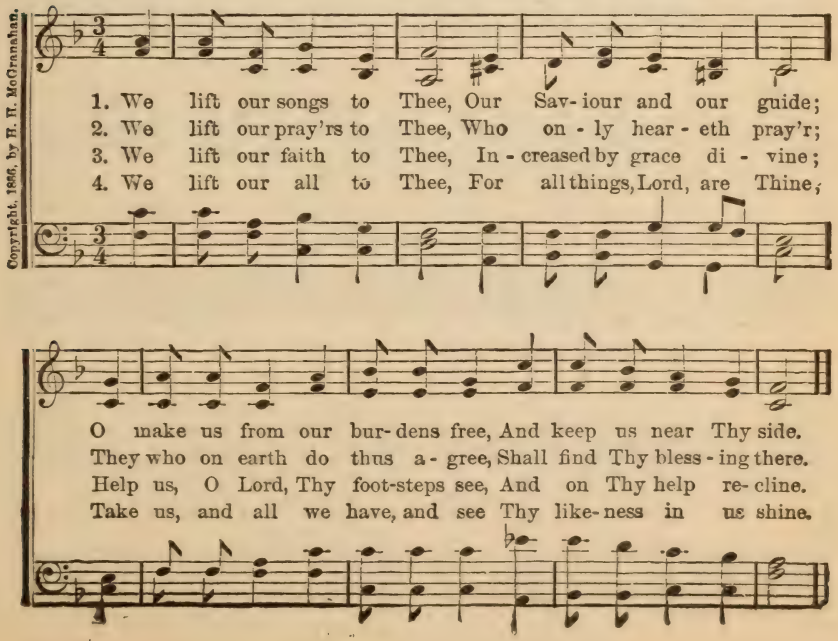
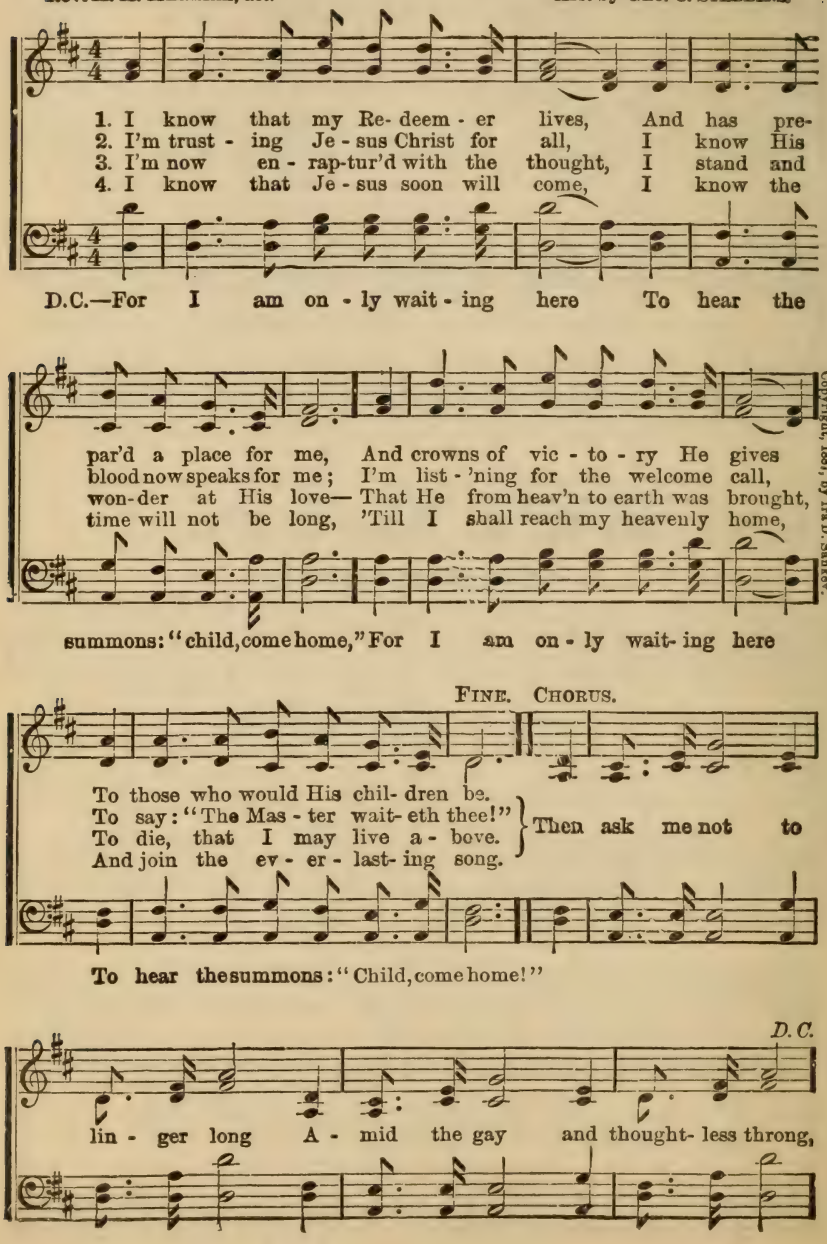

1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav-iour and our guide;
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on-ly hear-eth pray'r;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In-creased by grace di-vine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;
O make us from our bur-dens free, And keep us near Thy side.
They who on earth do thus a-gree, Shall find Thy bless-ing there.
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot-steps see, And on Thy help re-cline.
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like-ness in us shine.

No. 298. I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. H. A. Merrill, alt. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I know that my Re- deem - er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. I'm now en - rap-tur'd with the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the
D.C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the
par'd a place for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood now speaks for me; I'm list - 'ning for the welcome call,
won-der at His love— That He from heav'n to earth was brought,
time will not be long, 'Till I shall reach my heavenly home,
summons: "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait- ing here
Fine. Chorus.
To those who would His chil- dren be.
To say: "The Mas - ter wait- eth thee!"
To die, that I may live a - bove.
And join the ev - er - last- ing song.
Then ask me not to
To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"
D.C.
lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thought- less throng,

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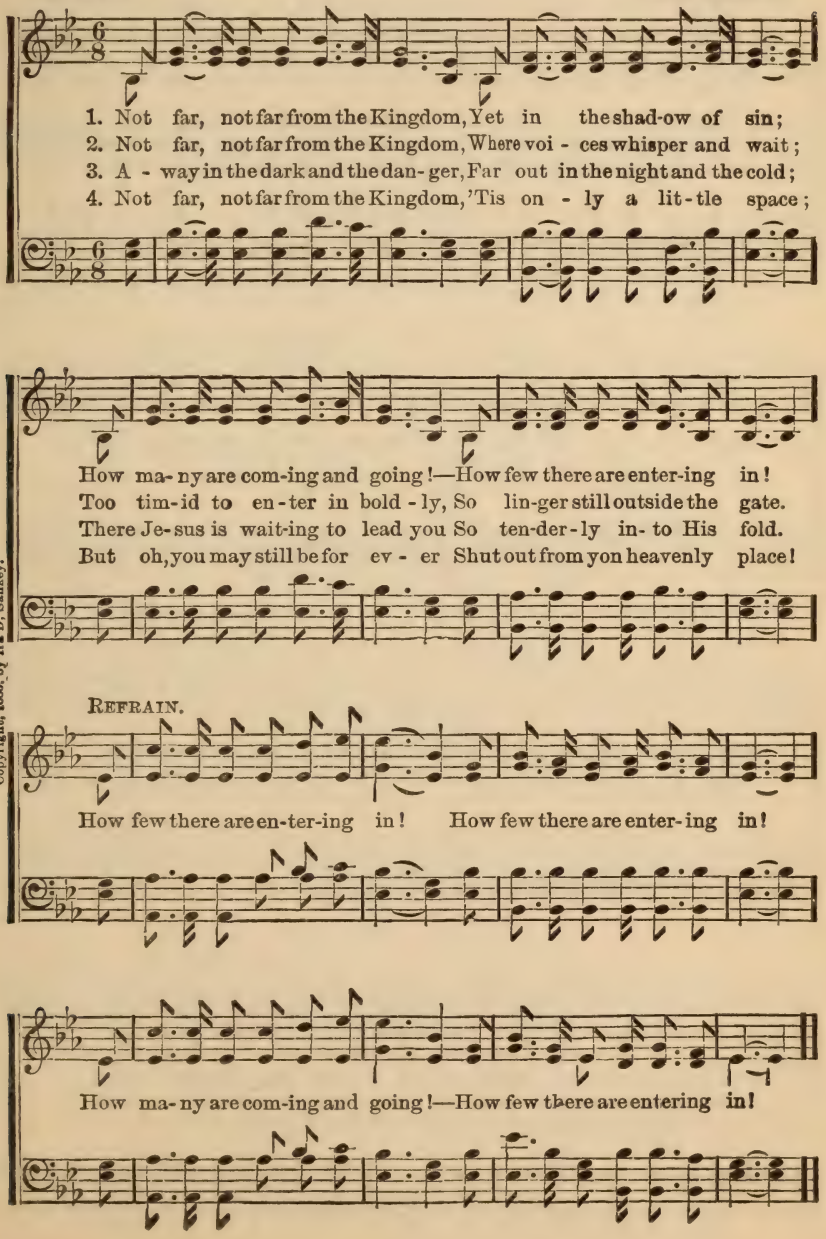
No. 299. Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—MARK 12: 34.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voi - ces whisper and wait;
3. A - way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle space;
How ma-ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are enter-ing in!
Too tim-id to en-ter in bold - ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.
There Je-sus is wait-ing to lead you So ten-der-ly in-to His fold.
But oh, you may still be for ev - er Shut out from yon heavenly place!
REFRAIN.
How few there are en-ter-ing in! How few there are enter-ing in!
How ma-ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are entering in!

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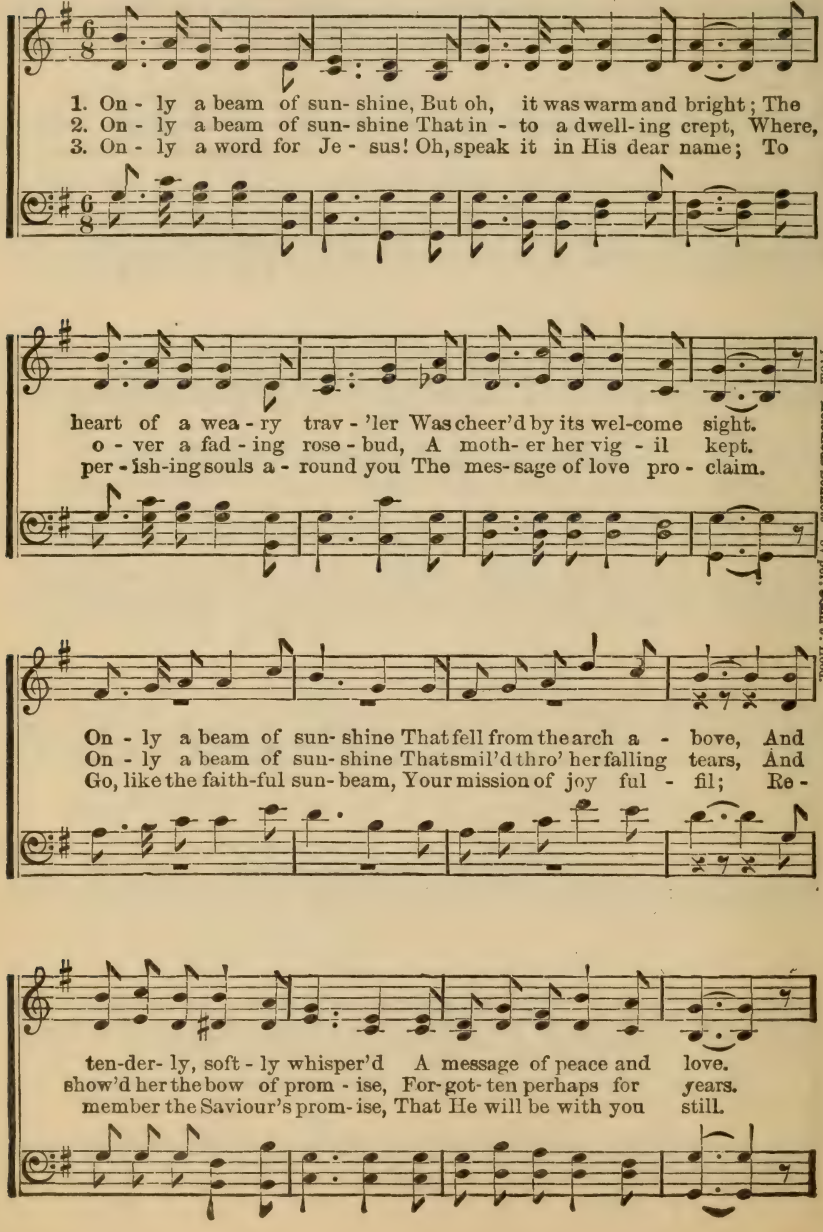
No. 300. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

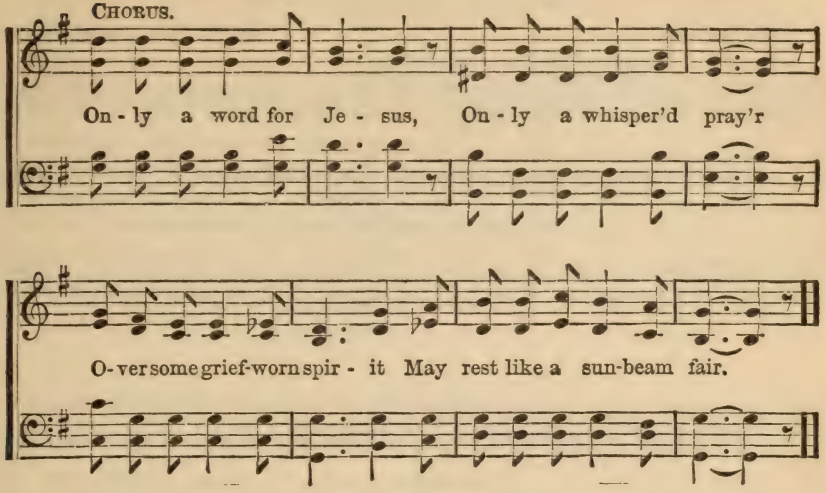
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On - ly a beam of sun- shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel-come sight.
On - ly a beam of sun- shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
ten-der- ly, soft - ly whisper'd A message of peace and love.
2. On - ly a beam of sun- shine That in - to a dwell- ing crept, Where,
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth- er her vig - il kept.
On - ly a beam of sun- shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears, And
show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For- got- ten perhaps for years.
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To
per - ish- ing souls a - round you The mes- sage of love pro - claim.
Go, like the faith-ful sun- beam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re -
member the Saviour's prom- ise, That He will be with you still.

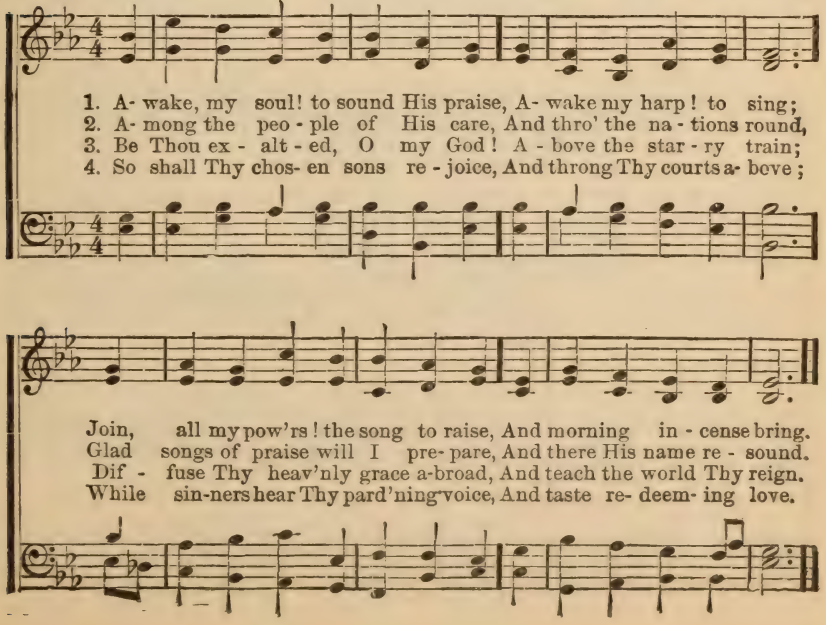
From "Melodious Sonnets" by per. John J. Hood.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.—Concluded.



No. 301. Awake, my Soul.

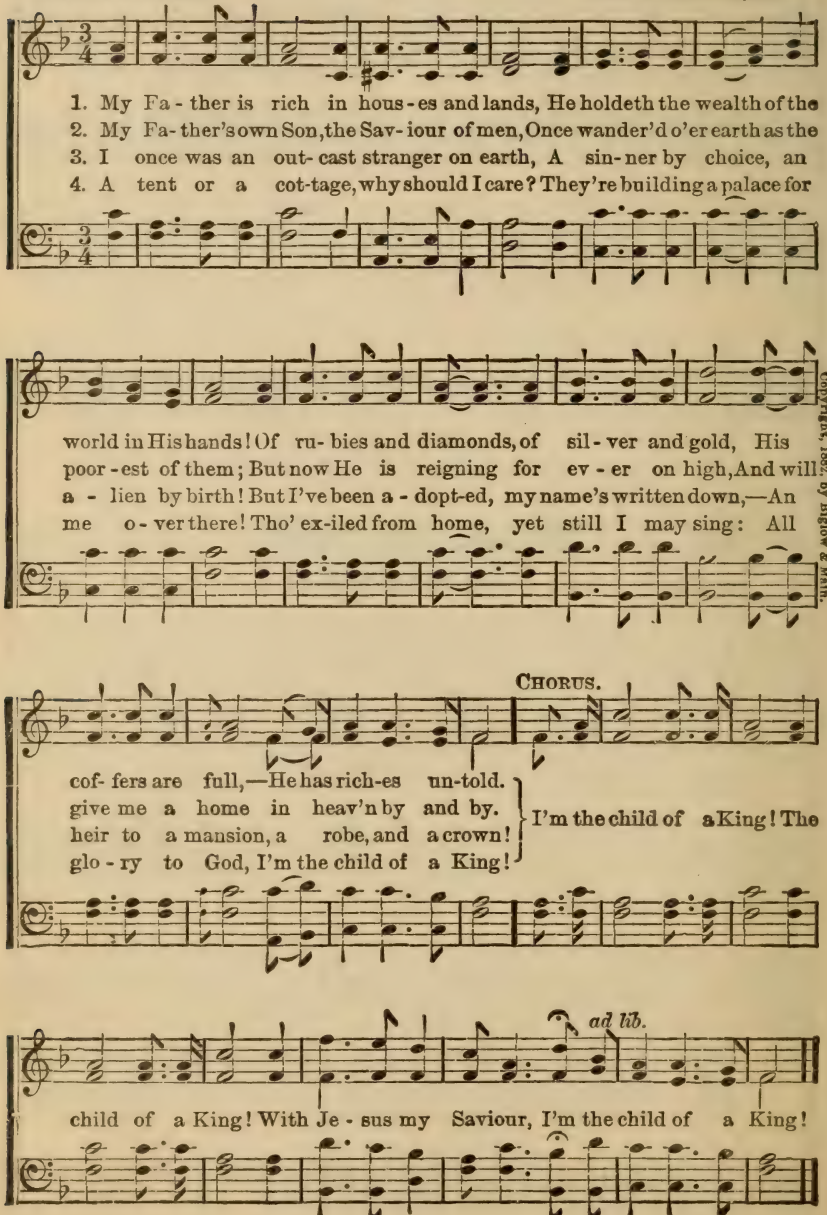
Joel Barlow. (St. Peter. C. M.) A. R. Reinagle.


1. A - wake, my soul! to sound His praise, A - wake my harp! to sing;
2. A - mong the peo - ple of His care, And thro' the na - tions round,
3. Be Thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! A - bove the star - ry train;
4. So shall Thy chos - en sons re - joice, And throng Thy courts a - bove;
Join, all my pow'rs! the song to raise, And morning in - cense bring.
Glad songs of praise will I pre - pare, And there His name re - sound.
Dif - fuse Thy heav'nly grace a-broad, And teach the world Thy reign.
While sin-ners hear Thy pard'ning voice, And taste re - deem - ing love.

No. 302. The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

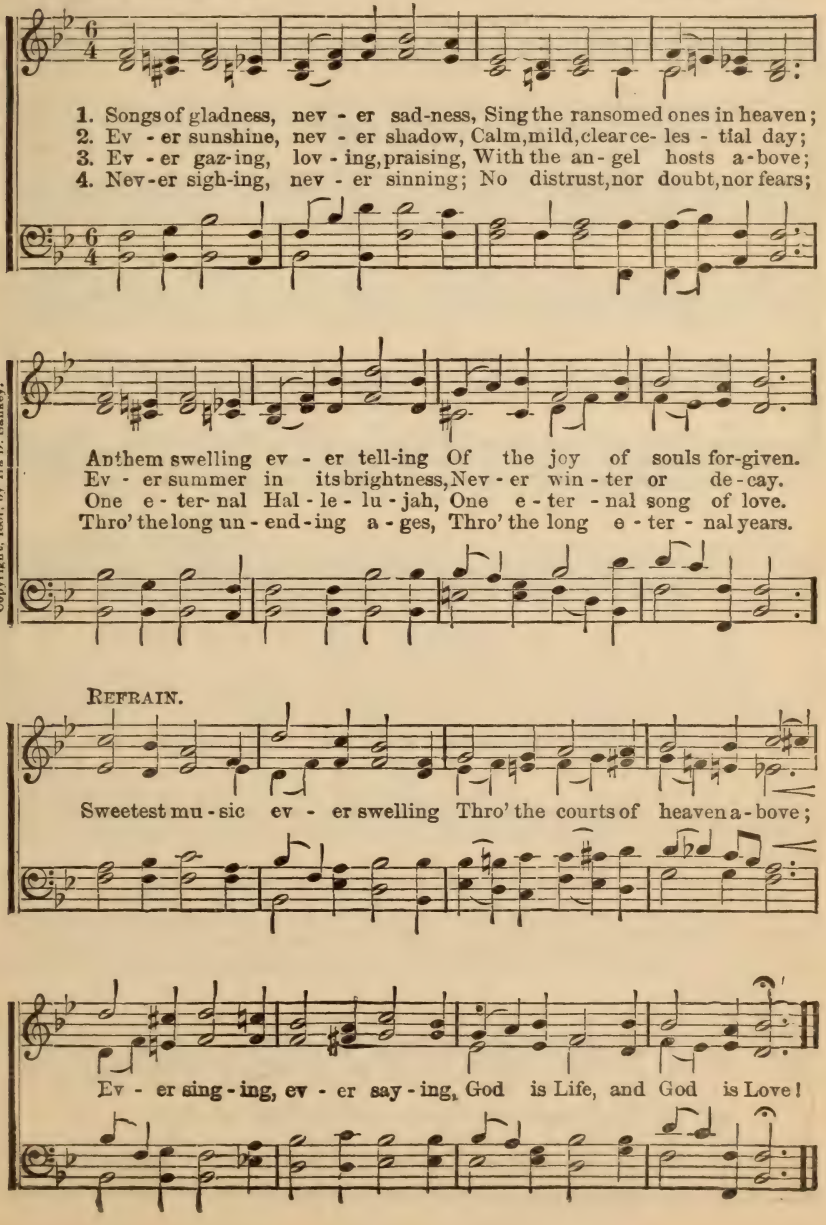

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for
world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All
CHORUS.
cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!
I'm the child of a King! The
ad lib.
child of a King! With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

No. 303. **Songs of Gladness.**

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. IRA D. SANKEY.

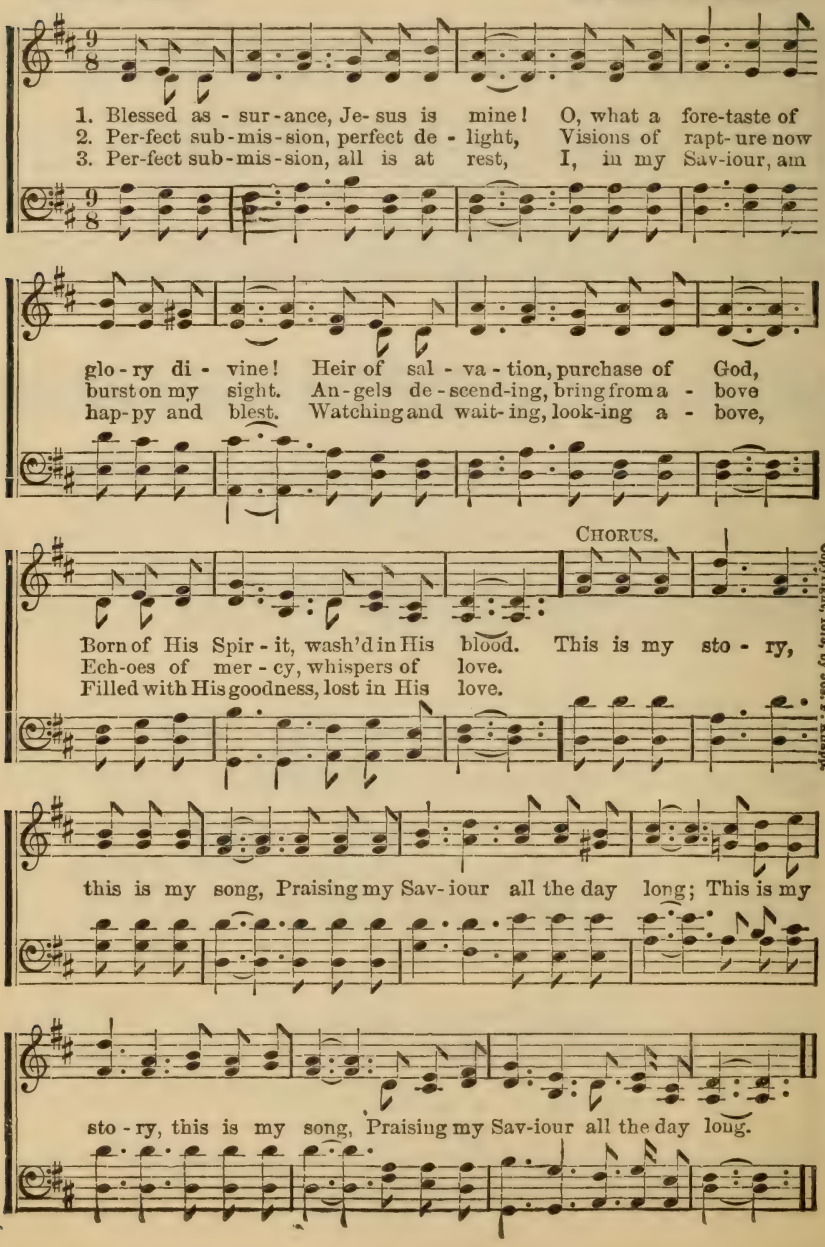

1. Songs of gladness, nev - er sad-ness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
2. Ev - er sunshine, nev - er shadow, Calm, mild, clear ce- les - tial day;
3. Ev - er gaz-ing, lov - ing, praising, With the an - gel hosts a-bove;
4. Nev-er sigh-ing, nev - er sinning; No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;
Anthem swelling ev - er tell-ing Of the joy of souls for-given.
Ev - er summer in its brightness, Nev - er win - ter or de - cay.
One e - ter- nal Hal - le - lu - jah, One e - ter - nal song of love.
Thro' the long un - end - ing a - ges, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years.
REFRAIN.
Sweetest mu - sic ev - er swelling Thro' the courts of heaven a-bove;
Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er say - ing, God is Life, and God is Love!

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 304. Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-iour, am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An-gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove
hap-py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

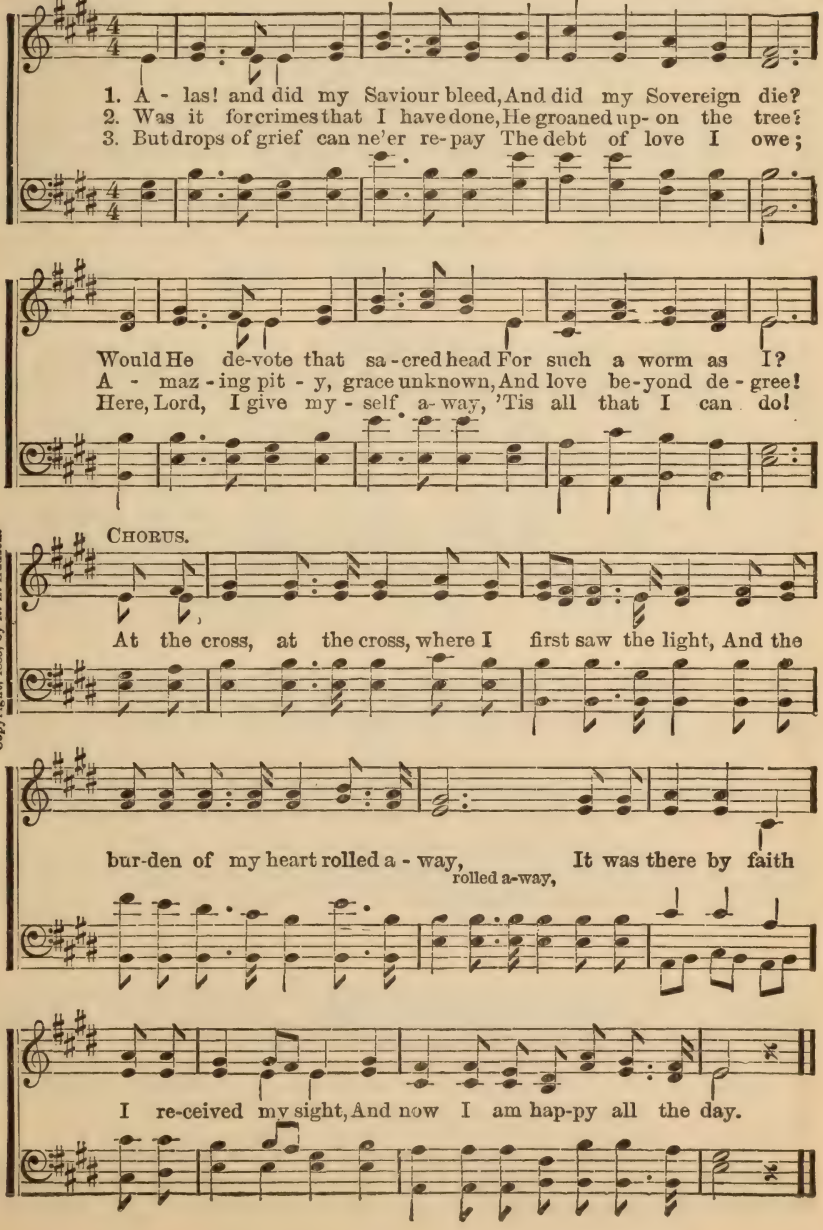
Copyright, 1874, by Jos. F. Knapp.

No. 305.

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

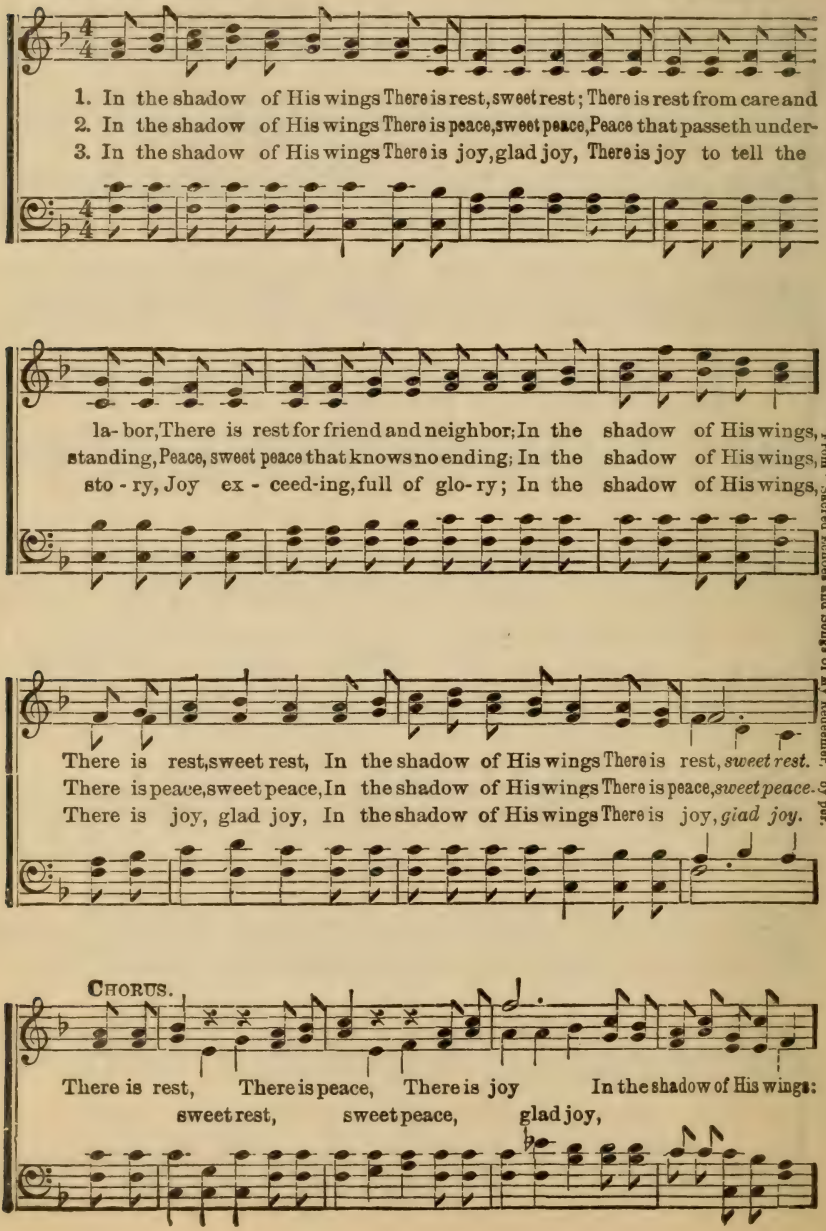

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up- on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a- way, 'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a-way, It was there by faith
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

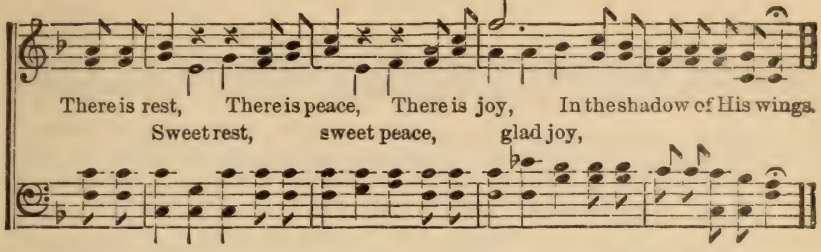
No. 306. In the Shadow of His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

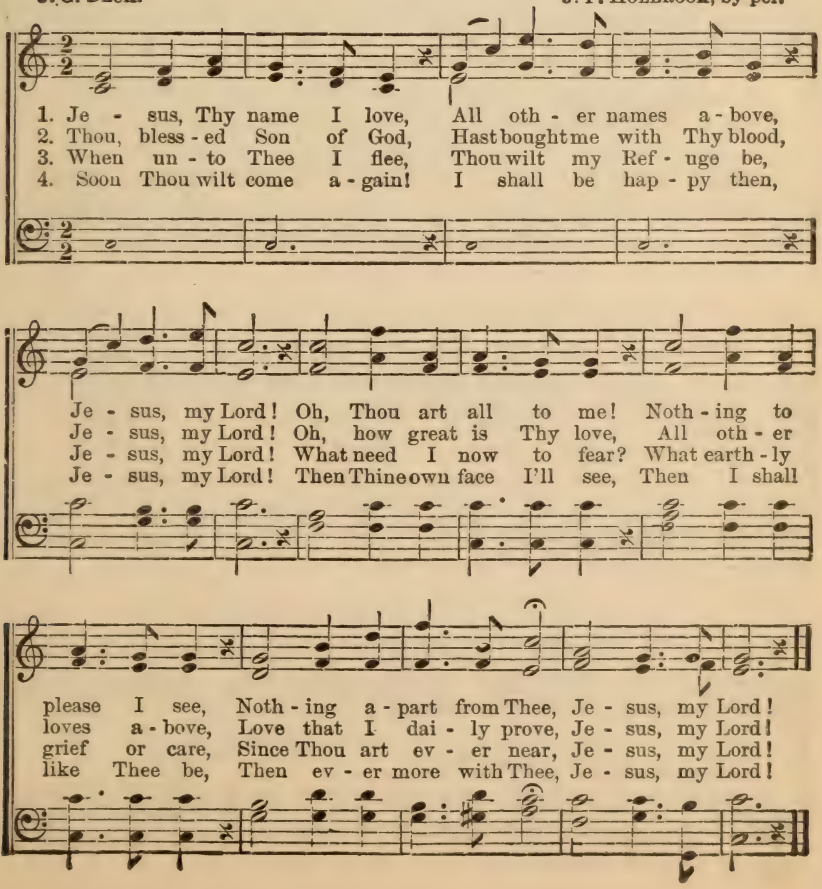

1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the
la- bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the shadow of His wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the shadow of His wings,
sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed-ing, full of glo-ry; In the shadow of His wings,
There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest.
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace.
There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy.
Chorus.
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.



No. 307. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

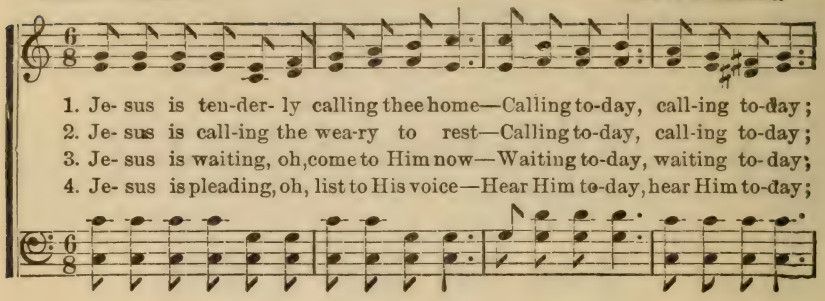
(LYTE. 6s. 4s.)

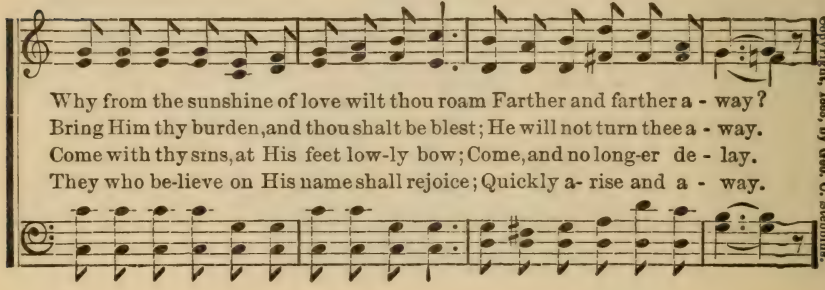
J. G. DECK. J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
2. Thou, bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood,
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my Ref - uge be,
4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then,
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me! Noth - ing to
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great is Thy love, All oth - er
Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear? What earth - ly
Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall
please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
like Thee be, Then ev - er more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

No. 308 Jesus is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Je- sus is ten-der- ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je- sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je- sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je- sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;


Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a- rise and a - way.

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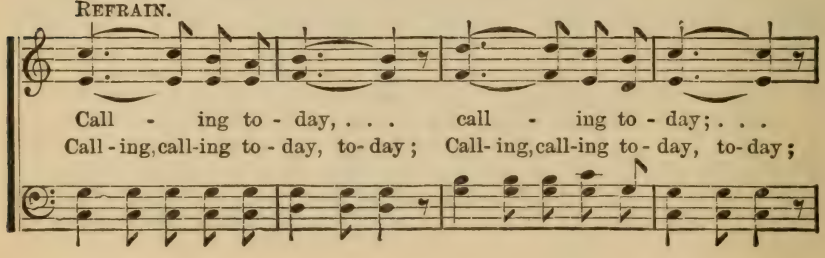
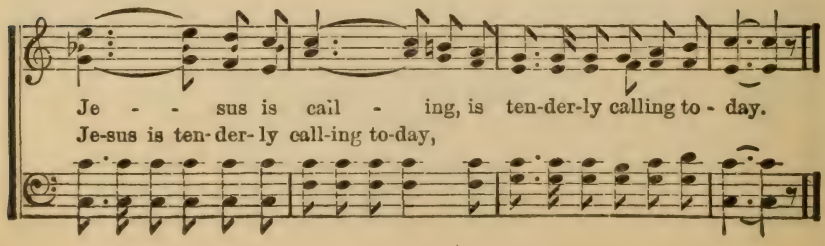


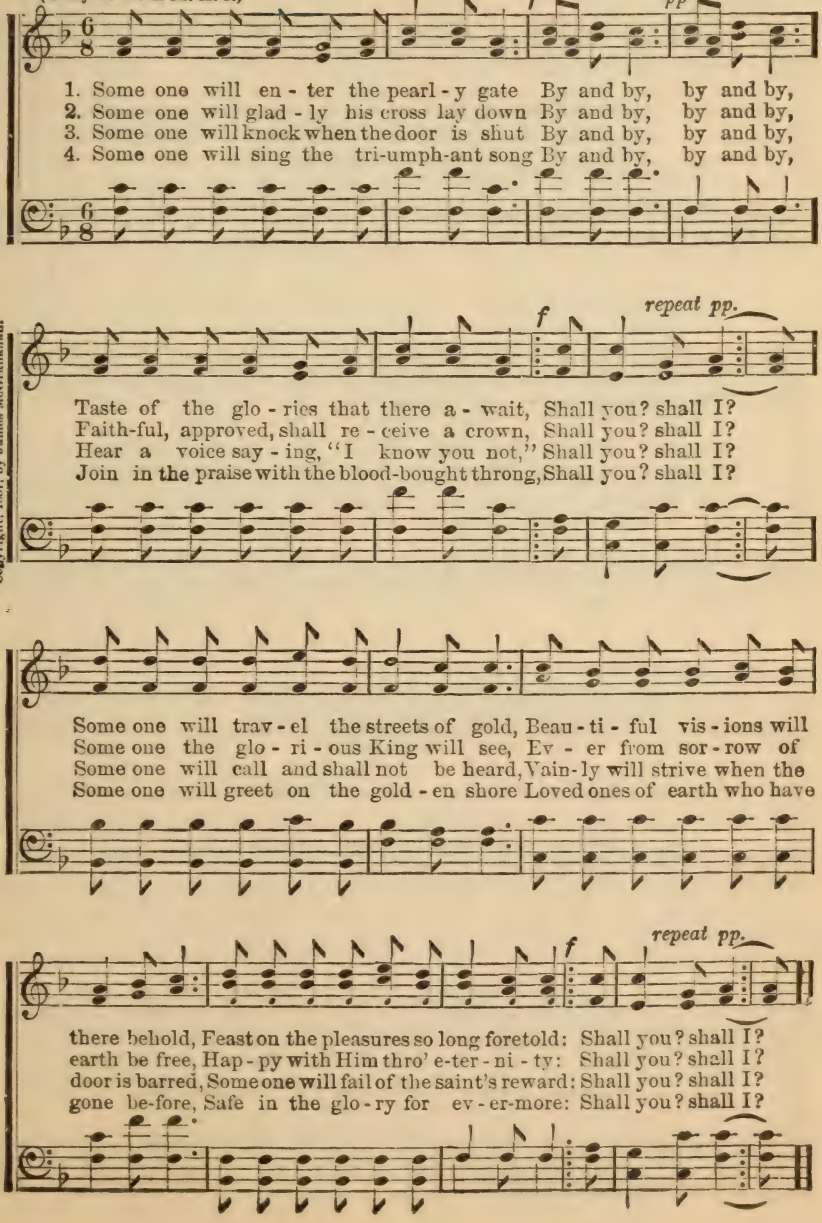


No. 309. Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J.
(Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song By and by, by and by,
repeat pp.
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
repeat pp.
there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?

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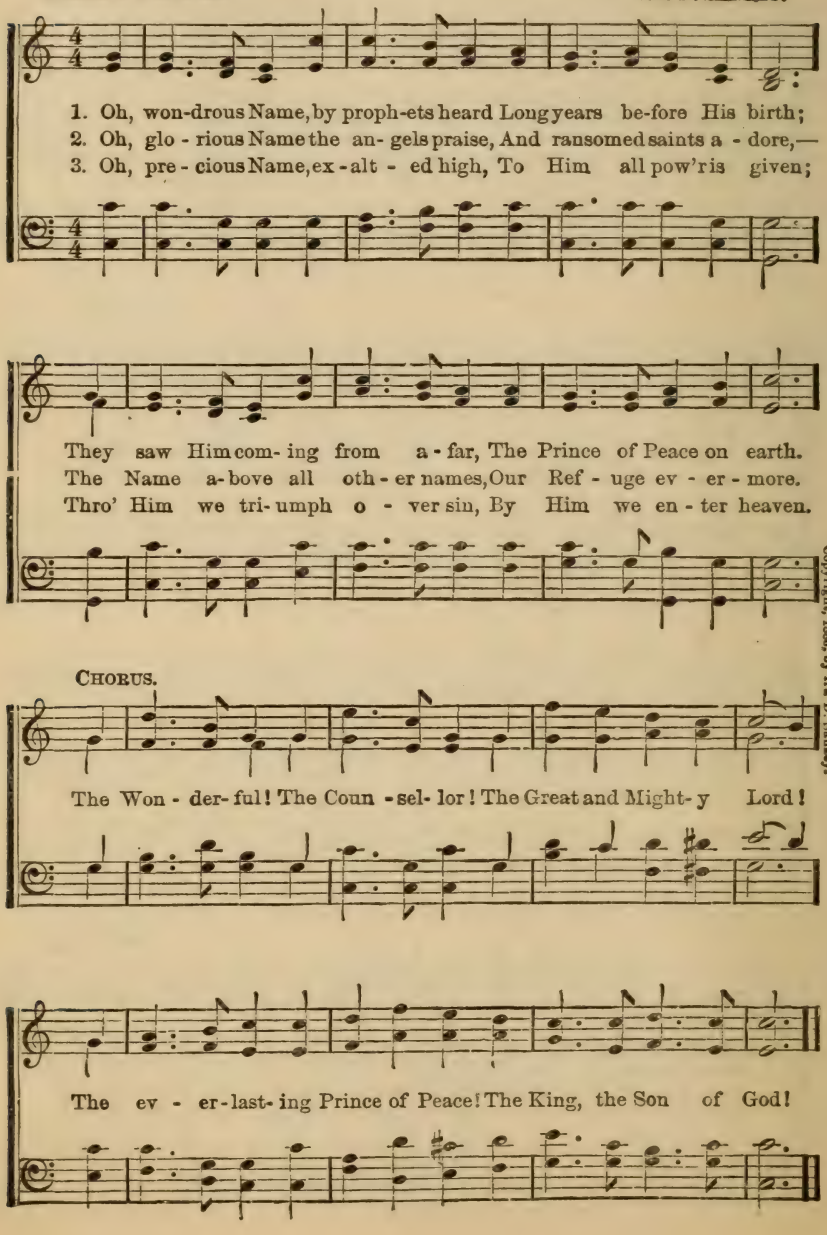
No. 310. Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, won-drous Name, by proph-ets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo - rious Name the an- gels praise, And ransomed saints a - dore,—
3. Oh, pre - cious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given;
They saw Him com- ing from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
The Name a- bove all oth - er names, Our Ref - uge ev - er - more.
Thro' Him we tri- umph o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.
CHORUS.
The Won - der- ful! The Coun - sel- lor! The Great and Might- y Lord!
The ev - er - last- ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

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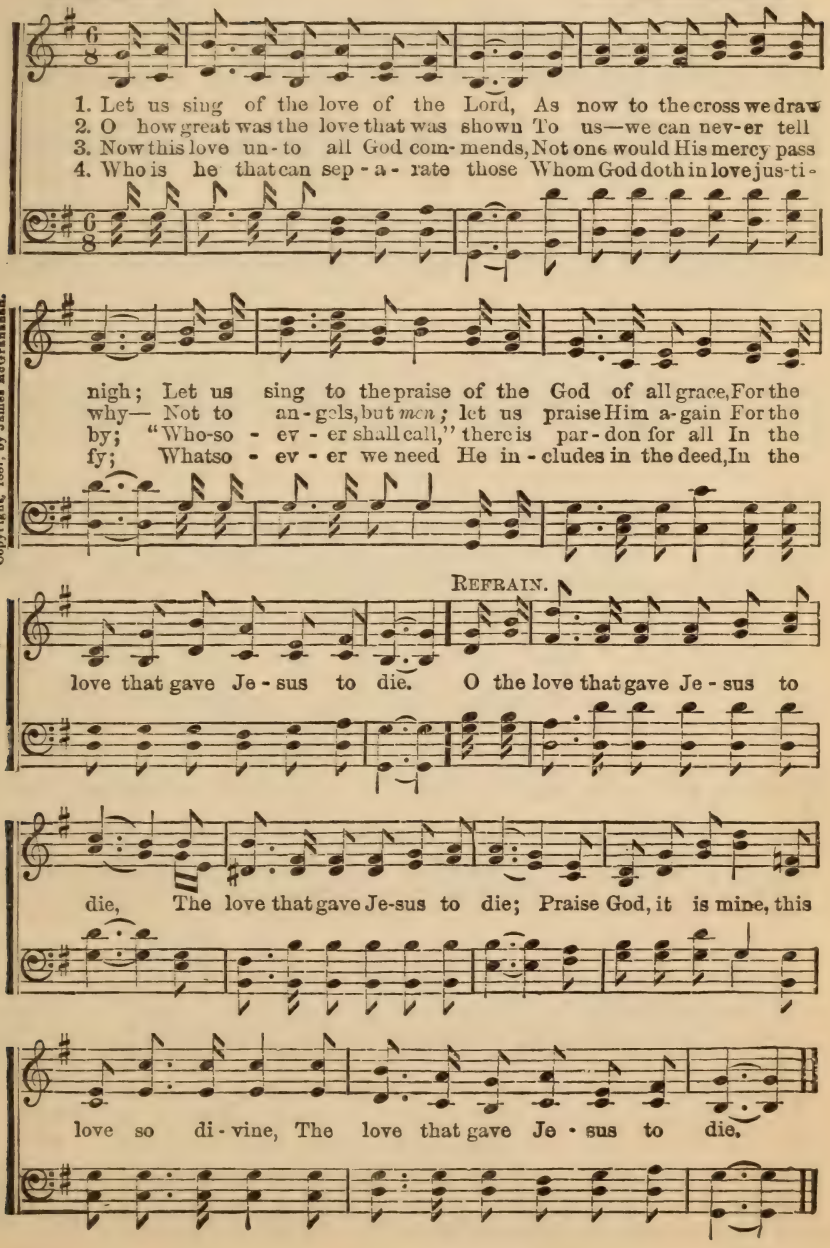
No. 311. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

JNO 3: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw nigh; Let us sing to the praise of the God of all grace, For the
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can nev-er tell why— Not to an-gels, but *men;* let us praise Him a-gain For the
3. Now this love un-to all God com-mends, Not one would His mercy pass by; "Who-so - ev - er shall call," there is par-don for all In the
4. Who is he that can sep - a - rate those Whom God doth in love jus-ti- fy; Whatso - ev - er we need He in-cludes in the deed, In the
REFRAIN.
love that gave Je - sus to die. O the love that gave Je - sus to die, The love that gave Je-sus to die; Praise God, it is mine, this love so di - vine, The love that gave Je - sus to die.

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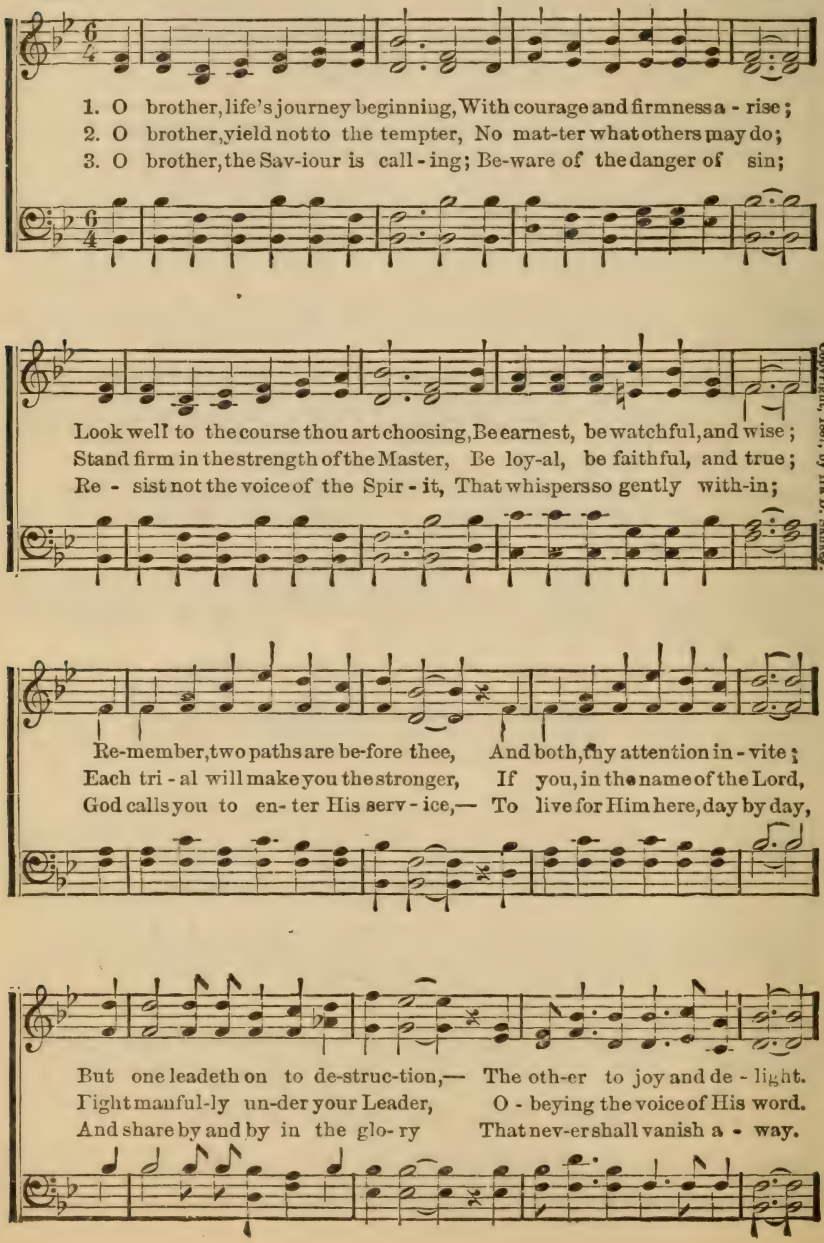
No. 312 O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

RIAN J. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O brother, life's journey beginning, With courage and firmness a - rise;
2. O brother, yield not to the tempter, No mat-ter what others may do;
3. O brother, the Sav-iour is call - ing; Be-ware of the danger of sin;
Look well to the course thou art choosing, Be earnest, be watchful, and wise;
Stand firm in the strength of the Master, Be loy-al, be faithful, and true;
Re - sist not the voice of the Spir - it, That whispers so gently with-in;
Re-member, two paths are be-fore thee, And both, my attention in - vite;
Each tri - al will make you the stronger, If you, in the name of the Lord,
God calls you to en- ter His serv - ice,— To live for Him here, day by day,
But one leadeth on to de-struc-tion,— The oth-er to joy and de - light.
Fight manful-ly un-der your Leader, O - beying the voice of His word.
And share by and by in the glo- ry That nev-er shall vanish a - way.

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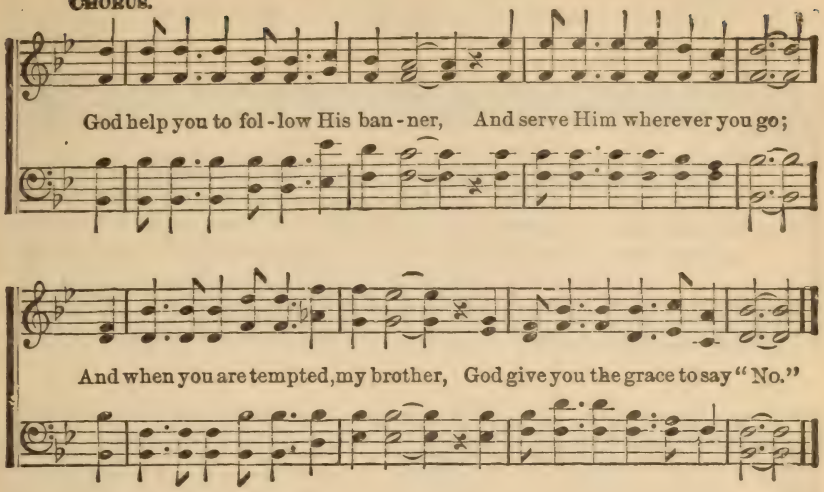
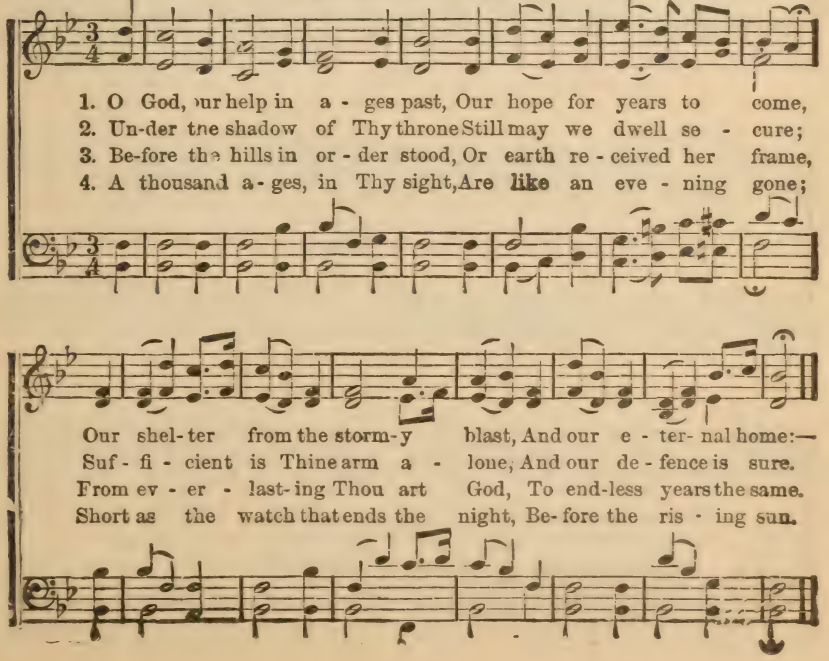
O Brother.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


God help you to fol - low His ban - ner, And serve Him wherever you go;
And when you are tempted, my brother, God give you the grace to say "No."

No. 313. O God, our Help.

ISAAC WATTS. (BEMERTON. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

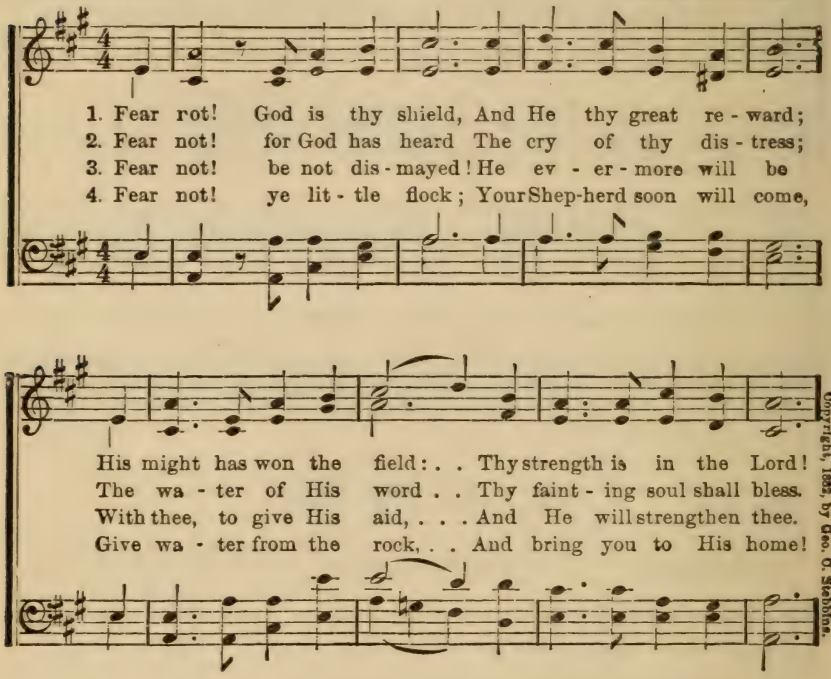

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thousand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter- nal home:—
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be-fore the ris - ing sun.

No. 314.

Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

R. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re - ward;
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis - tress;
3. Fear not! be not dis - mayed! He ev - er - more will be
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shep-herd soon will come,
His might has won the field: . . Thy strength is in the Lord!
The wa - ter of His word . . Thy faint - ing soul shall bless.
With thee, to give His aid, . . . And He will strengthen thee.
Give wa - ter from the rock, . . And bring you to His home!
REFRAIN.
Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up your head: re - joice . . In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!

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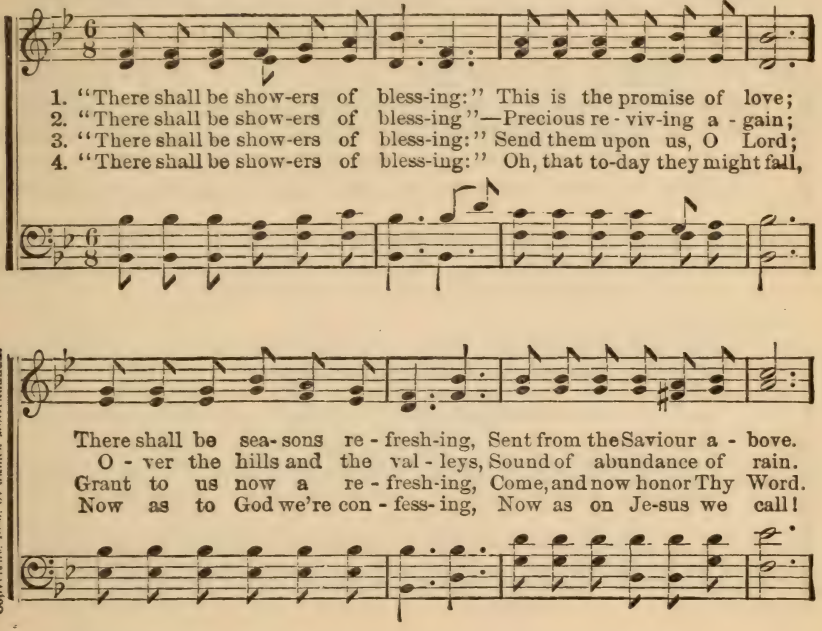
No. 315. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re - viv-ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re - fresh-ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh-ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - ers of bless-ing,
Showers, showers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

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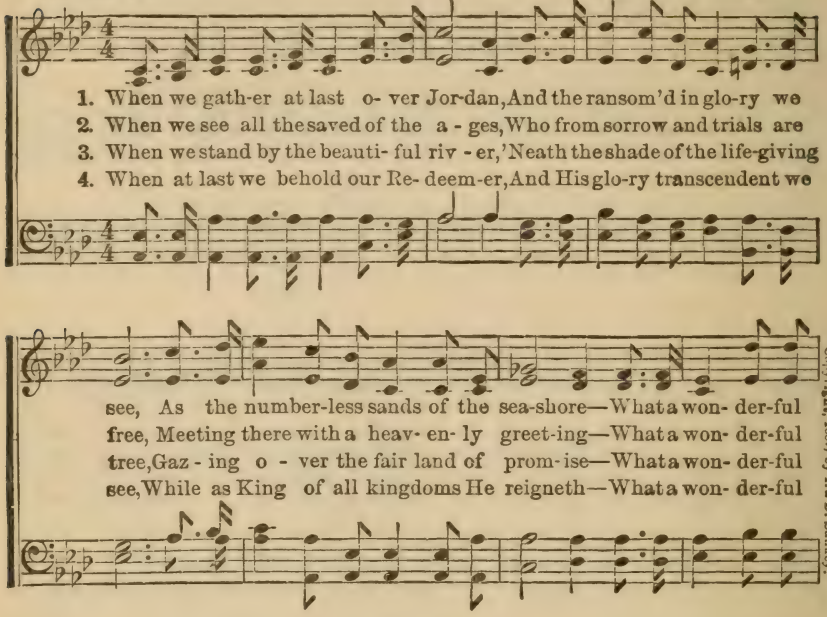
No. 316. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—HOSEA. 1 : 10.

F. A. B, arr. F. A. BLACKMER, arr.


1. When we gath-er at last o- ver Jor-dan, And the ransom'd in glo-ry we
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and trials are
3. When we stand by the beauti- ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving
4. When at last we behold our Re- deem-er, And His glo-ry transcendent we
see, As the number-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won- der-ful
free, Meeting there with a heav- en- ly greet-ing—What a won- der-ful
tree, Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of prom-ise—What a won- der-ful
see, While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—What a won- der-ful

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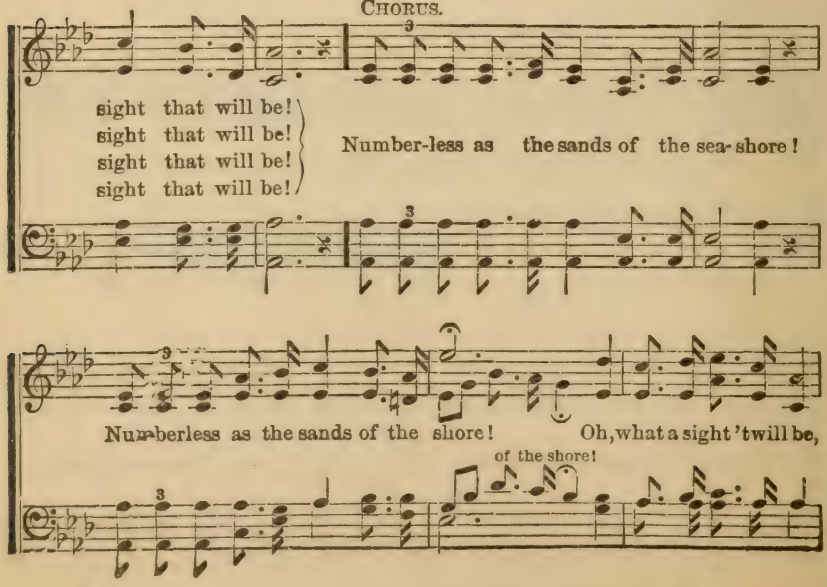
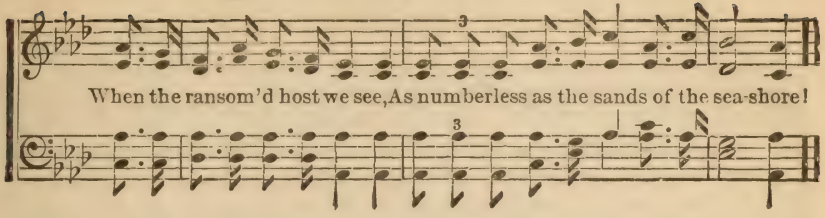
CHORUS.


sight that will be!
sight that will be!
sight that will be!
sight that will be!
Number-less as the sands of the sea-shore!
Numberless as the sands of the shore! Oh, what a sight 'twill be,
of the shore!

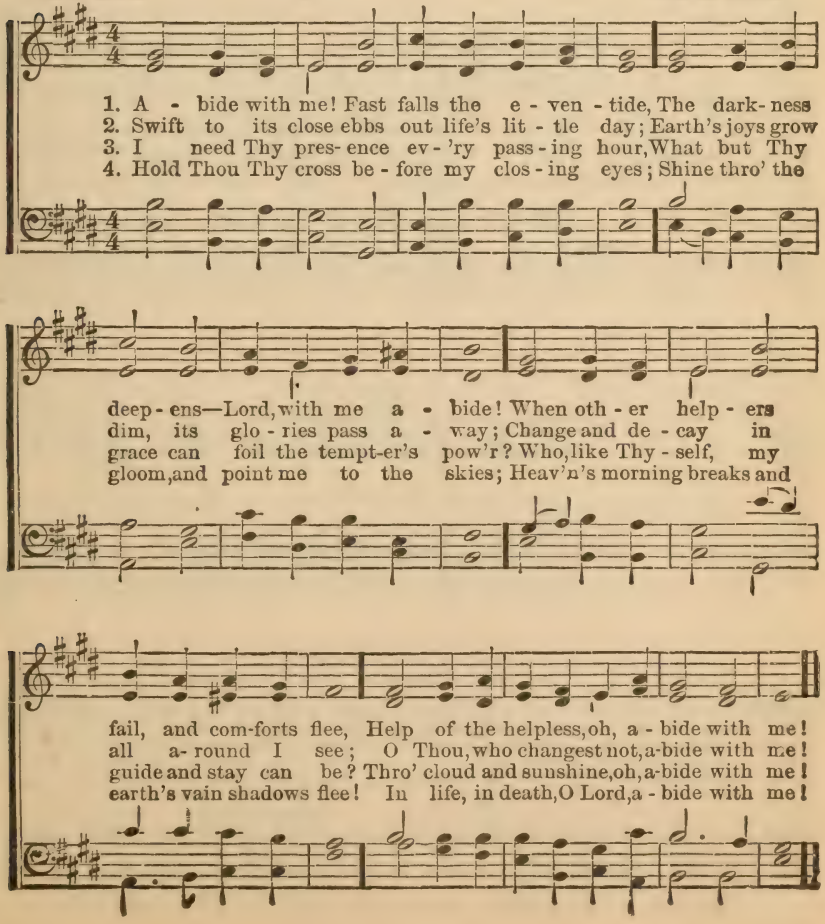
Numberless,—Concluded.



No. 317. Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24: 29.

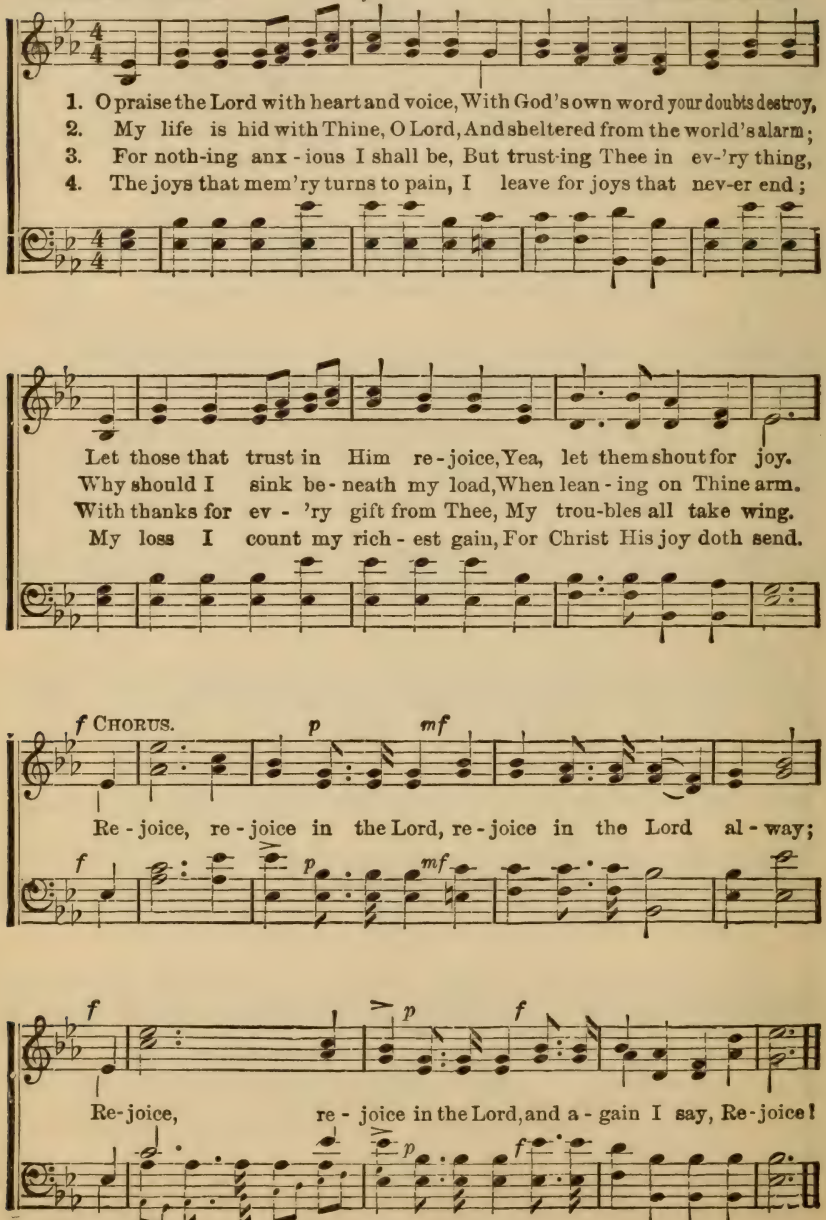
H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 318. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

PHIL. 4: 4.

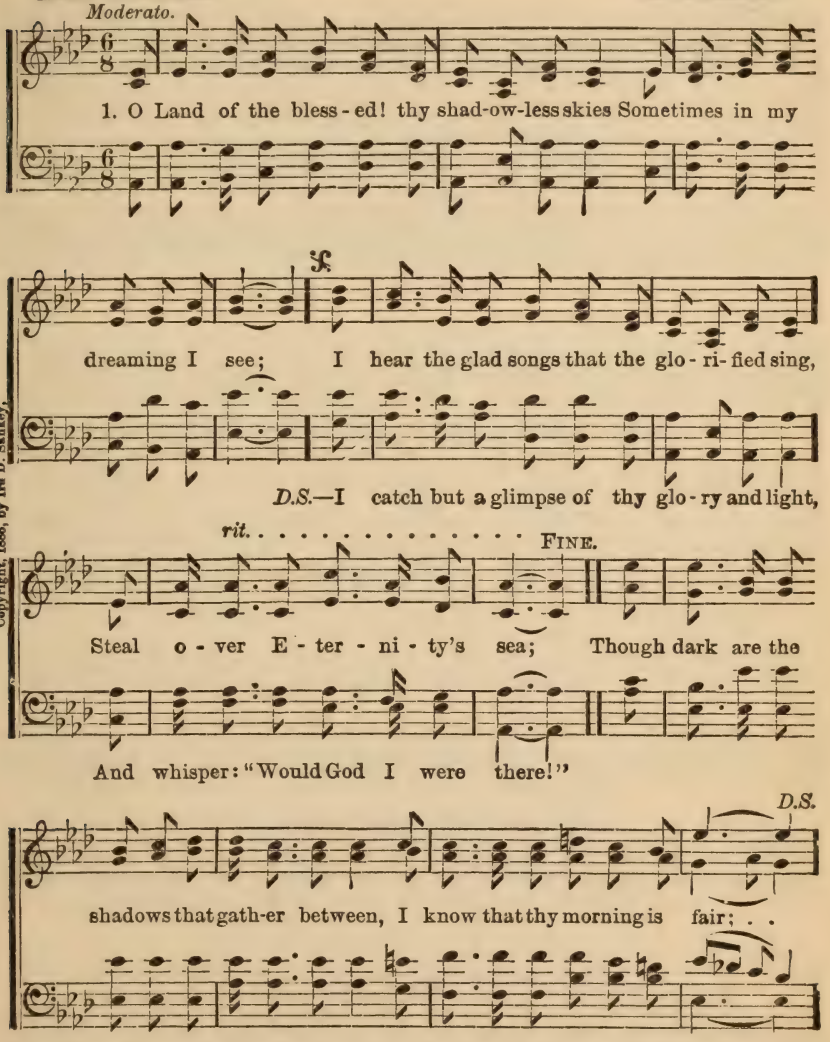
WILBUR F. CRAFTS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts destroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And sheltered from the world's alarm;
3. For noth-ing anx-ious I shall be, But trust-ing Thee in ev-'ry thing,
4. The joys that mem'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that nev-er end;
Let those that trust in Him re-joice, Yea, let them shout for joy.
Why should I sink be-neath my load, When lean-ing on Thine arm.
With thanks for ev-'ry gift from Thee, My trou-bles all take wing.
My loss I count my rich-est gain, For Christ His joy doth send.
f CHORUS.
p
mf
Re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, re-joice in the Lord al-way;
f
p
mf
f
p
f
Re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re-joice!
p
f
Re-joice in the Lord, re-joice in the Lord,

No. 319. O, Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. 25: 34.

EMILY H. MILLER. IRA D. SANKEY.


Moderato.
1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-ow-less skies Sometimes in my
dreaming I see; I hear the glad songs that the glo-ri-fied sing,
D.S.—I catch but a glimpse of thy glo-ry and light,
rit.
FINE.
Steal o-ver E-ter-ni-ty's sea; Though dark are the
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"
D.S.
shadows that gath-er between, I know that thy morning is fair; . .

Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

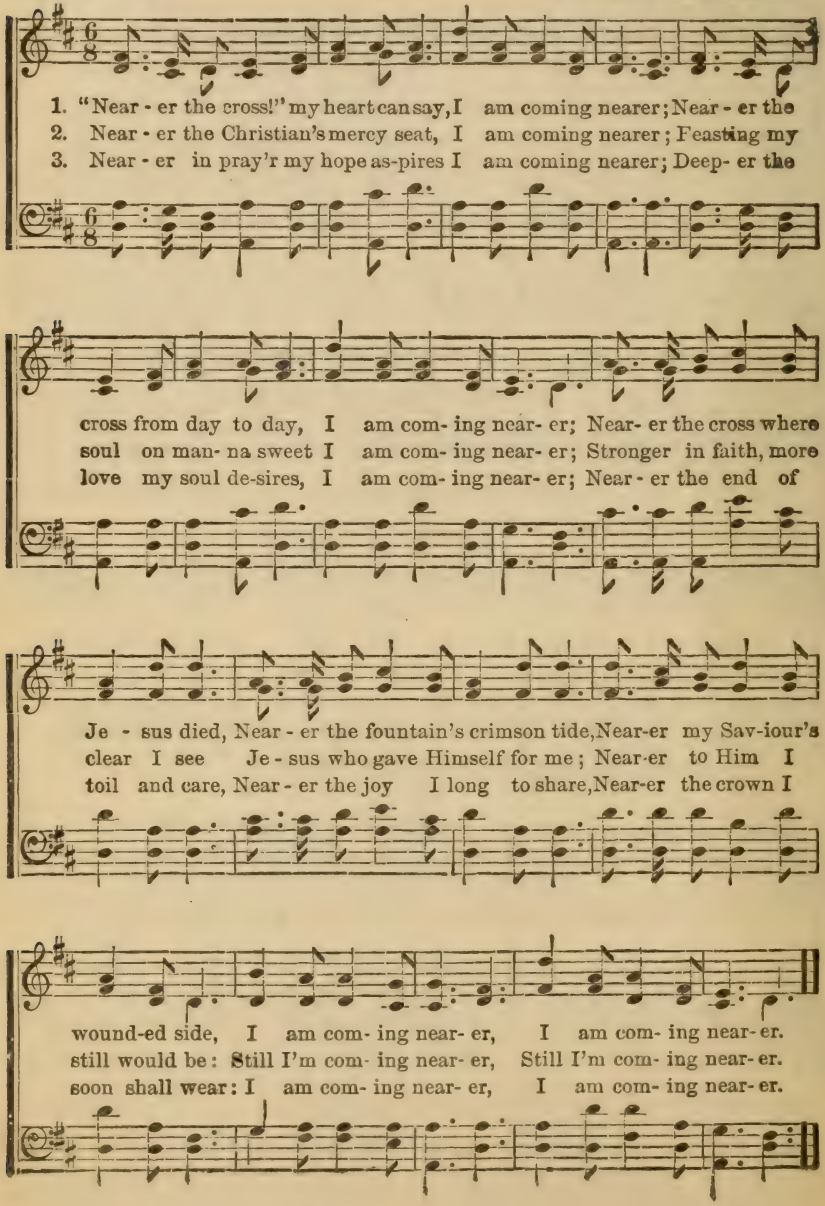
2 O Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
Sometimes to my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from the valley of shadows below,
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
No shadow of changing can mar;
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy?
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary of toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?—
When He who doth love me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here?

No. 320. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GALATIANS 6: 14.

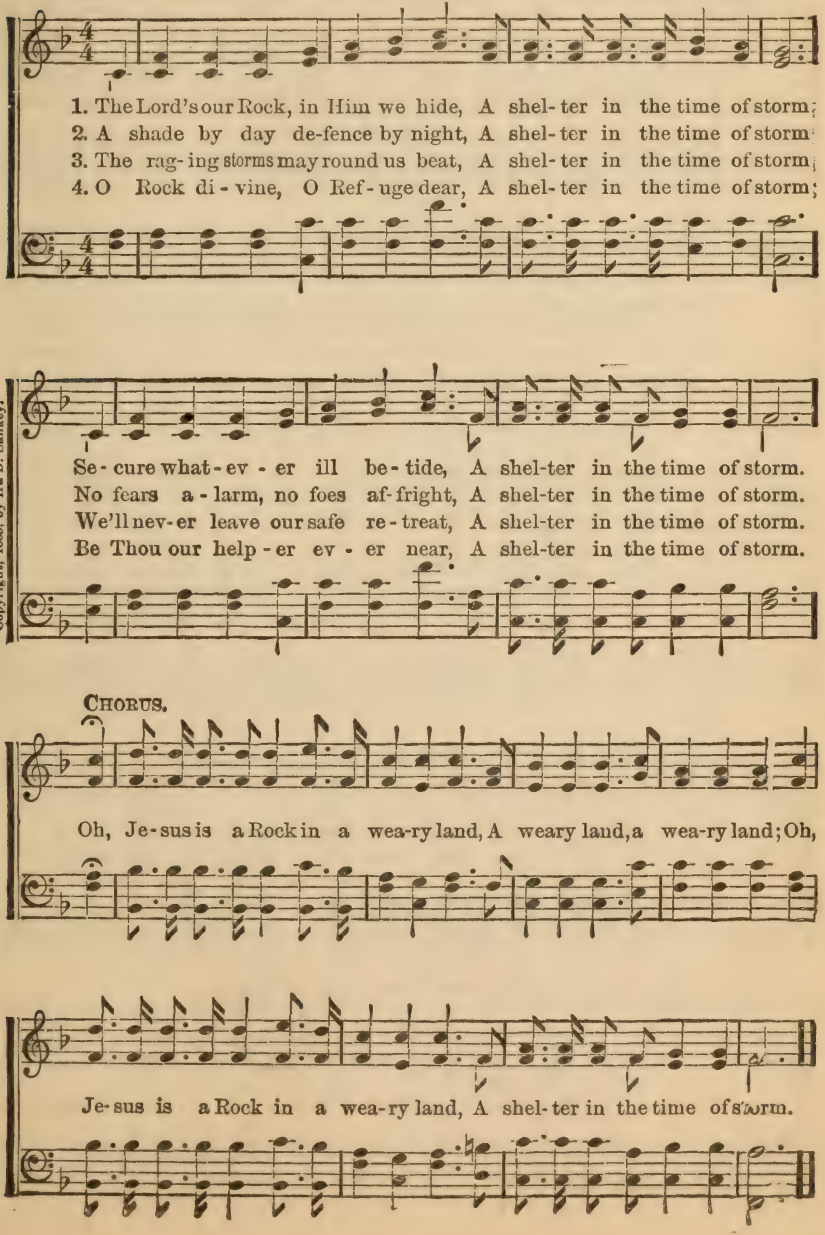
F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.


1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming nearer; Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires I am coming nearer; Deep- er the
cross from day to day, I am com- ing near- er; Near- er the cross where
soul on man- na sweet I am com- ing near- er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com- ing near- er; Near - er the end of
Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com- ing near- er, I am com- ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com- ing near- er, Still I'm com- ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com- ing near- er, I am com- ing near-er.

No. 321. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A weary land, a wea-ry land; Oh,
Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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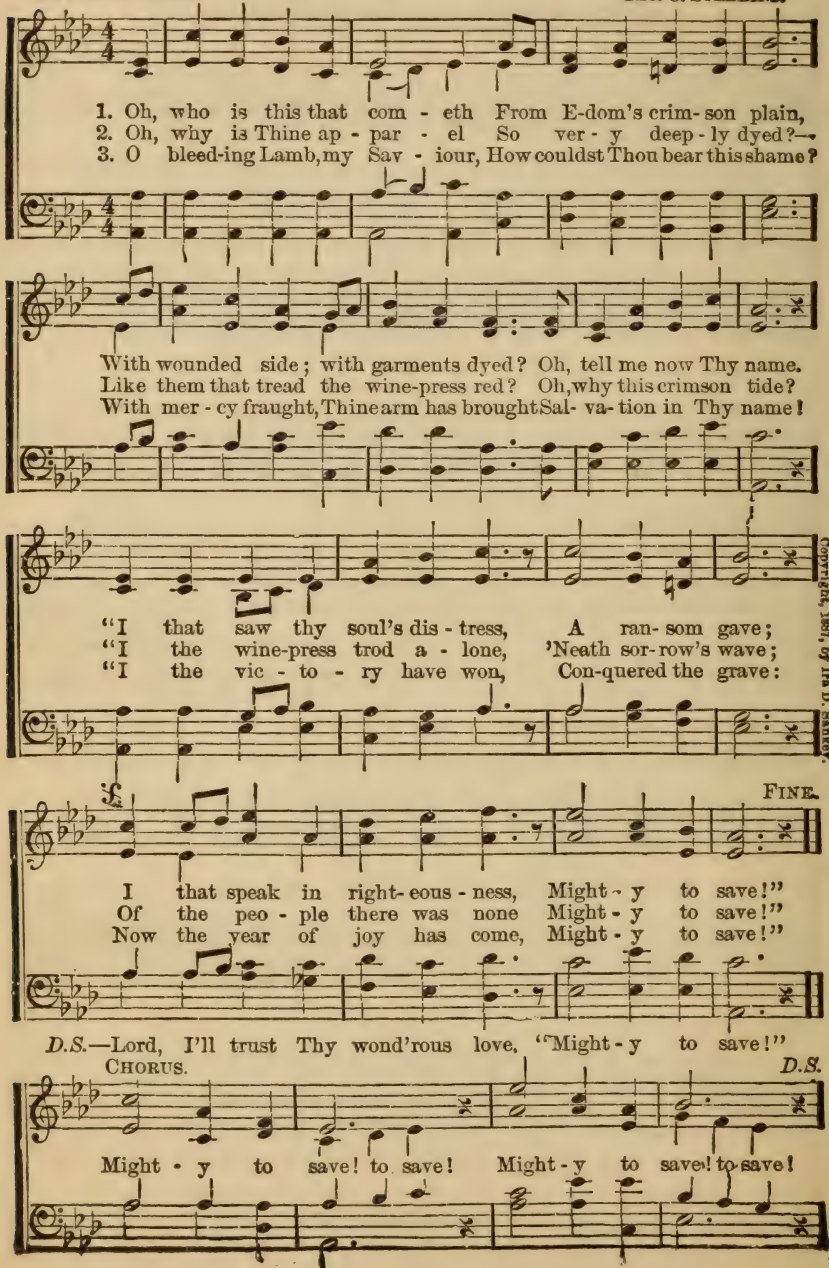
No. 322. Mighty to Save.

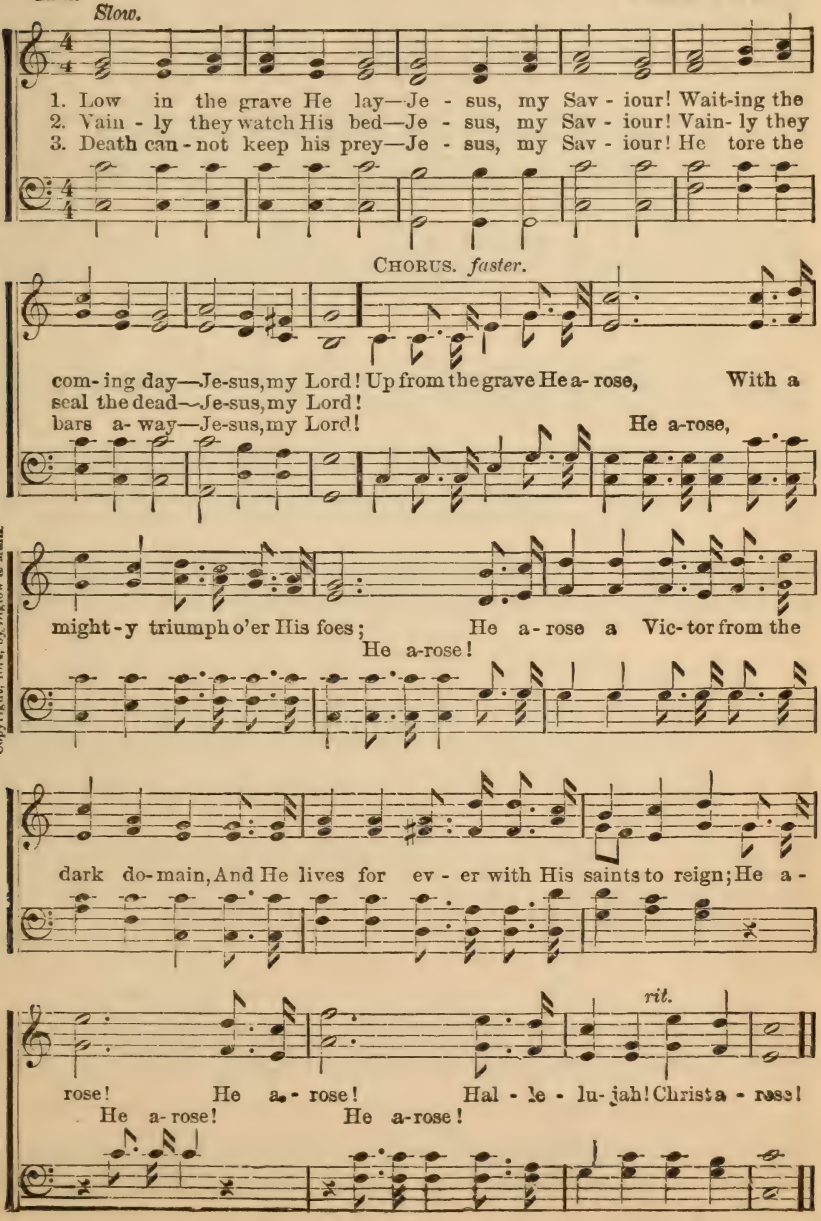
"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, who is this that com - eth From E-dom's crim-son plain,
2. Oh, why is Thine ap - par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed?—
3. O bleed-ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?
With wounded side; with garments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.
Like them that tread the wine-press red? Oh, why this crimson tide?
With mer - cy fraught, Thine arm has brought Sal- va-tion in Thy name!
"I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran-som gave;
"I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath sor-row's wave;
"I the vic - to - ry have won, Con-quered the grave:
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.
FINE.
I that speak in right-eous - ness, Might - y to save!"
Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save!"
Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save!"
D.S.—Lord, I'll trust Thy wond'rous love, "Might - y to save!"
CHORUS.
D.S.
Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to save! to save!

No. 323. Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.


Slow.
1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait-ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain- ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the
CHORUS. faster.
com- ing day—Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a- rose, With a
seal the dead—Je-sus, my Lord!
bars a- way—Je-sus, my Lord!
He a-rose,
might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic- tor from the
He a-rose!
dark do- main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu- jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

Copyright, 1874, by Biglow & Main.

No. 324. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATH. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow. *m*

1. Soft-ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, Come home,

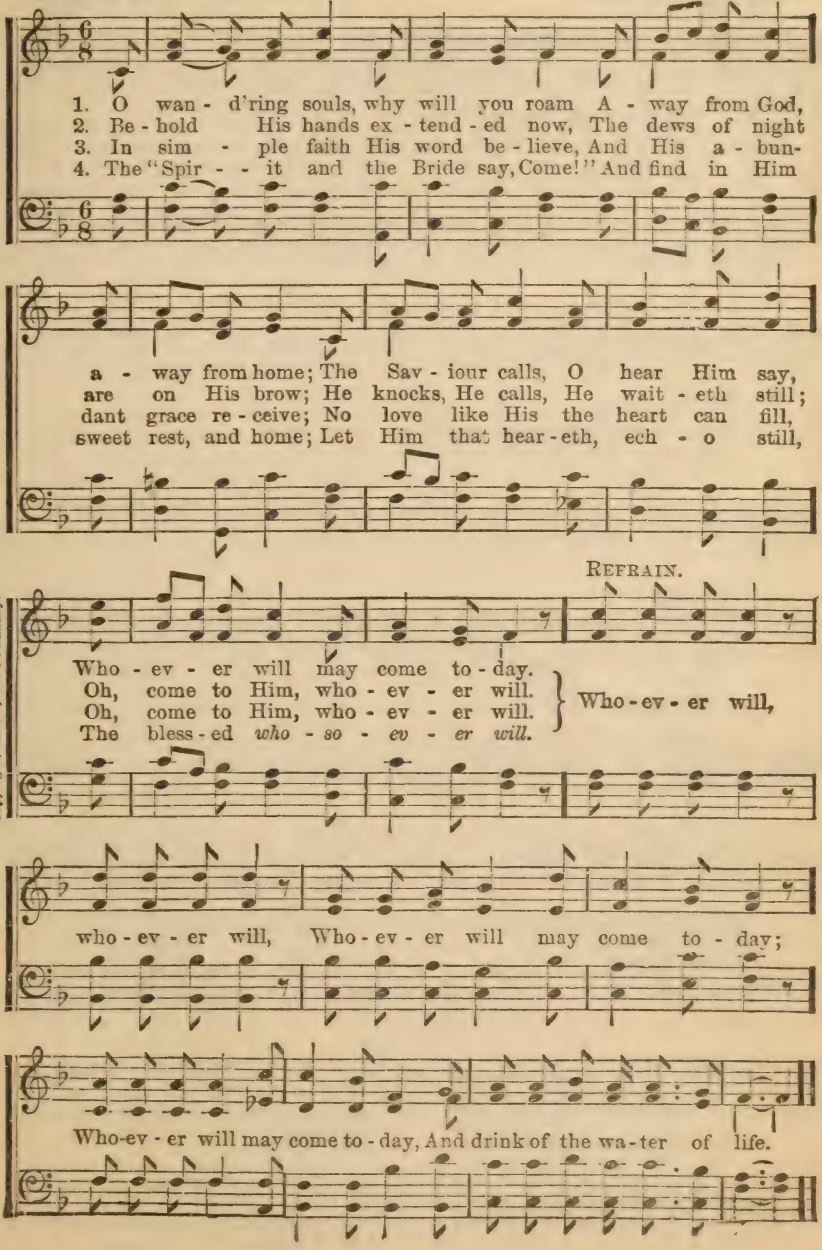
p *rit.* *p*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

No. 325. Whoever Will.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

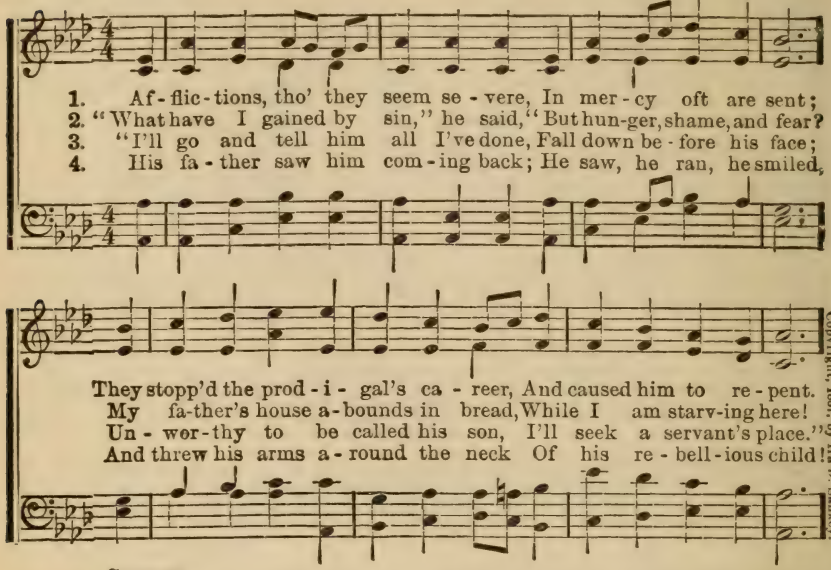
A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wan - d'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God,
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun-
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him
a - way from home; The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say,
are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still;
dant grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill,
sweet rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, ech - o still,
Refrain.
Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
The bless - ed *who - so - ev - er will.*
Who - ev - er will,
who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;
Who-ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

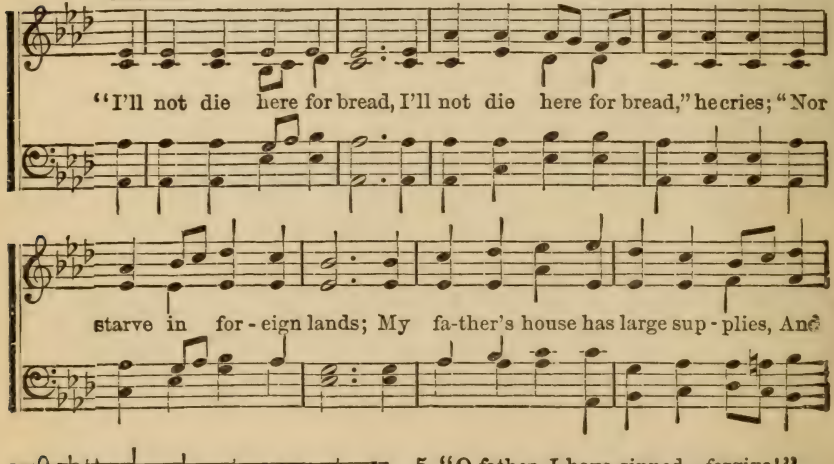
No. 326 The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Af-flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face;
4. His fa-ther saw him com-ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,
They stopp'd the prod-i-gal's ca-reer, And caused him to re-pent.
My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread, While I am starv-ing here!
Un-wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."
And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re-bell-ious child!
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

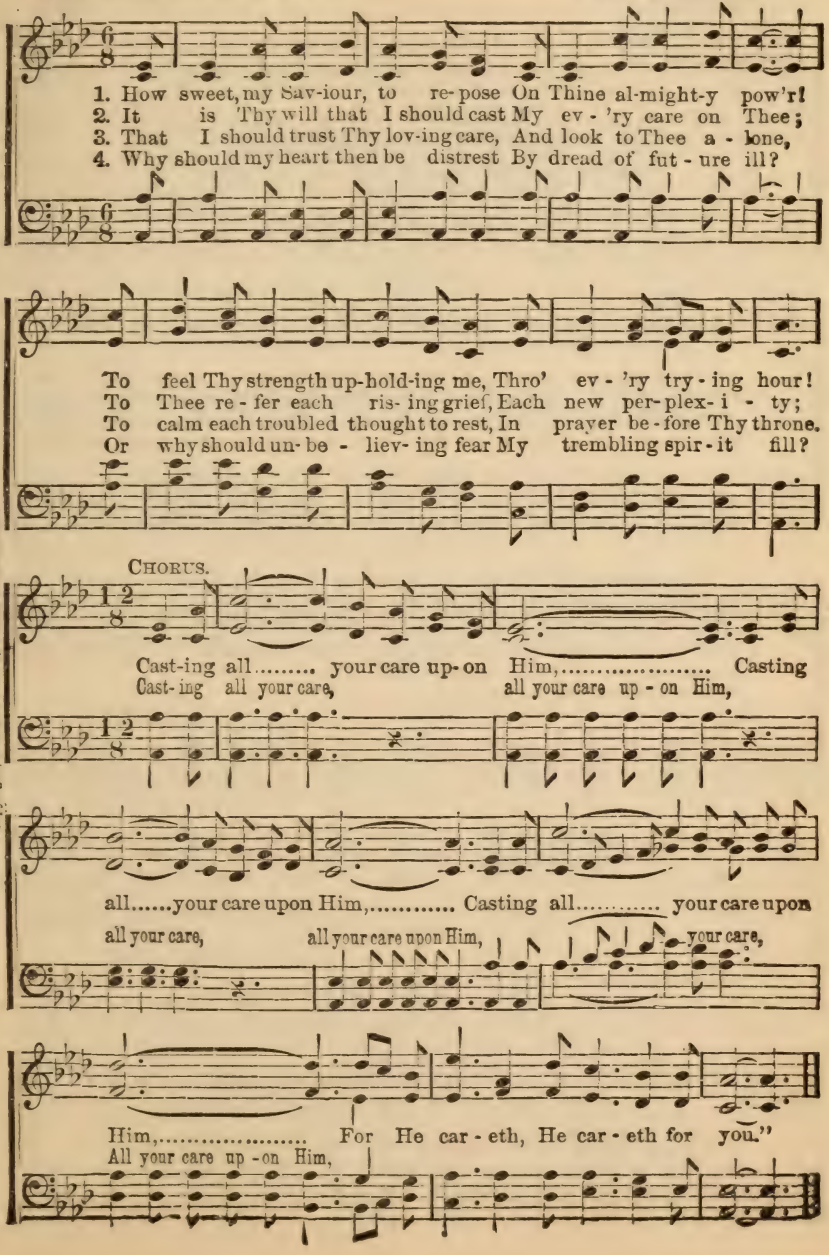

"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor
starve in for-eign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup-plies, And
bounteous are his hands."

5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

No. 327. Casting all your Care upon Him.

1 Pet. 5: 7.

From Cæsar Malan, by J. E. A. James McGranahan.

1. How sweet, my Sav-iour, to re-pose On Thine al-might-y pow'r!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev-'ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy lov-ing care, And look to Thee a-lone,
4. Why should my heart then be distrest By dread of fut-ure ill?
To feel Thy strength up-hold-ing me, Thro' ev-'ry try-ing hour!
To Thee re-fer each ris-ing grief, Each new per-plex-i-ty;
To calm each troubled thought to rest, In prayer be-fore Thy throne.
Or why should un-be-liev-ing fear My trembling spir-it fill?
Chorus.
Cast-ing all..... your care up-on Him,..... Casting
Cast-ing all your care, all your care up-on Him,
all.....your care upon Him,..... Casting all..... your care upon
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,
Him,..... For He car-eth, He car-eth for you."
All your care up-on Him,

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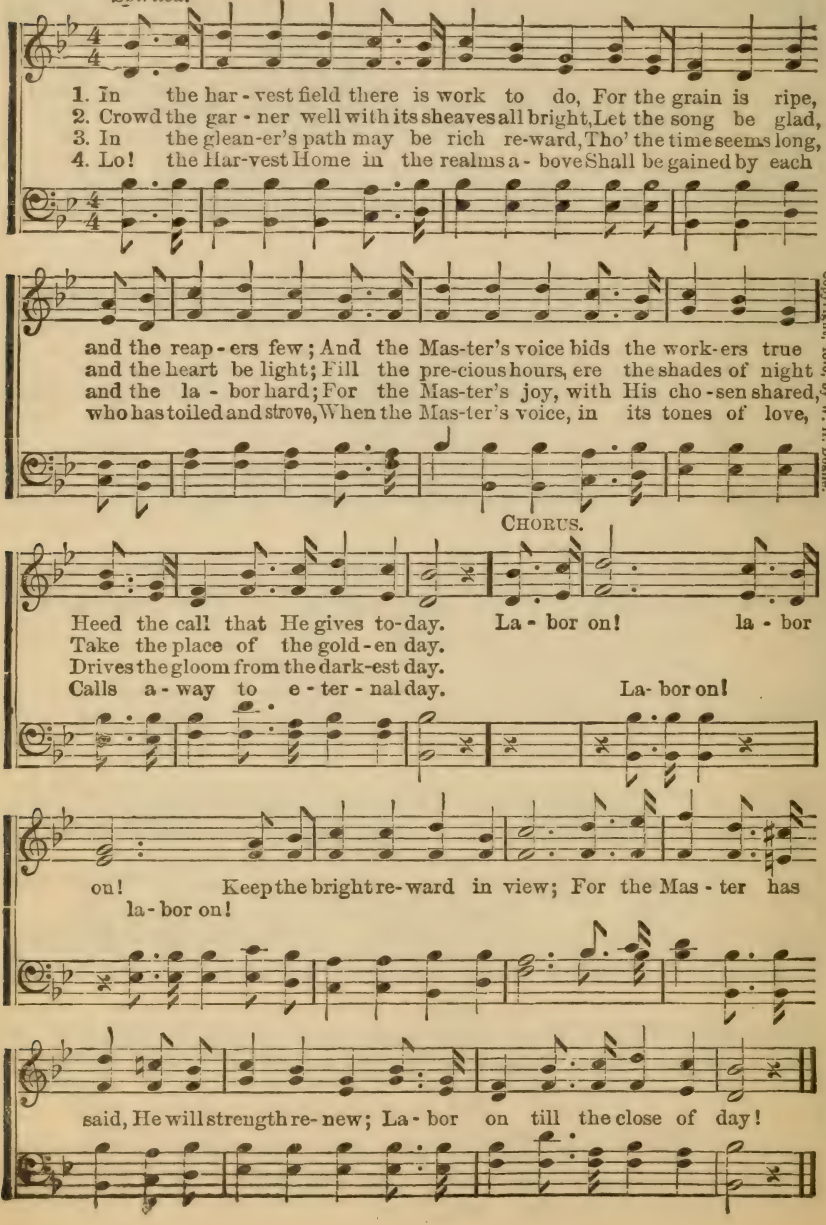
No. 328. Labor On

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

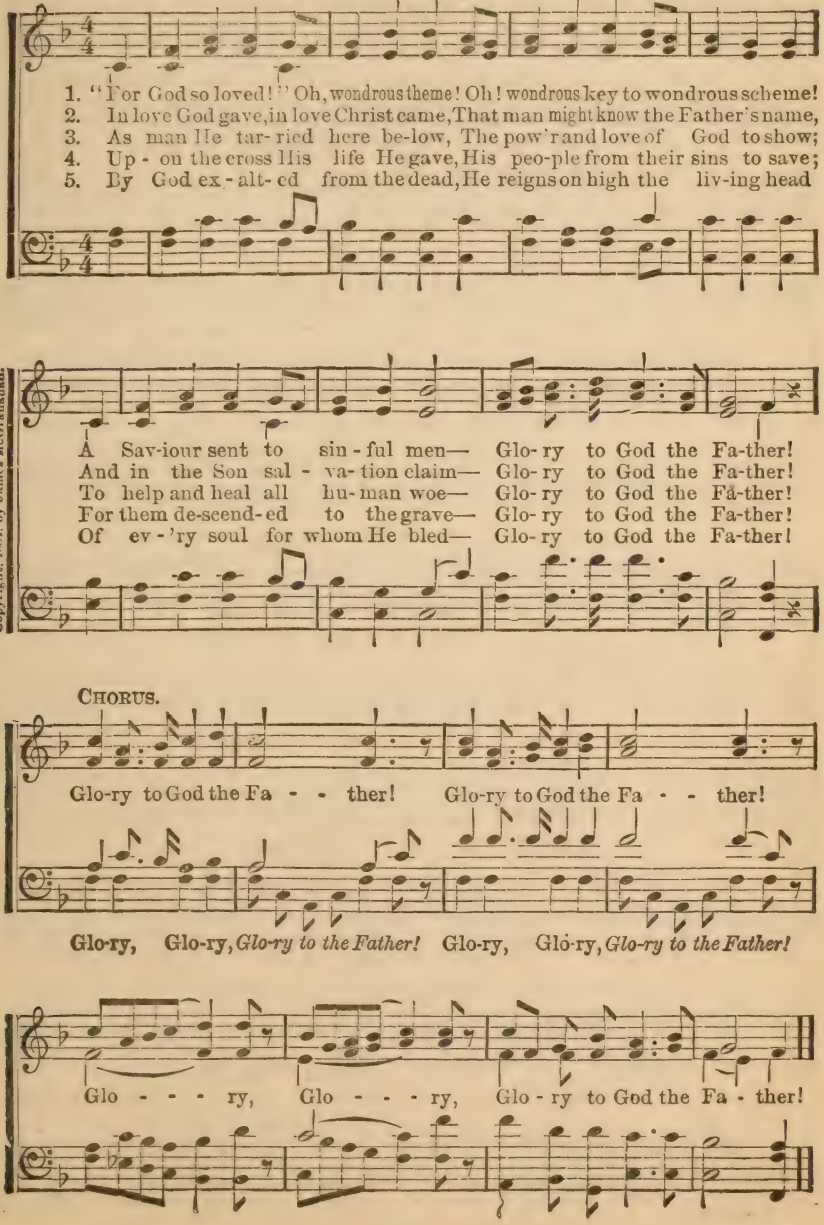
Spirited.


1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho - sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love,
CHORUS.
Heed the call that He gives to-day. La - bor on! la - bor
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La- bor on!
on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la - bor on!
said, He will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

No. 329. Glory to God the Father.

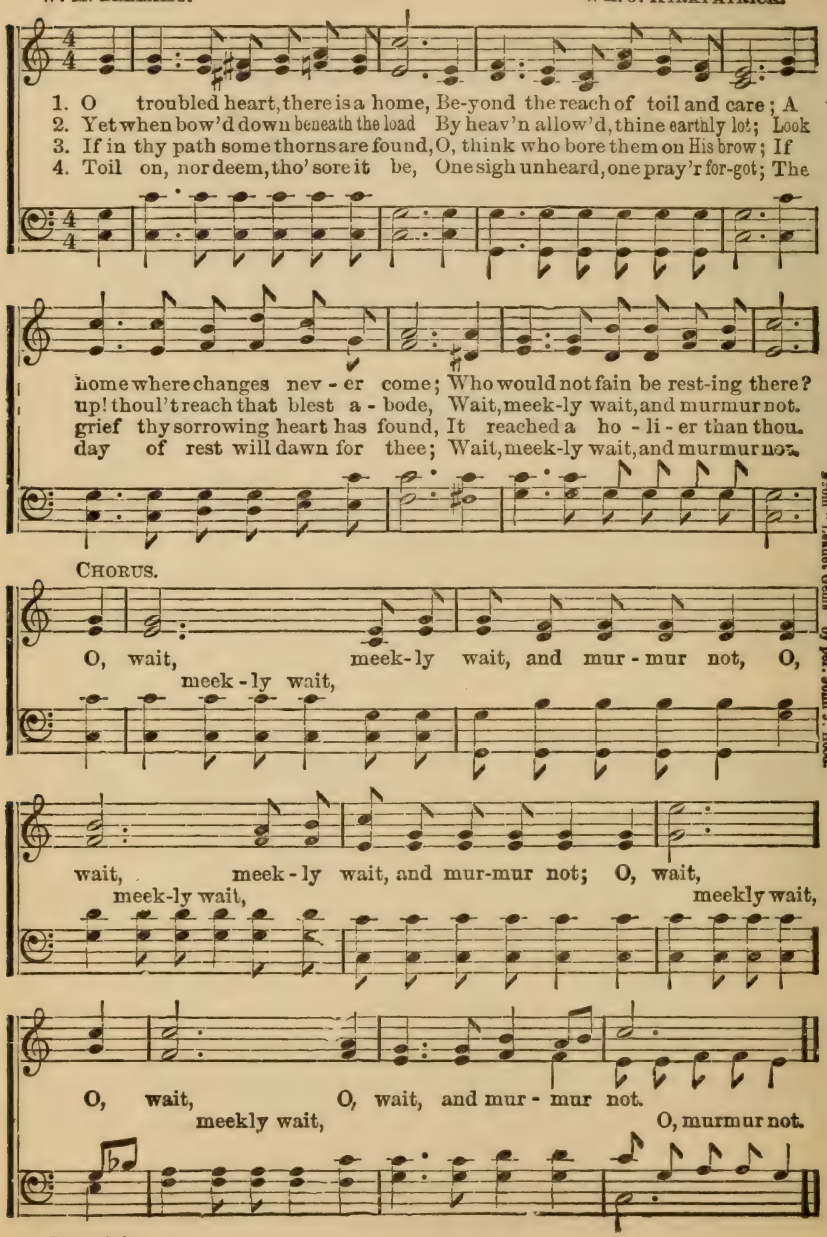
"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. II.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "For God so loved!" Oh, wondrous theme! Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Father's name,
3. As man He tar-ried here be-low, The pow'r and love of God to show;
4. Up-on the cross His life He gave, His peo-ple from their sins to save;
5. By God ex-alt-ed from the dead, He reigns on high the liv-ing head
A Sav-iour sent to sin-ful men— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
And in the Son sal-va-tion claim— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
To help and heal all hu-man woe— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
For them de-scend-ed to the grave— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
Of ev-'ry soul for whom He bled— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God the Fa - - ther! Glo-ry to God the Fa - - ther!
Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Father! Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Father!
Glo - - - ry, Glo - - - ry, Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!

Copyright, 1884, by James McGranahan.

No. 330. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—SAM. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Be-yond the reach of toil and care; A
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The
home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
up! thou'l reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek-ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not; O, wait,
meek-ly wait, meekly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meekly wait, O, murmur not.

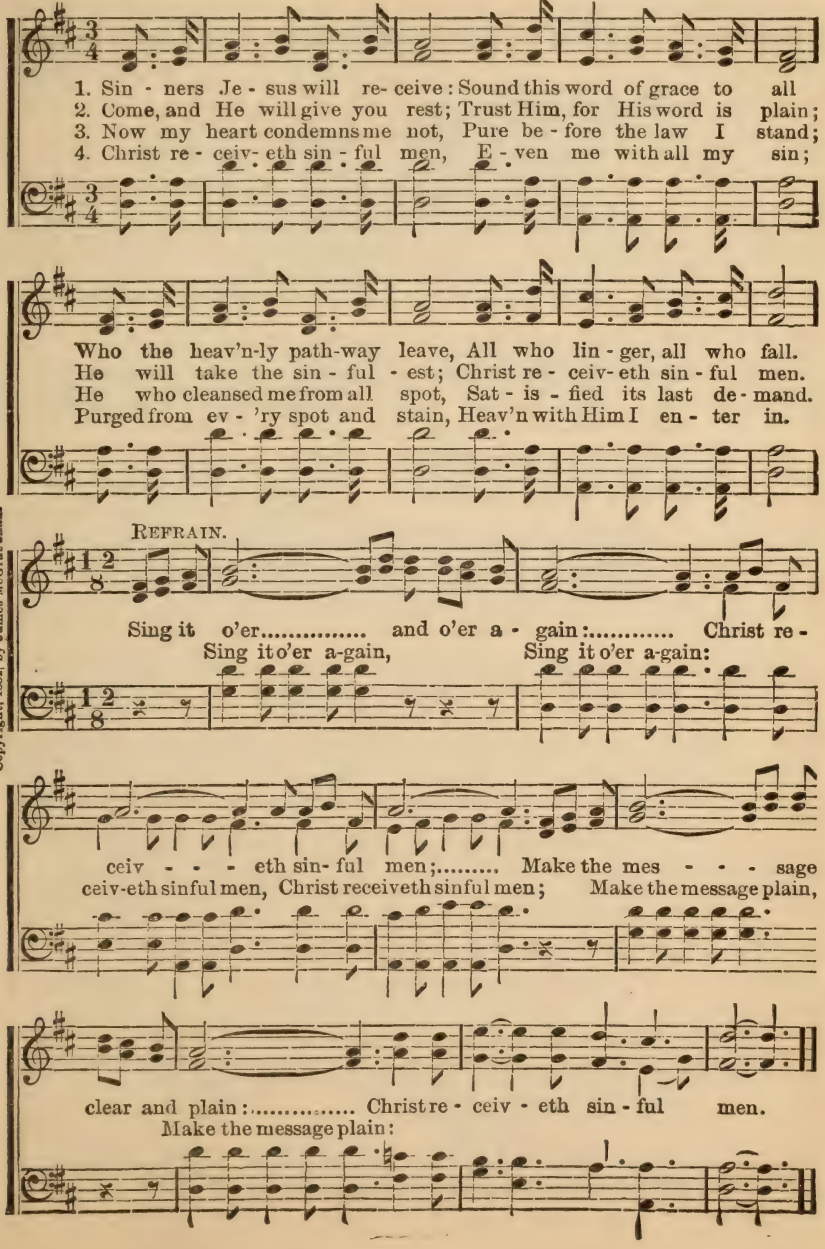
From "Leaflet Gems" by per. John J. Hood.

By permission.

No. 331. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re- ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv- eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv- eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:
ceiv - - - eth sin- ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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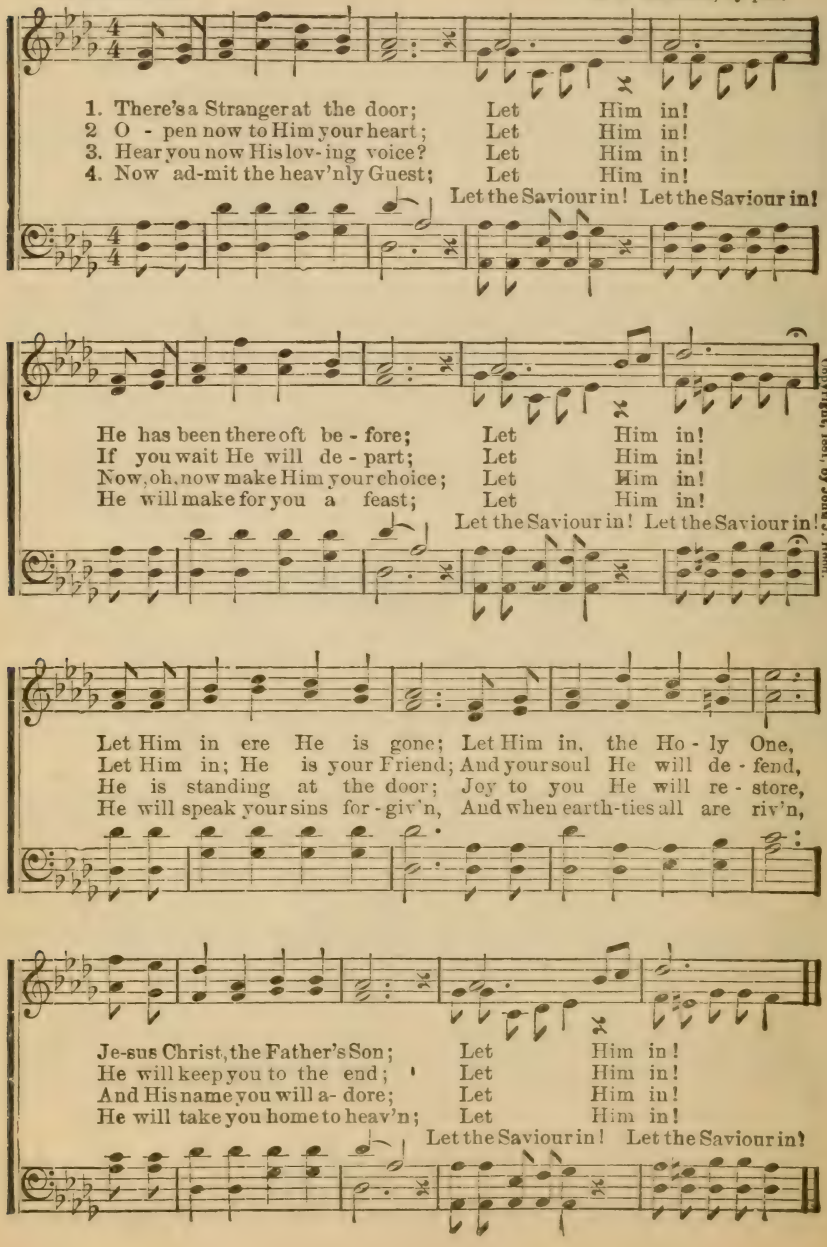
No. 332. Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell, by per.

1. There's a Stranger at the door; Let Him in!
2. O - pen now to Him your heart; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!
He has been there oft be - fore; Let Him in!
If you wait He will de - part; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!
Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend,
He is standing at the door; Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!
And His name you will a - dore; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

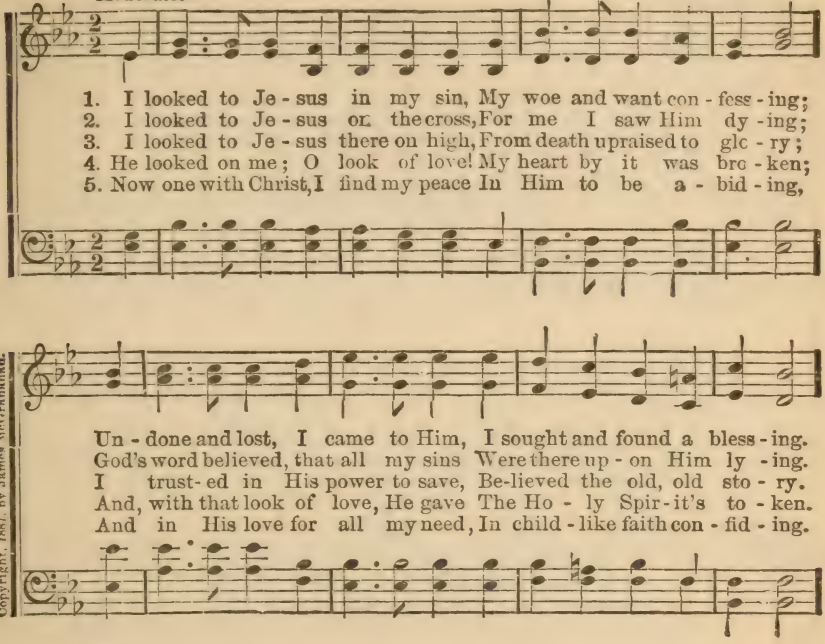
Copyright, 1891, by John J. Hood.

No. 333. I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to Him, He looked on me, and we were one for ever."—C. H. SPURGEON.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I looked to Je - sus in my sin, My woe and want con - fess - ing;
2. I looked to Je - sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy - ing;
3. I looked to Je - sus there on high, From death upraised to glo - ry;
4. He looked on me; O look of love! My heart by it was bro - ken;
5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a - bid - ing,
Un - done and lost, I came to Him, I sought and found a bless - ing.
God's word believed, that all my sins Were there up - on Him ly - ing.
I trust - ed in His power to save, Be-lieved the old, old sto - ry.
And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir - it's to - ken.
And in His love for all my need, In child - like faith con - fid - ing.

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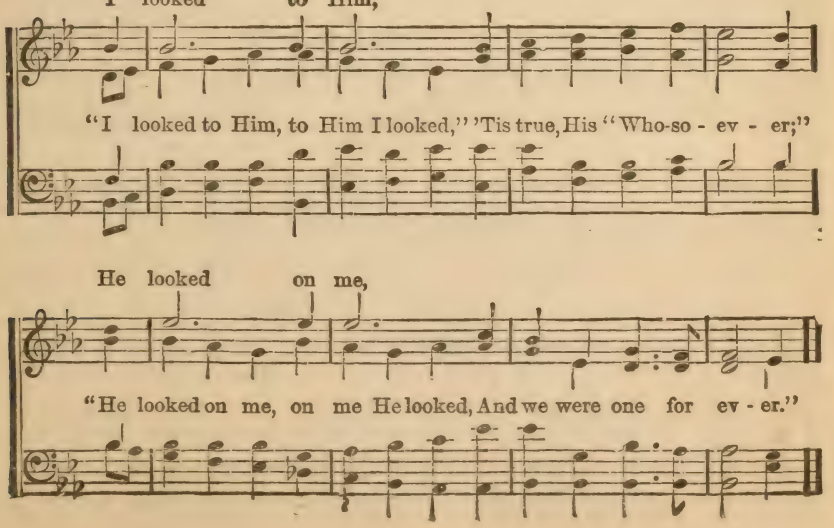
CHORUS.

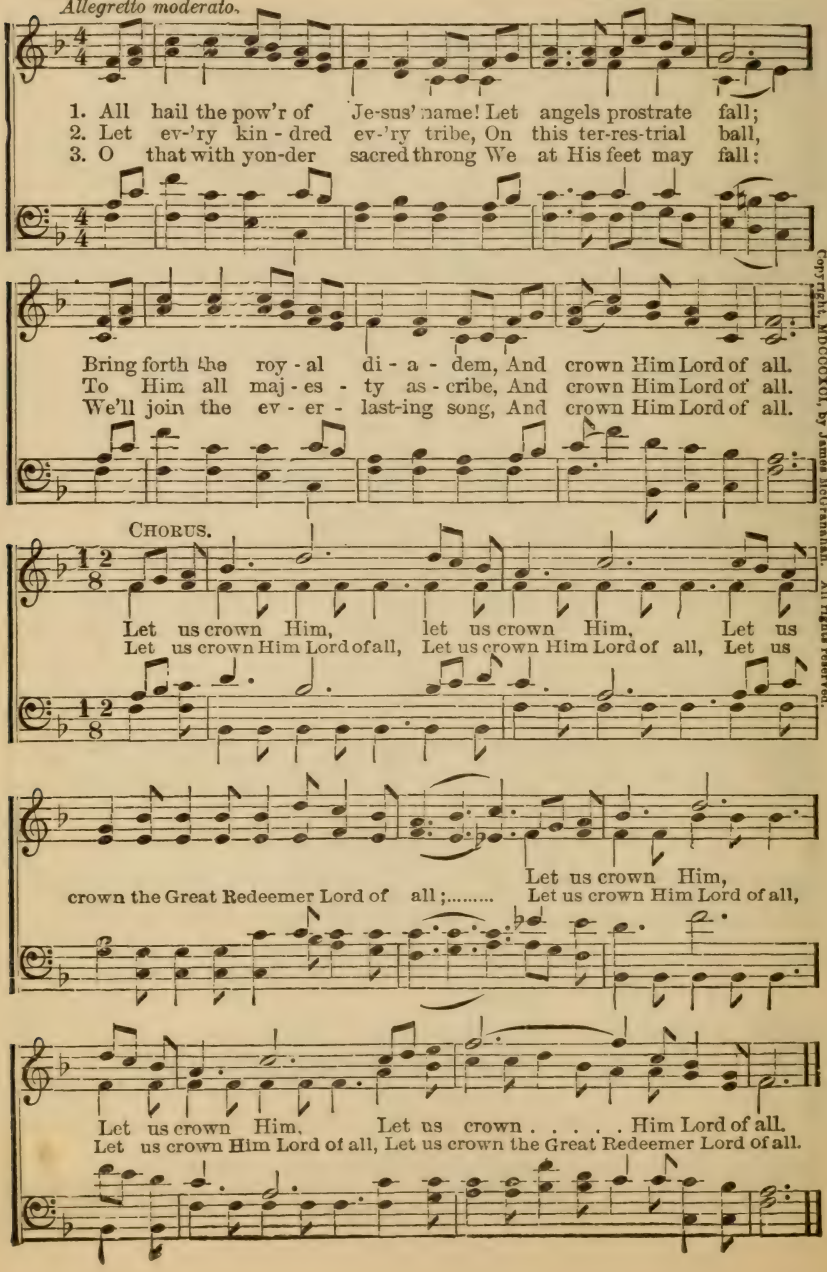

I looked to Him,
"I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so - ev - er;"
He looked on me,
"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for ev - er."

No. 334. Let Us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. PERRONET. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto moderato.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin - dred ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
CHORUS.
Let us crown Him, let us crown Him, Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us
Let us crown Him,
crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all;..... Let us crown Him Lord of all,
Let us crown Him, Let us crown . . . . Him Lord of all.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all.

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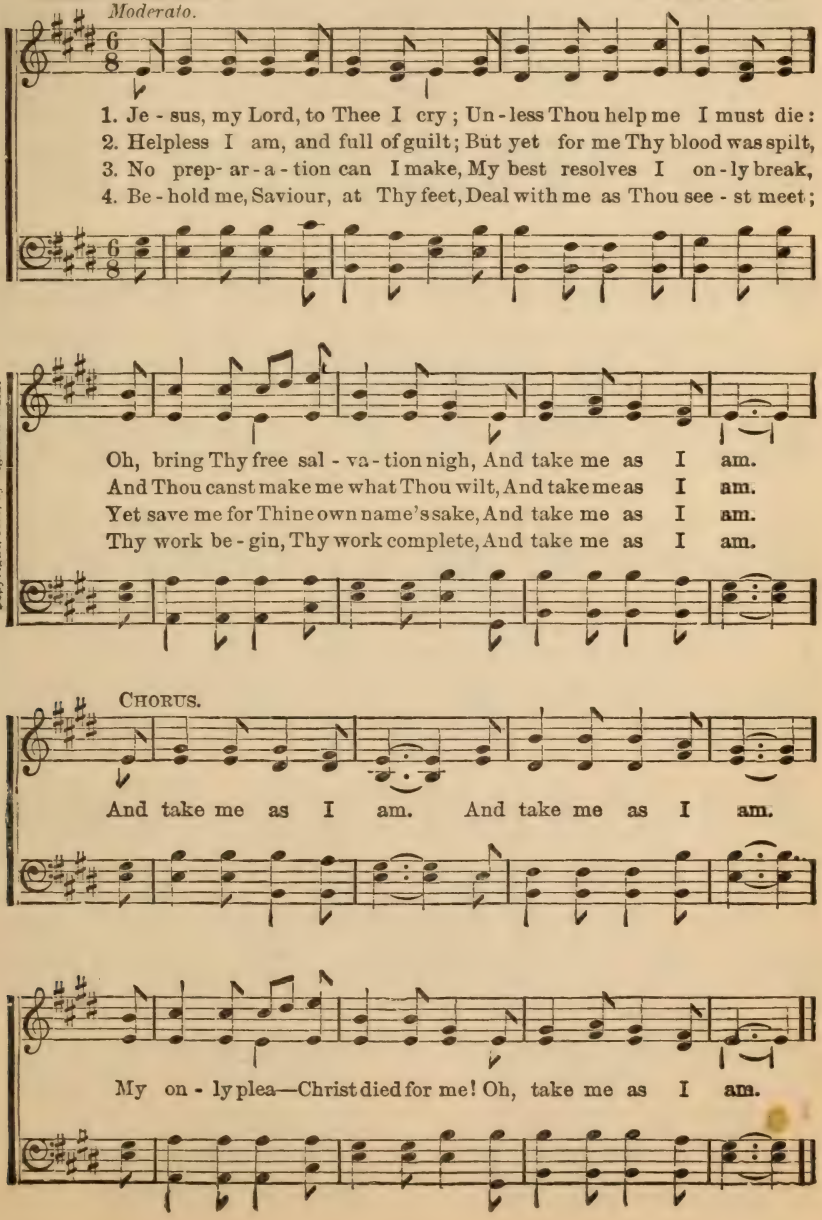
No. 335. Take Me as I Am.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

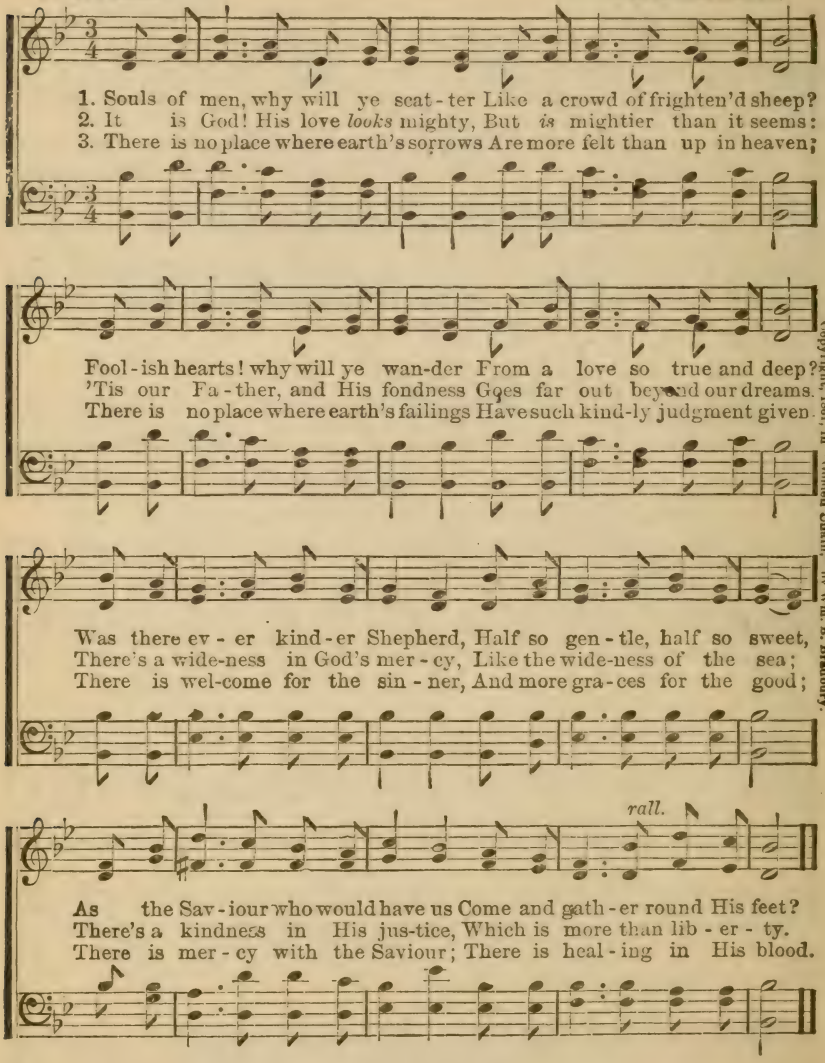

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die:
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep- ar - a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,
4. Be - hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet;
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
CHORUS.
And take me as I am. And take me as I am.
My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

No. 336. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53: 6.

F. W. Faber. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love *looks* mighty, But *is* mightier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;
Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
'Tis our Fa-ther, and His fondness Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kind-ly judgment given.
Was there ev-er kind-er Shepherd, Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
rall.
As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.

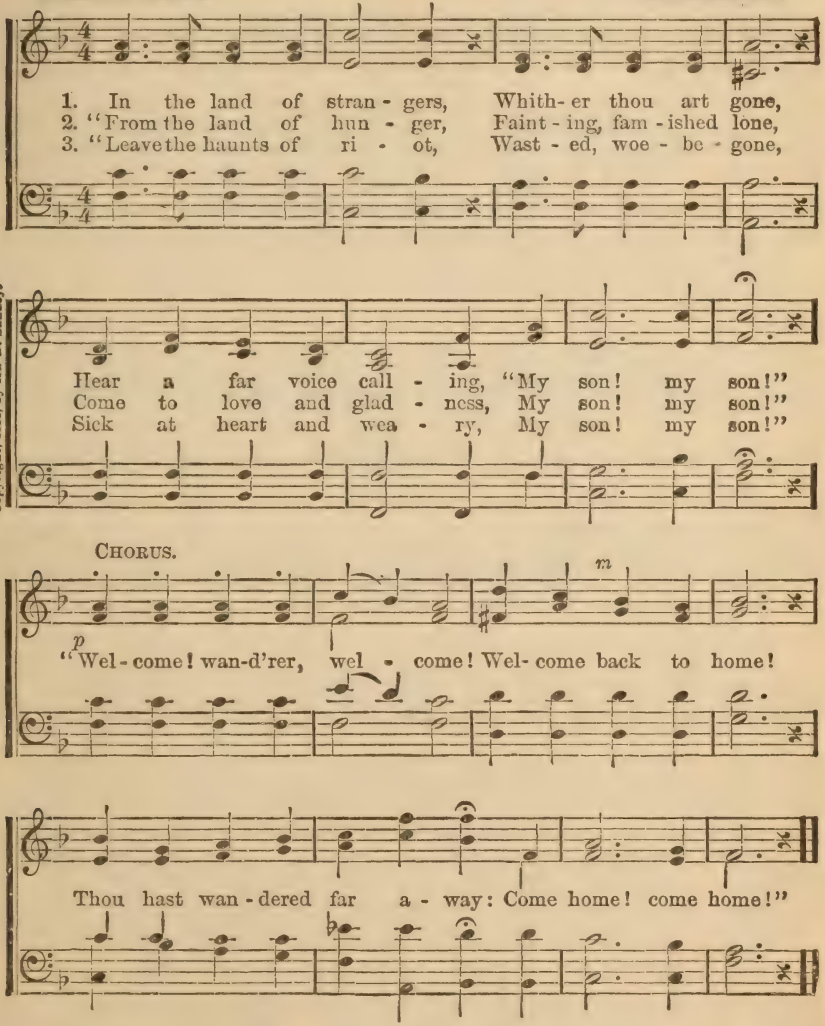
Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

No. 337. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—LUKE 15: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith- er thou art gone,
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished lone,
3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe - be - gone,
Hear a far voice call - ing, "My son! my son!"
Come to love and glad - ness, My son! my son!"
Sick at heart and wea - ry, My son! my son!"
CHORUS.
"Wel - come! wan-d'rer, wel - come! Wel- come back to home!
Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

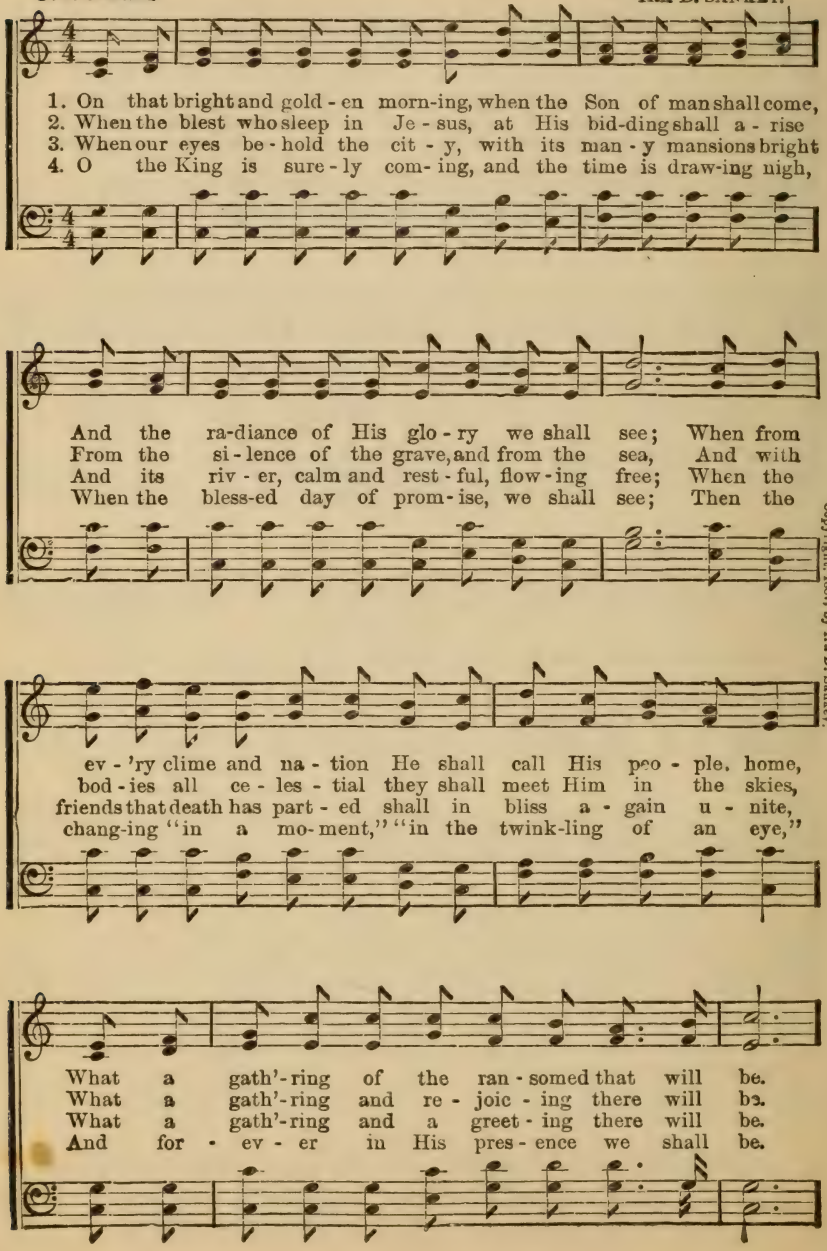
7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

No. 338.

What a Gathering!

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. On that bright and gold - en morn-ing, when the Son of man shall come,
2. When the blest who sleep in Je - sus, at His bid-ding shall a - rise
3. When our eyes be - hold the cit - y, with its man - y mansions bright
4. O the King is sure - ly com-ing, and the time is draw-ing nigh,
And the ra-diance of His glo - ry we shall see; When from
From the si - lence of the grave, and from the sea, And with
And its riv - er, calm and rest - ful, flow - ing free; When the
When the bless-ed day of prom - ise, we shall see; Then the
ev - 'ry clime and na - tion He shall call His peo - ple home,
bod - ies all ce - les - tial they shall meet Him in the skies,
friends that death has part - ed shall in bliss a - gain u - nite,
chang-ing "in a mo-ment," "in the twink-ling of an eye,"
What a gath'-ring of the ran - somed that will be.
What a gath'-ring and re - joic - ing there will be.
What a gath'-ring and a greet - ing there will be.
And for - ev - er in His pres - ence we shall be.

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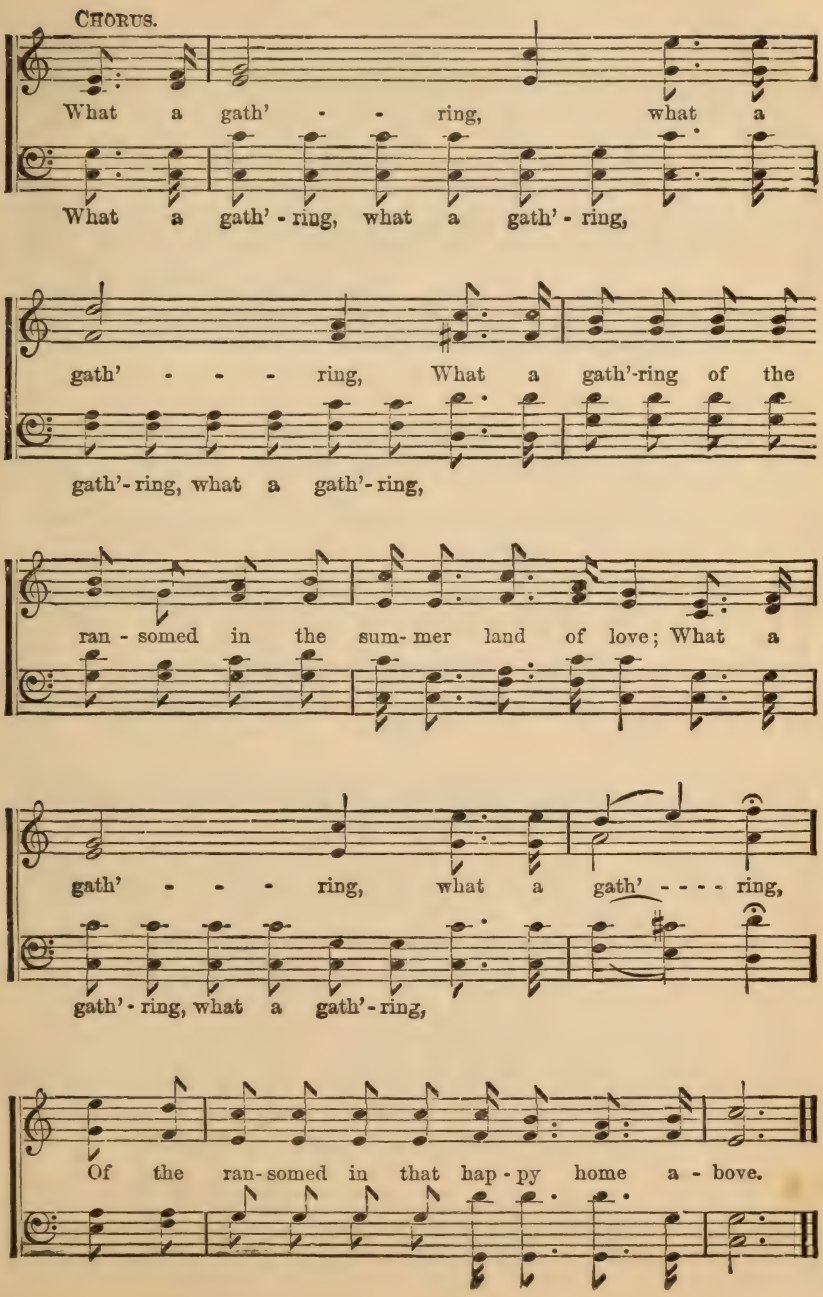
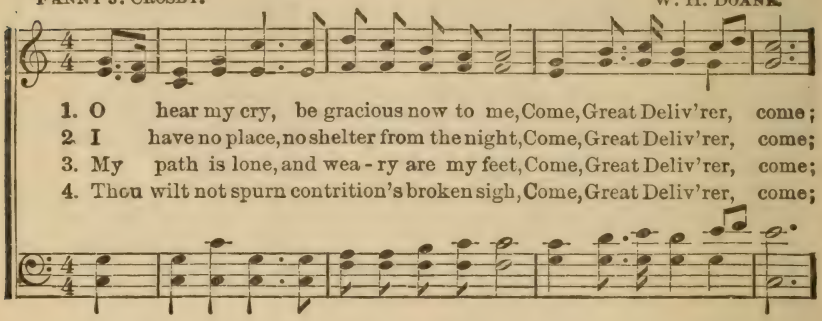
What a Gathering!—Concluded.

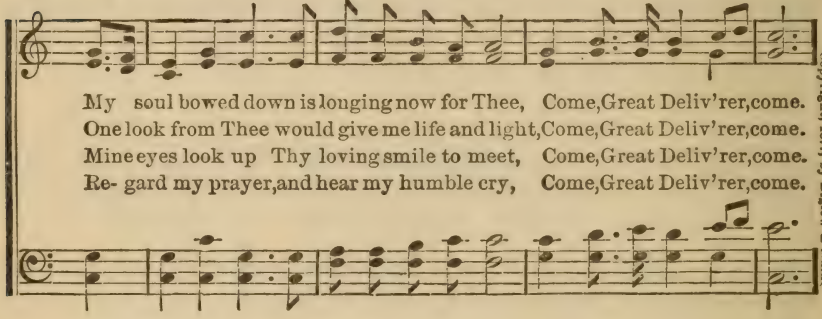

Chorus.
What a gath' - - ring, what a
What a gath' - ring, what a gath' - ring,
gath' - - - ring, What a gath'-ring of the
gath'- ring, what a gath'- ring,
ran - somed in the sum- mer land of love; What a
gath' - - - ring, what a gath' - - - - ring,
gath'- ring, what a gath'- ring,
Of the ran- somed in that hap - py home a - bove.

No. 339. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea - ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;


My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re- gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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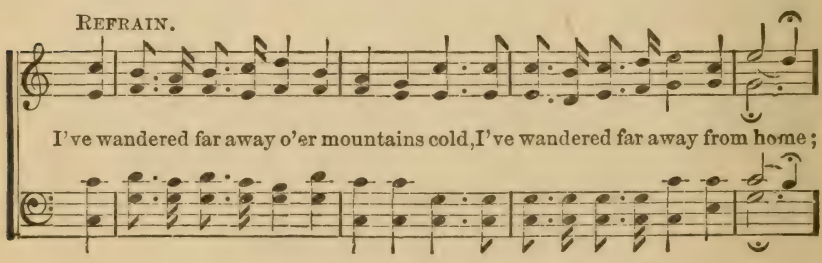
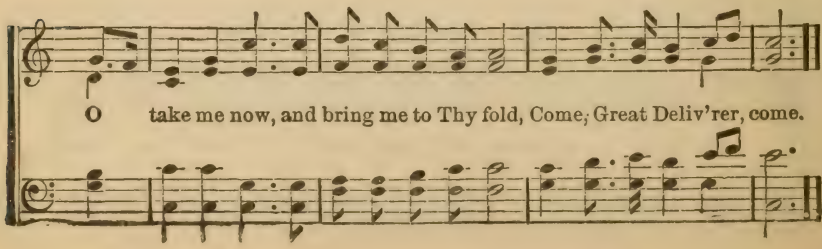
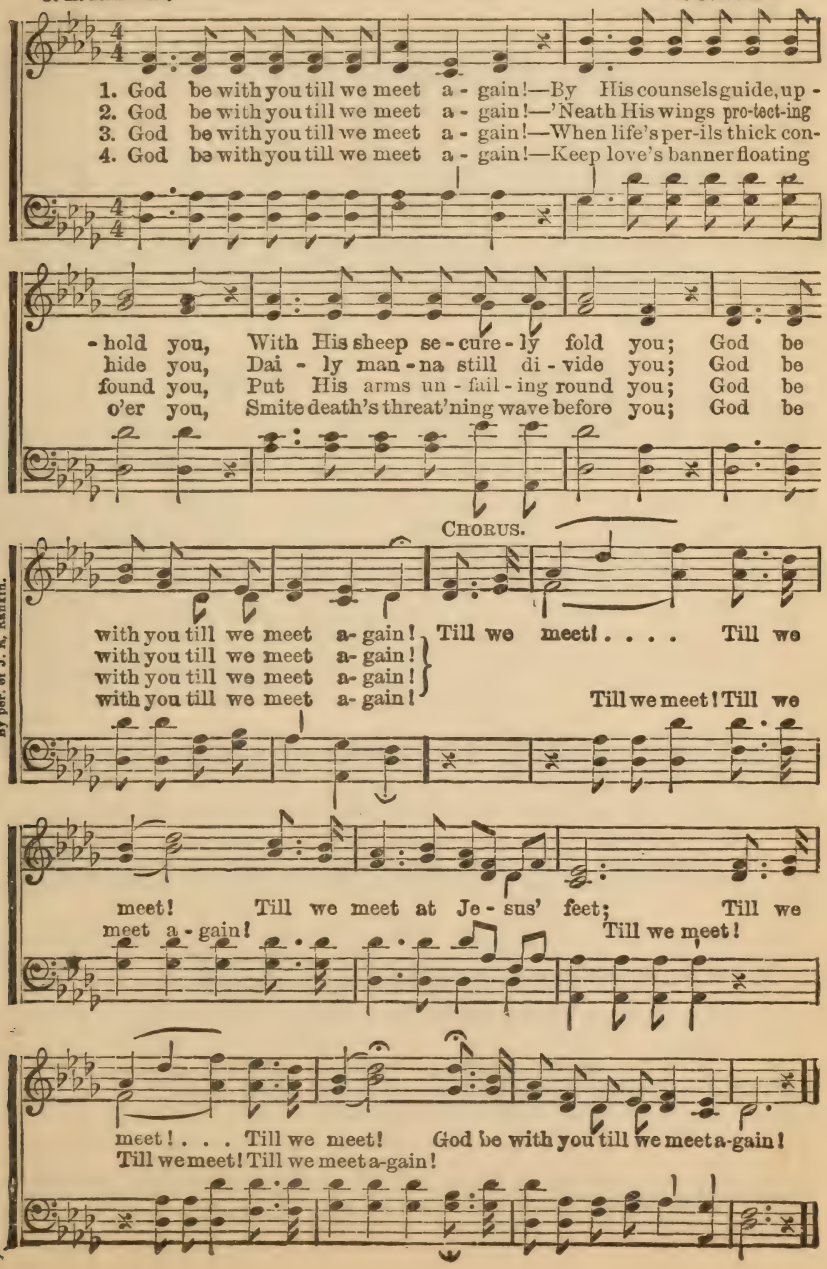




No. 340. God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS 16: 20.

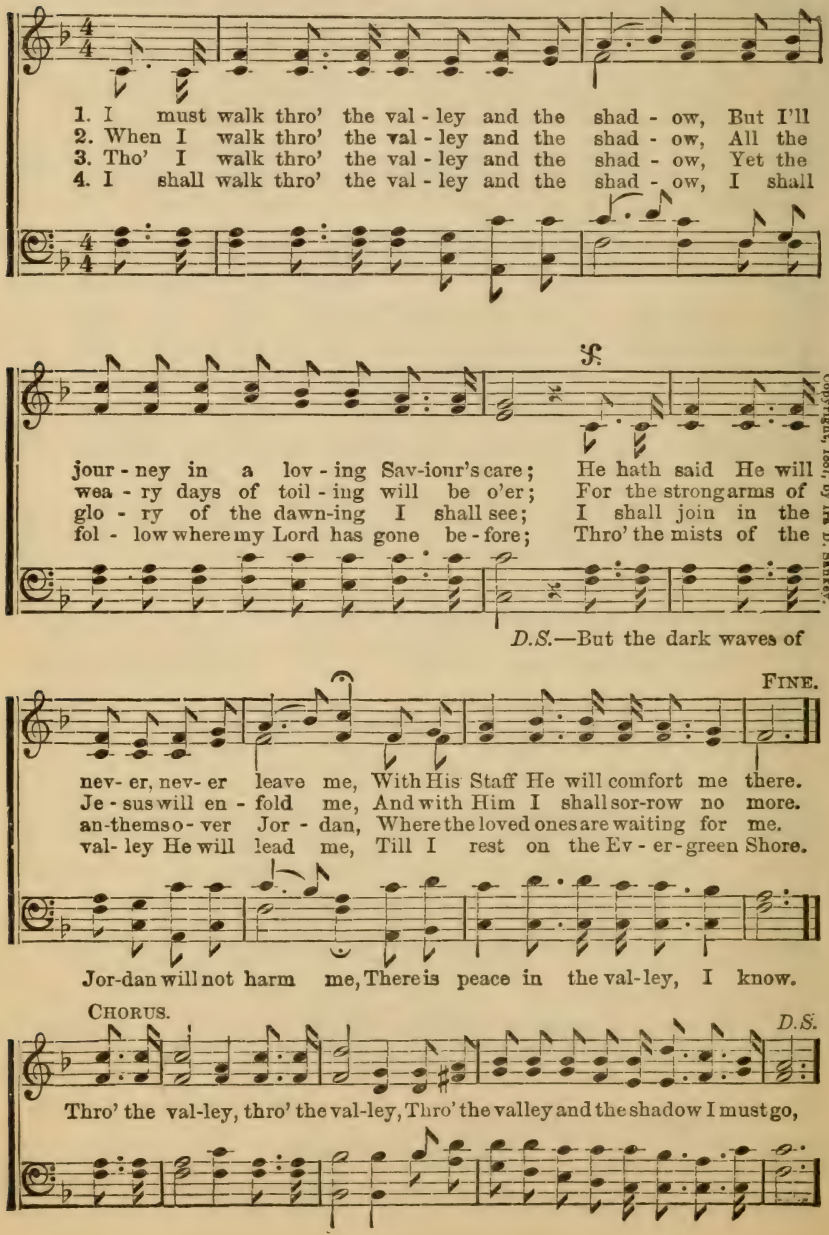
J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating
- hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be
CHORUS.
with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! . . . . Till we
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we
meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!
meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a-gain!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

No. 341. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—PSA. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I must walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, I shall
jour - ney in a lov - ing Sav-iour's care; He hath said He will
wea - ry days of toil - ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of
glo - ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the
fol - low where my Lord has gone be - fore; Thro' the mists of the
D.S.—But the dark waves of
nev- er, nev- er leave me, With His Staff He will comfort me there.
Je - sus will en - fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.
an-thems o - ver Jor - dan, Where the loved ones are waiting for me.
val- ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ev - er-green Shore.
Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley, I know.
Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, Thro' the valley and the shadow I must go,

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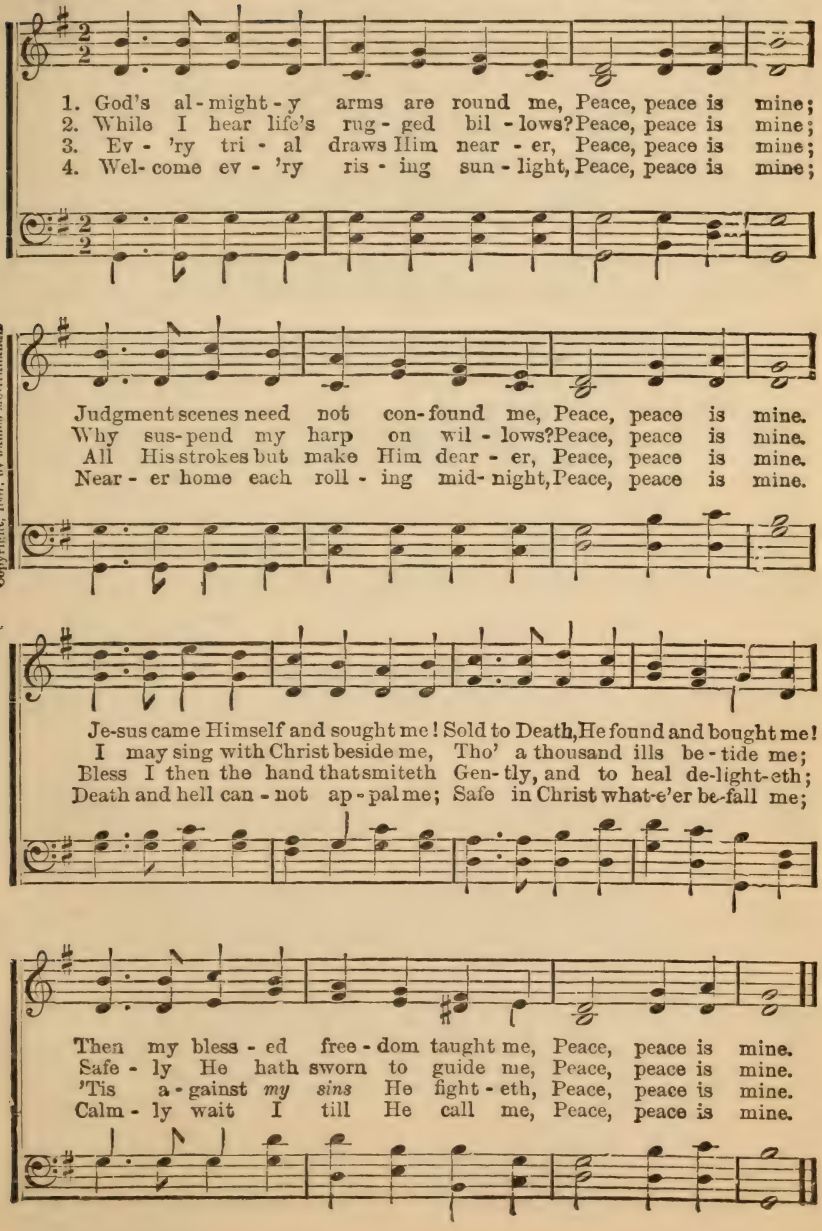
FINE.

CHORUS. D.S.

No. 342. Peace, Peace is Mine.

"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

J. Denham Smith. James McGranahan.


1. God's al-might-y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine;
2. While I hear life's rug-ged bil-lows? Peace, peace is mine;
3. Ev-'ry tri-al draws Him near-er, Peace, peace is mine;
4. Wel-come ev-'ry ris-ing sun-light, Peace, peace is mine;
Judgment scenes need not con-found me, Peace, peace is mine.
Why sus-pend my harp on wil-lows? Peace, peace is mine.
All His strokes but make Him dear-er, Peace, peace is mine.
Near-er home each roll-ing mid-night, Peace, peace is mine.
Je-sus came Himself and sought me! Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
I may sing with Christ beside me, Tho' a thousand ills be-tide me;
Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gen-tly, and to heal de-light-eth;
Death and hell can-not ap-pal me; Safe in Christ what-e'er be-fall me;
Then my bless-ed free-dom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.
Safe-ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.
'Tis a-gainst *my sins* He fight-eth, Peace, peace is mine.
Calm-ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.

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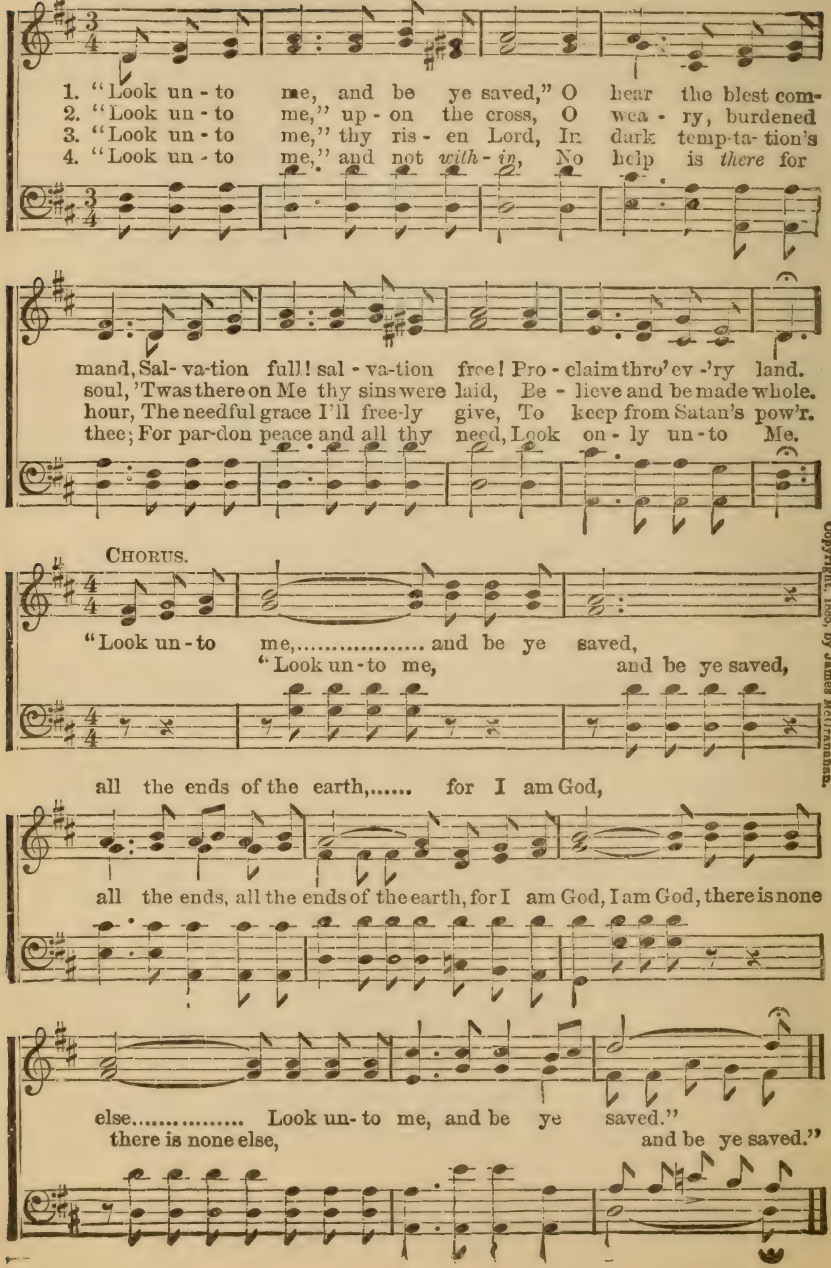
No. 343. Look Unto Me.

EL. NATHAN. ISA. 45: 22. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "Look un - to me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest com-
2. "Look un - to me," up - on the cross, O wea - ry, burdened
3. "Look un - to me," thy ris - en Lord, In dark temp-ta- tion's
4. "Look un - to me," and not *with - in*, No help is *there* for
mand, Sal- va-tion full! sal - va-tion free! Pro - claim thro' ev -'ry land.
soul, 'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid, Be - lieve and be made whole.
hour, The needful grace I'll free-ly give, To keep from Satan's pow'r.
thee; For par-don peace and all thy need, Look on - ly un - to Me.
CHORUS.
"Look un - to me,..... and be ye saved,
"Look un - to me, and be ye saved,
all the ends of the earth,..... for I am God,
all the ends, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, I am God, there is none
else..... Look un - to me, and be ye saved."
there is none else, and be ye saved."

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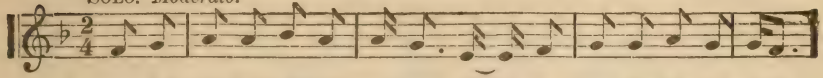
No. 344. My Mother's Prayer.

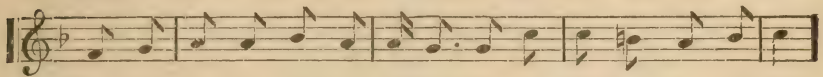
"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 21: 28.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil-iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same within;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long:



Bro't with-in my rec-ol-lection Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly for-got;
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be-hold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,

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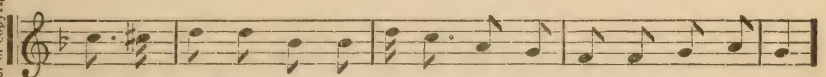
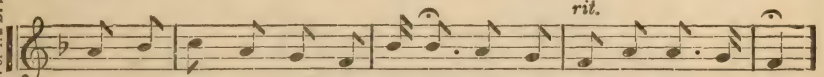
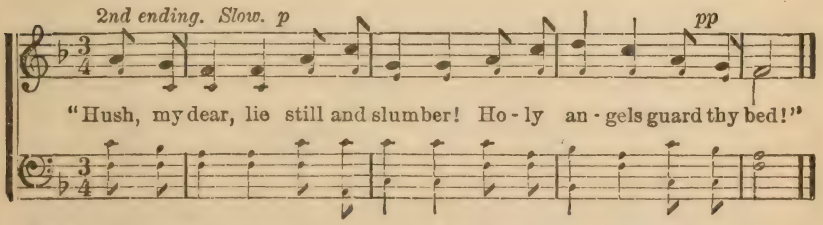

There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here, the deep, old fashioned well,
To the gar-ret dark as-cending—Once a source of child-ish dread—
Oft-en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun-dle bed;



With its old moss-cov-ered bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer-ing thro' the mist-y cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.
[*Omit. . . . . .*



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

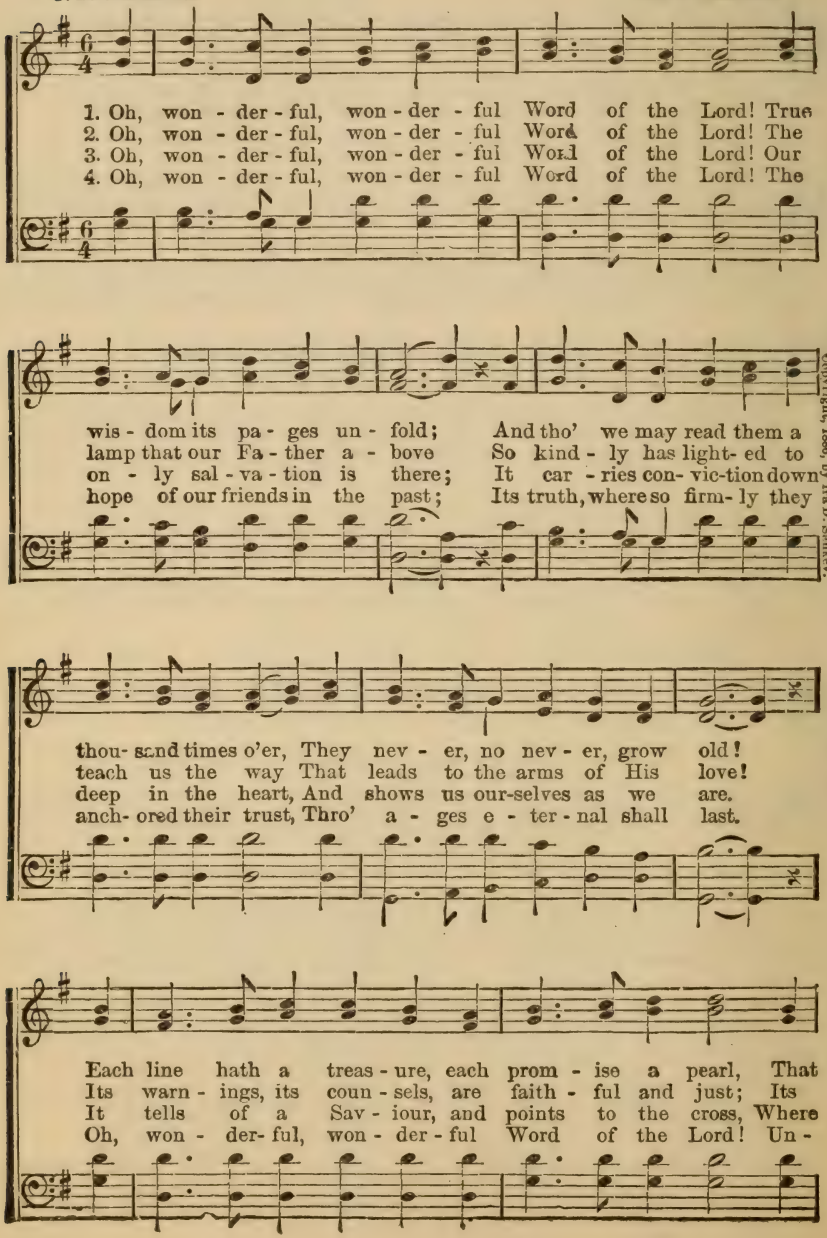
7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* Use second ending.

No. 345. Oh, Wonderful Word!

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 PETER 1: 25.

J. L. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! True
2. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The
3. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Our
4. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The
wis - dom its pa - ges un - fold; And tho' we may read them a
lamp that our Fa - ther a - bove So kind - ly has light- ed to
on - ly sal - va - tion is there; It car - ries con- vic-tion down
hope of our friends in the past; Its truth, where so firm- ly they
thou- sand times o'er, They nev - er, no nev - er, grow old!
teach us the way That leads to the arms of His love!
deep in the heart, And shows us our-selves as we are.
anch- ored their trust, Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal shall last.
Each line hath a treas - ure, each prom - ise a pearl, That
Its warn - ings, its coun - sels, are faith - ful and just; Its
It tells of a Sav - iour, and points to the cross, Where
Oh, won - der- ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Un -

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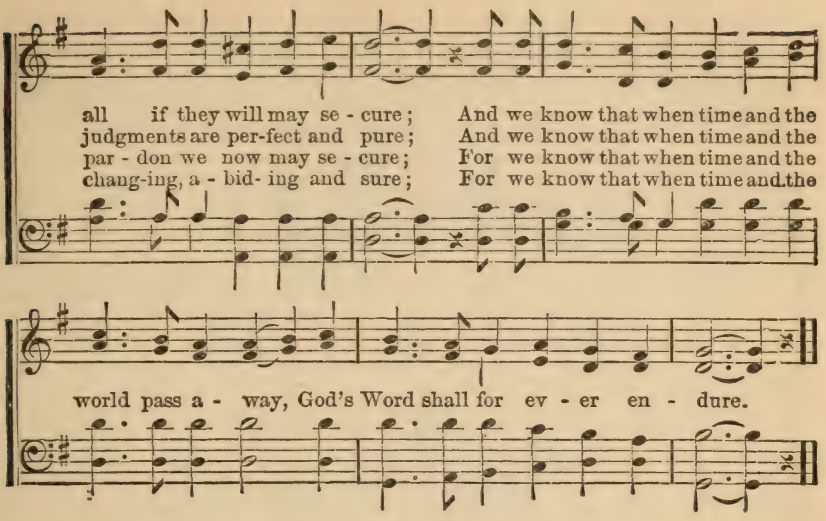
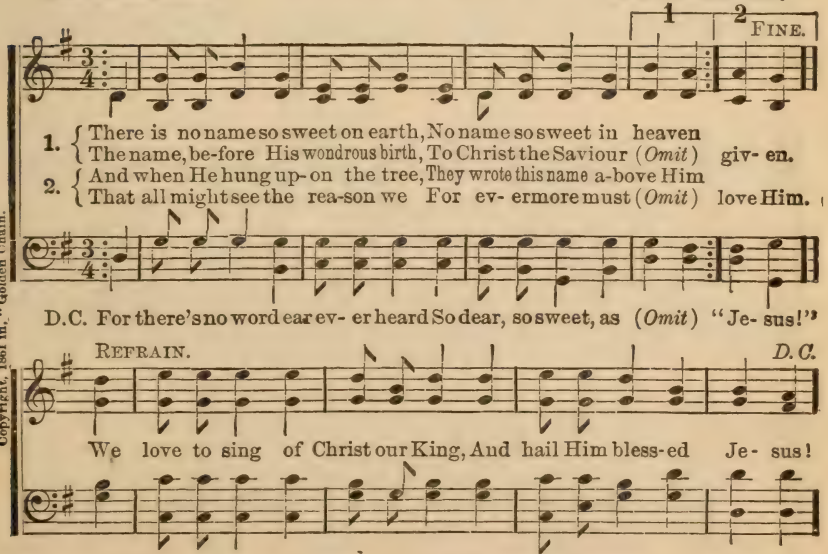
Oh, Wonderful Word.—Concluded.


all if they will may se - cure; And we know that when time and the
judgments are per-fect and pure; And we know that when time and the
par - don we now may se - cure; For we know that when time and the
chang-ing, a - bid- ing and sure; For we know that when time and the
world pass a - way, God's Word shall for ev - er en - dure.

No. 346. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1 2
FINE.
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven
The name, be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour (Omit) giv- en.
2. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name a-bove Him
That all might see the rea-son we For ev- ermore must (Omit) love Him.
D.C. For there's no word ear ev- er heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit) "Je- sus!"
REFRAIN. D.C.
We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je- sus!

Copyright, 1861 in "Golden Chain."

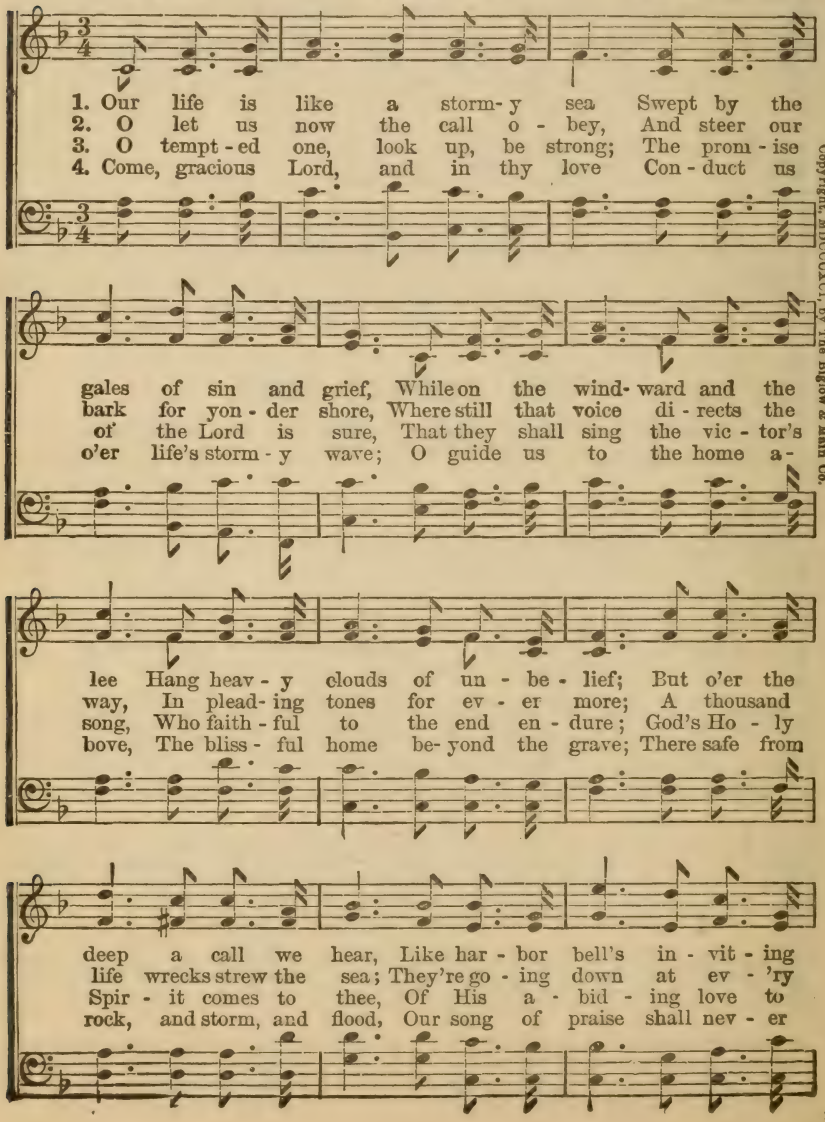
3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
Thy grace shall fail us never
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

No. 347 The Harbor Bell.

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore. The whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; Suddenly the pilot cried,—Hark! and far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way,—this way,— Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the
2. O let us now the call o - bey, And steer our
3. O tempt - ed one, look up, be strong; The prom - ise
4. Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love Con - duct us
gales of sin and grief, While on the wind- ward and the
bark for yon - der shore, Where still that voice di - rects the
of the Lord is sure, That they shall sing the vic - tor's
o'er life's storm - y wave; O guide us to the home a-
lee Hang heav - y clouds of un - be - lief; But o'er the
way, In plead- ing tones for ev - er more; A thousand
song, Who faith - ful to the end en - dure; God's Ho - ly
bove, The bliss - ful home be- yond the grave; There safe from
deep a call we hear, Like har - bor bell's in - vit - ing
life wrecks strew the sea; They're go - ing down at ev - 'ry
Spir - it comes to thee, Of His a - bid - ing love to
rock, and storm, and flood, Our song of praise shall nev - er

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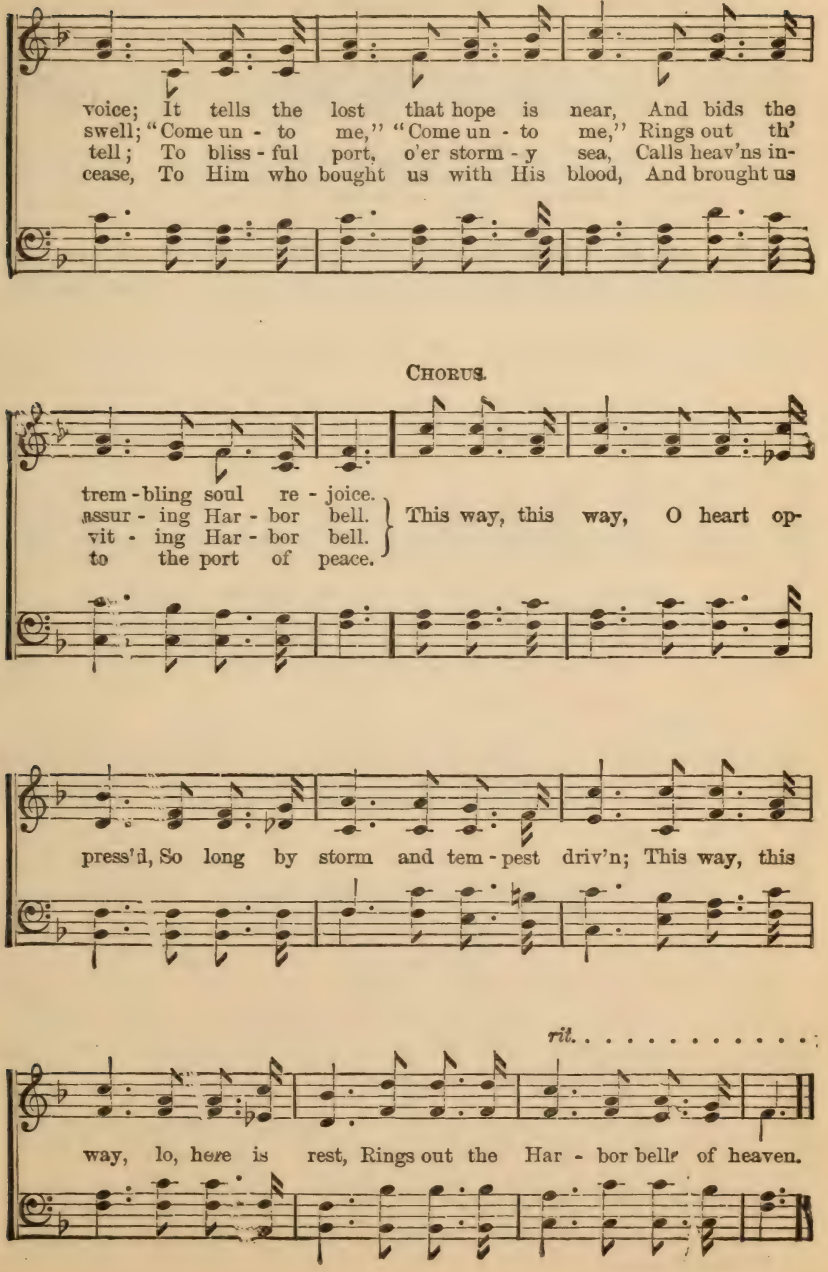
The Harbor Bell.—Concluded.

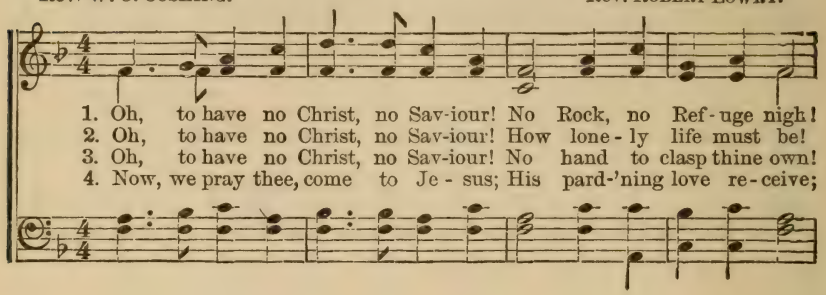

voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the
swell; "Come un - to me," "Come un - to me," Rings out th'
tell; To bliss - ful port, o'er storm - y sea, Calls heav'ns in-
cease, To Him who bought us with His blood, And brought us
CHORUS.
trem - bling soul re - joice.
assur - ing Har - bor bell.
vit - ing Har - bor bell.
to the port of peace.
This way, this way, O heart op-
press'd, So long by storm and tem - pest driv'n; This way, this
rit.
way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the Har - bor bell of heaven.

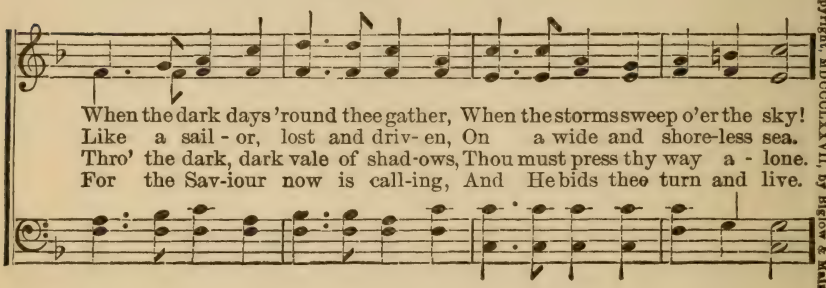
No. 348.

No Hope in Jesus.

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."—EPH. 2: 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No Rock, no Ref-uge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! How lone-ly life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav-iour! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Je-sus; His pard-'ning love re-ceive;


When the dark days 'round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail-or, lost and driv-en, On a wide and shore-less sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shad-ows, Thou must press thy way a-lone.
For the Sav-iour now is call-ing, And He bids thee turn and live.

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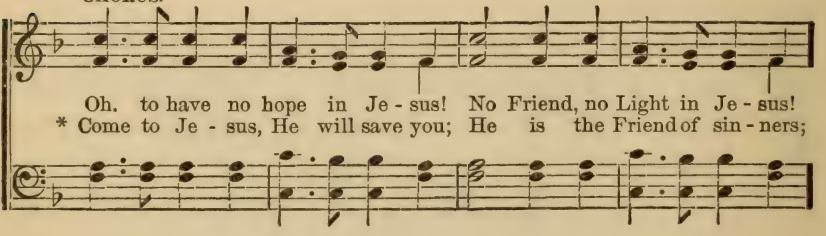
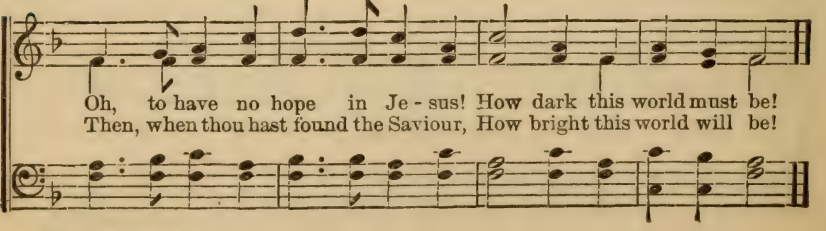
CHORUS.



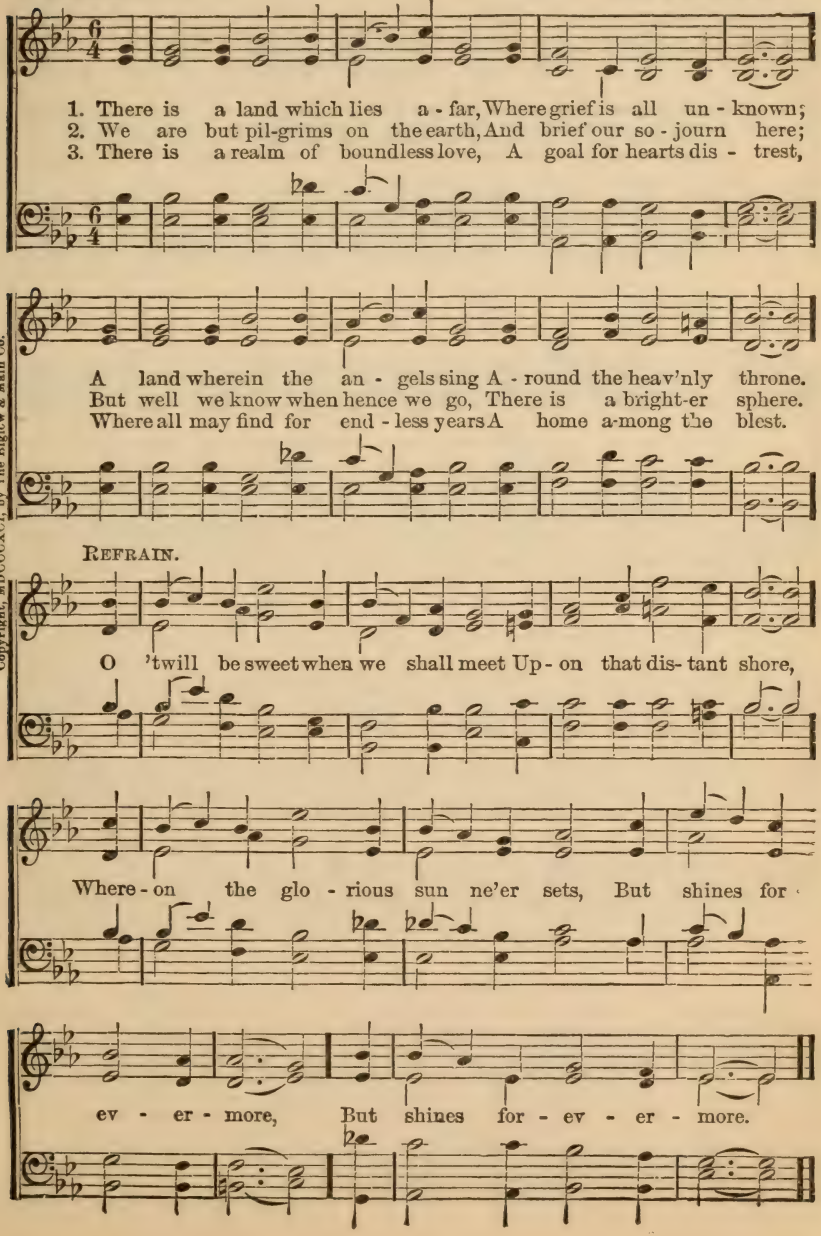


* For last verse only.

No. 349. There is a Land.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is a land which lies a - far, Where grief is all un - known;
2. We are but pil-grims on the earth, And brief our so - journ here;
3. There is a realm of boundless love, A goal for hearts dis - trest,
A land wherein the an - gels sing A - round the heav'nly throne.
But well we know when hence we go, There is a bright-er sphere.
Where all may find for end - less years A home a-mong the blest.
Refrain.
O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Up - on that dis- tant shore,
Where - on the glo - rious sun ne'er sets, But shines for -
ev - er - more, But shines for - ev - er - more.

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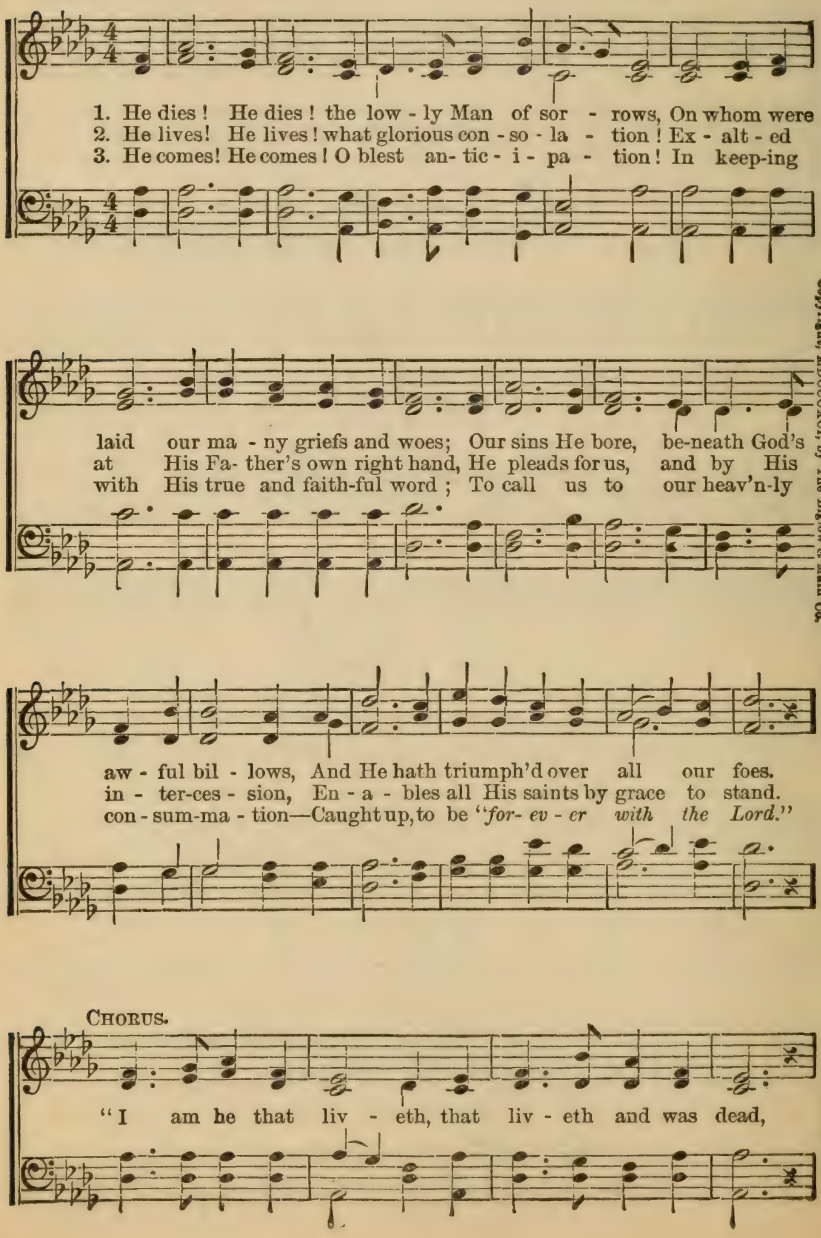
No. 350. I am He that Liveth.

"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—Rev. 1: 18.

C. R. H. J. H. Burke.


1. He dies! He dies! the low - ly Man of sor - rows, On whom were
2. He lives! He lives! what glorious con - so - la - tion! Ex - alt - ed
3. He comes! He comes! O blest an- tic - i - pa - tion! In keep-ing
laid our ma - ny griefs and woes; Our sins He bore, be-neath God's
at His Fa- ther's own right hand, He pleads for us, and by His
with His true and faith-ful word; To call us to our heav'n-ly
aw - ful bil - lows, And He hath triumph'd over all our foes.
in - ter-ces - sion, En - a - bles all His saints by grace to stand.
con - sum-ma - tion—Caught up, to be "for- ev - er with the Lord."
Chorus.
"I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead,

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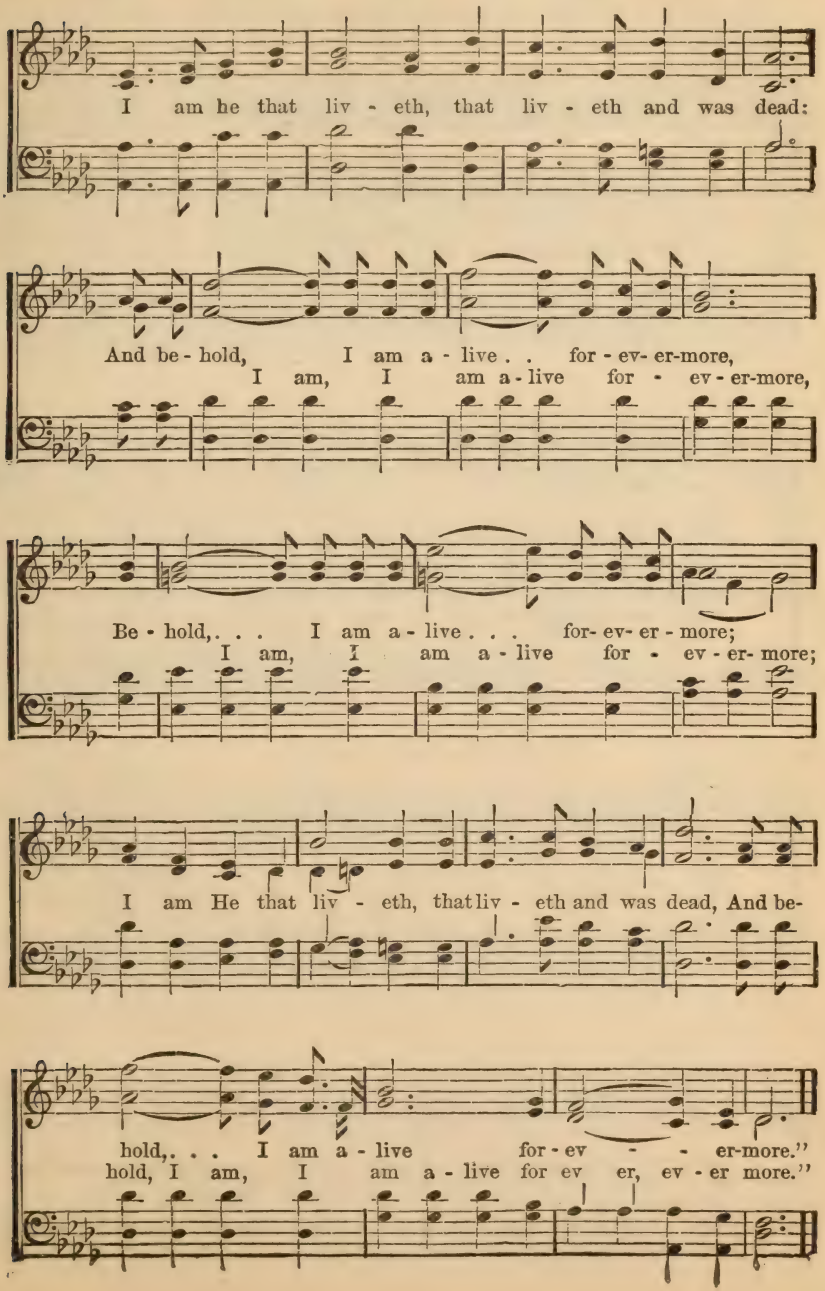
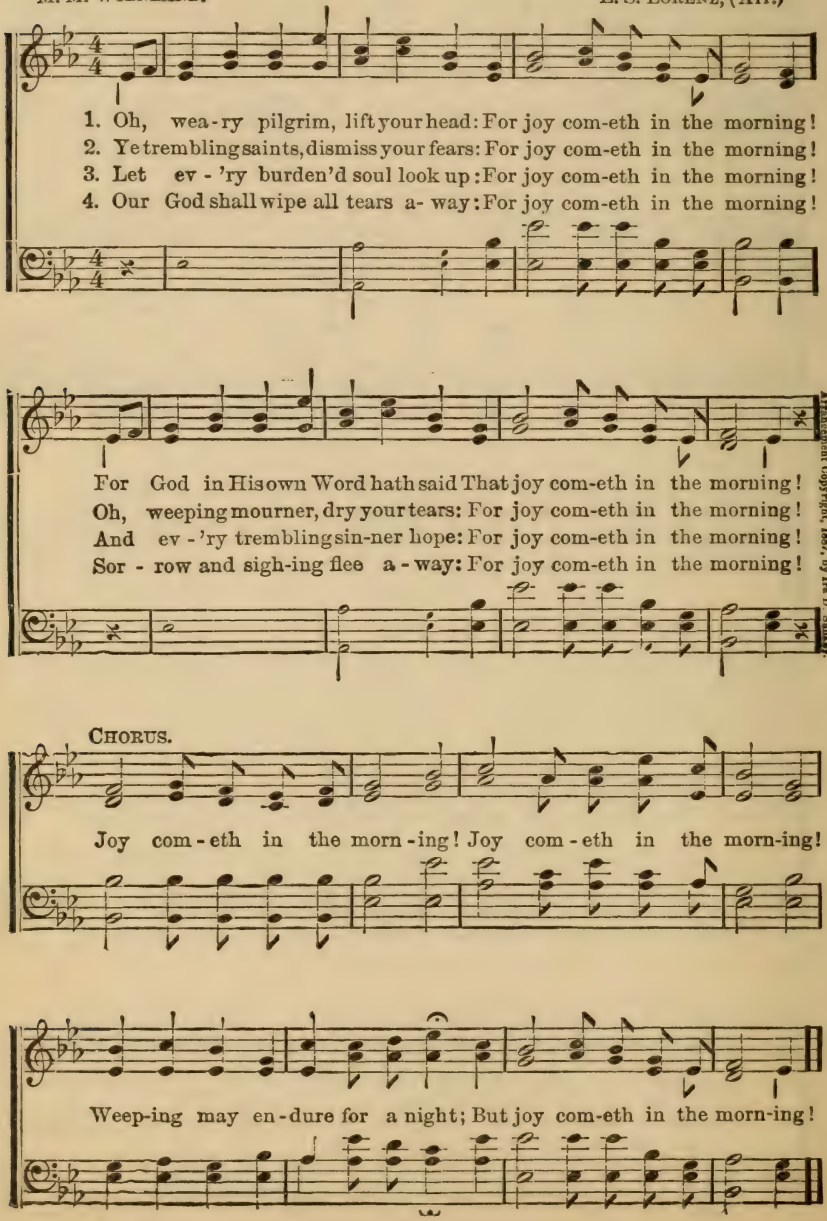
"I am He that Liveth."—Concluded.


I am he that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead:
And be - hold, I am a - live . . for - ev- er-more,
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er-more,
Be - hold, . . . I am a - live . . . for- ev- er - more;
I am, I am a - live for - ev - er- more;
I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead, And be-
hold, . . . I am a - live for - ev - - er-more."
hold, I am, I am a - live for ev er, ev - er more."

No 351. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. WIENLAND. E. S. LORENZ, (ARR.)

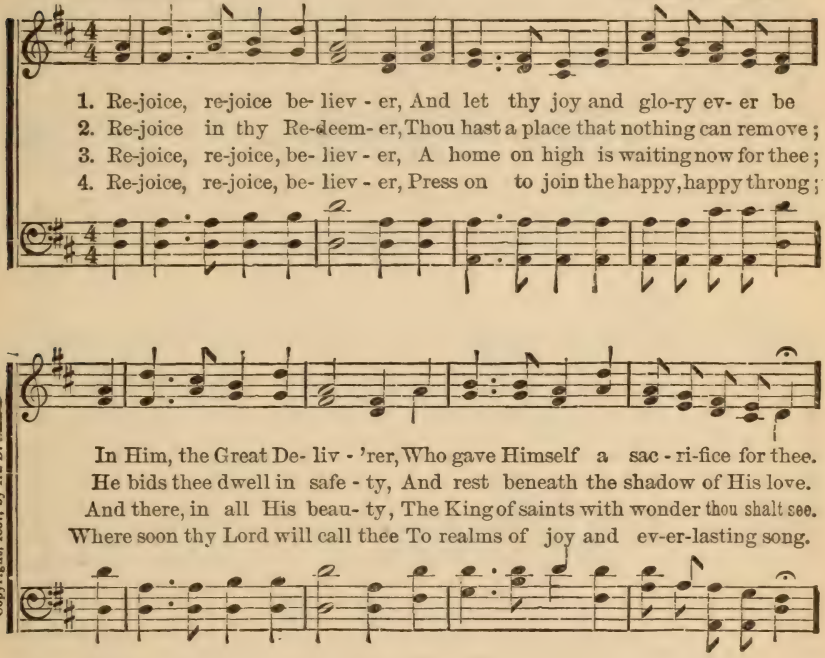

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head: For joy com-eth in the morning!
2. Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
3. Let ev-'ry burden'd soul look up: For joy com-eth in the morning!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way: For joy com-eth in the morning!
For God in His own Word hath said That joy com-eth in the morning!
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope: For joy com-eth in the morning!
Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way: For joy com-eth in the morning!
CHORUS.
Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; But joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

Arrangement Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 352. Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Re-joice, re-joice be- liev - er, And let thy joy and glo-ry ev- er be
2. Re-joice in thy Re-deem- er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;
3. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, A home on high is waiting now for thee;
4. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, Press on to join the happy, happy throng;
In Him, the Great De- liv - 'rer, Who gave Himself a sac - ri-fice for thee.
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest beneath the shadow of His love.
And there, in all His beau- ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev-er-lasting song.

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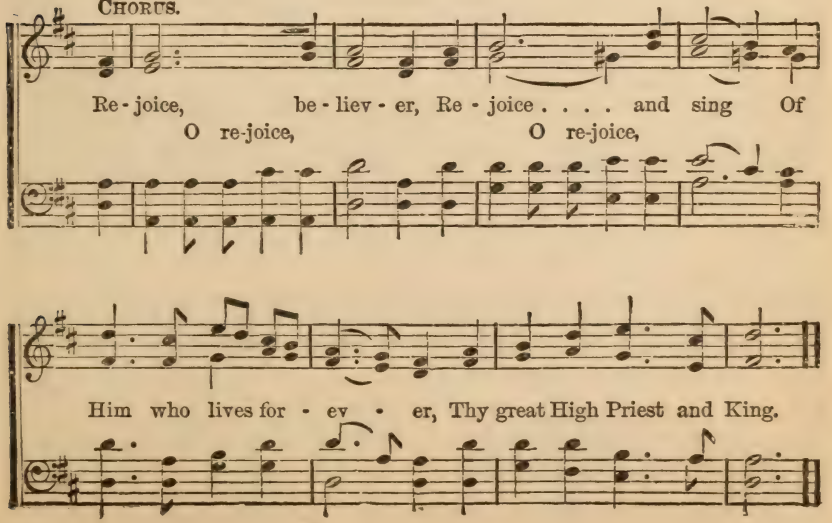
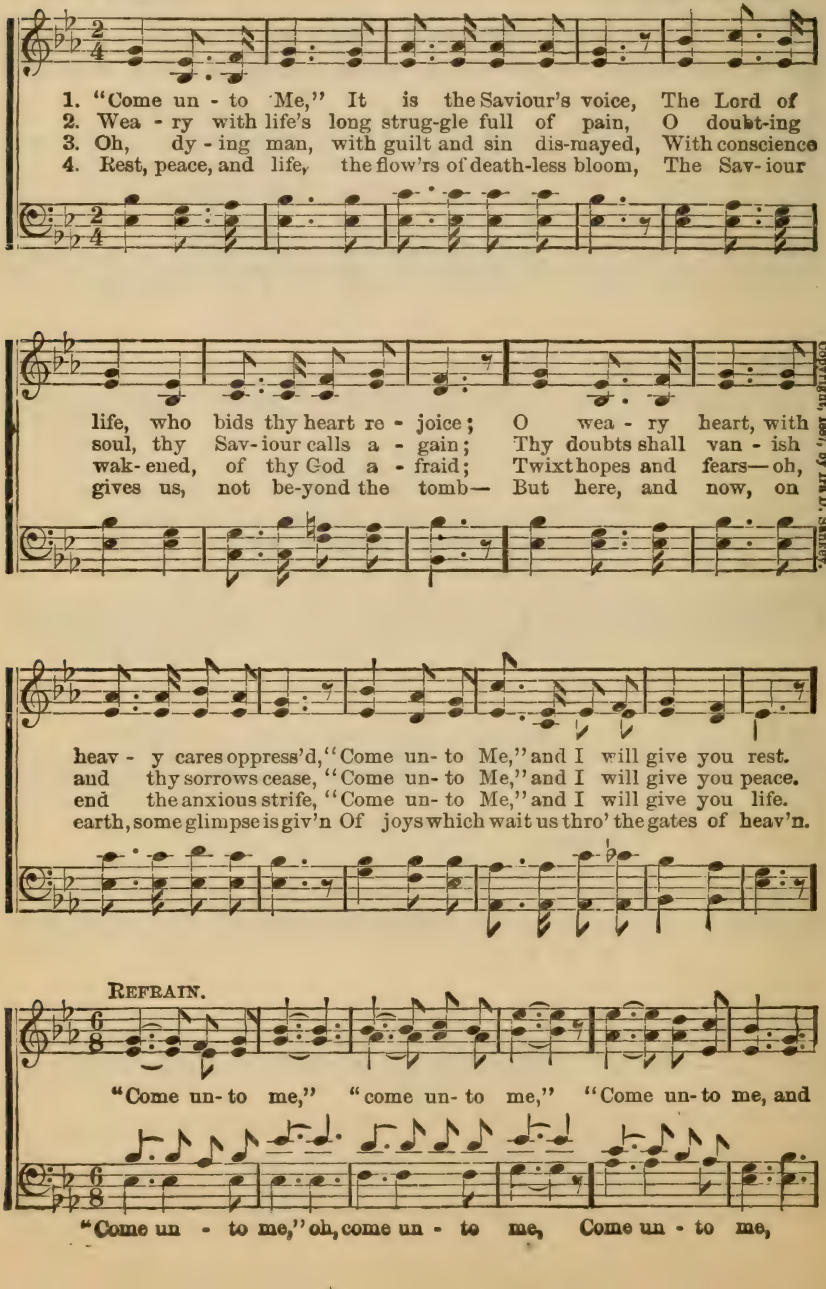
CHORUS.



No. 353. Come unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long strug-gle full of pain, O doubt-ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis-mayed, With conscience
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death-less bloom, The Sav- iour
life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav- iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish
wak- ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears—oh,
gives us, not be-yond the tomb— But here, and now, on
heav - y cares oppress'd, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you life.
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.
REFRAIN.
"Come un- to me," "come un- to me," "Come un- to me, and
"Come un - to me," oh, come un - to me, Come un - to me,

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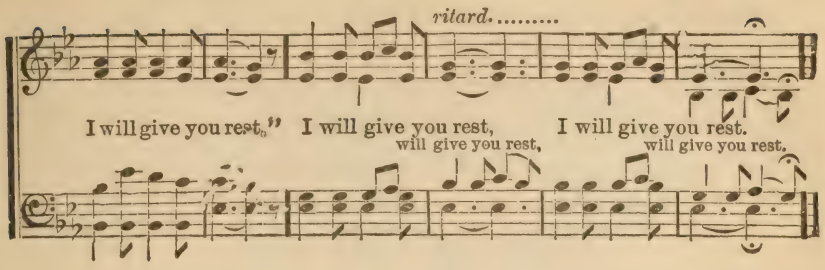
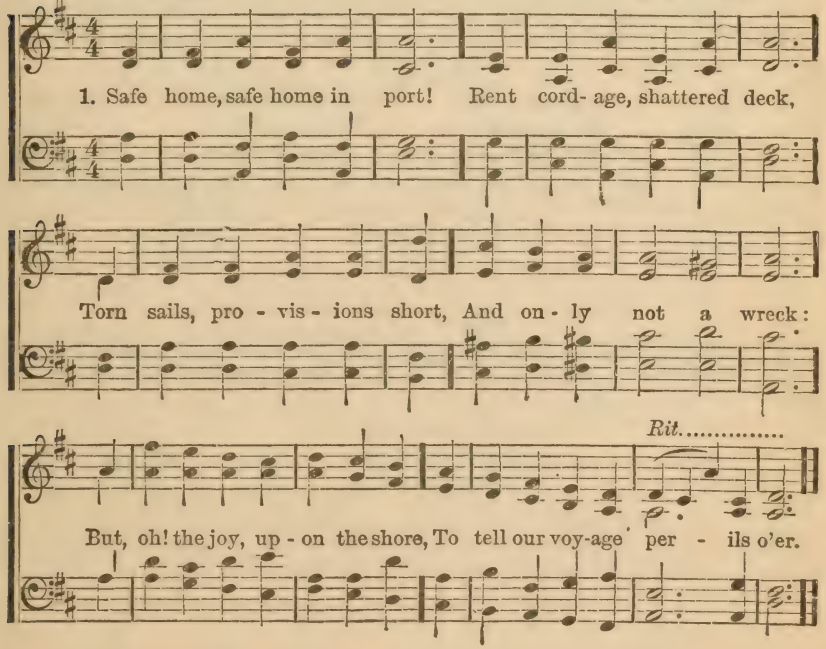


No. 354. Safe Home in Port.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE. A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord- age, shattered deck,
Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck:
Rit.
But, oh! the joy, up - on the shore, To tell our voy-age per - ils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

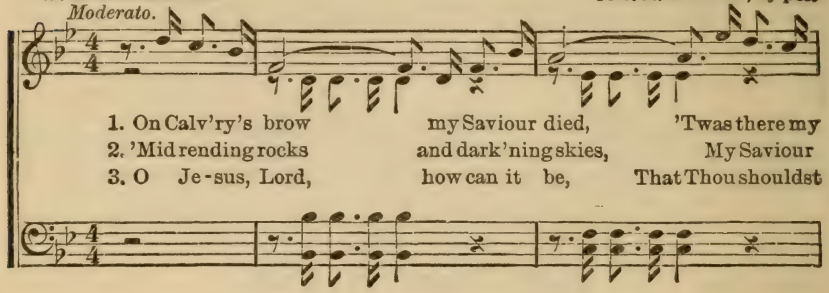
4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

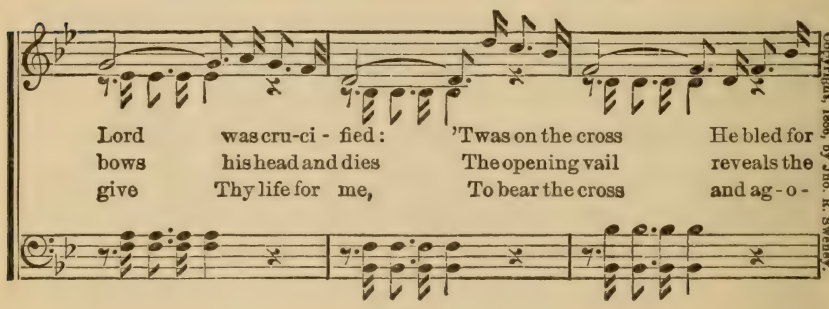
No. 355. Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—LUKE 23: 33.

W. M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

Moderato.


1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst


Lord was cru-ci-fied: 'Twas on the cross He bled for
bows his head and dies The opening vail reveals the
give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

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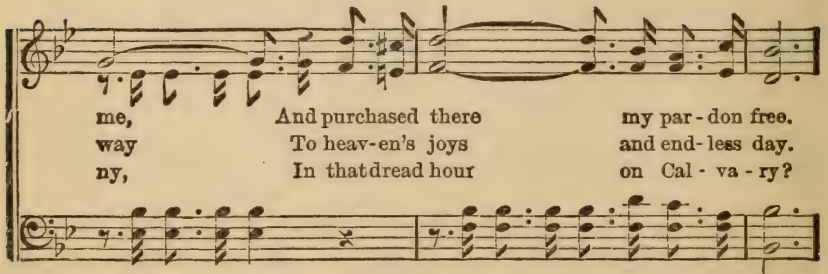
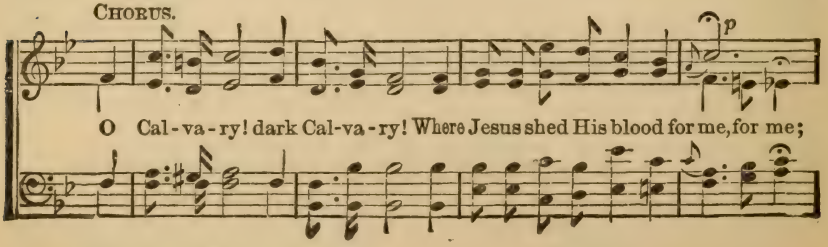
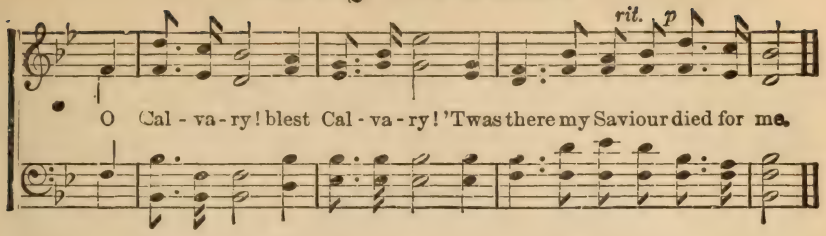




Calvary.—Concluded.

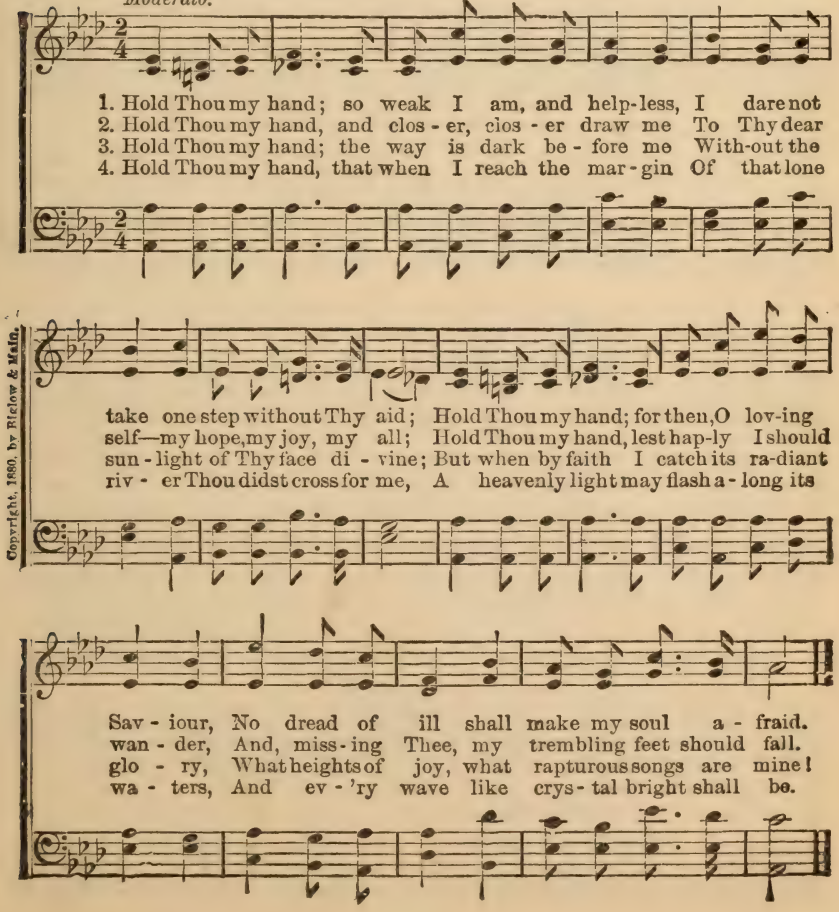


No. 356. Hold Thou my Hand.

"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand." ISAIAH 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.


1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With-out the sun - light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash a - long its wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

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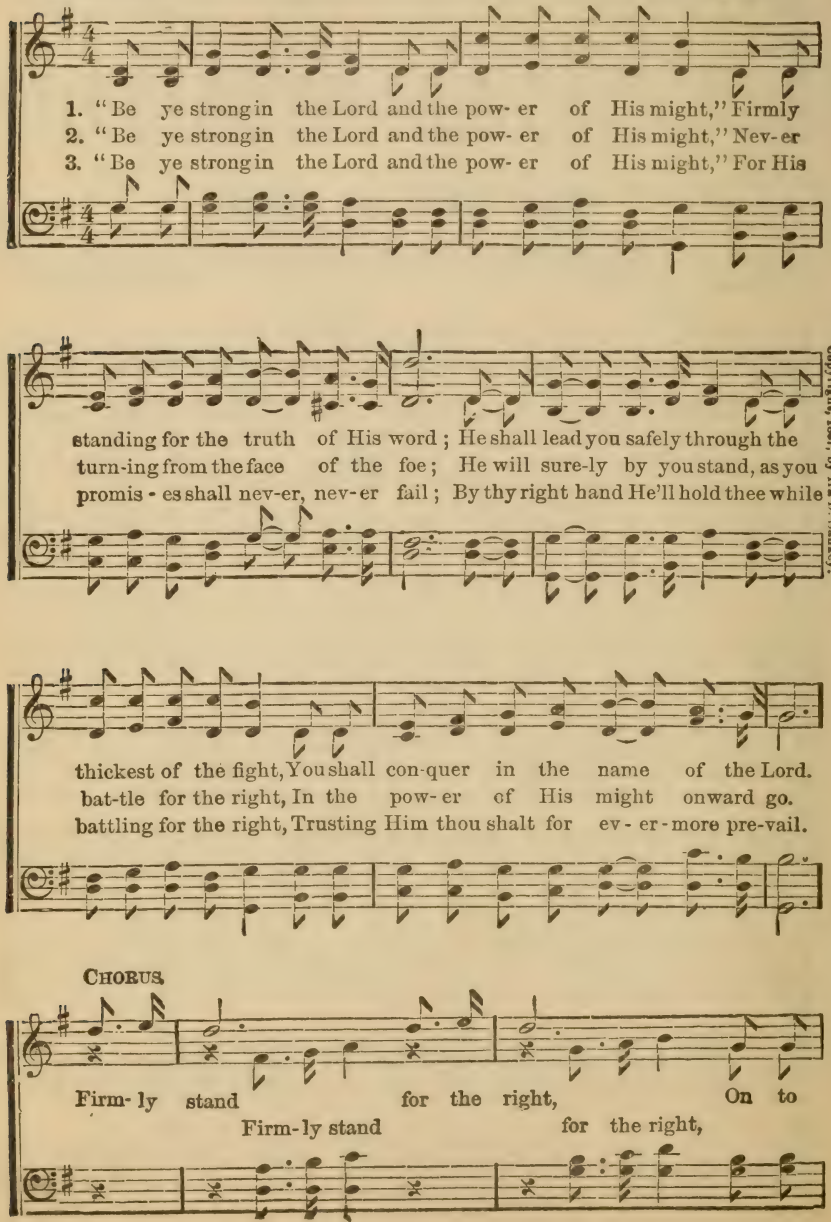
No. 357. Be ye Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—EPH. 6: 10.

EL. NATHAN. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Firmly
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Nev- er
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," For His
standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safely through the
turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure-ly by you stand, as you
promis - es shall nev-er, nev- er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while
thickest of the fight, You shall con-quer in the name of the Lord.
bat-tle for the right, In the pow- er of His might onward go.
battling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre-vail.
CHORUS.
Firm- ly stand for the right, On to
Firm-ly stand for the right,

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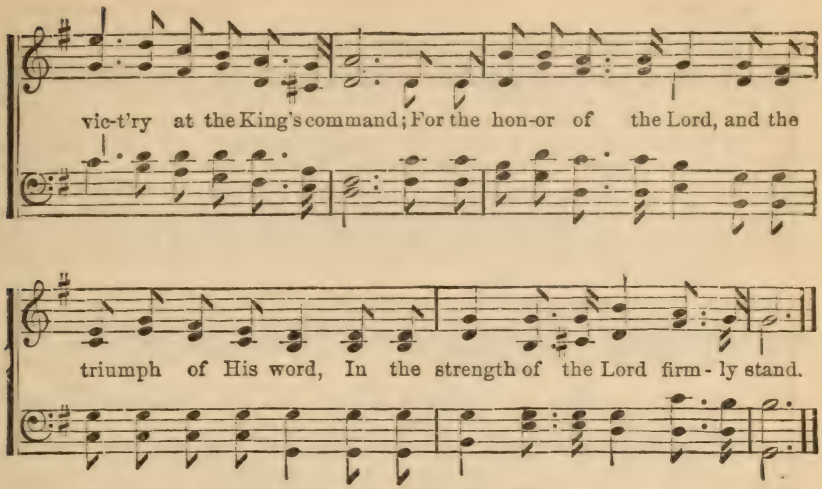
Be ye Strong in the Lord.—Concluded.



No. 358. Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 THESS. 4: 16.

S. BARING-GOULD. IRA D. SANKEY.

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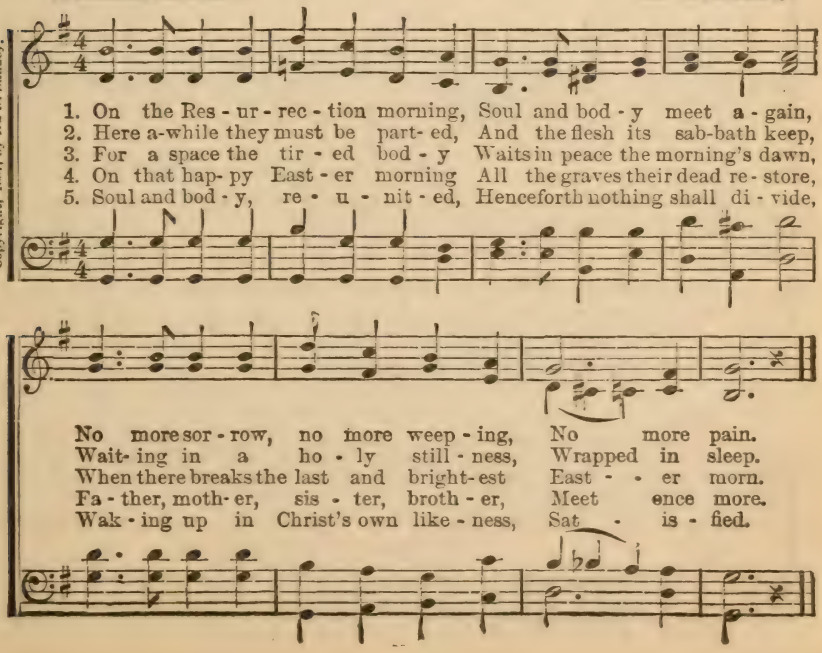
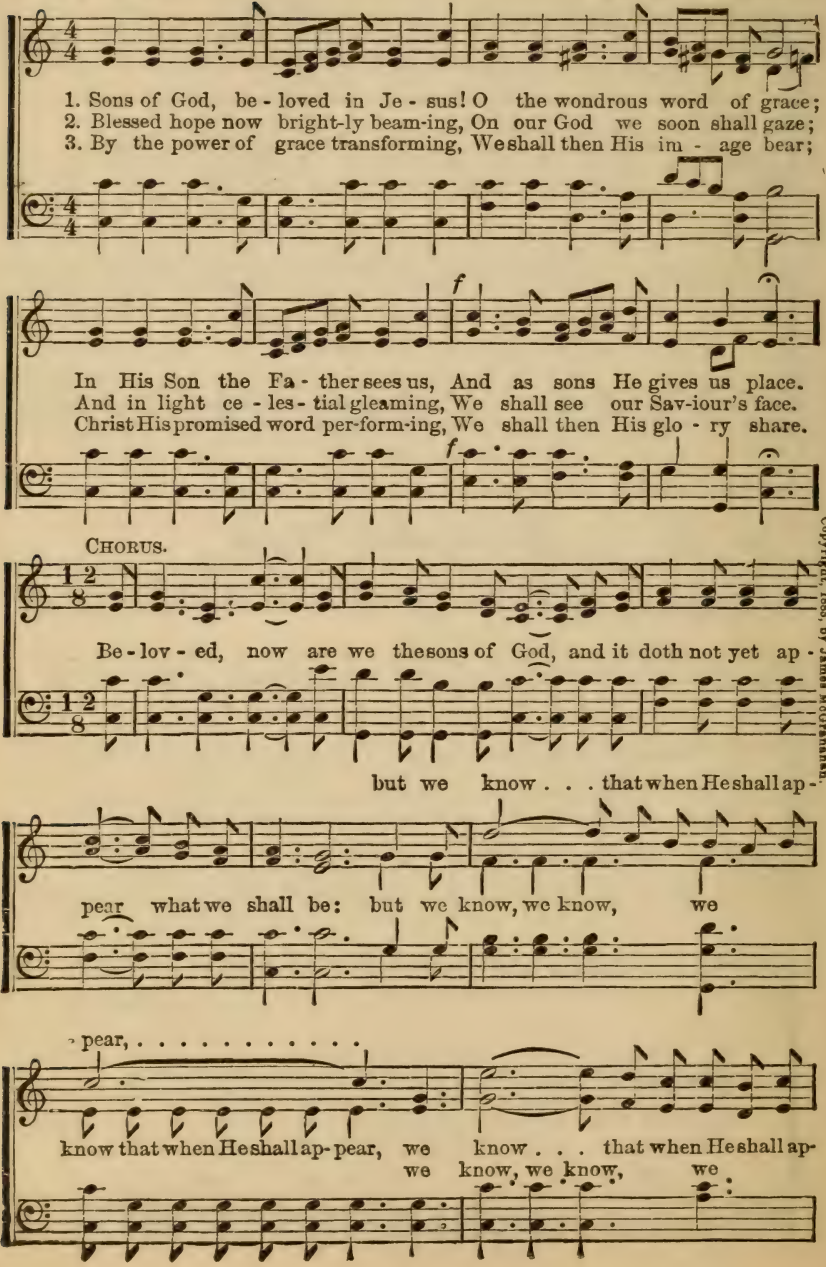

1. On the Res-ur-rec-tion morning, Soul and bod-y meet a-gain,
2. Here a-while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir-ed bod-y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap-py East-er morning All the graves their dead re-store,
5. Soul and bod-y, re-u-nit-ed, Henceforth nothing shall di-vide,
No more sor-row, no more weep-ing, No more pain.
Wait-ing in a ho-ly still-ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright-est East-er morn.
Fa-ther, moth-er, sis-ter, broth-er, Meet ence more.
Wak-ing up in Christ's own like-ness, Sat-is-fied.

No. 359. Beloved, now are we.

1 Jno. 3: 2.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the wondrous word of grace;
2. Blessed hope now bright-ly beam-ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the power of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear;
In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleaming, We shall see our Sav-iour's face.
Christ His promised word per-form-ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.
Chorus.
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap -
but we know . . . that when He shall ap -
pear what we shall be: but we know, we know, we
pear, ...
know that when He shall ap - pear, we know . . . that when He shall ap -
we know, we know, we

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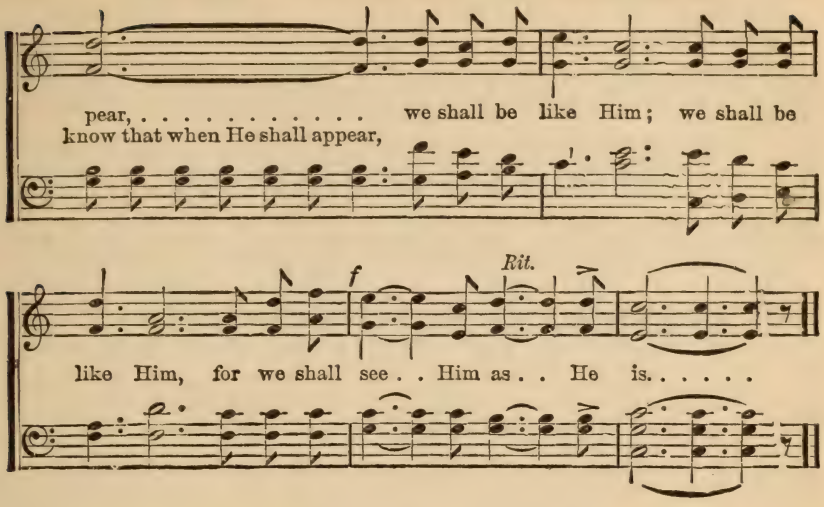
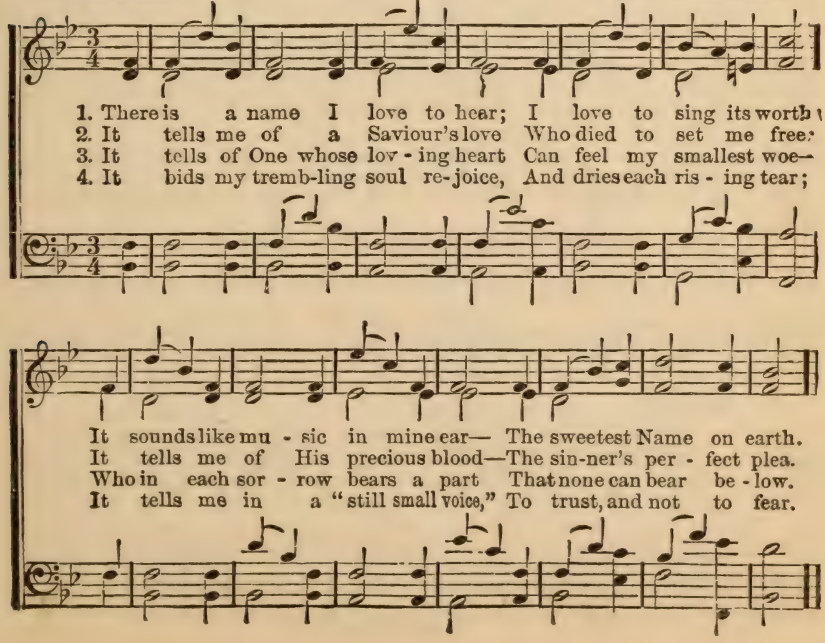
Beloved, now are we. —Concluded.

No. 360. There is a Name I love.

F. WHITFIELD. (GEER. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

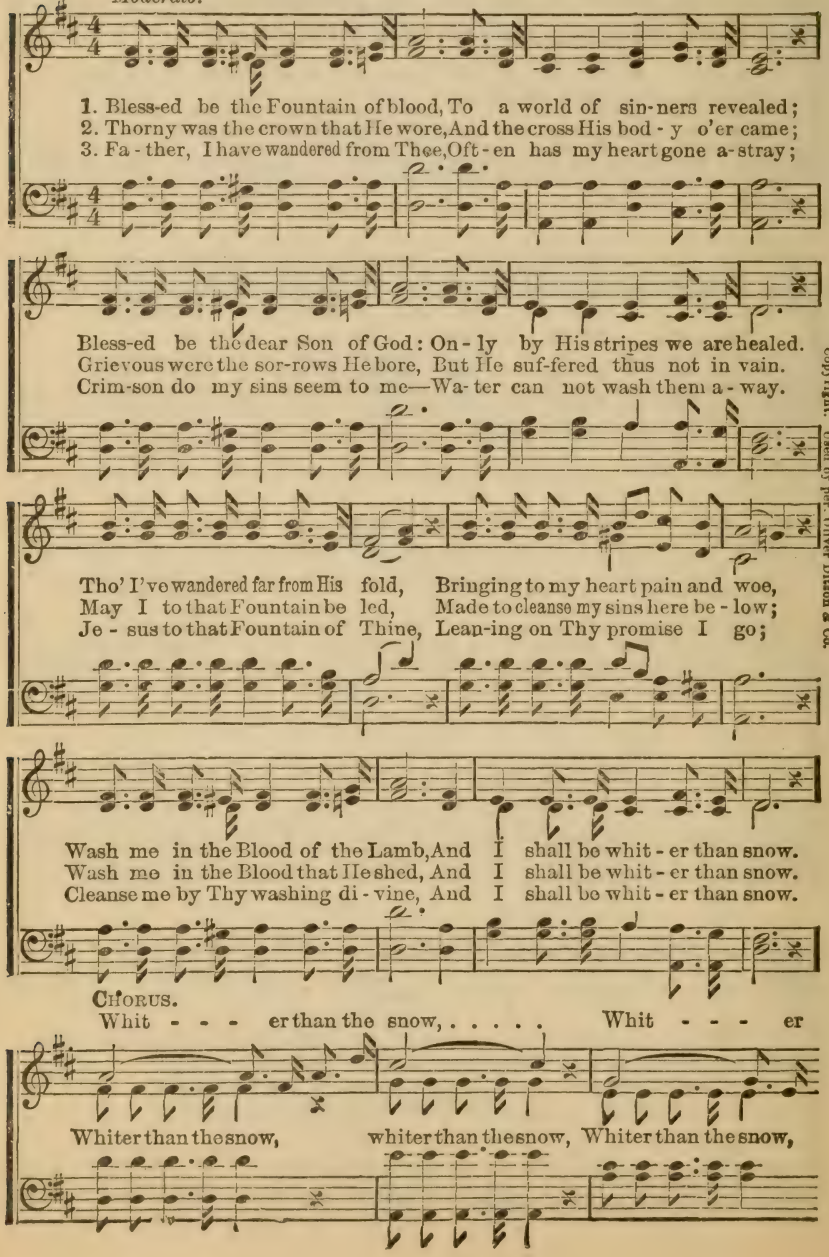

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my smallest woe—
4. It bids my tremb-ling soul re-joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweetest Name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood—The sin-ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 361. Blessed be the Fountain.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.


1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - er
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

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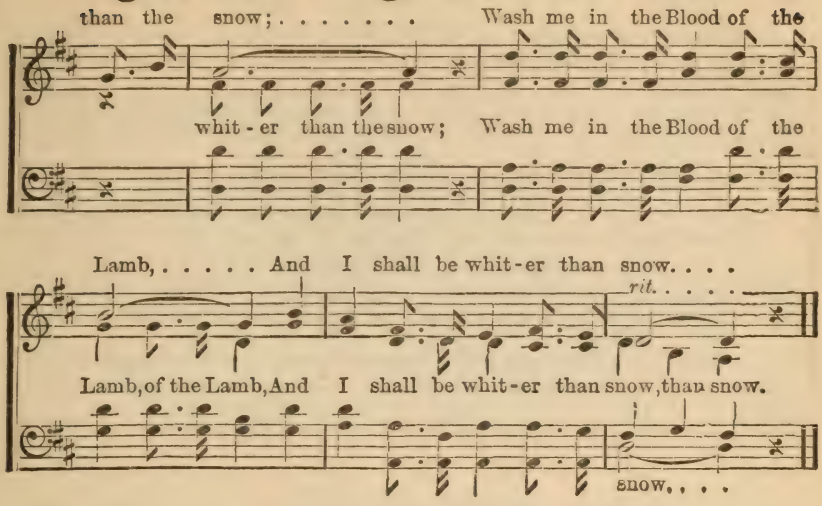
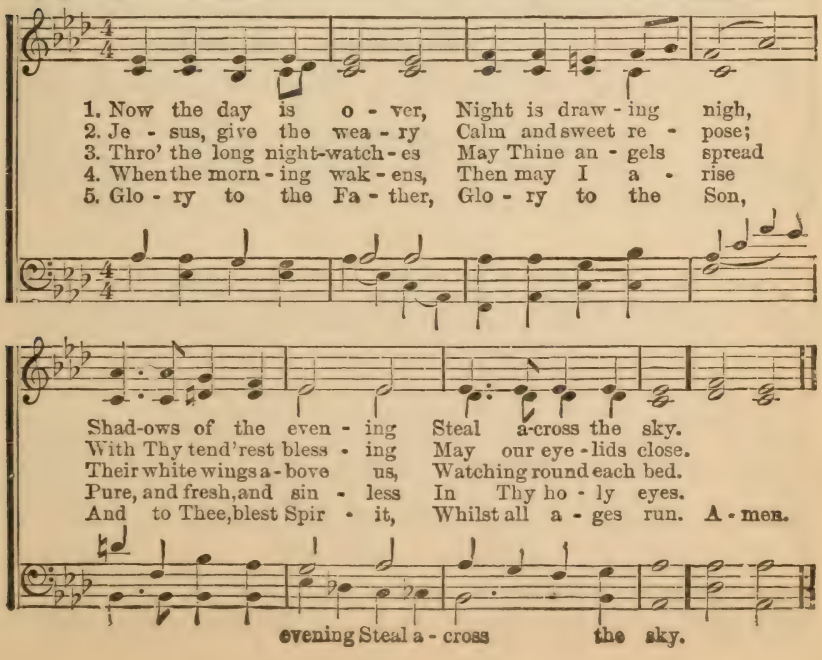
Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.


than the snow; . . . . . Wash me in the Blood of the
whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb, ... And I shall be whit - er than snow. . . .
rit. . . . .
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.
snow. . . .

No. 362. Now the Day is Over.

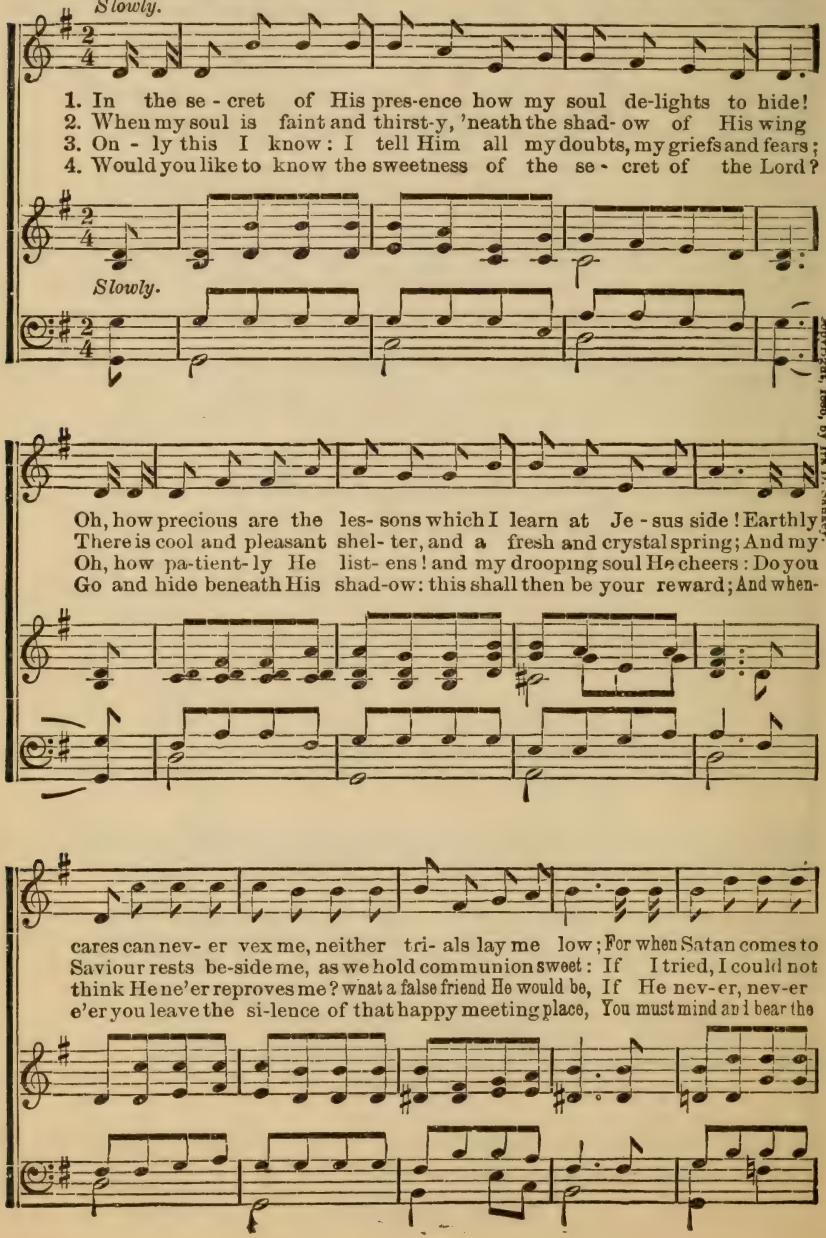
"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,
Shad-ows of the even - ing Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watching round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 362. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM XXXI. 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


Slowly.
1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad- ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord?
Slowly.
Oh, how precious are the les- sons which I learn at Je - sus side! Earthly
There is cool and pleasant shel- ter, and a fresh and crystal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list- ens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide beneath His shad-ow: this shall then be your reward; And when-
cares can nev- er vex me, neither tri- als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Saviour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the

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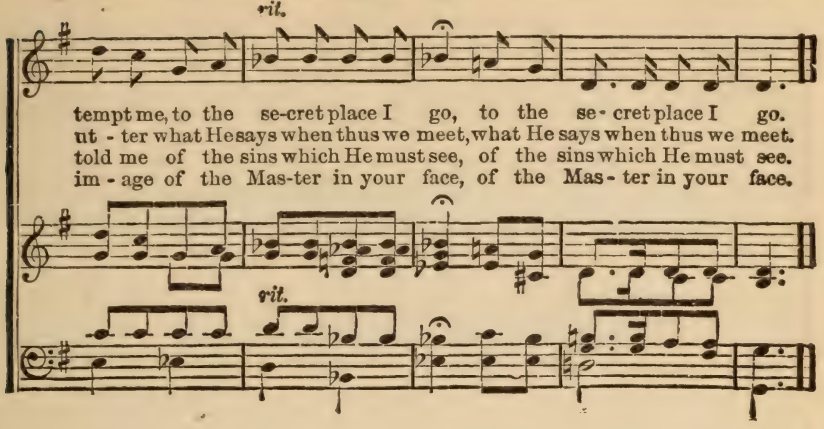
In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.


rit.
tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im-age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.
rit.

No. 364. Till He Come.

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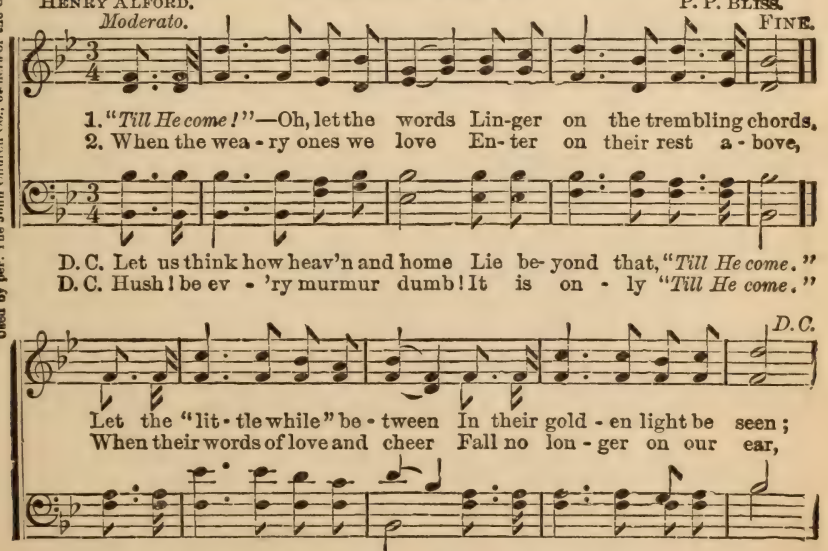
"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

HENRY ALFORD. P. P. BLISS.


Moderato.
FINE.
1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on their rest a-bove,
D. C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that, "Till He come."
D. C. Hush! be ev-'ry murmur dumb! It is on-ly "Till He come."
D.C.
Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon-ger on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come.*"

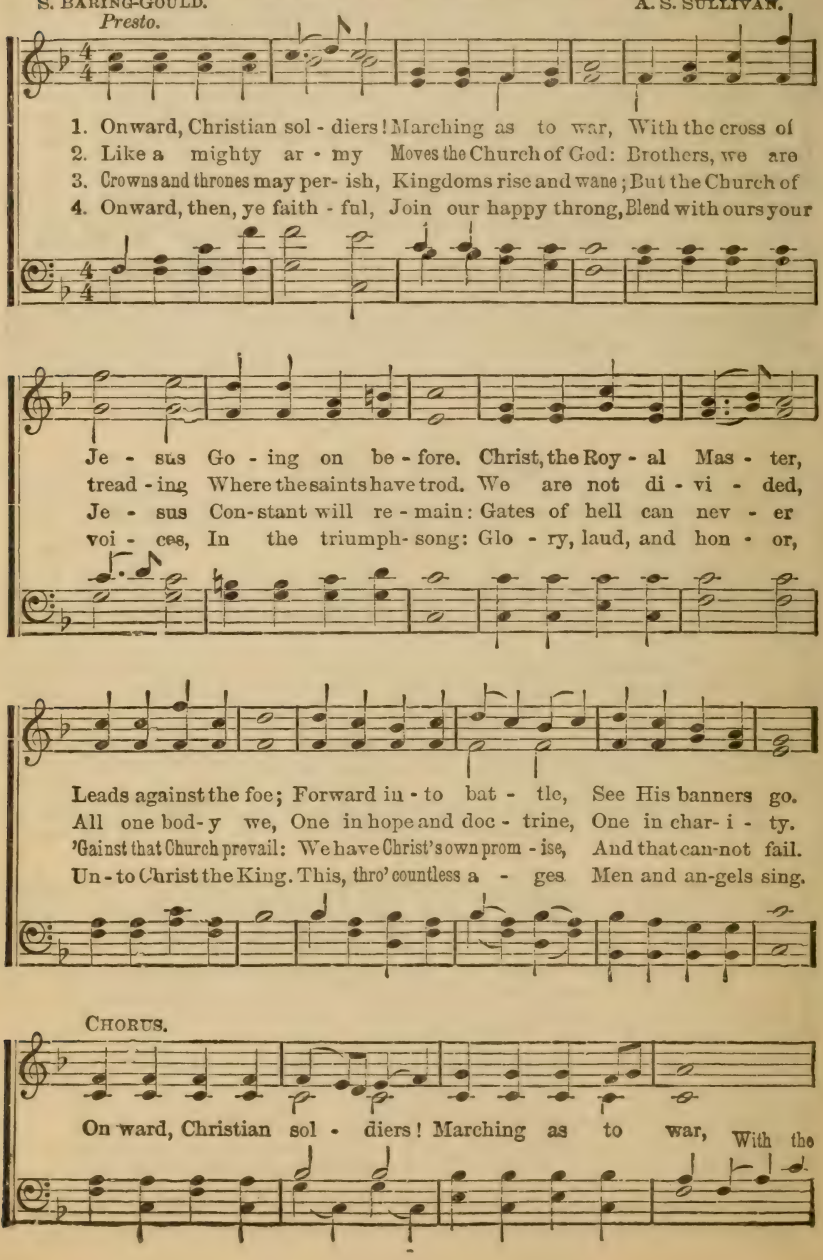
4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come.*"

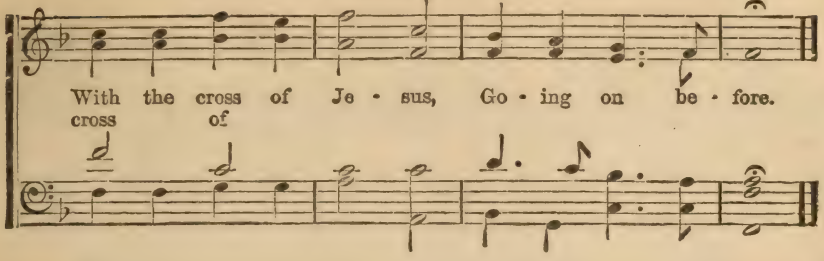
No. 365. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

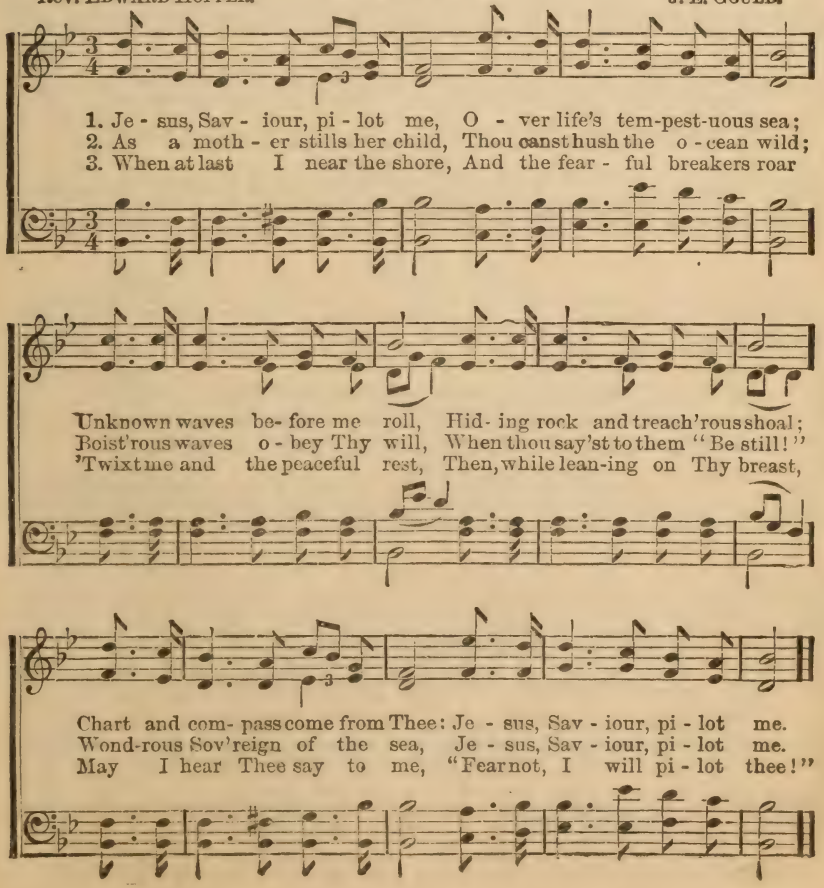
Presto.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per- ish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces, In the triumph- song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
All one bod- y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King. This, thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
CHORUS.
On ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the



No. 366. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

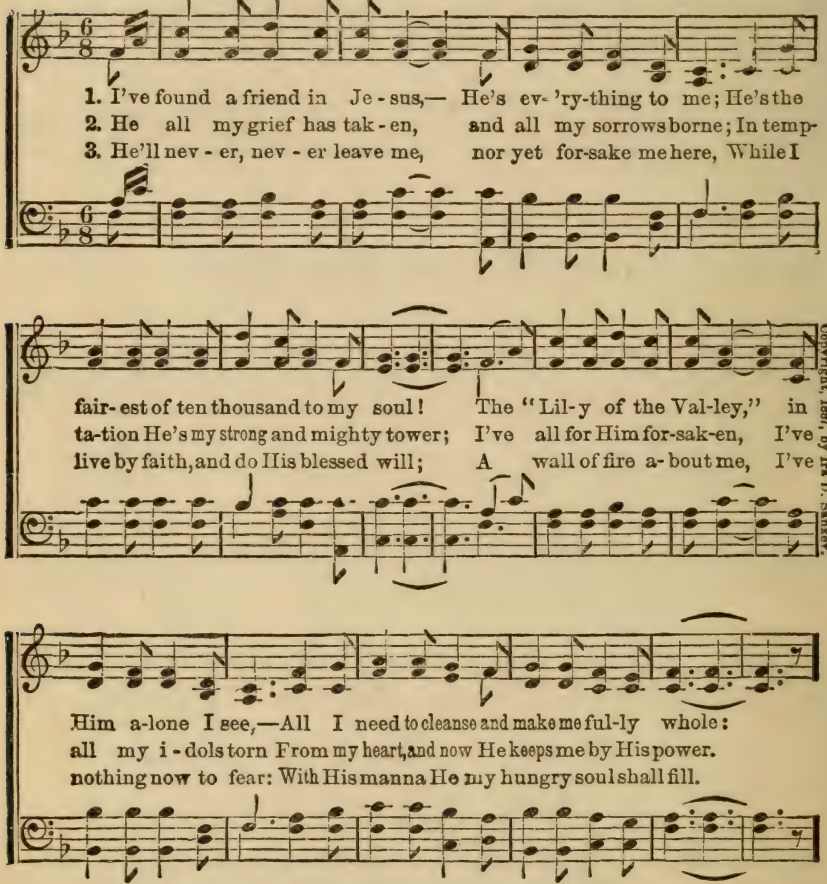
Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. (PILOT, 7s 6 lines.) J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid- ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com- pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wond-rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 367. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—Song of Solomon 2 : 1.

C. W. Fry. Arr. from J. R. Murray by I. D. Sankey


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,— He's ev- 'ry-thing to me; He's the
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
fair- est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lil-y of the Val-ley," in
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him for-sak-en, I've
live by faith, and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've
Him a-lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole:
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
nothing now to fear: With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
F.
In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay; He
Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro'
When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where
D.S.—In sor-row He's my com- fort, in trouble He's my stay; He

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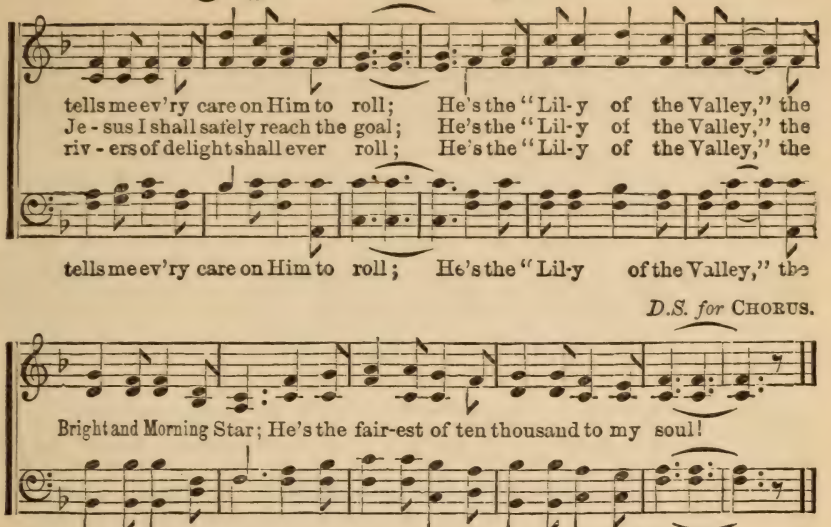
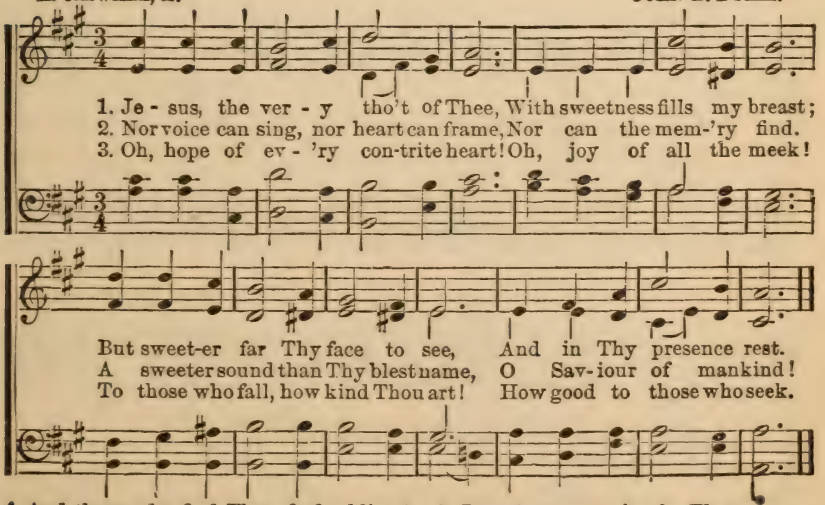
The Lily of the Valley. —Concluded.


tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
riv-ers of delight shall ever roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
D.S. for CHORUS.
Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!
Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

No. 368. Jesus, the very Thought.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

E. CASWALL, tr. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Je-sus, the ver-y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find.
3. Oh, hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

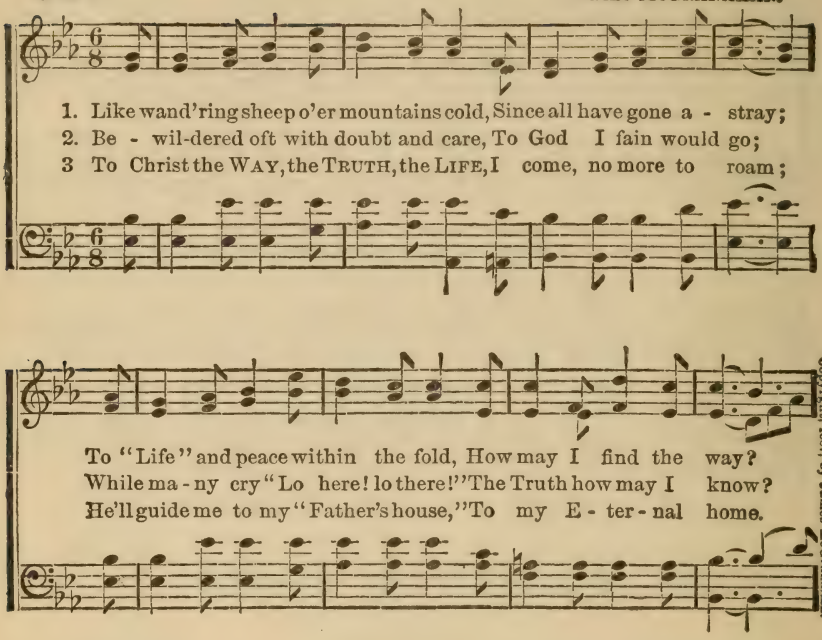
No. 369.

I Am the Way.

JNO. 14: 6.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;
2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
3 To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come, no more to roam;
To "Life" and peace within the fold, How may I find the way?
While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?
He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.
CHORUS.
I . . . . . am the way, ... the truth, . . . and the life; . . . . No man com - eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me.
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, and the life;

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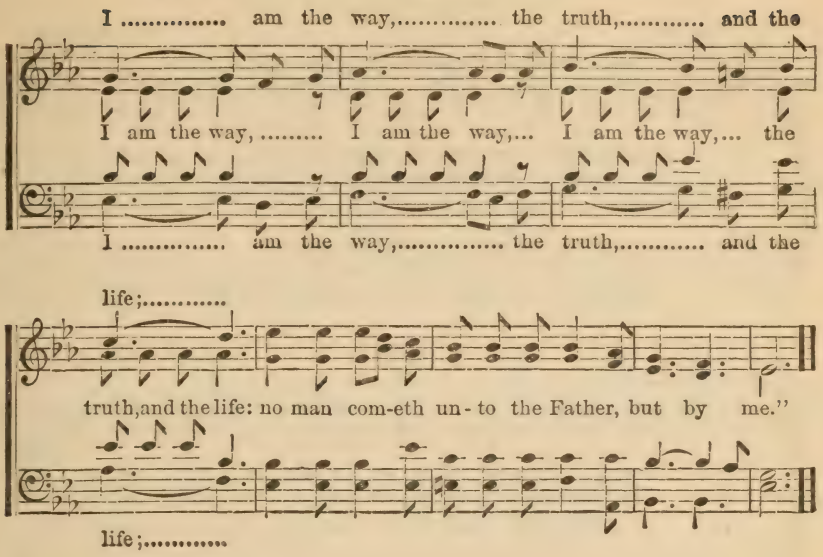
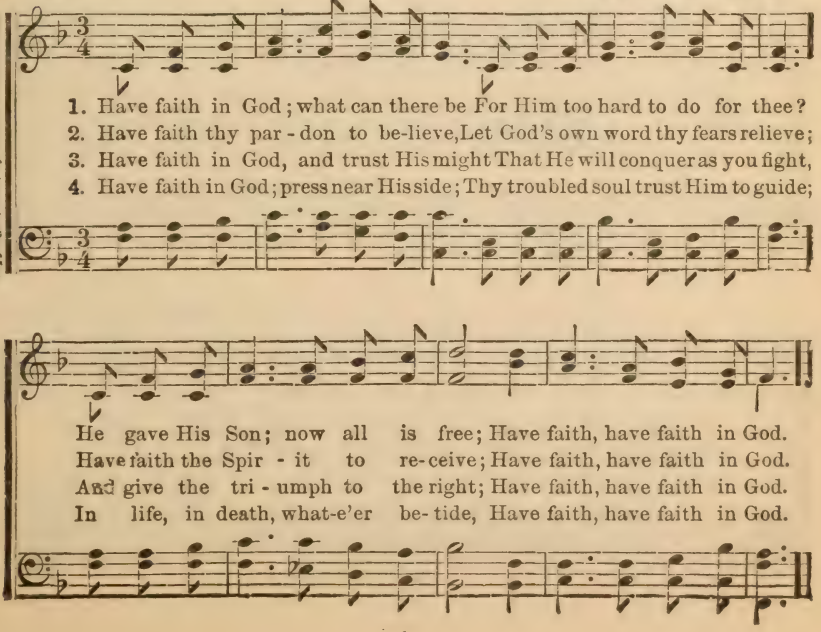
I Am the Way.—Concluded.


I ..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
I am the way, ... I am the way,... I am the way,... the
I ..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
life;.....
truth, and the life: no man com-eth un-to the Father, but by me."
life;.....

No. 370. Have Faith in God.

MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy par-don to be-lieve, Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will conquer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;
He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
Have faith the Spir-it to re-ceive; Have faith, have faith in God.
And give the tri-umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
In life, in death, what-e'er be-tide, Have faith, have faith in God.

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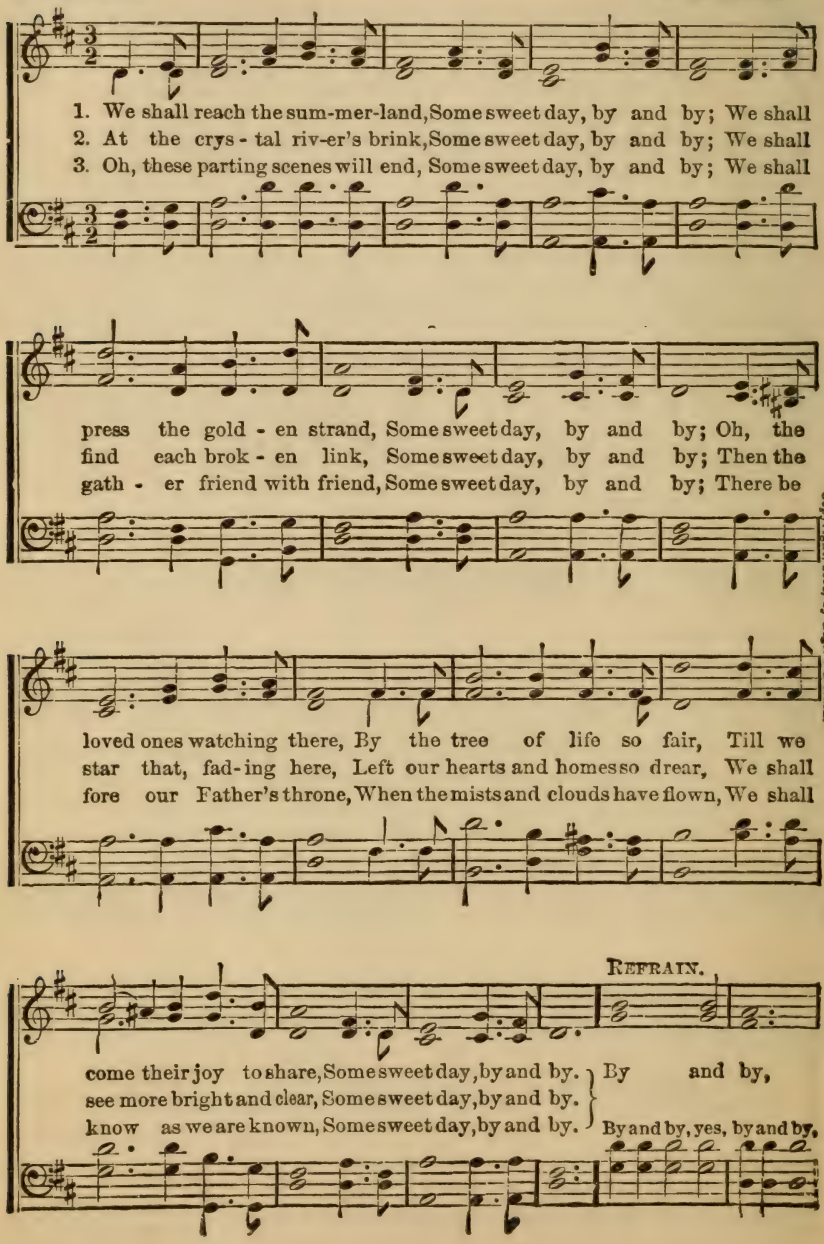
No. 371. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be
loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we
star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall
fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall
Refrain.
come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by.
see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by.
By and by,
By and by, yes, by and by,

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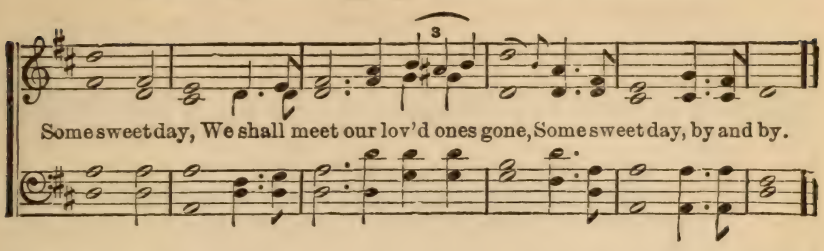
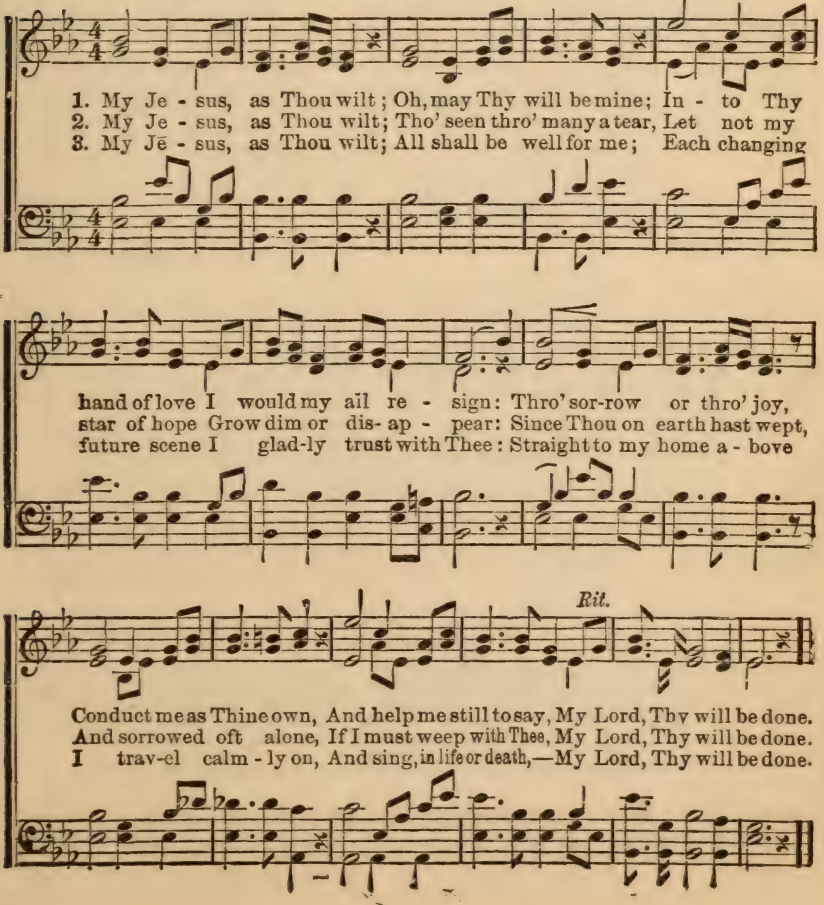


No. 372. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

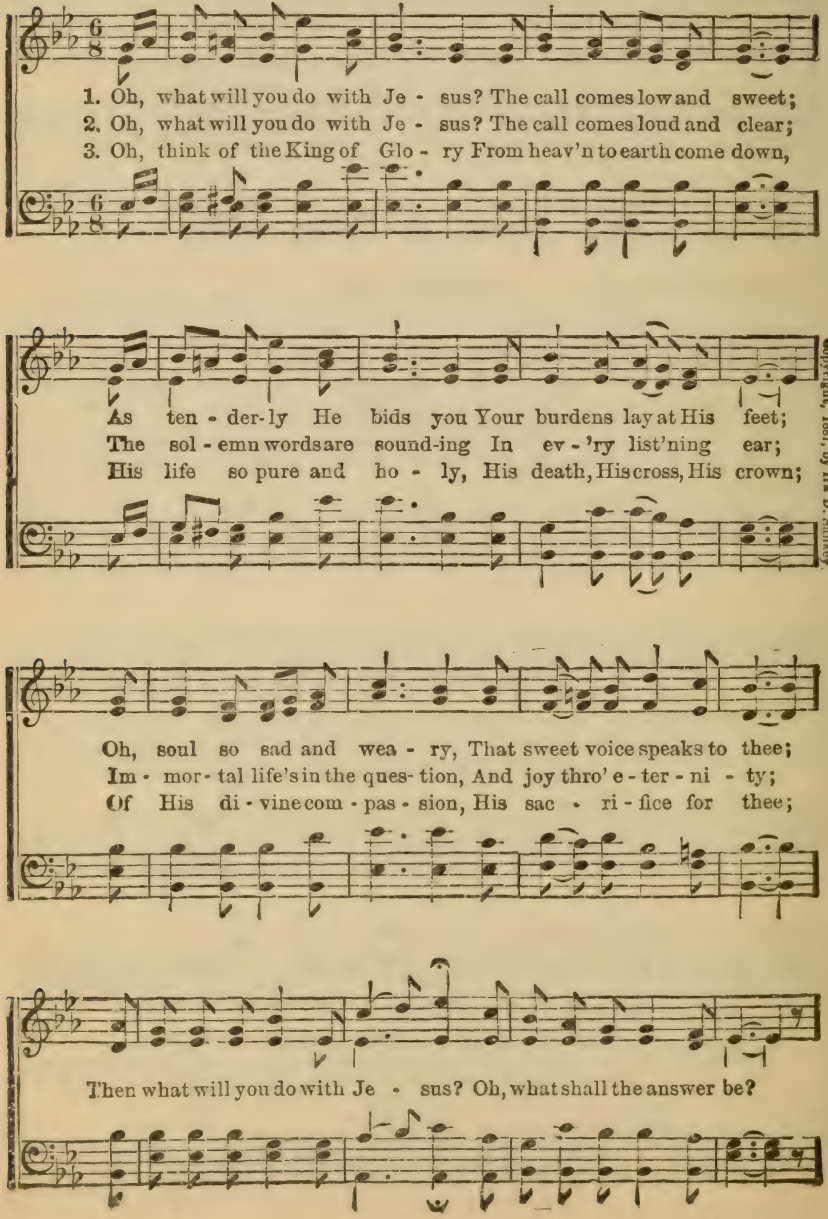
JANE BORTHWICK, tr. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) WEBER, arr. by H. P. M.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my ail re - sign: Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis- ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,
future scene I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove
Rit.
Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 373. What will you do with Jesus?

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27 : 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,
As ten - der-ly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound-ing In ev - 'ry list'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;
Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im - mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;
Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the answer be?

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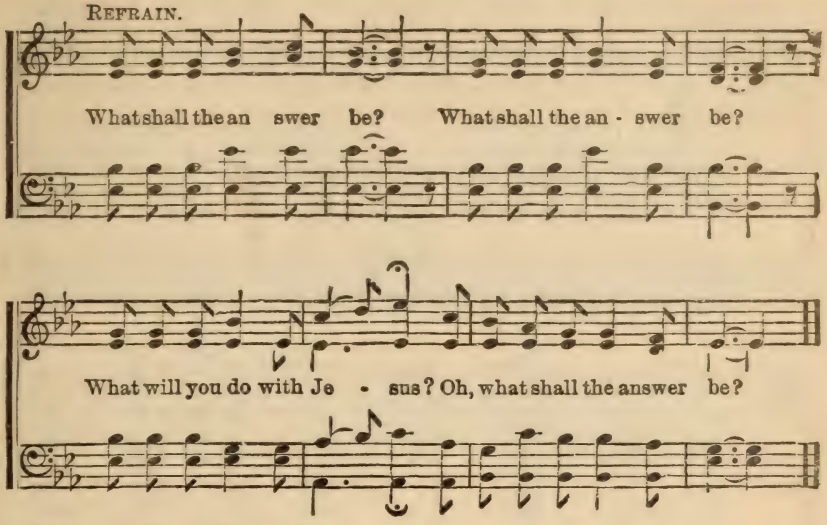
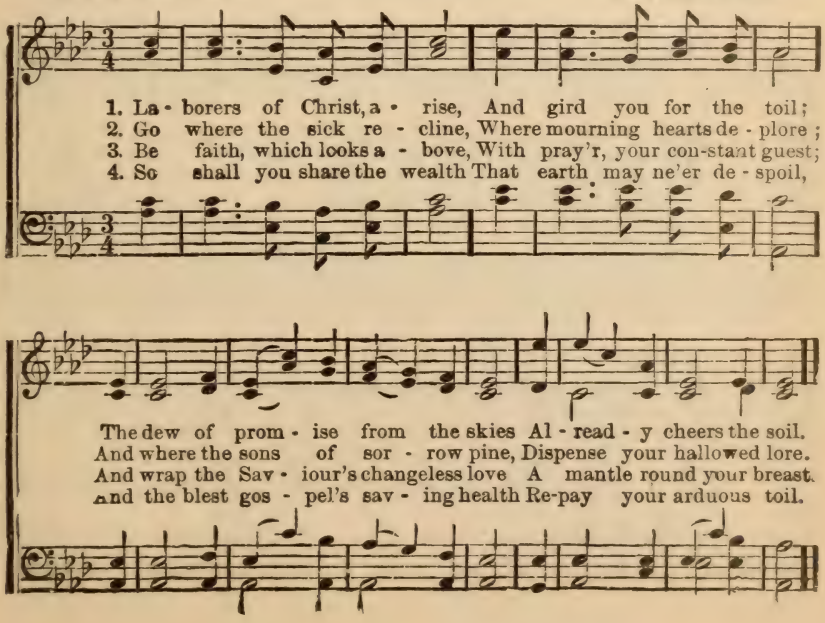


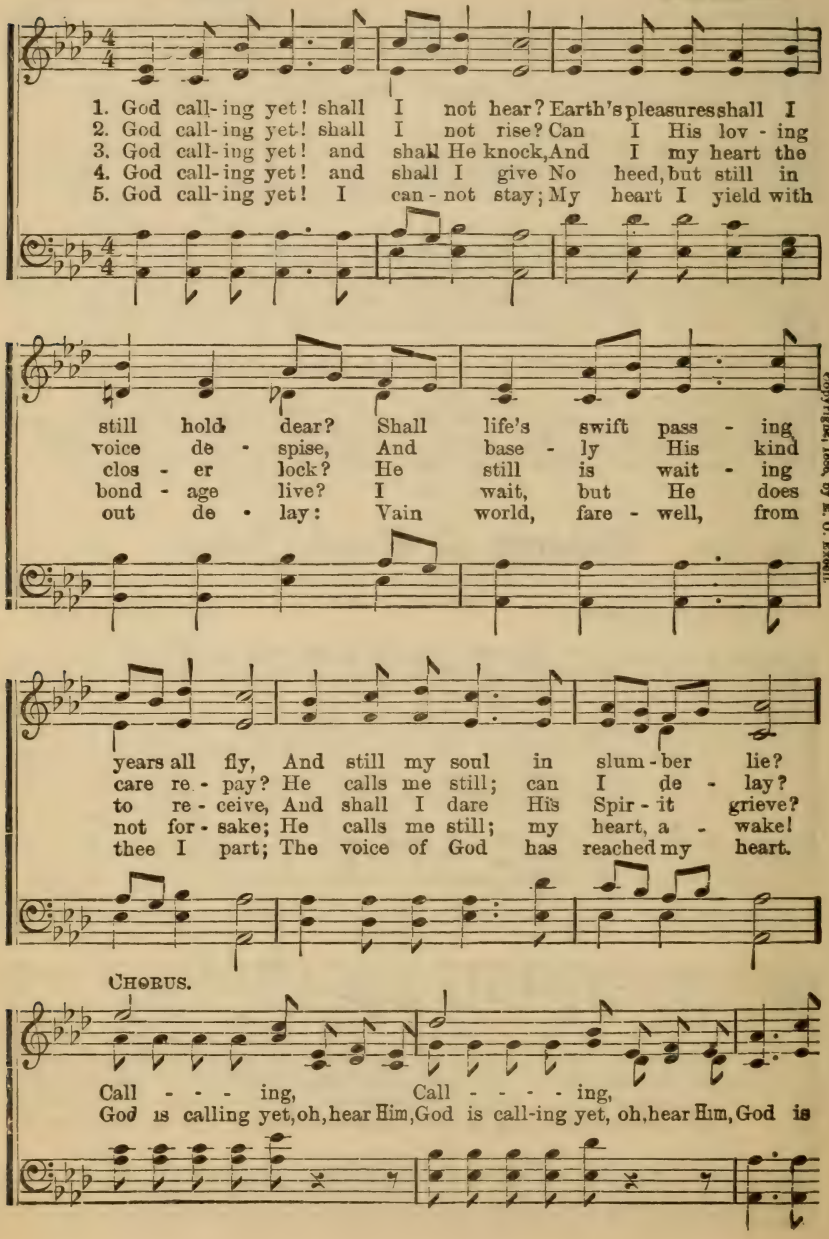
No. 374. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. (AHIRA. S. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.


1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts de - plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con-stant guest;
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,
The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dispense your hallowed lore.
And wrap the Sav - iour's changeless love A mantle round your breast.
And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re-pay your arduous toil.

No. 375 God is Calling Yet.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live? I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Call - - - ing, Call - - - - ing,
God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

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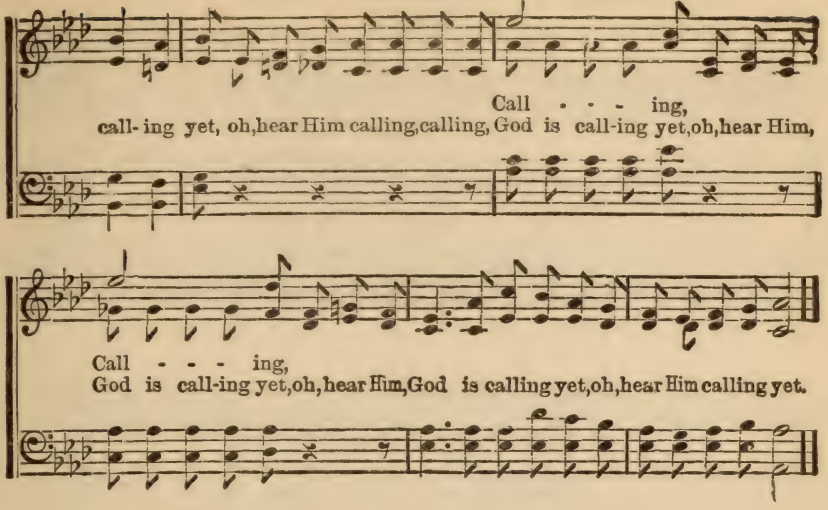
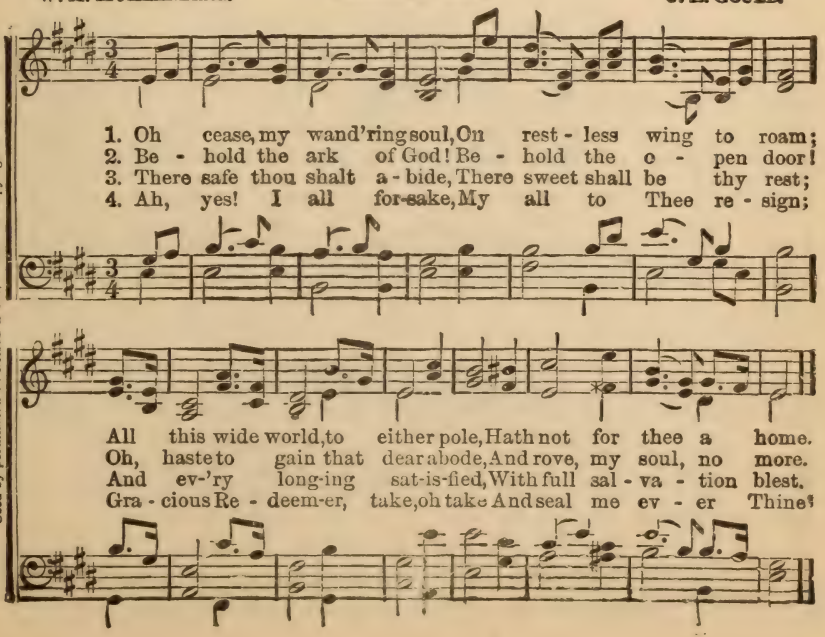
God is Calling Yet.—Concluded.


Call - - - ing,
call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him,
Call - - - ing,
God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

No. 376. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. (ADRIAN. S. M.) J. E. GOULD.


1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;
4. Ah, yes! I all for-sake, My all to Thee re - sign;
All this wide world, to either pole, Hath not for thee a home.
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev-'ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
Gra - cious Re - deem-er, take, oh take And seal me ev - er Thine!

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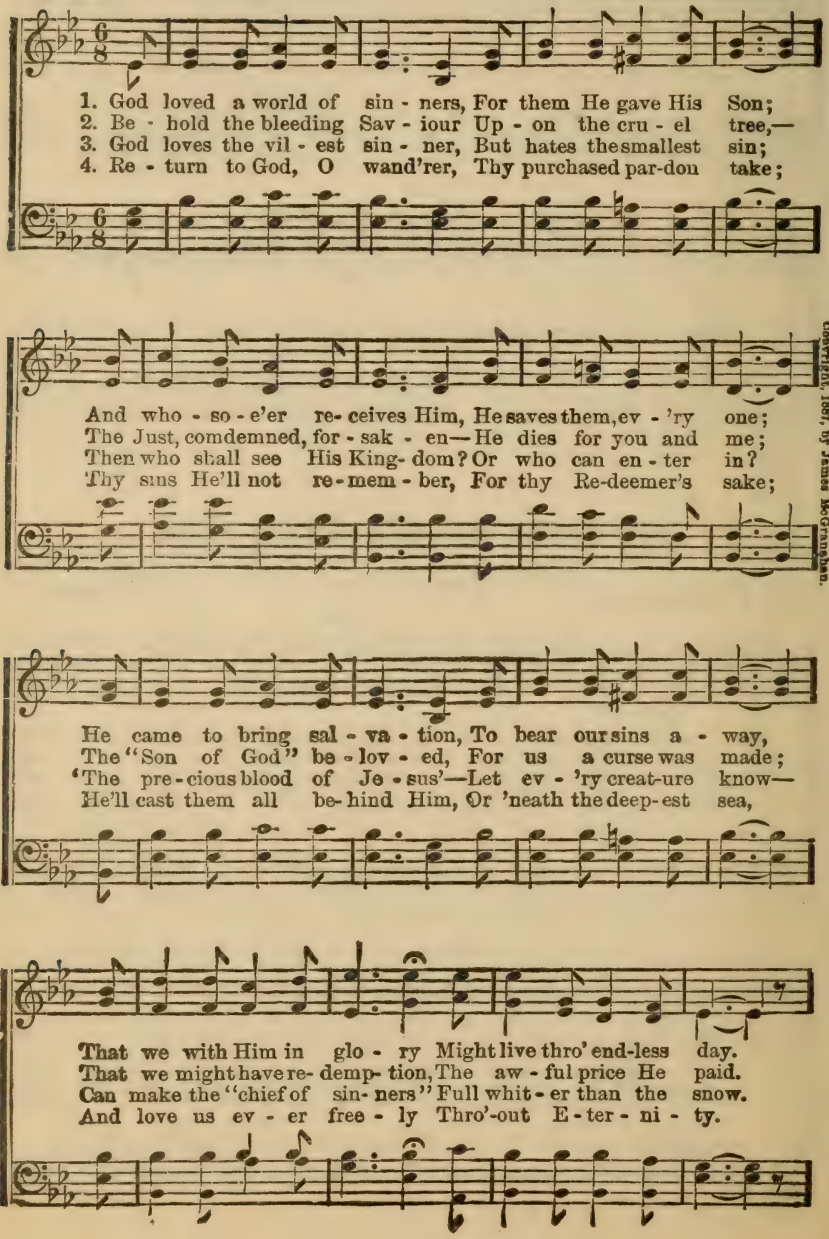
No. 377. How shall we Escape?

HEB. 2: 3.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;
2. Be - hold the bleeding Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree,—
3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the smallest sin;
4. Re - turn to God, O wand'rer, Thy purchased par-don take;
And who - so - e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;
The Just, condemned, for - sak - en—He dies for you and me;
Then who shall see His King - dom? Or who can en - ter in?
Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re-deemer's sake;
He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,
The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;
The pre - cious blood of Je - sus'—Let ev - 'ry creat-ure know—
He'll cast them all be - hind Him, Or 'neath the deep-est sea,
That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end-less day.
That we might have re - demp - tion, The aw - ful price He paid.
Can make the "chief of sin - ners" Full whit - er than the snow.
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro'-out E - ter - ni - ty.

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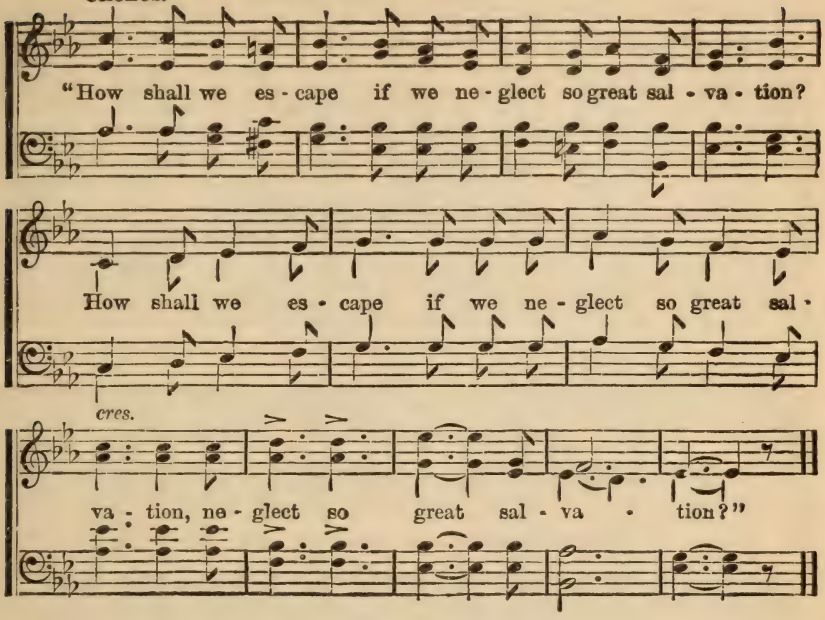
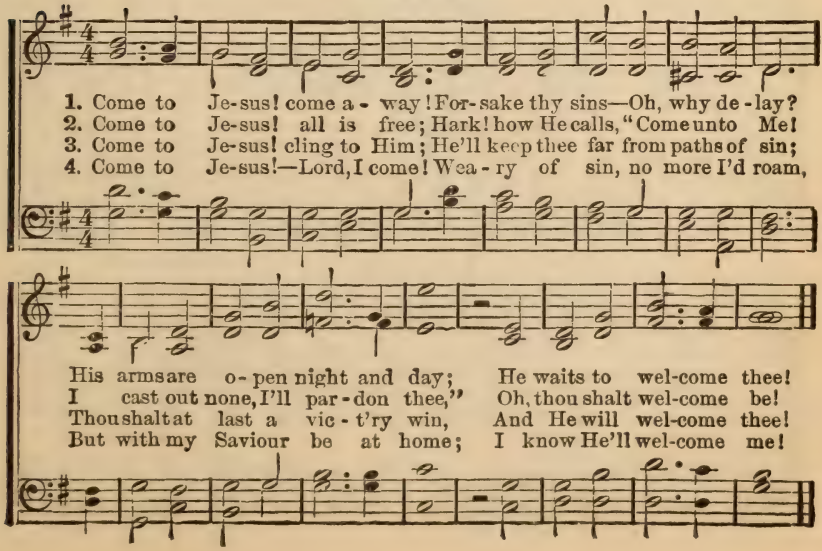
How Shall we Escape.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


"How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?
How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal -
cres.
va - tion, ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?"

No. 378. Come to Jesus! come away!

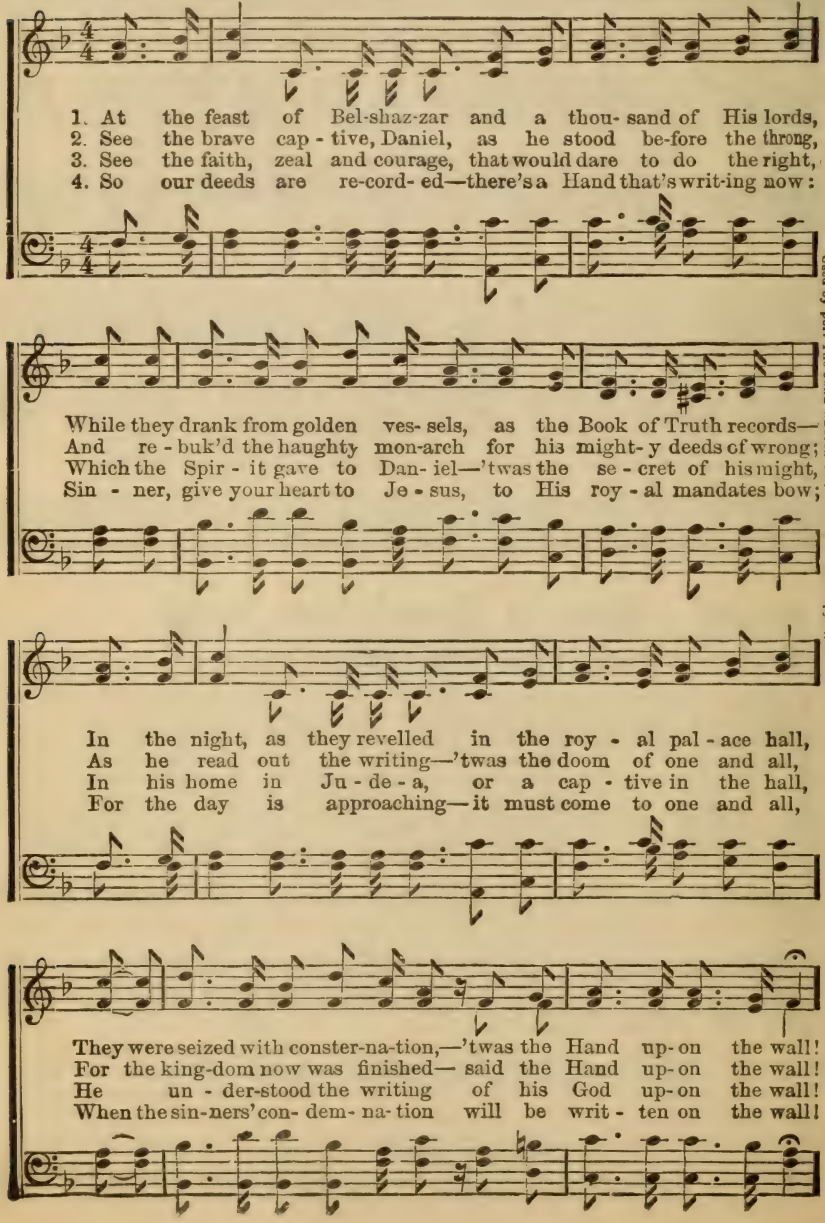
JOHN 6: 37.


1. Come to Je-sus! come a - way! For-sake thy sins—Oh, why de - lay?
2. Come to Je-sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!
3. Come to Je-sus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
4. Come to Je-sus!—Lord, I come! Wea - ry of sin, no more I'd roam,
His arms are o - pen night and day; He waits to wel-come thee!
I cast out none, I'll par - don thee," Oh, thou shalt wel-come be!
Thou shalt at last a vic - t'ry win, And He will wel-come thee!
But with my Saviour be at home; I know He'll wel-come me!

No. 379. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou- sand of His lords,
2. See the brave cap - tive, Daniel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord- ed—there's a Hand that's writ-ing now:
While they drank from golden ves- sels, as the Book of Truth records—
And re - buk'd the haughty mon-arch for his might- y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir - it gave to Dan- iel—'twas the se - cret of his might,
Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al mandates bow;
In the night, as they revelled in the roy - al pal - ace hall,
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall,
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
They were seized with conster-na-tion,—'twas the Hand up- on the wall!
For the king-dom now was finished— said the Hand up- on the wall!
He un - der-stood the writing of his God up- on the wall!
When the sin-ners' con- dem- na- tion will be writ - ten on the wall!

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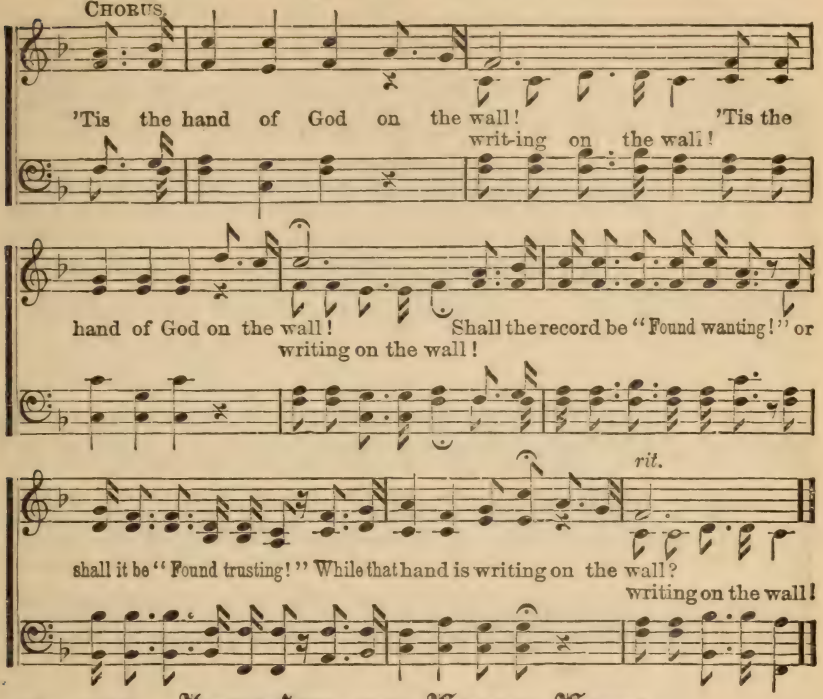
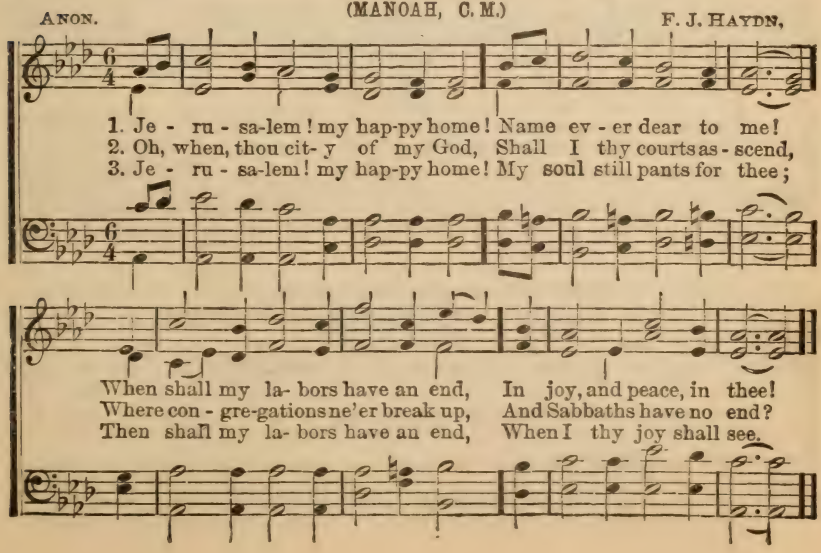
The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the writ-ing on the wall!
hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or writing on the wall!
rit.
shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall? writing on the wall!

No. 380. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

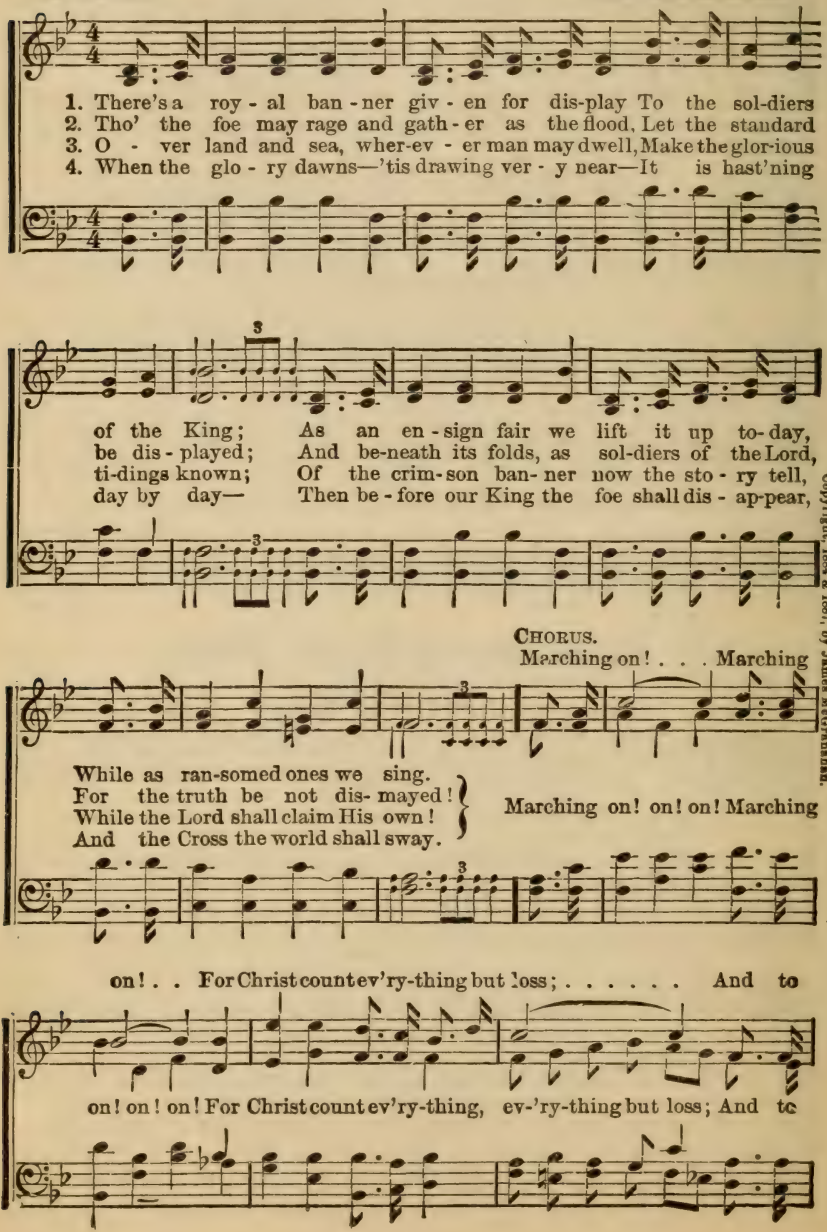
ANON. (MANOAH, C. M.) F. J. HAYDN.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit- y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - scend,
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! My soul still pants for thee;
When shall my la- bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!
Where con - gre-gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
Then shall my la- bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.

No. 381. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60 4.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol-diers
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the standard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher-ev - er man may dwell, Make the glor-ious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis drawing ver - y near—It is hast'ning
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis - played; And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti-dings known; Of the crim-son ban- ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,
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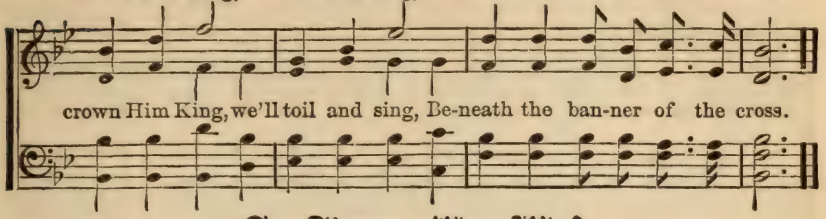
CHORUS.
Marching on! . . . Marching
While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis- mayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the Cross the world shall sway.
Marching on! on! on! Marching
on! . . For Christ count ev'ry-thing but loss; . . . . . And to
on! on! on! For Christ count ev'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss; And to

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.



No. 382. A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

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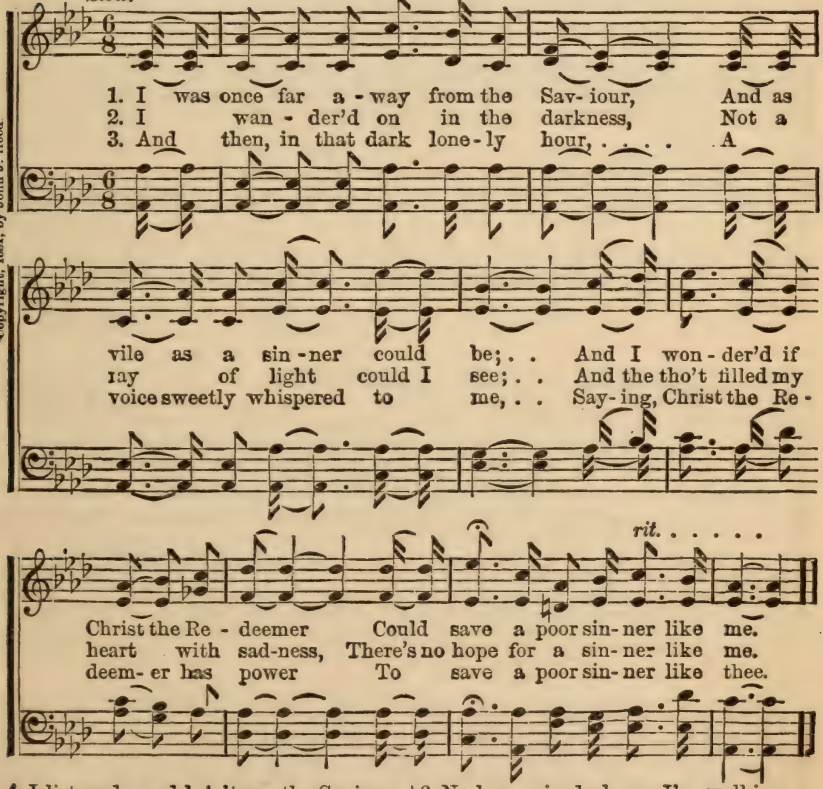

Slow.
1. I was once far a-way from the Sav-iour, And as
2. I wan-der'd on in the darkness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone-ly hour, . . . A
vile as a sin-ner could be; . . And I won-der'd if
ray of light could I see; . . And the tho't filled my
voice sweetly whispered to me, . . Say-ing, Christ the Re-
rit. . . . . .
Christ the Re-deemer Could save a poor sin-ner like me.
heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
deem-er has power To save a poor sin-ner like thee.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

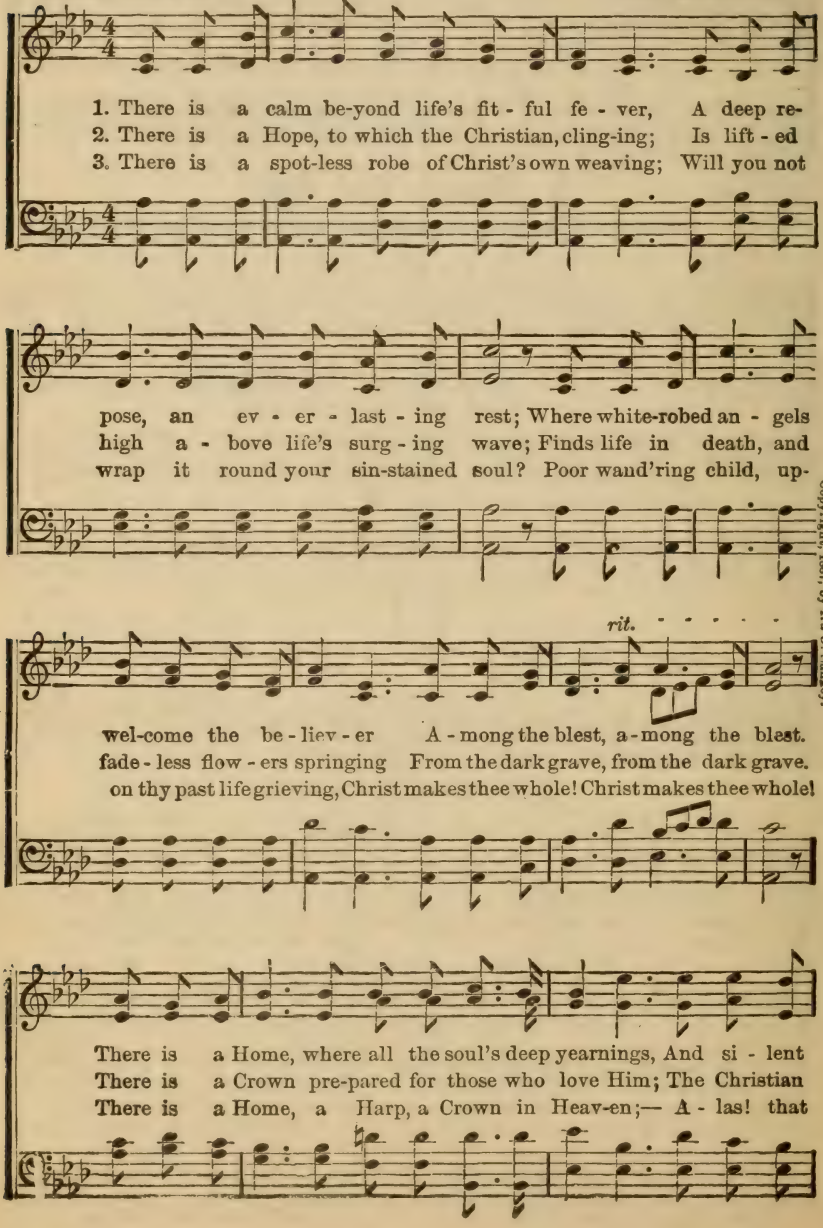
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 383. There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

ERNEST RICKMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. There is a calm be-yond life's fit - ful fe - ver, A deep re-
2. There is a Hope, to which the Christian, cling-ing; Is lift - ed
3. There is a spot-less robe of Christ's own weaving; Will you not
pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed an - gels
high a - bove life's surg - ing wave; Finds life in death, and
wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up-
rit.
wel-come the be - liev - er A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest.
fade - less flow - ers springing From the dark grave, from the dark grave.
on thy past life grieving, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!
There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings, And si - lent
There is a Crown pre-pared for those who love Him; The Christian
There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav-en;— A - las! that

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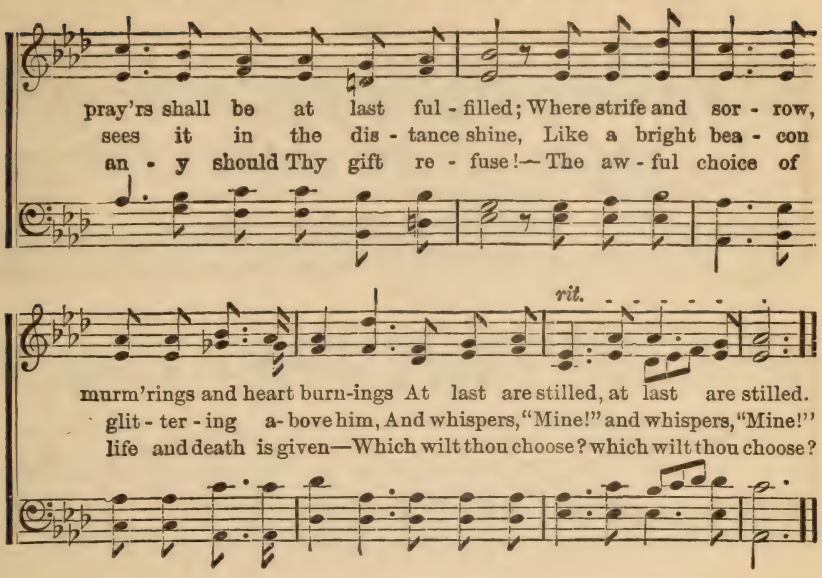
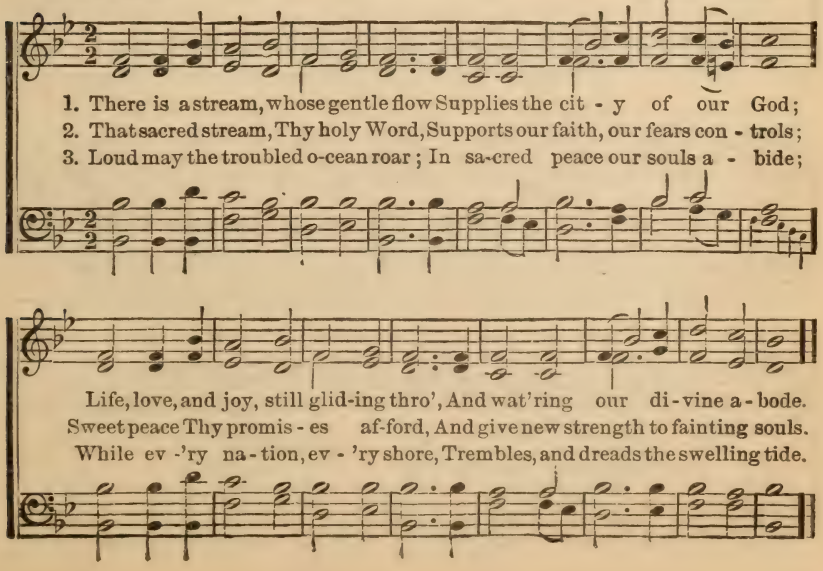
There is a Calm.—Concluded.


pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and sor - row,
sees it in the dis - tance shine, Like a bright bea - con
an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!—The aw - ful choice of
rit.
murm'rings and heart burn-ings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.
glit - ter - ing a- bove him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"
life and death is given—Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

No. 384. There is a Stream.

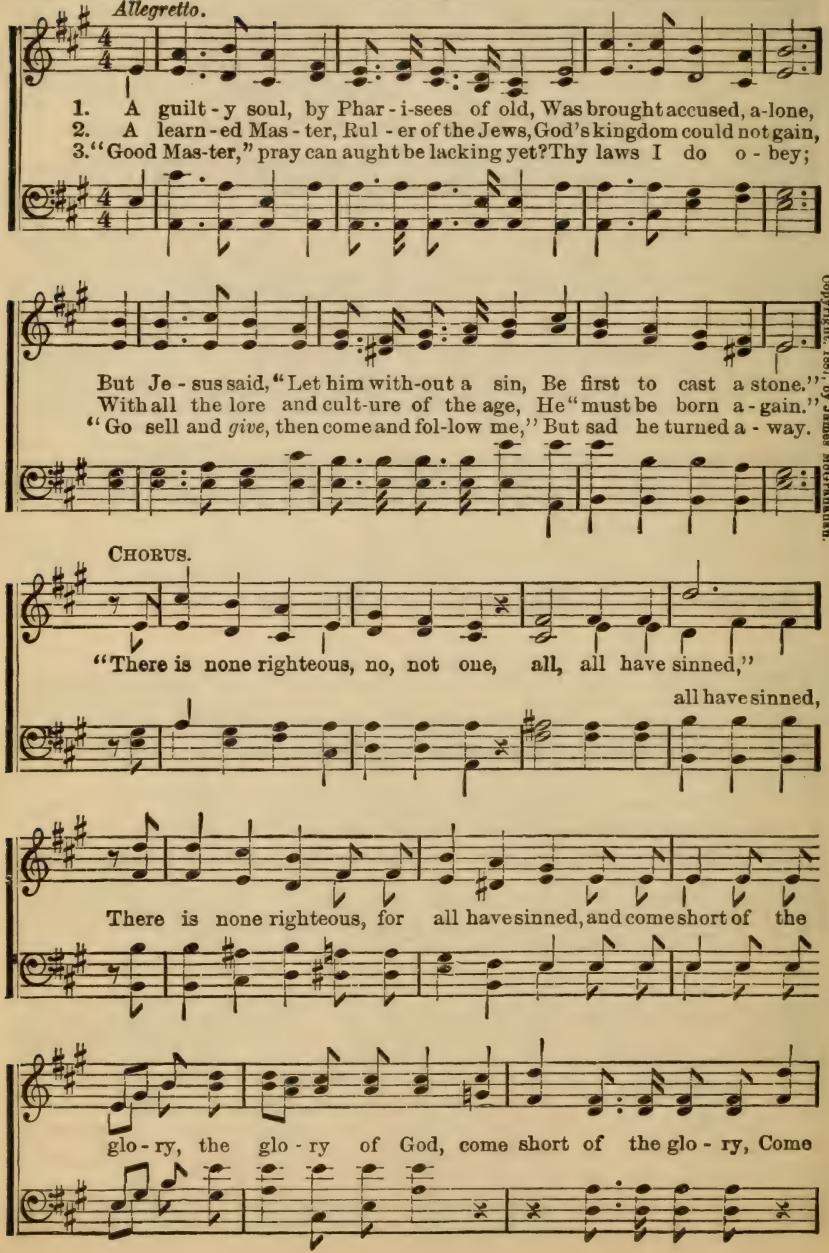
(WARD. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God;
2. That sacred stream, Thy holy Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;
3. Loud may the troubled o-cean roar; In sa-cred peace our souls a - bide;
Life, love, and joy, still glid-ing thro', And wat'ring our di-vine a - bode.
Sweet peace Thy promis - es af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
While ev -'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

No. 385. There is None Righteous.

G. M. J. ROM. 3: 10, 23. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


Allegretto.
1. A guilt - y soul, by Phar - i-sees of old, Was brought accused, a-lone,
2. A learn - ed Mas - ter, Rul - er of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain,
3. "Good Mas-ter," pray can aught be lacking yet? Thy laws I do o - bey;
But Je - sus said, "Let him with-out a sin, Be first to cast a stone."
With all the lore and cult-ure of the age, He "must be born a - gain."
"Go sell and *give*, then come and fol-low me," But sad he turned a - way.
CHORUS.
"There is none righteous, no, not one, all, all have sinned,"
all have sinned,
There is none righteous, for all have sinned, and come short of the
glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, come short of the glo - ry, Come

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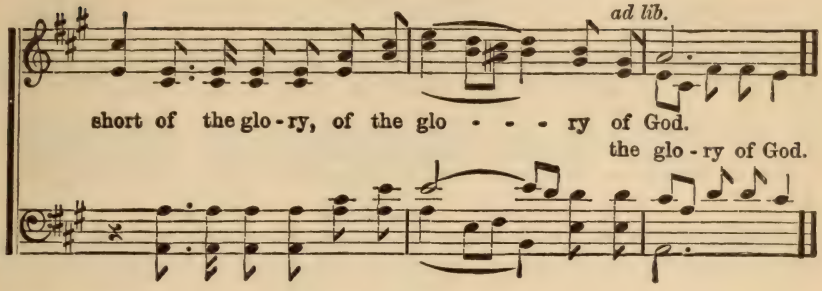
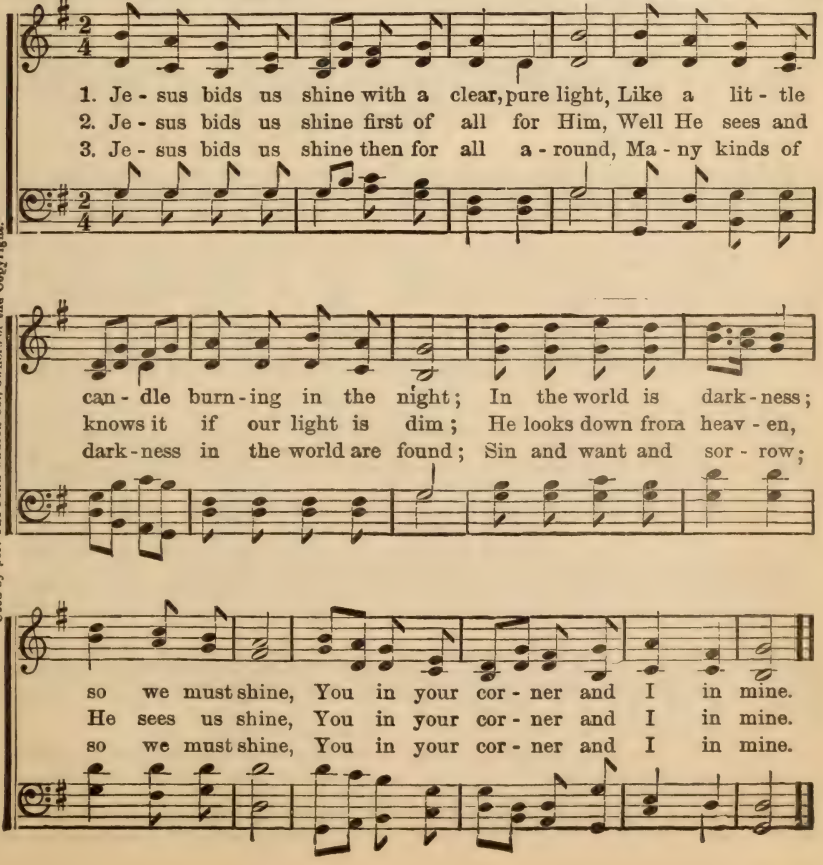
There is None Righteous. —Concluded.



No. 386. Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
can - dle burn - ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

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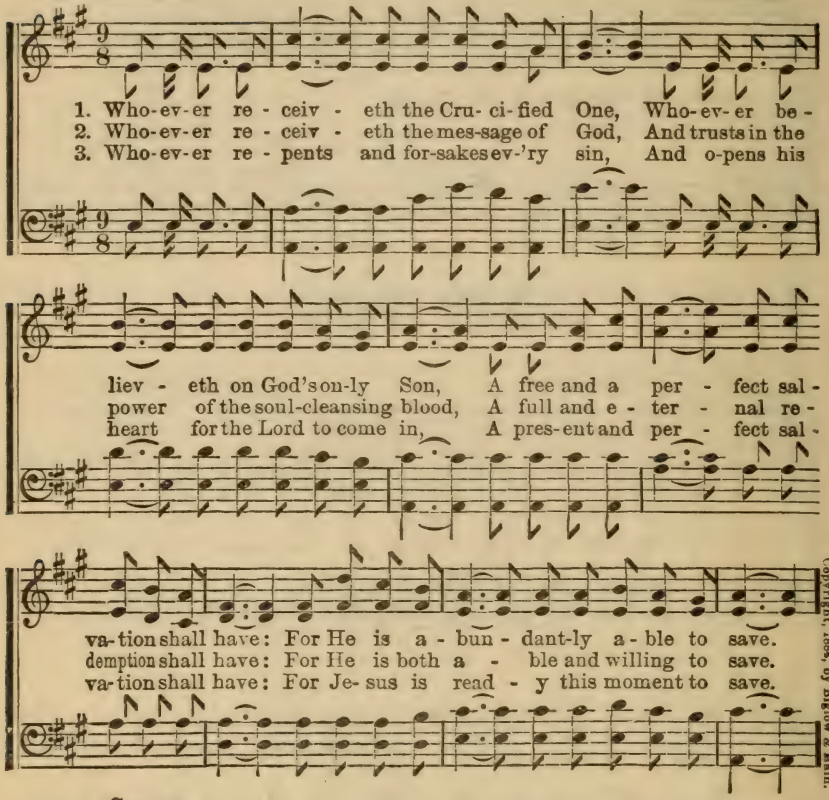
No. 387. Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru- ci- fied One, Who-ev- er be -
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his
liev - eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal -
va-tion shall have: For He is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.
demption shall have: For He is both a - ble and willing to save.
va-tion shall have: For Je- sus is read - y this moment to save.
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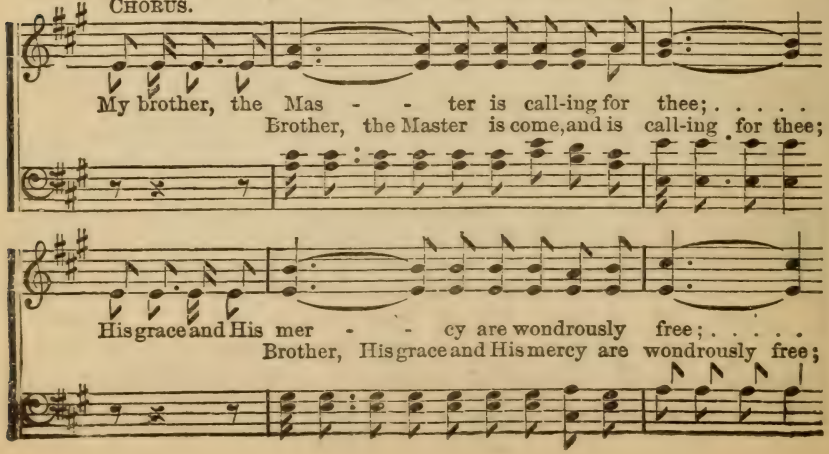
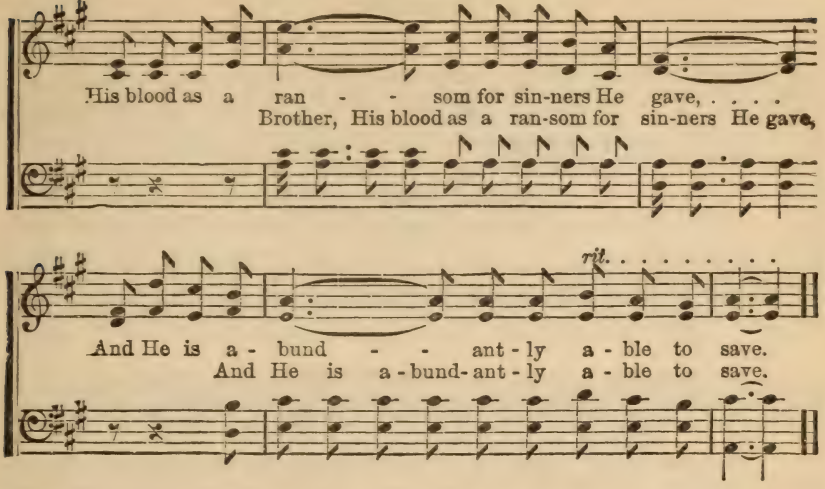
Chorus.


My brother, the Mas - - - ter is call-ing for thee; . . . .
Brother, the Master is come, and is call-ing for thee;
His grace and His mer - - - cy are won-drously free; . . . . .
Brother, His grace and His mercy are won-drously free;

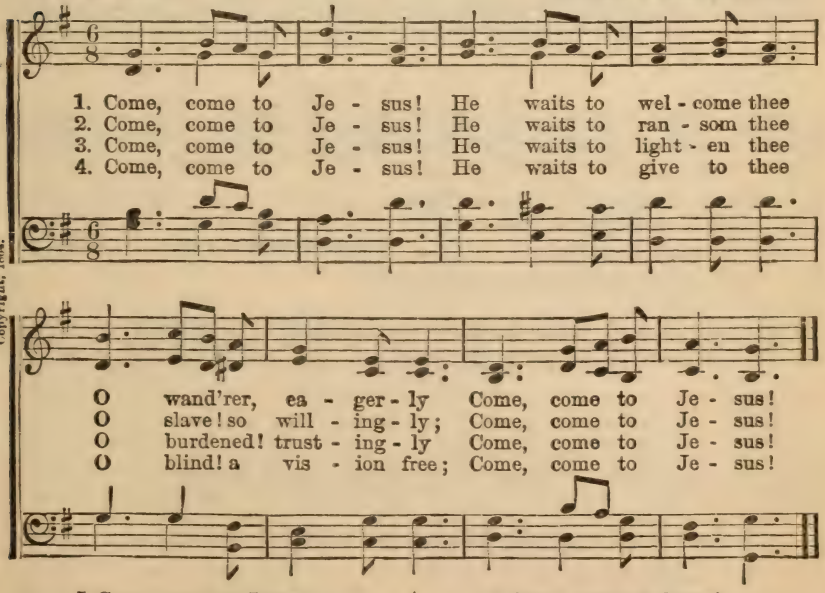
Abundantly Able to Save.—Concluded.


His blood as a ran - - som for sin-ners He gave, ...
Brother, His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He gave,
rit.
And He is a - bund - - ant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 388. Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee
4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee
O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O burdened! trust - ing - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O blind! a vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

Copyright, 1864.

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

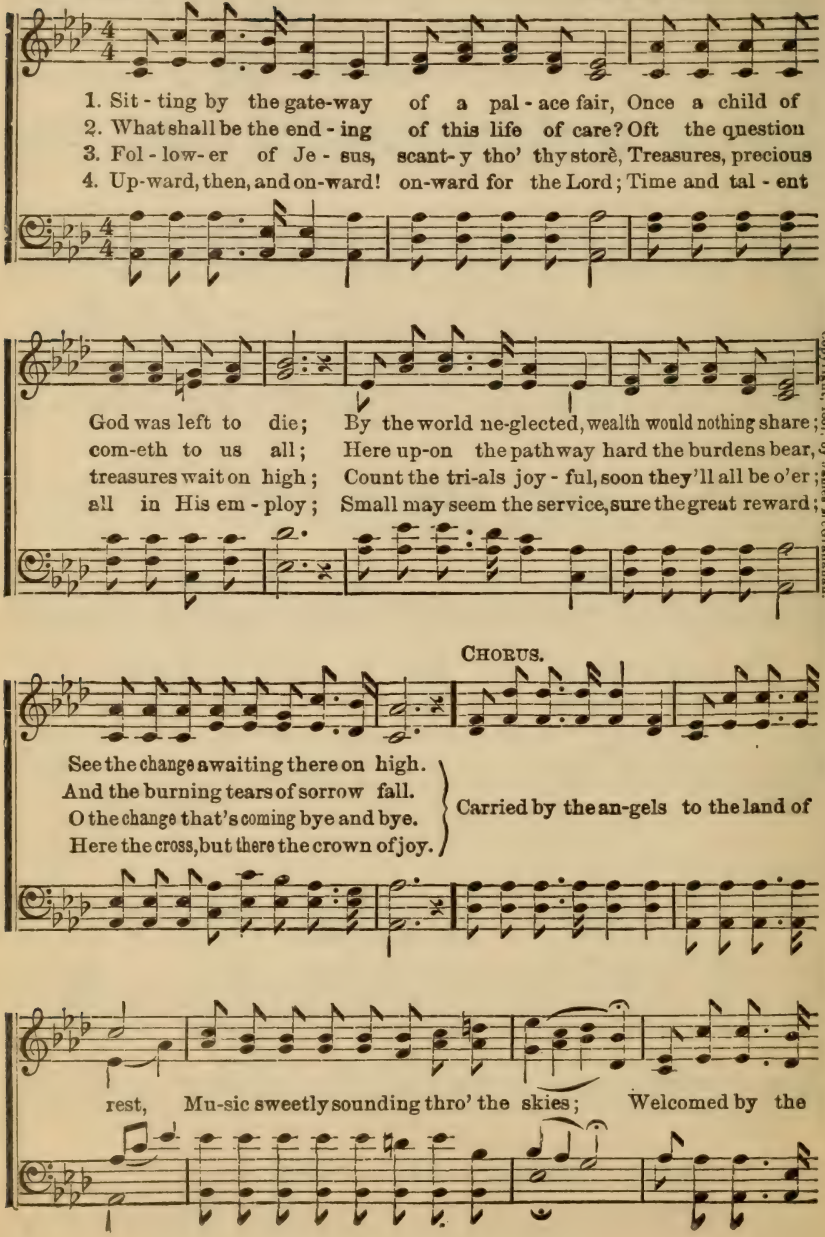
6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 389.

Carried by the Angels.

LUKE 16: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sit - ting by the gate-way of a pal - ace fair, Once a child of
2. What shall be the end - ing of this life of care? Oft the question
3. Fol - low-er of Je - sus, scant-y tho' thy storè, Treasures, precious
4. Up-ward, then, and on-ward! on-ward for the Lord; Time and tal - ent
God was left to die; By the world ne-glected, wealth would nothing share;
com-eth to us all; Here up-on the path way hard the burdens bear,
treasures wait on high; Count the tri-als joy - ful, soon they'll all be o'er,
all in His em - ploy; Small may seem the service, sure the great reward,
CHORUS.
See the change awaiting there on high.
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.
O the change that's coming bye and bye.
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.
Carried by the an-gels to the land of
rest, Mu-sic sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcomed by the

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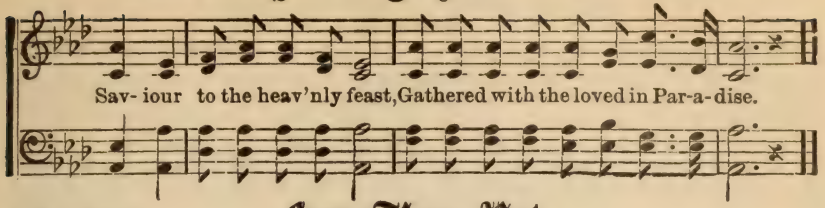
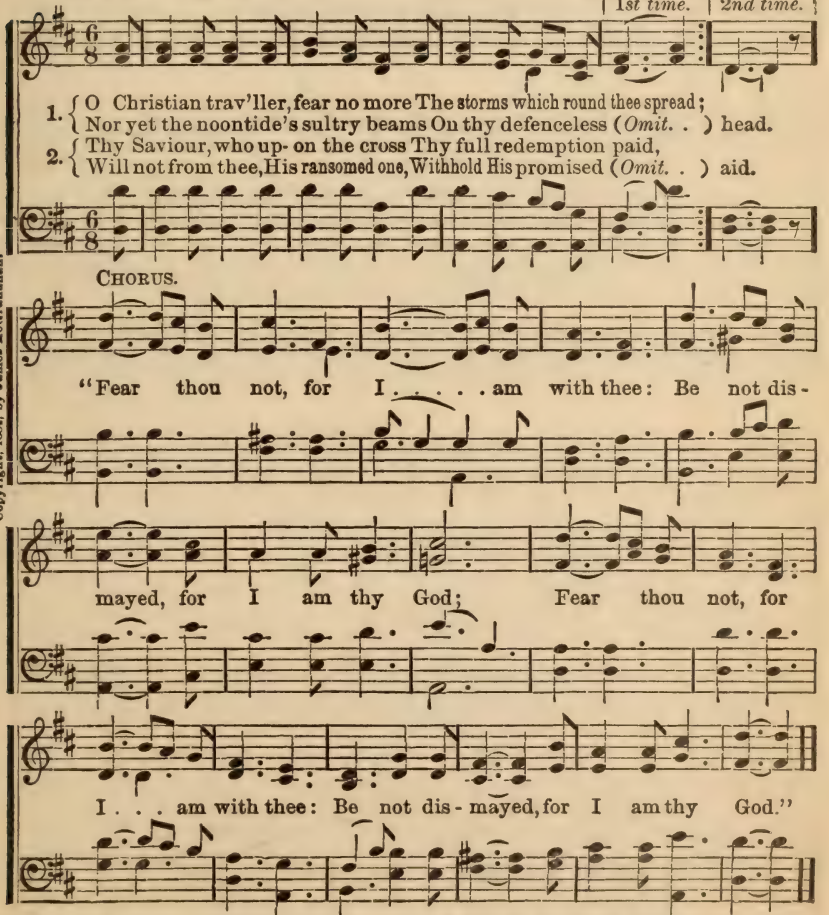


No. 390. Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.
Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

ISA. 41: 10.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1st time.
2nd time.
1. O Christian trav'ller, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;
Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams On thy defenceless (Omit. .) head.
2. Thy Saviour, who up- on the cross Thy full redemption paid,
Will not from thee, His ransomed one, Withhold His promised (Omit. .) aid.
CHORUS.
"Fear thou not, for I . . . . . am with thee: Be not dis-
mayed, for I am thy God; Fear thou not, for
I . . . am with thee: Be not dis- mayed, for I am thy God."

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3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

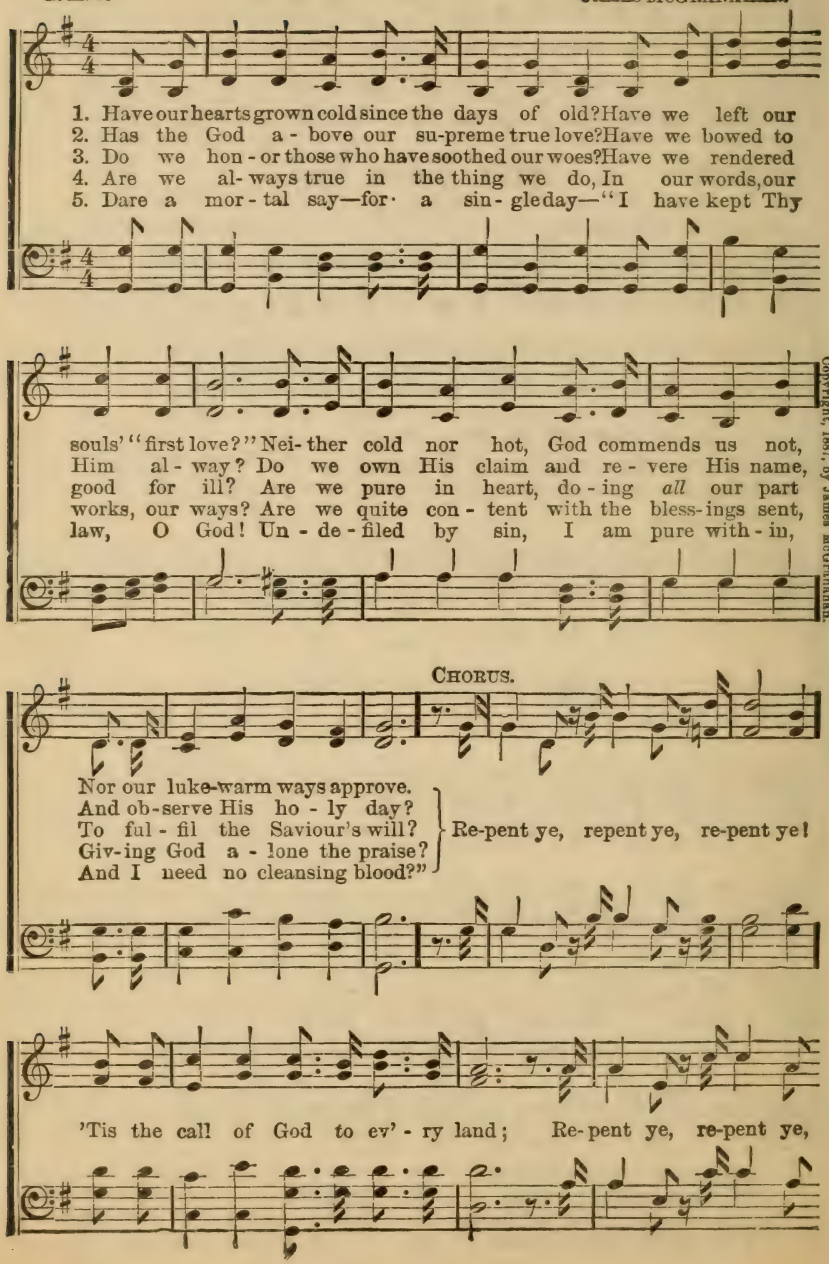
No. 391.

Repent Ye.

MATT. 3: 2.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our
2. Has the God a - bove our su-preme true love? Have we bowed to
3. Do we hon - or those who have soothed our woes? Have we rendered
4. Are we al- ways true in the thing we do, In our words, our
5. Dare a mor - tal say—for a sin - gle day—"I have kept Thy
souls' "first love?" Nei- ther cold nor hot, God commends us not,
Him al - way? Do we own His claim and re - vere His name,
good for ill? Are we pure in heart, do - ing *all* our part
works, our ways? Are we quite con - tent with the bless-ings sent,
law, O God! Un - de - filed by sin, I am pure with - in,
Nor our luke-warm ways approve.
And ob-serve His ho - ly day?
To ful - fil the Saviour's will?
Giv-ing God a - lone the praise?
And I need no cleansing blood?"
Re-pent ye, repent ye, re-pent ye!
'Tis the call of God to ev' - ry land; Re- pent ye, re-pent ye,

CHORUS.

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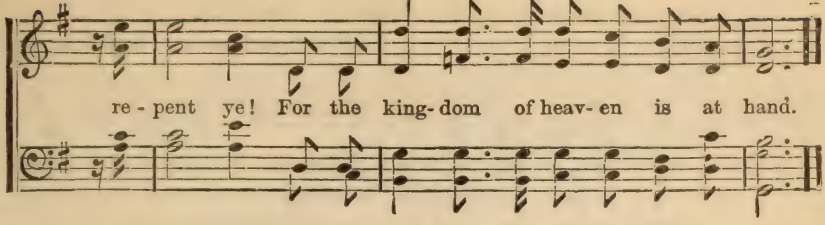
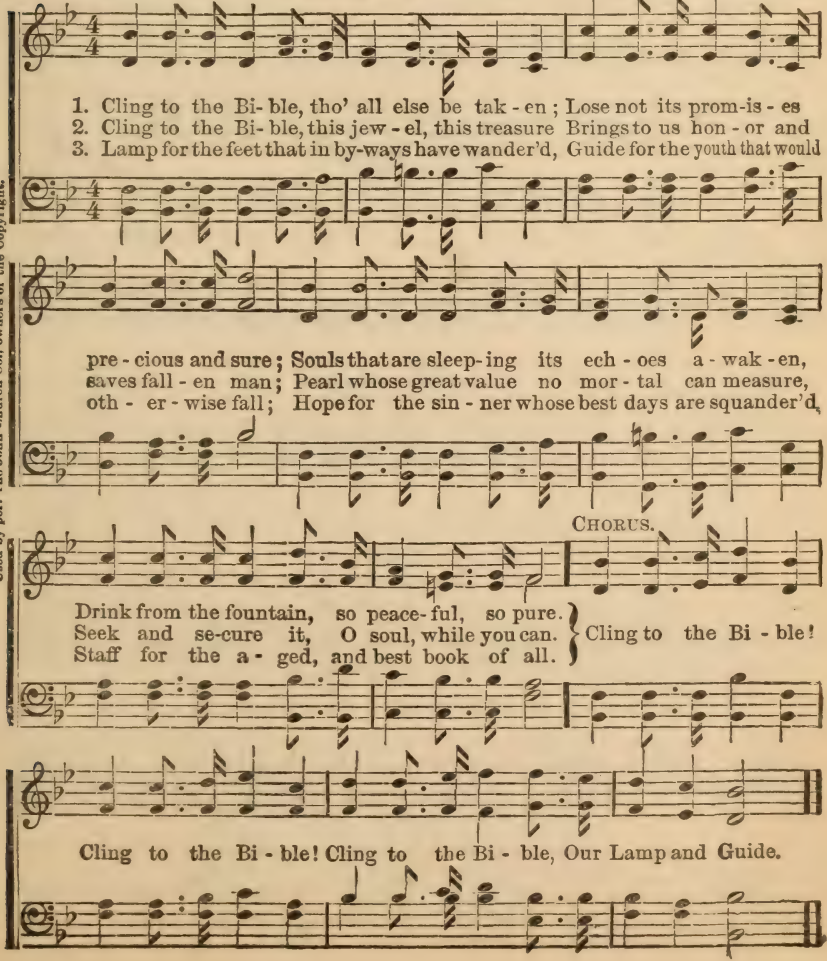
Repent Ye!—Concluded.



No. 392. Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH. Ps. 119: 105. J. R. MURRAY.


1. Cling to the Bi- ble, tho' all else be tak - en ; Lose not its prom-is - es
2. Cling to the Bi- ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would
pre - cious and sure ; Souls that are sleep-ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man ; Pearl whose great value no mor - tal can measure,
oth - er - wise fall ; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squander'd,
CHORUS.
Drink from the fountain, so peace- ful, so pure.
Seek and se-cure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.
Cling to the Bi - ble!
Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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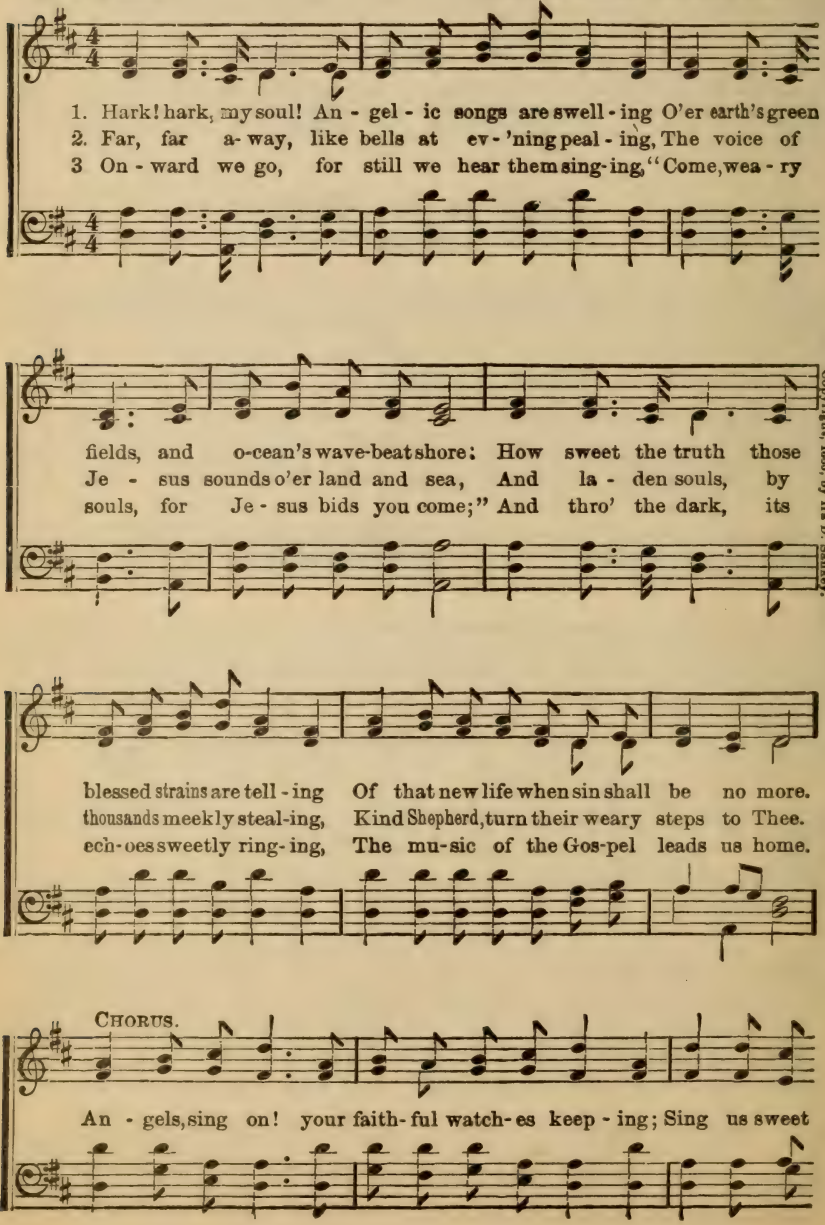
No. 393. Hark, Hark! my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a- way, like bells at ev - 'ning peal - ing, The voice of
3 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea - ry
fields, and o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its
blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
thousands meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
ech-oes sweetly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
CHORUS.
An - gels, sing on! your faith- ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

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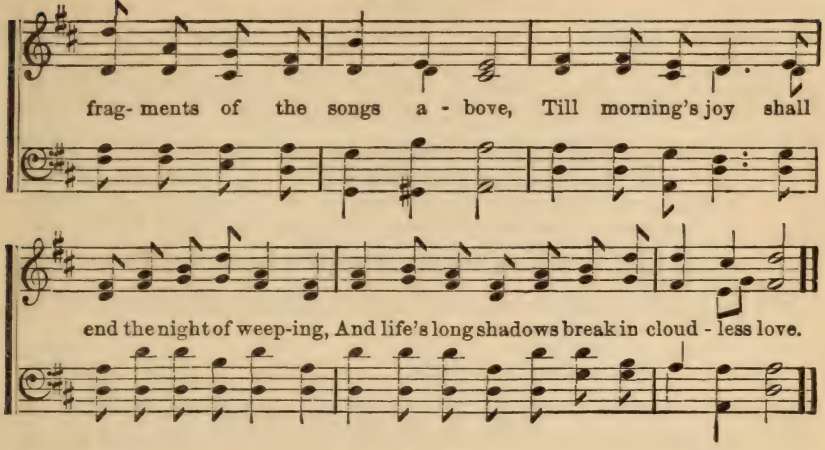
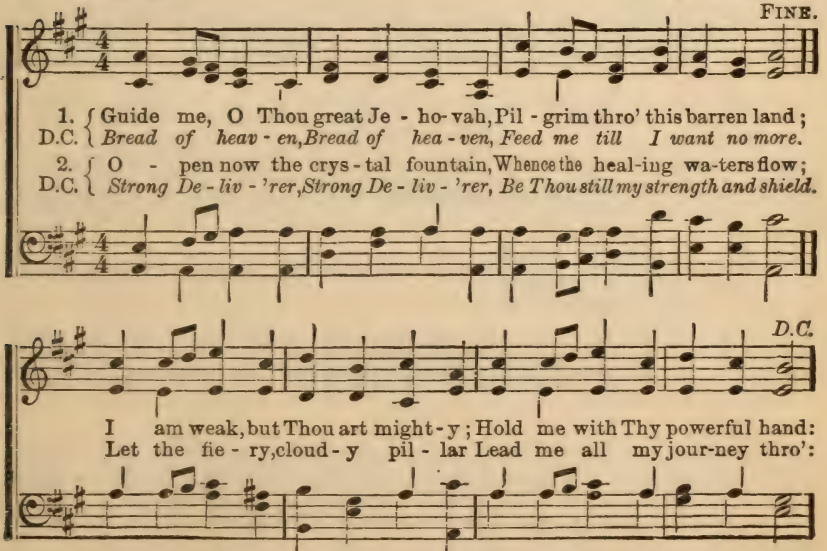
Hark, Hark! my Soul!—Concluded.


frag- ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall
end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.

No. 394. Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

W. WILLIAMS. WM. L. VINER.

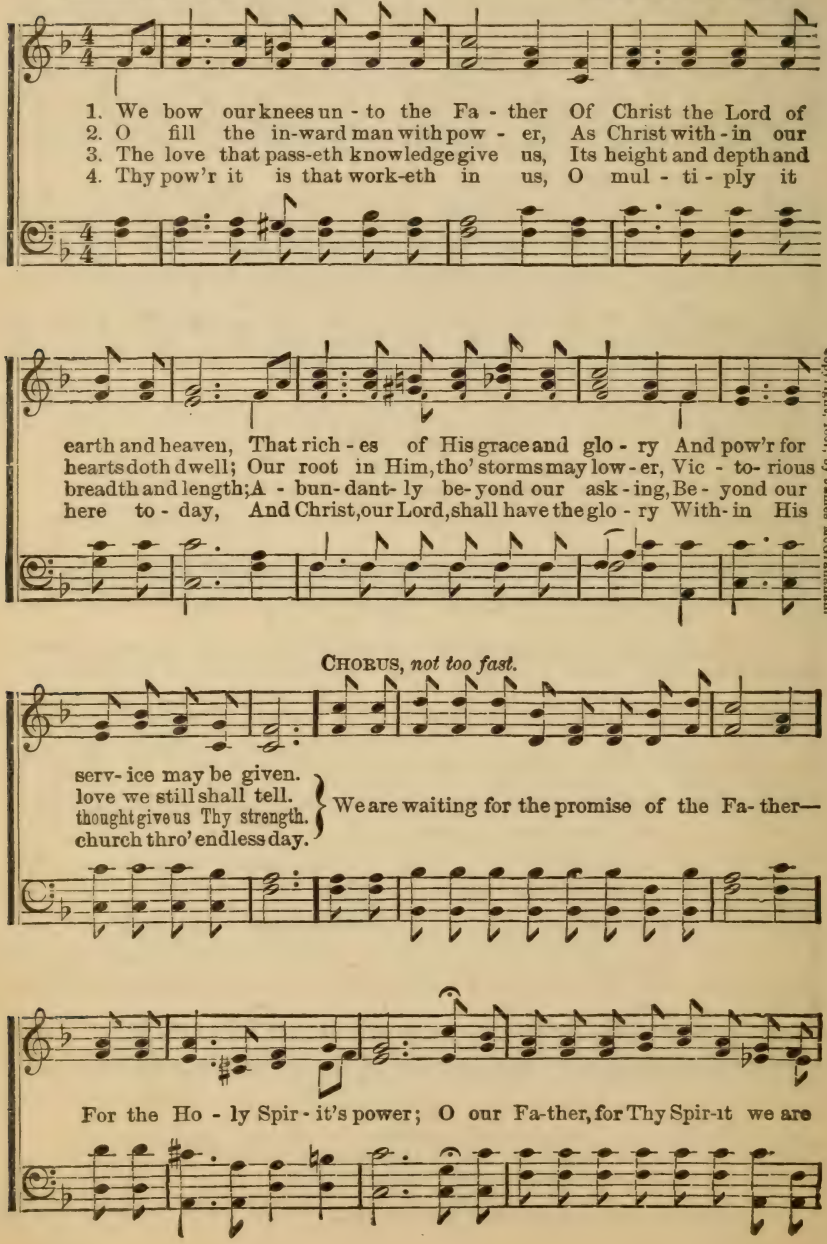

FINE.
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho- vah, Pil - grim thro' this barren land;
D.C. Bread of heav - en, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;
D.C. Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
D.C.
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro':

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 395. Waiting for the Promise.

LUKE 24: 49.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther Of Christ the Lord of
2. O fill the in-ward man with pow - er, As Christ with - in our
3. The love that pass-eth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and
4. Thy pow'r it is that work-eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it
earth and heaven, That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for
hearts doth dwell; Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to- rious
breadth and length; A - bun - dant - ly be - yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our
here to - day, And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His
CHORUS, not too fast.
serv- ice may be given.
love we still shall tell.
thought give us Thy strength.
church thro' endless day.
We are waiting for the promise of the Fa- ther—
For the Ho - ly Spir - it's power; O our Fa-ther, for Thy Spir-it we are

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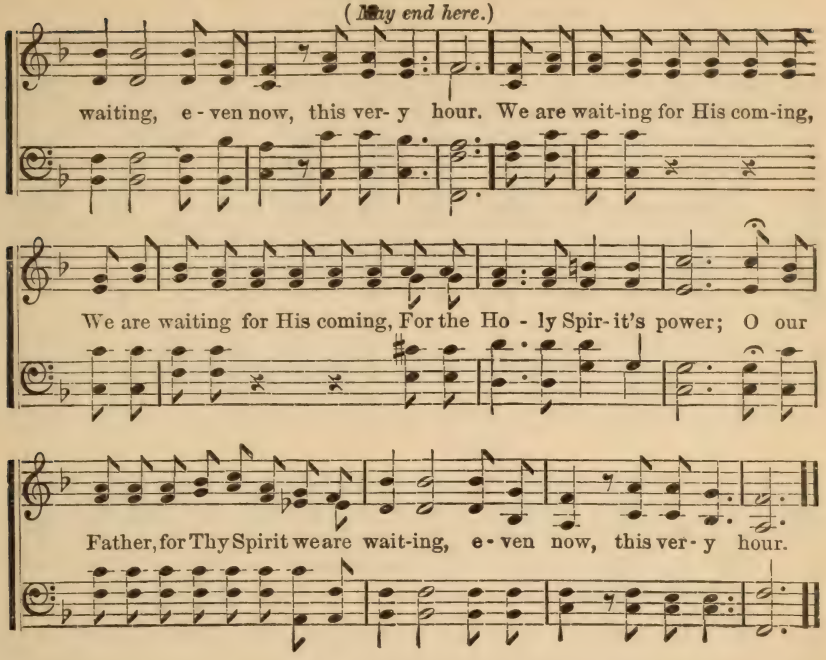
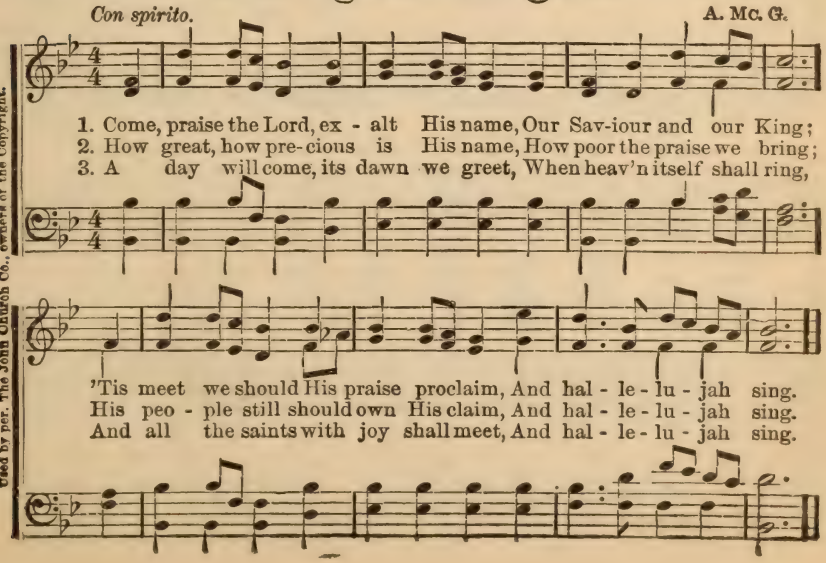
Waiting for the Promise.—Concluded.


(May end here.)
waiting, e - ven now, this ver - y hour. We are wait-ing for His com-ing,
We are waiting for His coming, For the Ho - ly Spir-it's power; O our
Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait-ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

No. 396. Come, Praise the Lord.


Con spirito.
A. Mc. G.
1. Come, praise the Lord, ex - alt His name, Our Sav-iour and our King;
2. How great, how pre-cious is His name, How poor the praise we bring;
3. A day will come, its dawn we greet, When heav'n itself shall ring,
'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
His peo - ple still should own His claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
And all the saints with joy shall meet, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.

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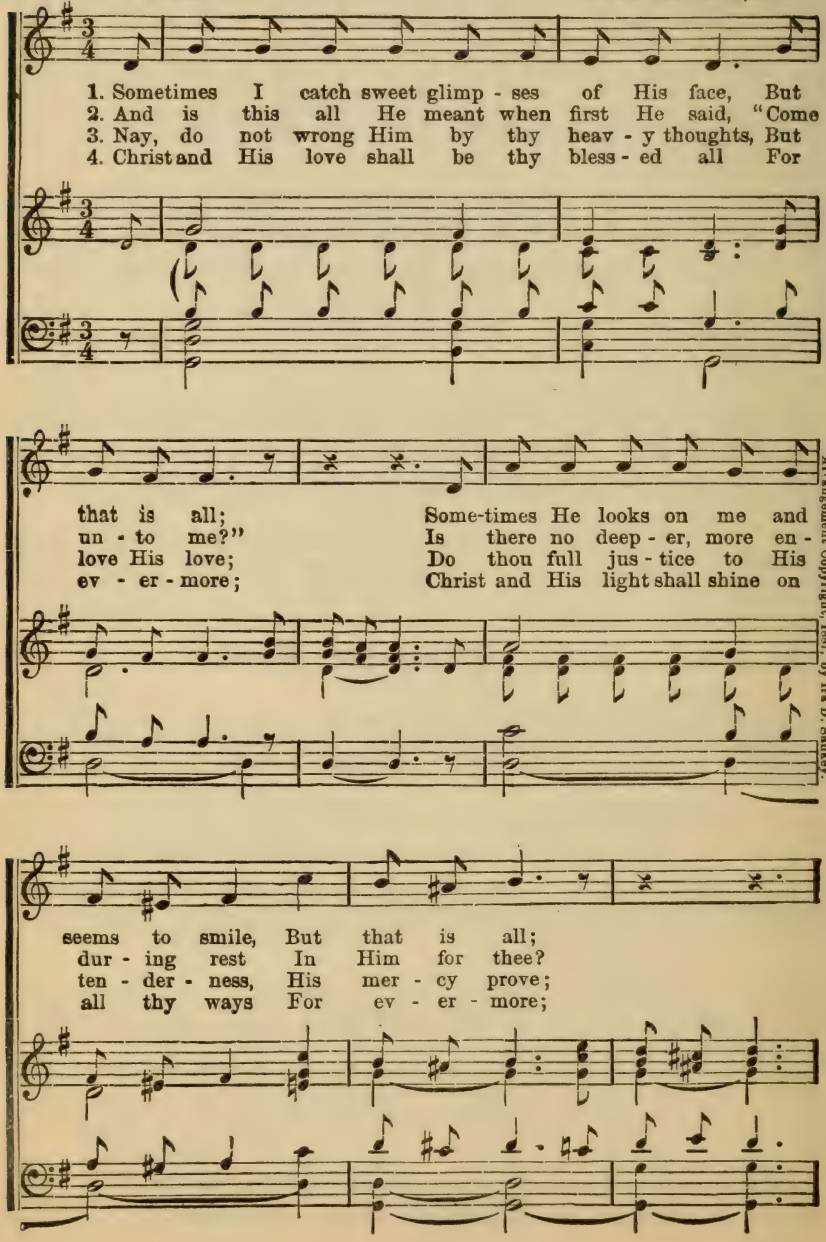
No. 397. But is that All?

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Mrs. C. BARNARD, arr.

1. Sometimes I catch sweet glimp - ses of His face, But that is all;
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come un - to me?"
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heav - y thoughts, But love His love;
4. Christ and His love shall be thy bless - ed all For ev - er - more;
Some-times He looks on me and seems to smile, But that is all;
Is there no deep - er, more en - dur - ing rest In Him for thee?
Do thou full jus - tice to His ten - der - ness, His mer - cy prove;
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways For ev - er - more;

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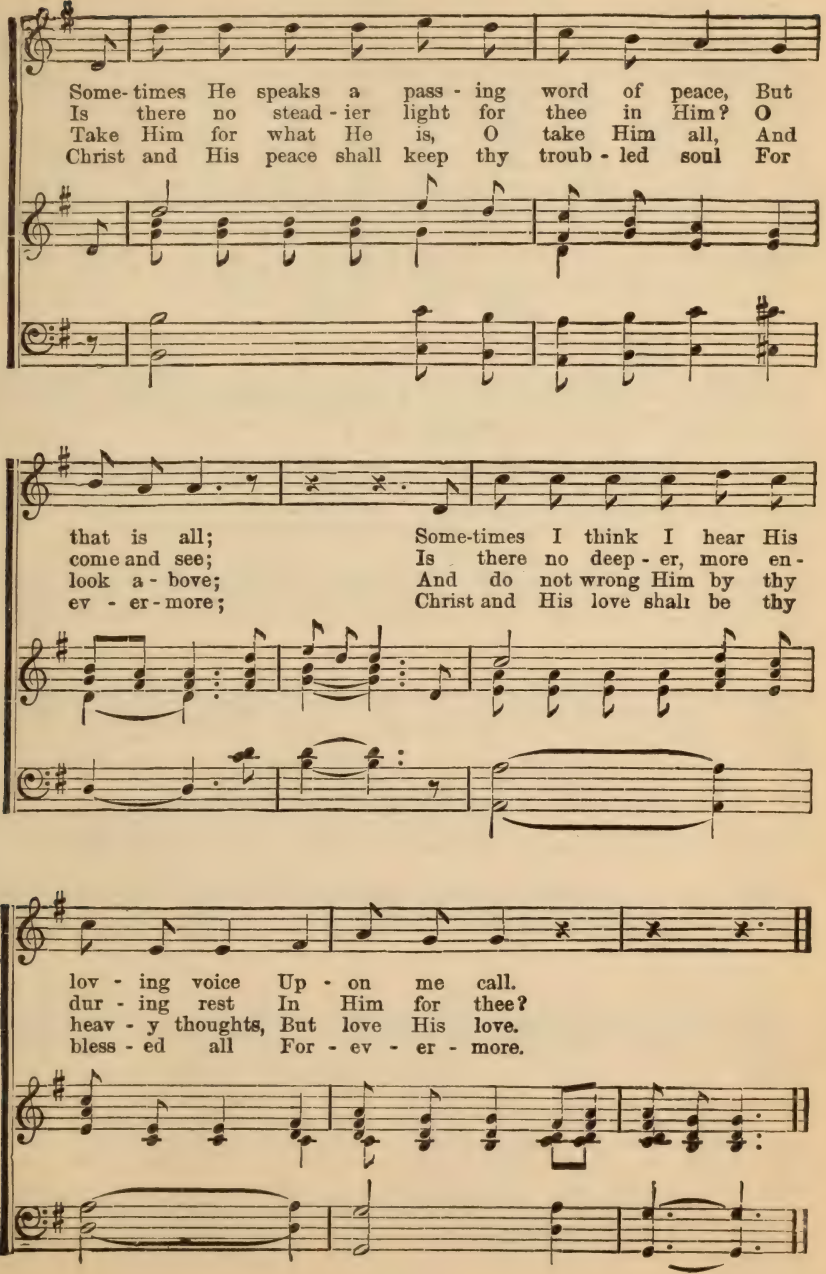
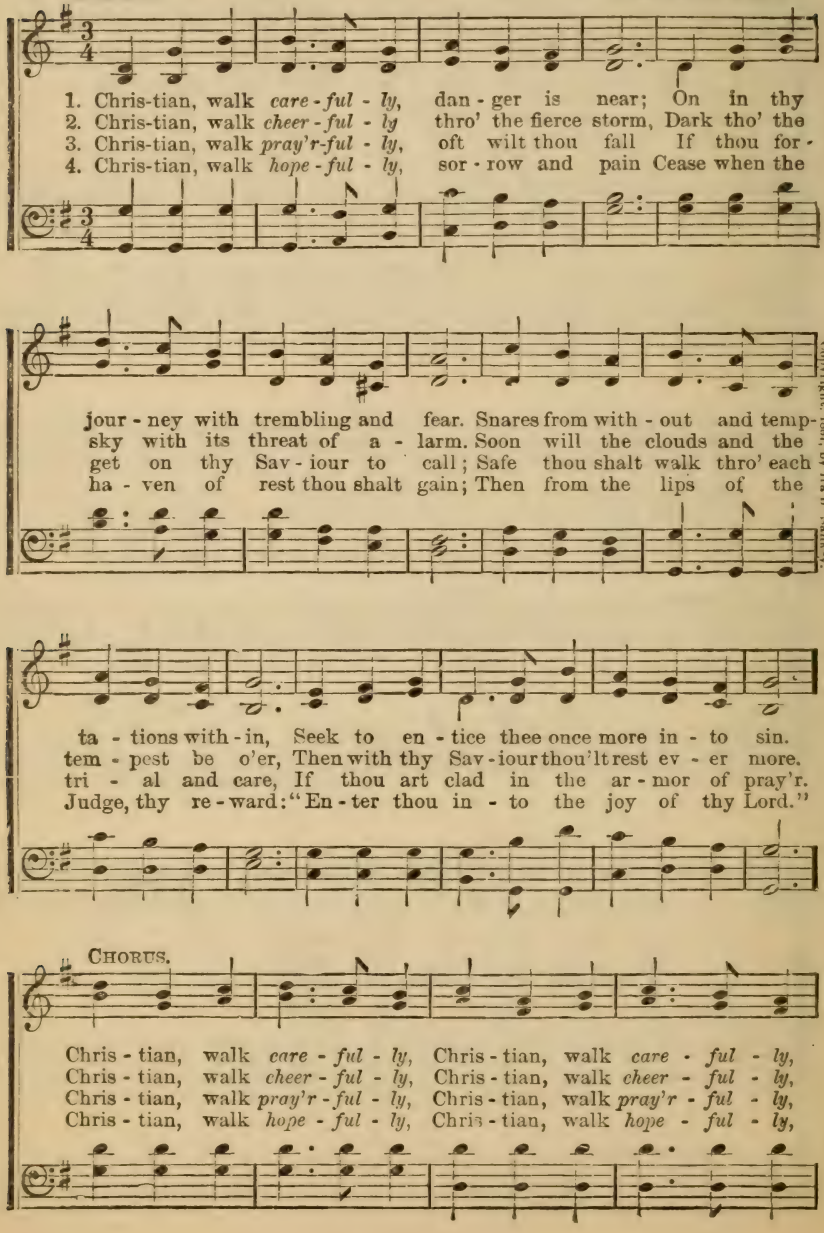
But is that All?—Concluded.


Some-times He speaks a pass - ing word of peace, But
Is there no stead - ier light for thee in Him? O
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troub - led soul For
that is all;
come and see;
look a - bove;
ev - er - more;
Some-times I think I hear His
Is there no deep - er, more en -
And do not wrong Him by thy
Christ and His love shall be thy
lov - ing voice Up - on me call.
dur - ing rest In Him for thee?
heav - y thoughts, But love His love.
bless - ed all For - ev - er - more.

No. 398. Christian, Walk Carefully.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—EPH. 4: 1.

Words arr. GEO C. STEBBINS.


1. Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near; On in thy
2. Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the
3. Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-
4. Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, sor-row and pain Cease when the
jour-ney with trembling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-
sky with its threat of a-larm. Soon will the clouds and the
get on thy Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each
ha-ven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the
ta-tions with-in, Seek to en-tice thee once more in-to sin.
tem-pest be o'er, Then with thy Sav-iour thou'lt rest ev-er more.
tri-al and care, If thou art clad in the ar-mor of pray'r.
Judge, thy re-ward: "En-ter thou in-to the joy of thy Lord."
CHORUS.
Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*,
Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*,
Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*,
Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*,

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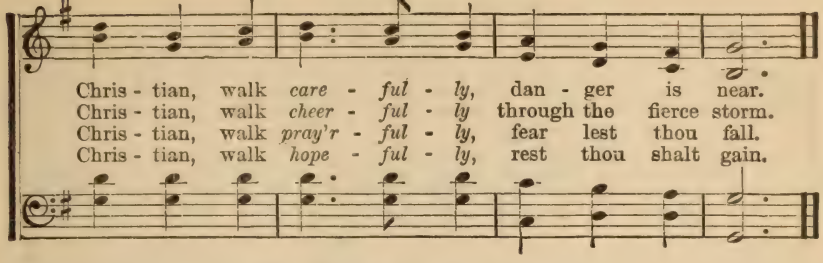
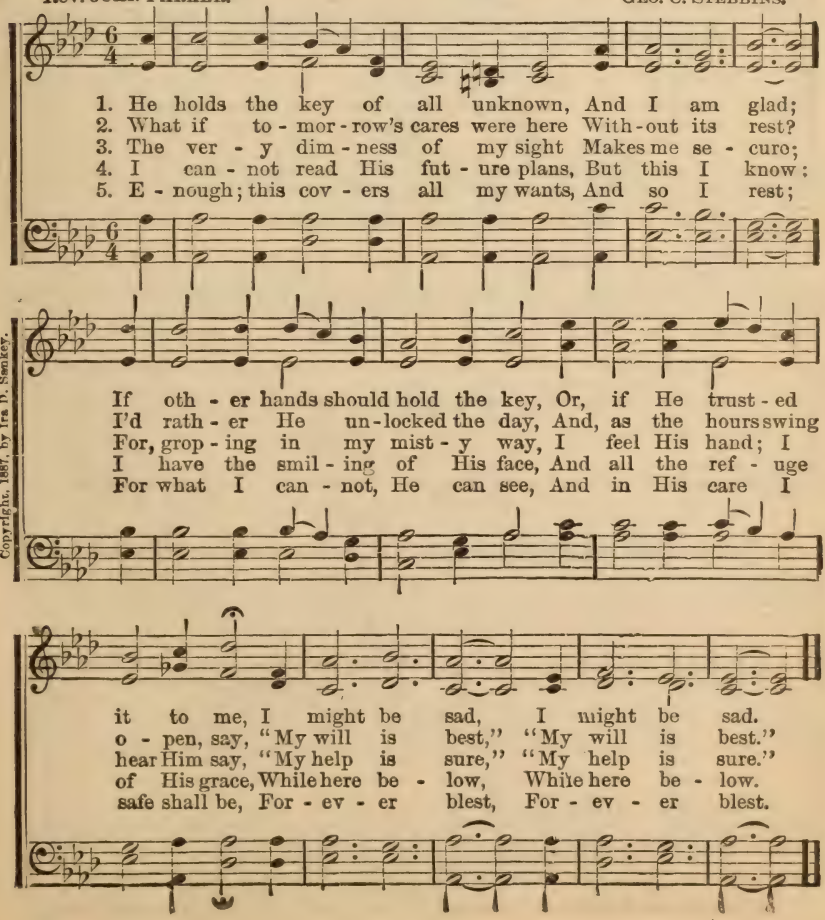

Chris - tian, walk *care - ful - ly,* dan - ger is near.
Chris - tian, walk *cheer - ful - ly* through the fierce storm.
Chris - tian, walk *pray'r - ful - ly,* fear lest thou fall.
Chris - tian, walk *hope - ful - ly,* rest thou shalt gain.

No. 399. He Holds the Key.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET 5: 7.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. He holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad;
2. What if to - mor - row's cares were here With - out its rest?
3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
4. I can - not read His fut - ure plans, But this I know:
5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;
If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed
I'd rath - er He un - locked the day, And, as the hours swing
For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I
I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge
For what I can - not, He can see, And in His care I
it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

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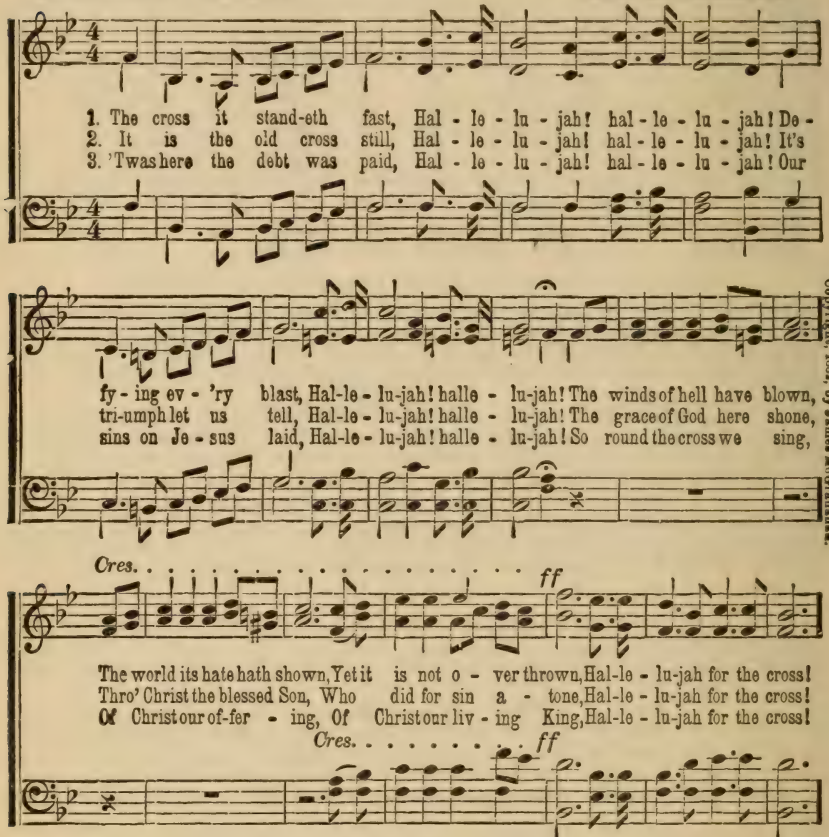
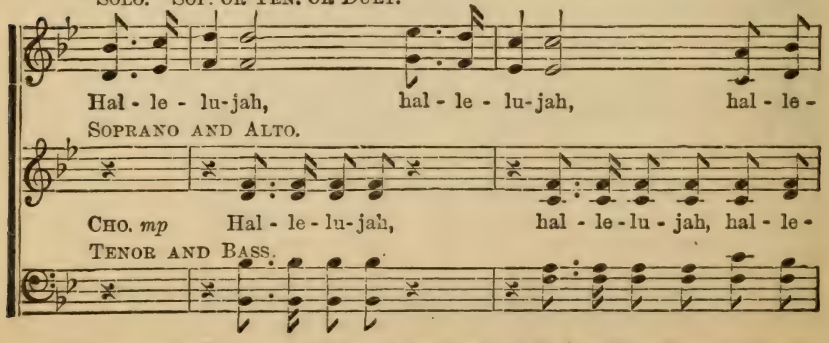
No. 400. Hallelujah for the Cross!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR (arr.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De -
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our
fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
tri-umph let us tell, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! The grace of God here shone,
sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,
Cres.
ff
The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver thrown, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Of Christ our of-fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Cres.
ff

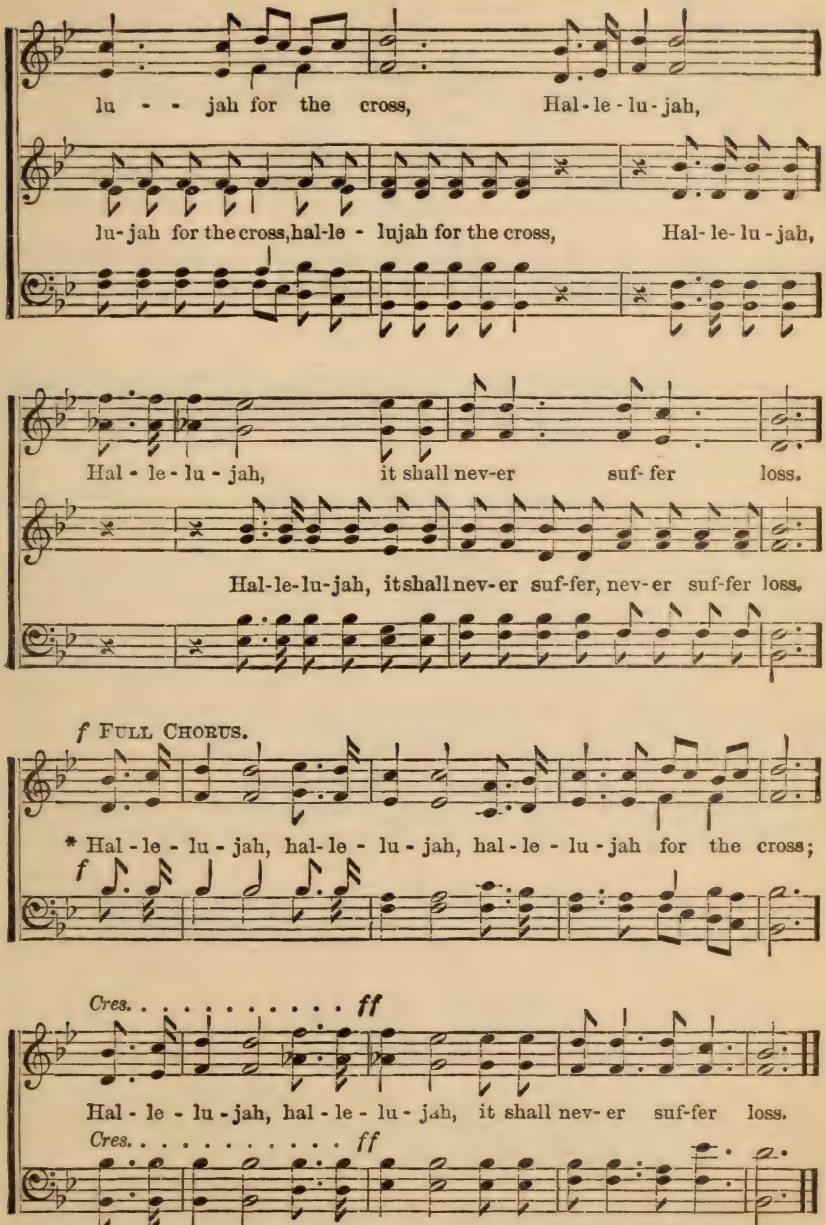
Copyright, 1893, by James McGranahan.

* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.



* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

Hallelujah!—Concluded.

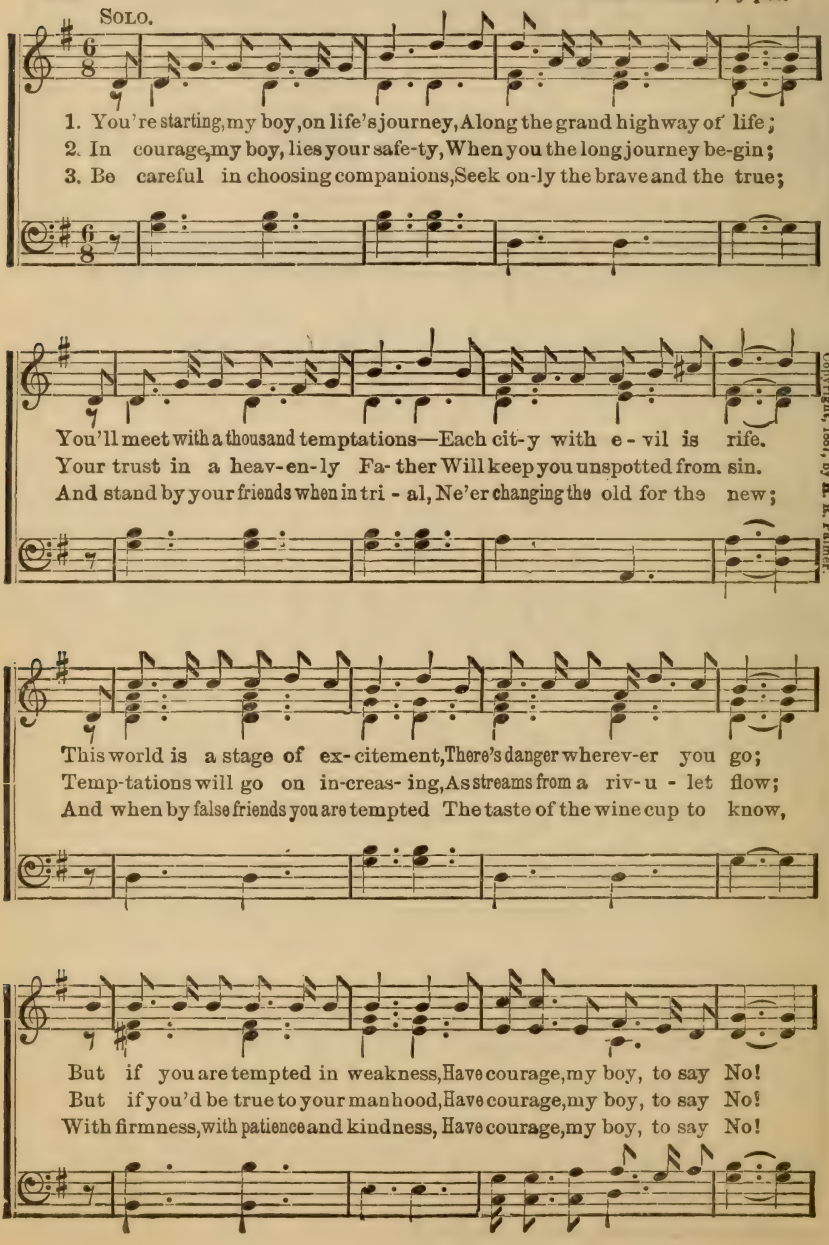

lu - - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lujah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf- fer loss.
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.
f FULL CHORUS.
* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;
f
Cres. . . . . ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.
Cres. . . . . ff

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 401. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

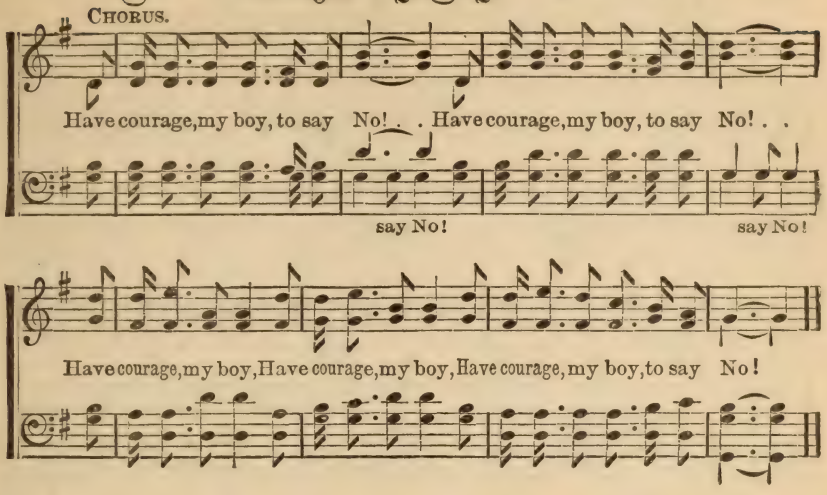
"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

P. S. H. R. PALMER, by per.


SOLO.
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you unspotted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;
This world is a stage of ex-citement, There's danger wherev-er you go;
Temp-tations will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine cup to know,
But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

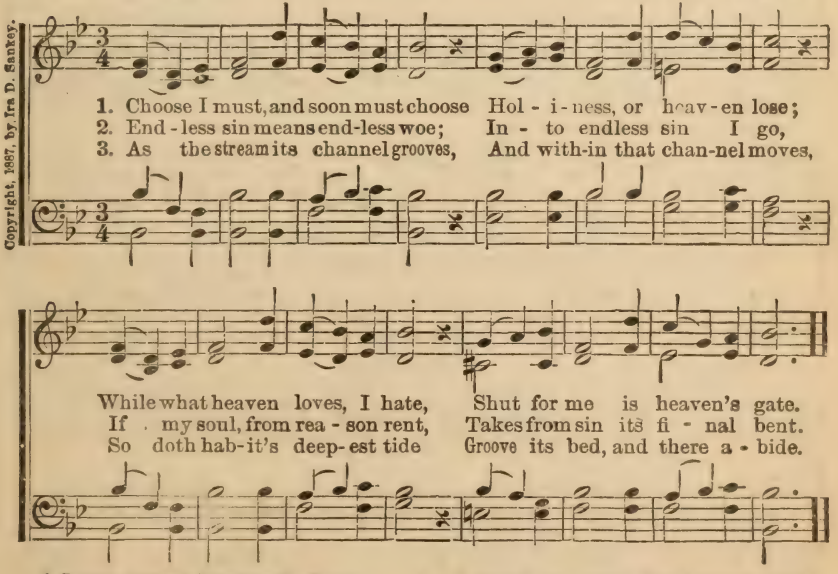
Have Courage, my Boy.—Concluded.


Chorus.
Have courage, my boy, to say No! . . Have courage, my boy, to say No! . .
say No!
say No!
Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

No. 402. God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Joseph Cook, D.D. Ira D. Sankey.


Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.
1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end-less woe; In - to endless sin I go,
3. As the stream its channel grooves, And with-in that chan-nel moves,
While what heaven loves, I hate, Shut for me is heaven's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab-it's deep-est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

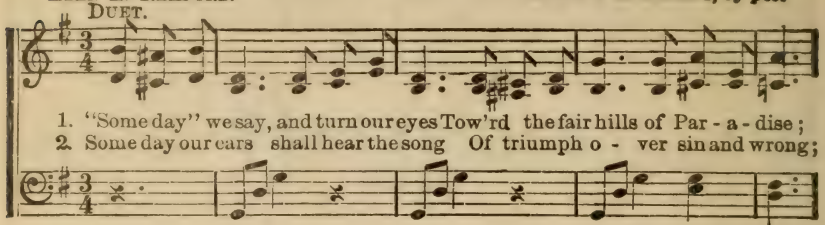
5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

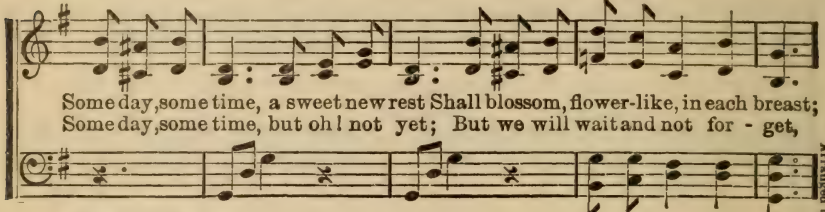
No. 403. O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

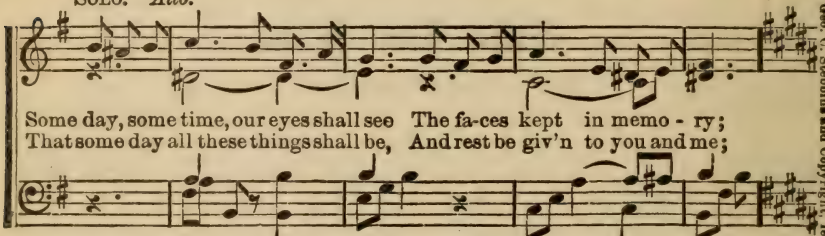
EBEN E. REXFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

DUET.

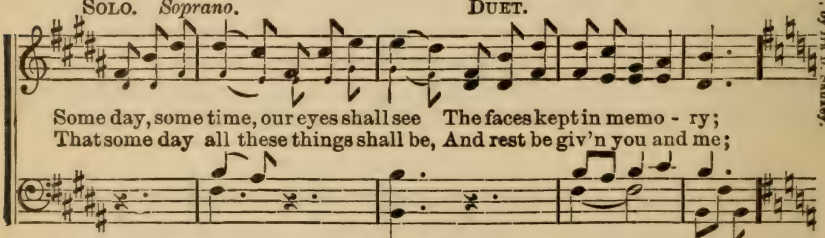

1. "Some day" we say, and turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair hills of Par - a - dise;
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong;


Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get,

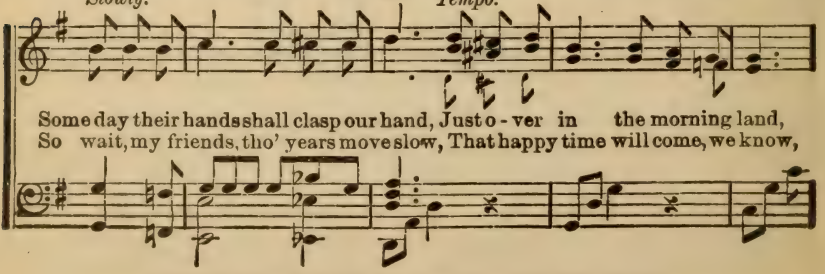
SOLO. *Alto.*


Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The fa-ces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;

SOLO. *Soprano.* DUET.


Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;

Slowly. *Tempo.*


Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land,
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,

Arranged by Geo. C. Stebbins and Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

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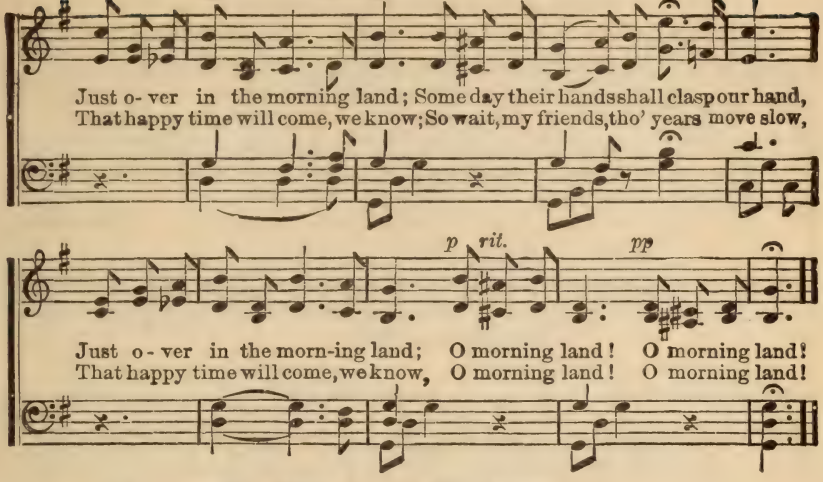
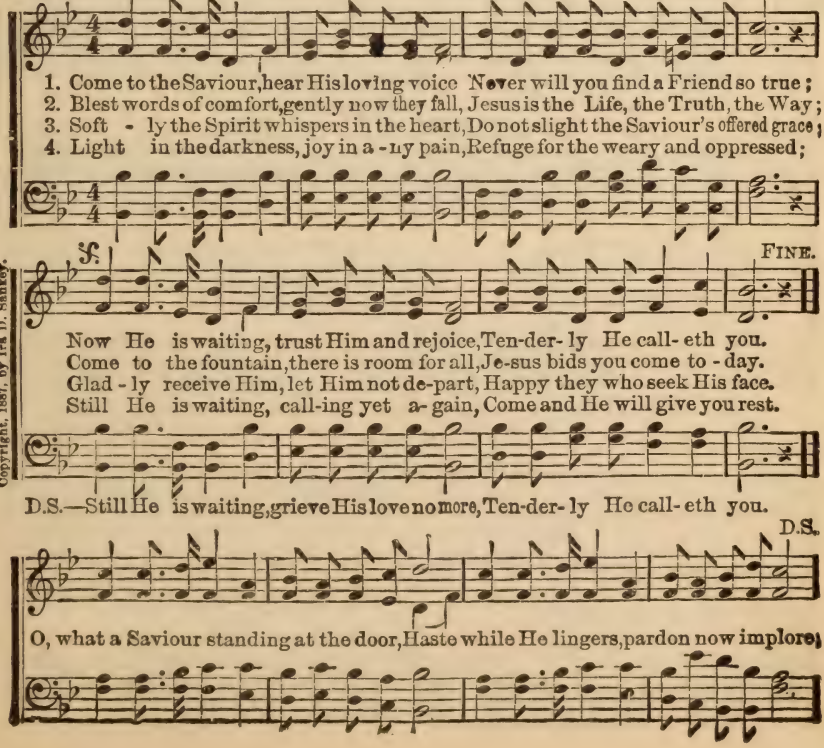
O Morning Land.—Concluded.


Just o- ver in the morning land; Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
That happy time will come, we know; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,
p
rit.
pp
Just o- ver in the morn-ing land; O morning land! O morning land!
That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

No. 404. O What a Saviour.

J. L. STERLING. "Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come to the Saviour, hear His loving voice Never will you find a Friend so true;
2. Blest words of comfort, gently now they fall, Jesus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;
3. Soft - ly the Spirit whispers in the heart, Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace;
4. Light in the darkness, joy in a - ny pain, Refuge for the weary and oppressed;
FINE.
Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice, Ten-der- ly He call- eth you.
Come to the fountain, there is room for all, Je-sus bids you come to - day.
Glad - ly receive Him, let Him not de-part, Happy they who seek His face.
Still He is waiting, call-ing yet a- gain, Come and He will give you rest.
D.S.—Still He is waiting, grieve His love no more, Ten-der- ly He call- eth you.
D.S.
O, what a Saviour standing at the door, Haste while He lingers, pardon now implore;

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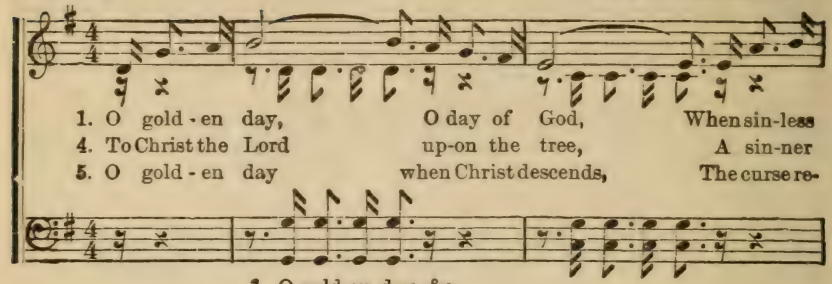
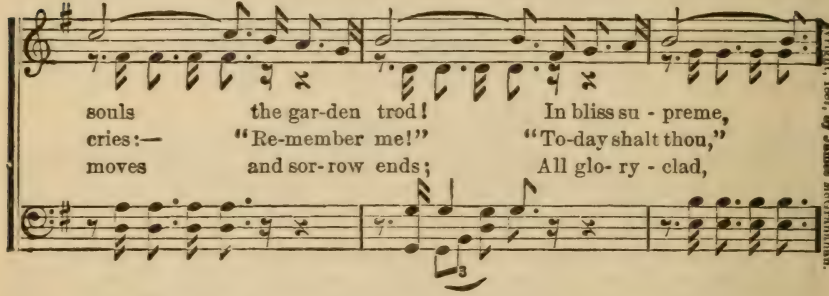
No. 405. O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

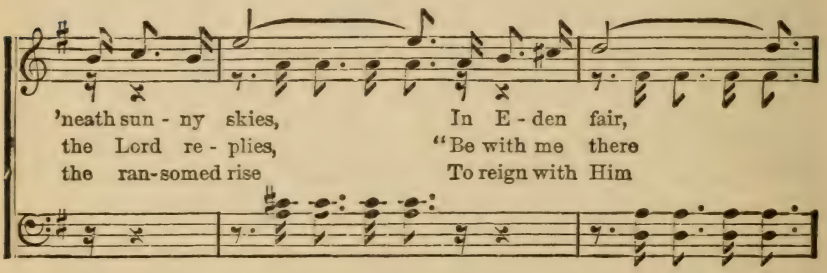
G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O gold - en day, O day of God, When sin-less
4. To Christ the Lord up-on the tree, A sin-ner
5. O gold - en day when Christ descends, The curse re-

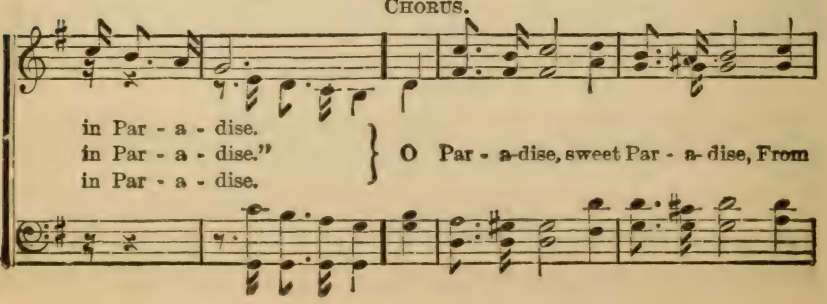
1. O gold-en day, &c.



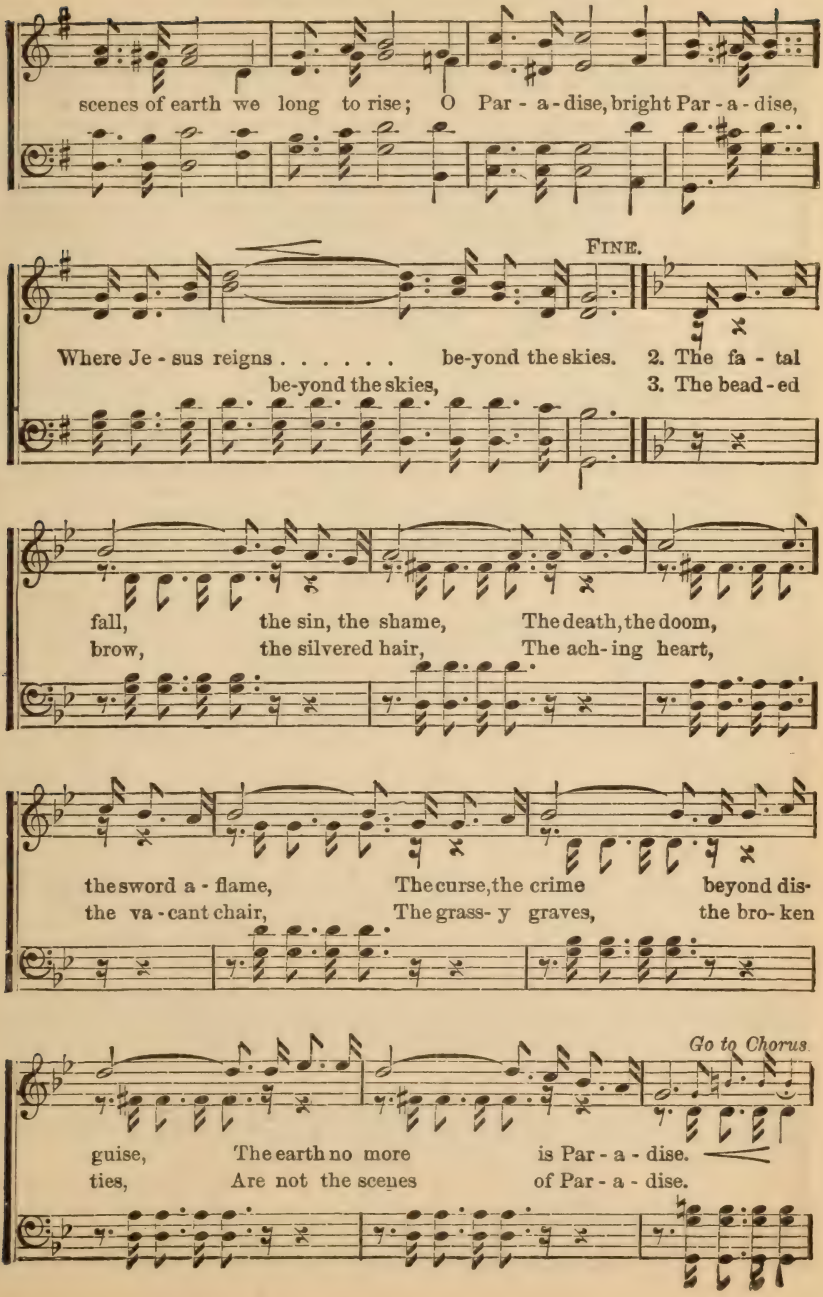
Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.



CHORUS.



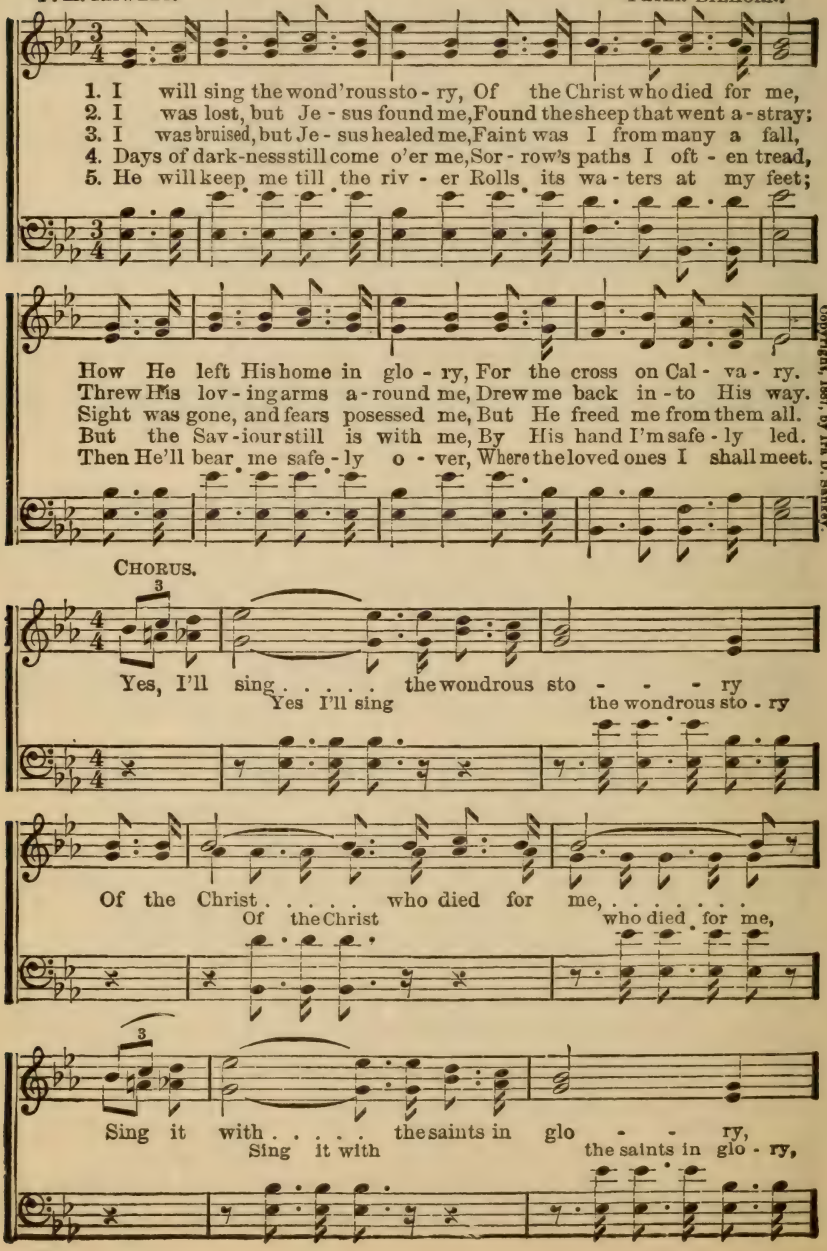
O Paradise!—Concluded.

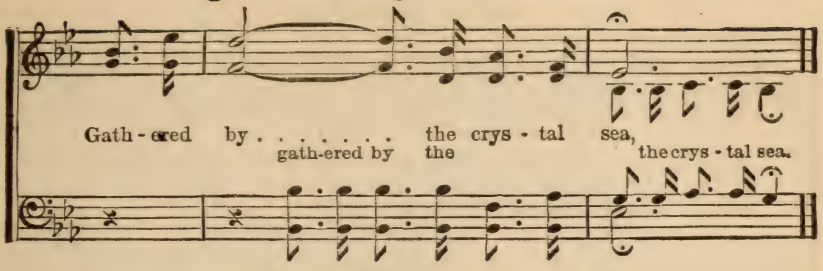

scenes of earth we long to rise; O Par - a - dise, bright Par - a - dise,
FINE.
Where Je - sus reigns . . . . . be-yond the skies. 2. The fa - tal
be-yond the skies, 3. The bead - ed
fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,
brow, the silvered hair, The ach - ing heart,
the sword a - flame, The curse, the crime beyond dis-
the va - cant chair, The grass - y graves, the bro - ken
Go to Chorus.
guise, The earth no more is Par - a - dise.
ties, Are not the scenes of Par - a - dise.

No. 406. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

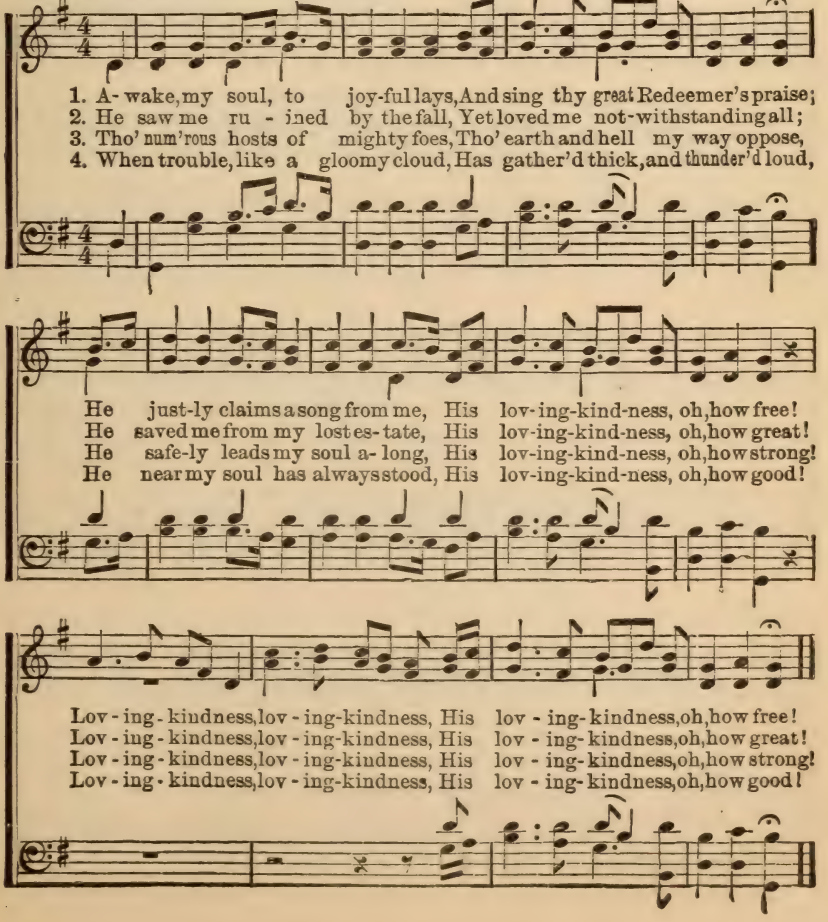
F. H. RAWLEY. PETER BILHORN.


1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears posessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll sing . . . . the wondrous sto - - - - ry
Yes I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry
Of the Christ . . . . who died for me, ...
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with . . . . the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,



No. 407. Loving Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.

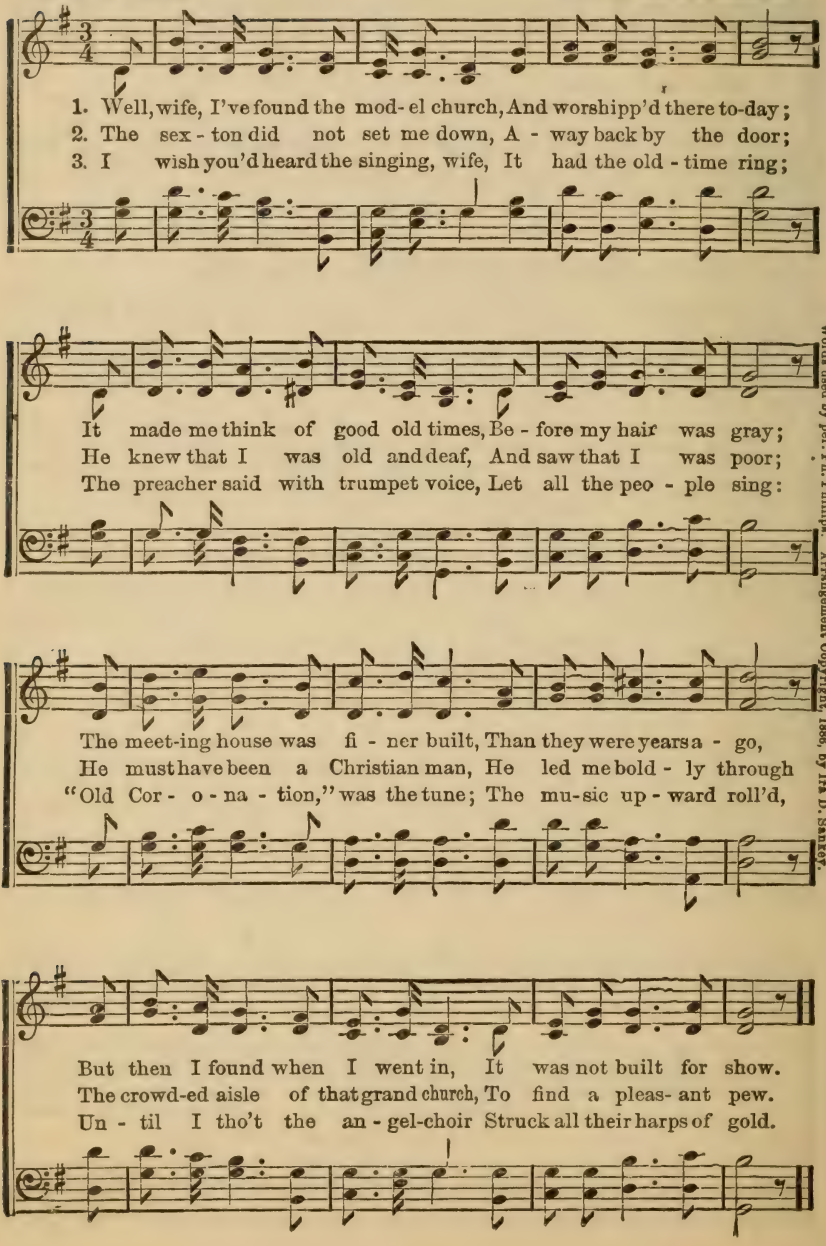

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how strong!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how good!

No. 408.

The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

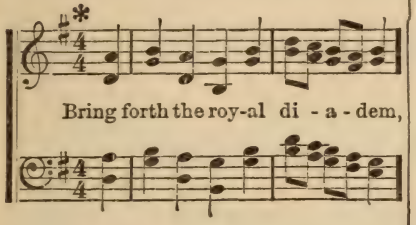

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod- el church, And worshipp'd there to-day;
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, It had the old - time ring;
It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preacher said with trumpet voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:
The meet-ing house was fi - ner built, Than they were years a - go,
He must have been a Christian man, He led me bold - ly through
"Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune; The mu-sic up - ward roll'd,
But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas- ant pew.
Un - til I tho't the an - gel-choir Struck all their harps of gold.

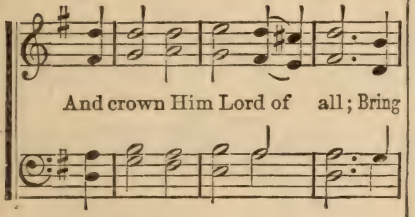
Words used by per. Ph. Phillips. Arrangement Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

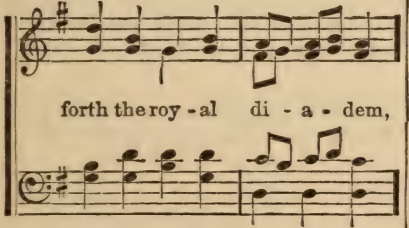
The Model Church—Concluded.

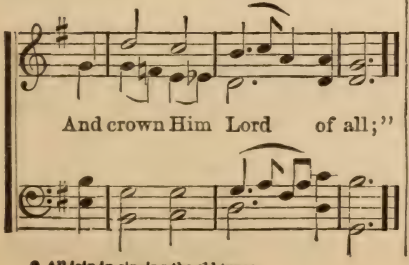
4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;









* All join in singing the old tunes.

5.

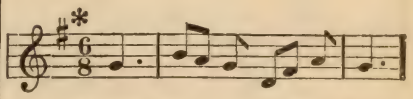
I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

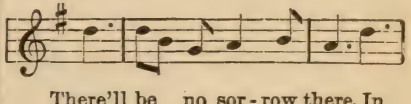
6.

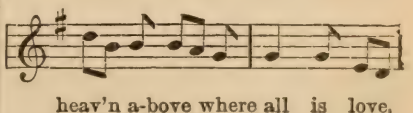
'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

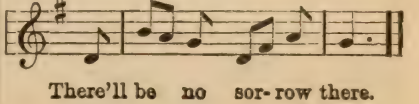
7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;





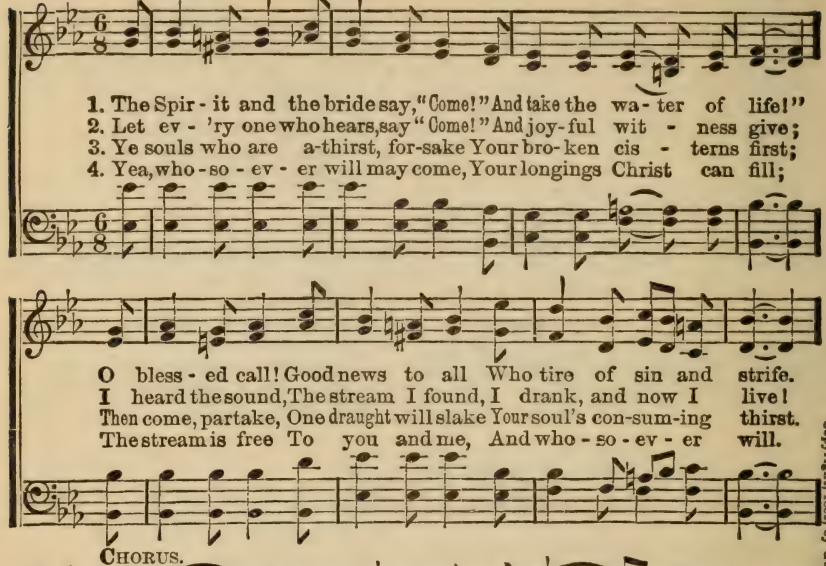




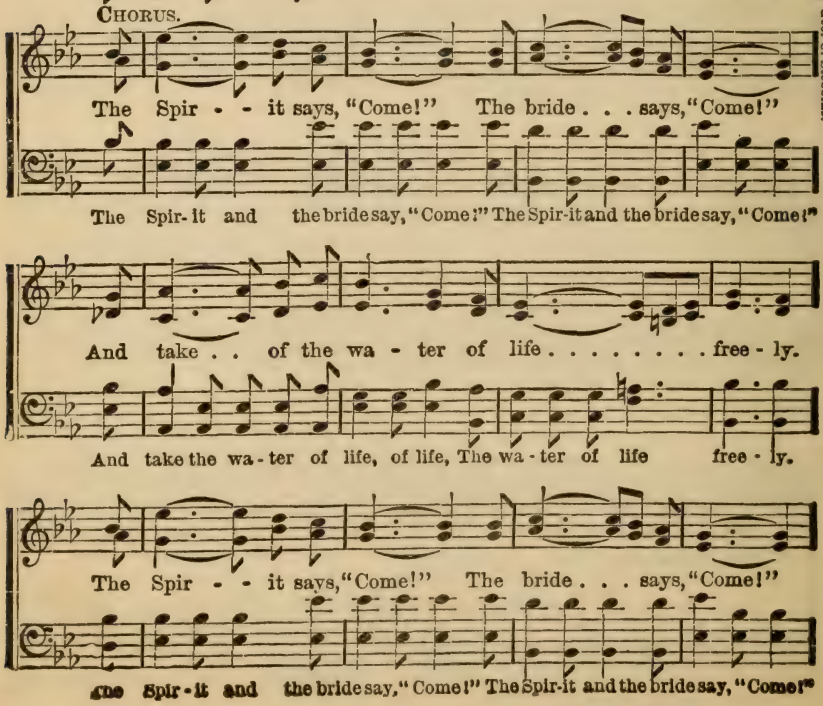
No. 409. The Gospel Call.

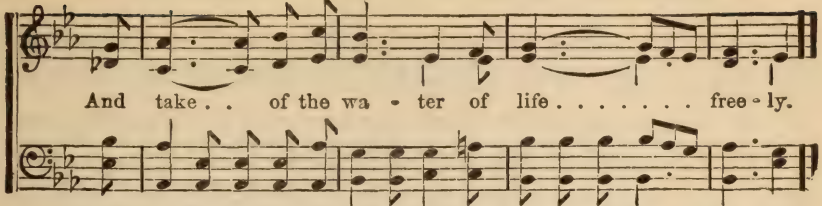
"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

Arthur T. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy-ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a-thirst, for-sake Your bro-ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your longings Christ can fill;
O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, partake, One draught will slake Your soul's con-sum-ing thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.

Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

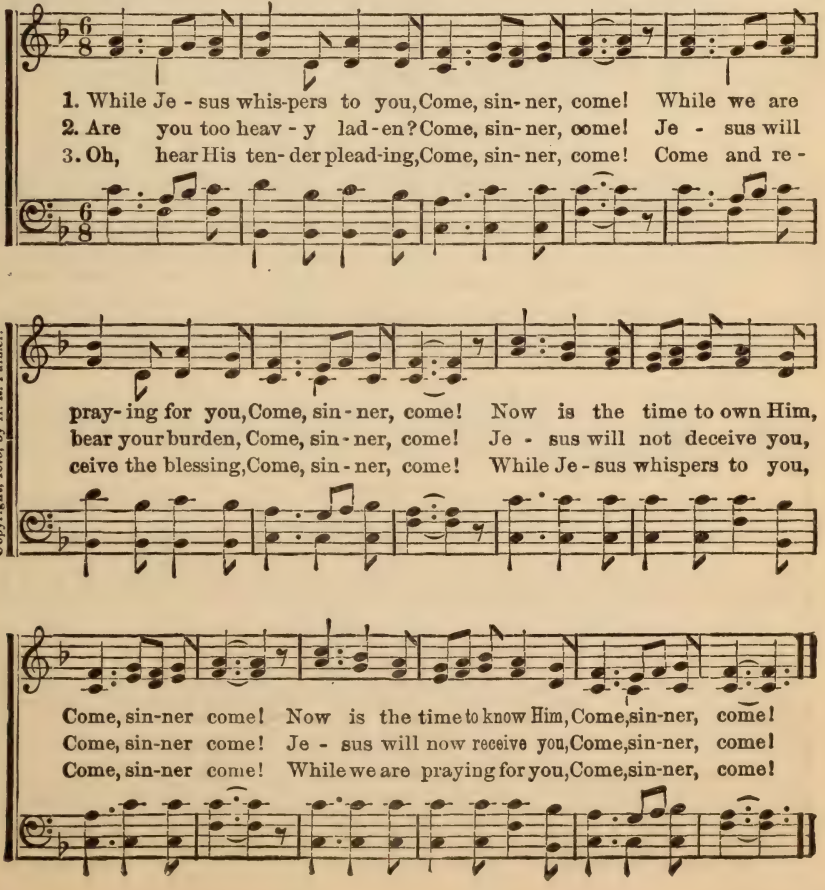

Chorus.
The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"
The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!"
And take . . of the wa - ter of life . . . . . free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.
The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"
The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!"



No. 410. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

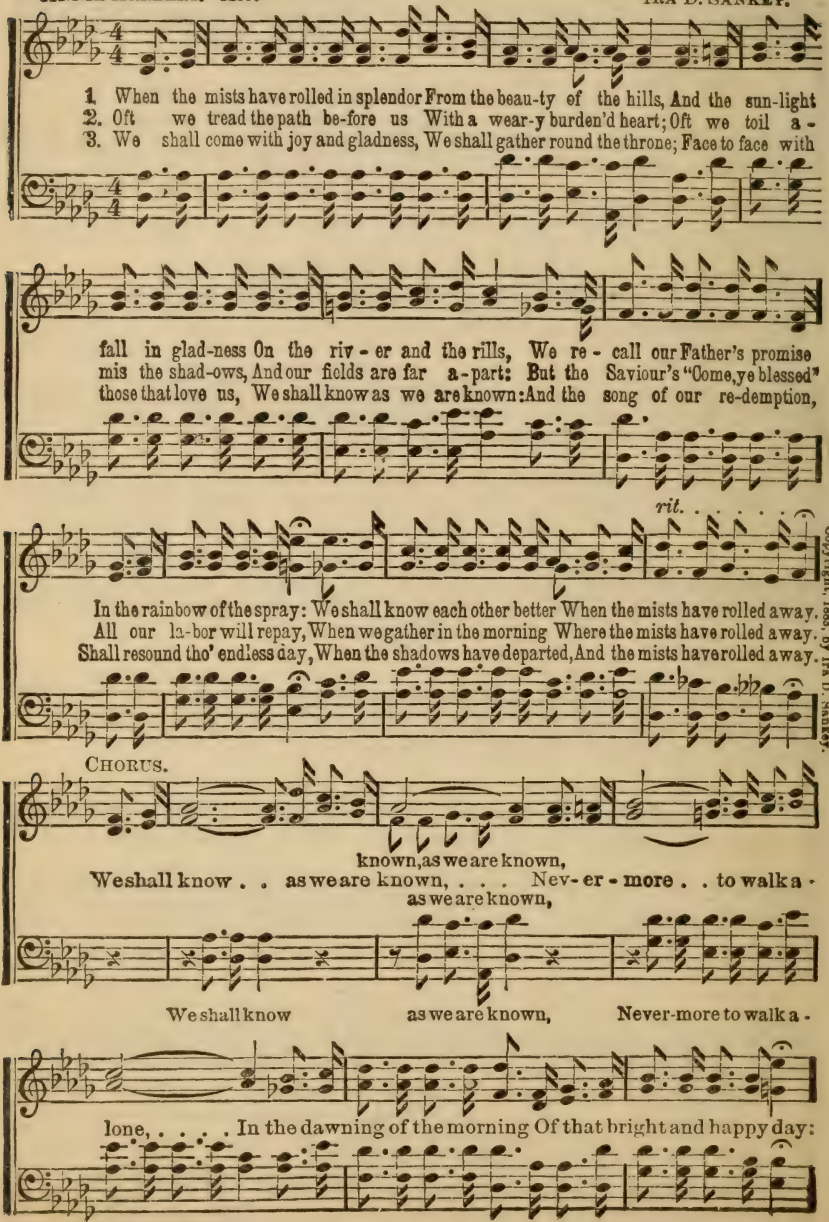

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re - ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will now receive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

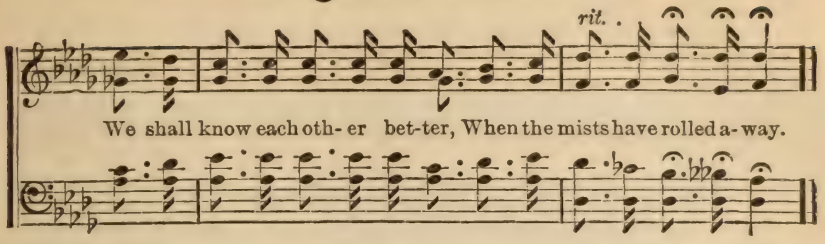
No. 411. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the sun-light
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wear-y burden'd heart; Oft we toil a-
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with
fall in glad-ness On the riv-er and the rills, We re-call our Father's promise
mis the shad-ows, And our fields are far a-part: But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed"
those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of our re-demption,
rit.
In the rainbow of the spray: We shall know each other better When the mists have rolled away.
All our la-bor will repay, When we gather in the morning Where the mists have rolled away.
Shall resound tho' endless day, When the shadows have departed, And the mists have rolled away.
CHORUS.
known, as we are known,
We shall know . . as we are known, . . . Nev-er-more . . to walk a-
as we are known,
We shall know as we are known, Never-more to walk a-
lone, ... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:
-lone, to walk a-lone.

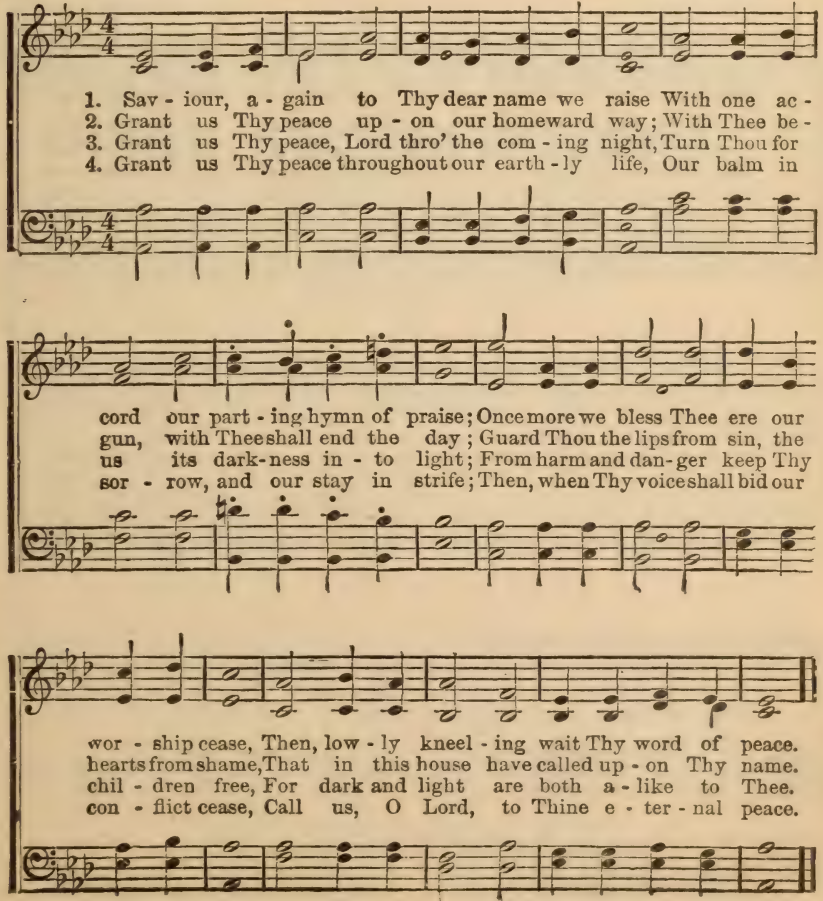
Copyright, 1883, by Ira D. Sankey.



No. 412 Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

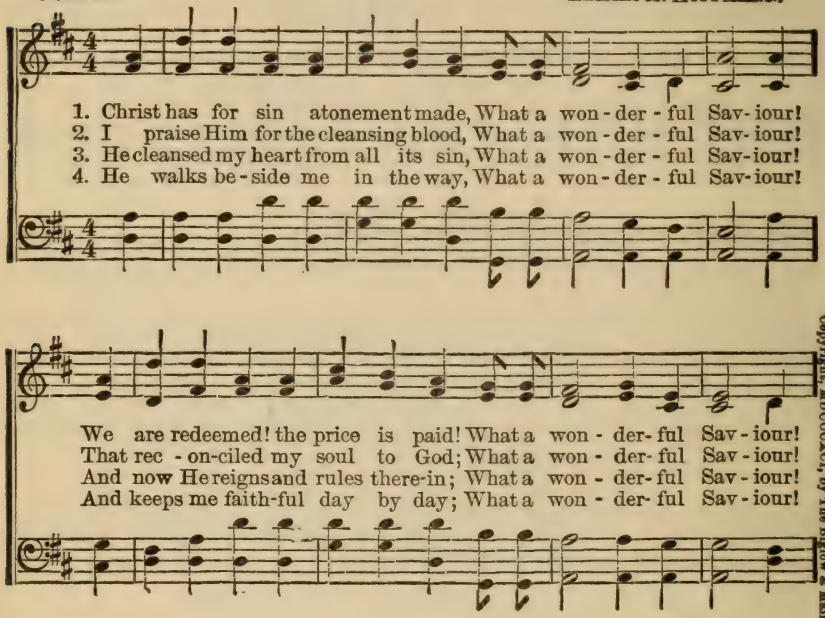
JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 413. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

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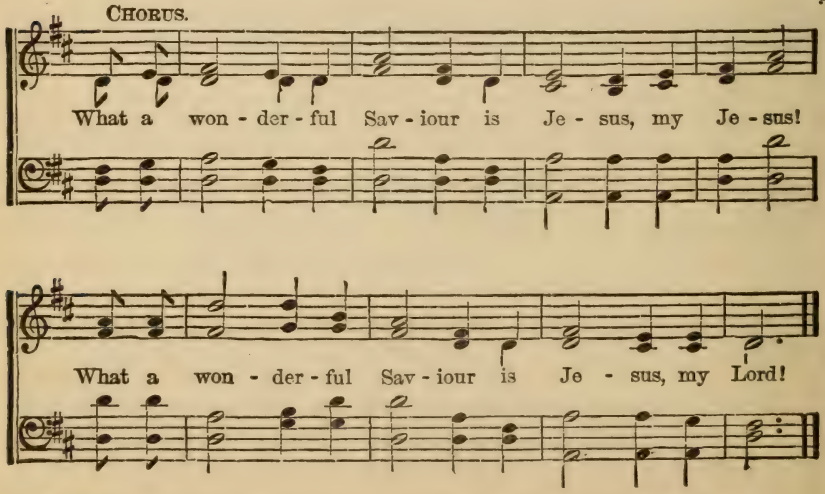


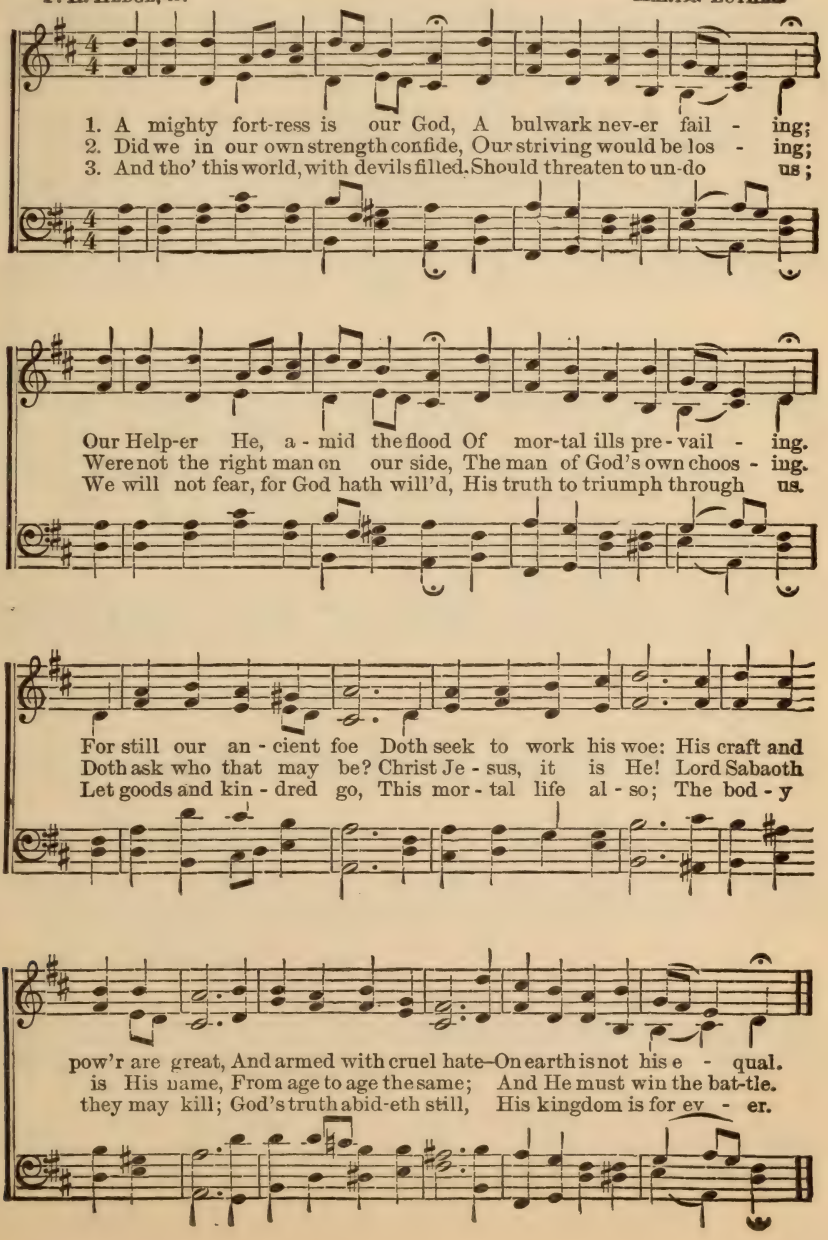
5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 414. A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 Sam. 22: 2.

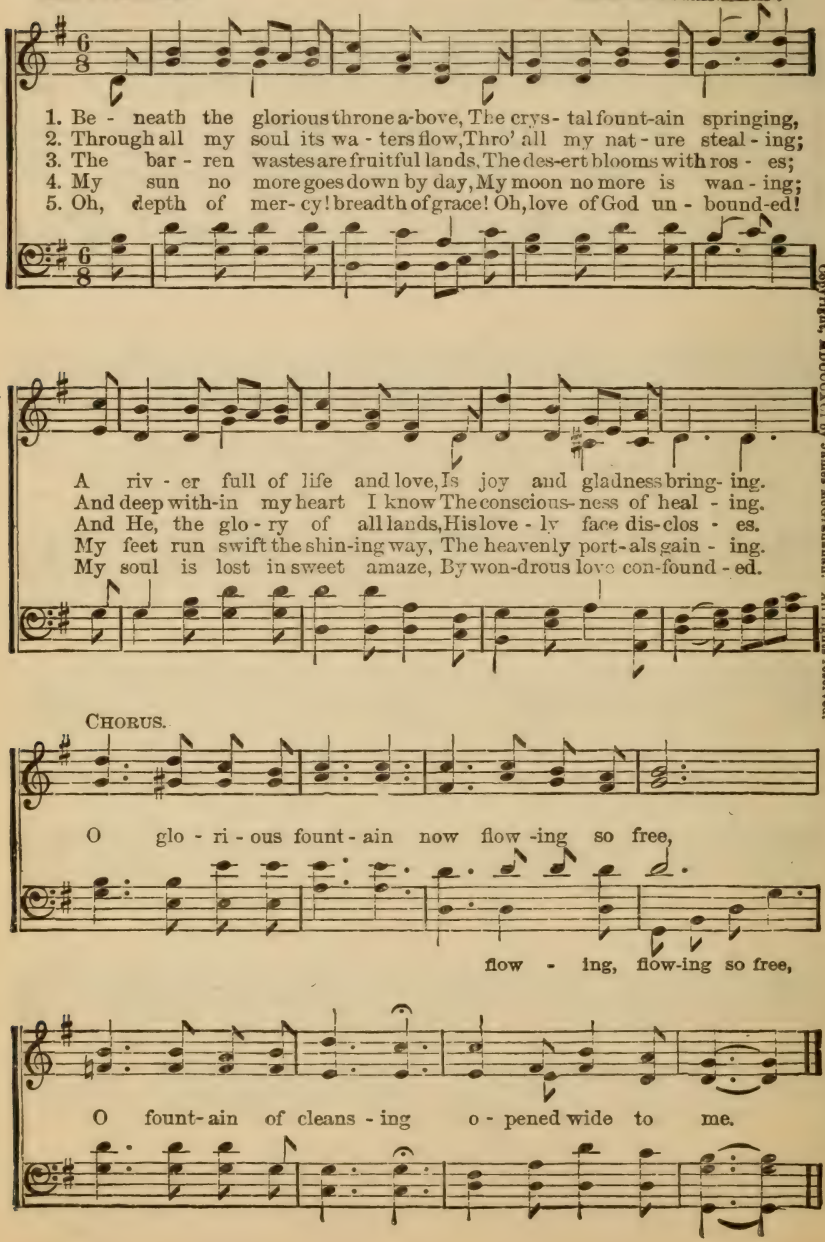
F. H. Hedge, tr. Martin Luther.


1. A mighty fort-ress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un-do us;
Our Help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd, His truth to triumph through us.
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work his woe: His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He! Lord Sabaoth
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y
pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate—On earth is not his e - qual.
is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
they may kill; God's truth abid-eth still, His kingdom is for ev - er.

No. 415. O Glorious Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZEC. 13: 1.

REV. F. BOTTOME JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Be - neath the glorious throne a-bove, The crys - tal fount-ain springing,
2. Through all my soul its wa - ters flow, Thro' all my nat - ure steal - ing;
3. The bar - ren wastes are fruitful lands, The des-ert blooms with ros - es;
4. My sun no more goes down by day, My moon no more is wan - ing;
5. Oh, depth of mer- cy! breadth of grace! Oh, love of God un - bound-ed!
A riv - er full of life and love, Is joy and gladness bring- ing.
And deep with-in my heart I know The conscious- ness of heal - ing.
And He, the glo - ry of all lands, His love - ly face dis-clos - es.
My feet run swift the shin-ing way, The heavenly port-als gain - ing.
My soul is lost in sweet amaze, By won-drous love con-found - ed.
CHORUS.
O glo - ri - ous fount - ain now flow -ing so free,
flow - ing, flow-ing so free,
O fount-ain of cleans - ing o - pened wide to me.

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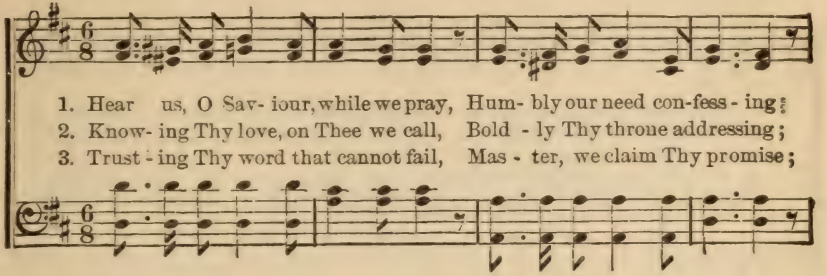
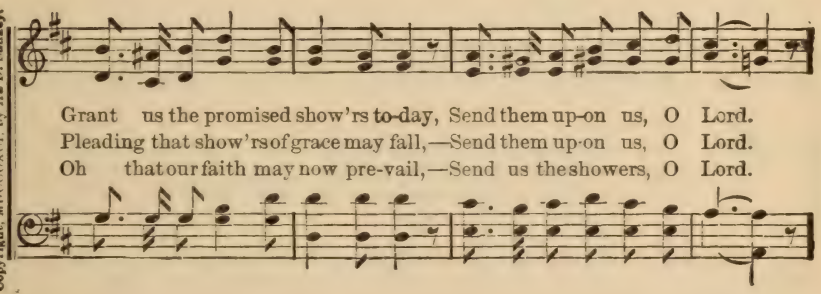
No. 416. Hear us, O Saviour.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Hear us, O Sav- iour, while we pray, Hum- bly our need con-fess - ing;
2. Know- ing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold - ly Thy throne addressing;
3. Trust - ing Thy word that cannot fail, Mas - ter, we claim Thy promise;


Grant us the promised show'rs to-day, Send them up-on us, O Lord.
Pleading that show'rs of grace may fall,—Send them up-on us, O Lord.
Oh that our faith may now pre-vail,—Send us the showers, O Lord.

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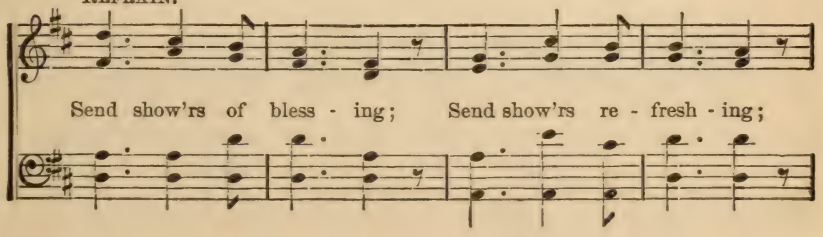
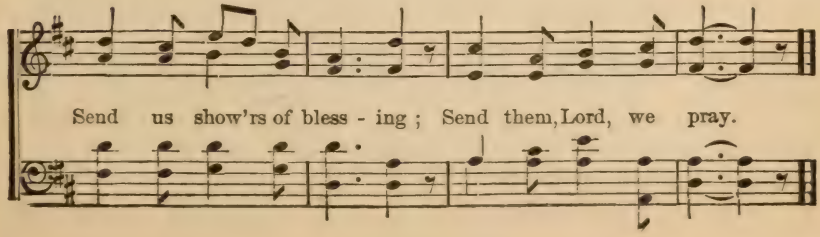
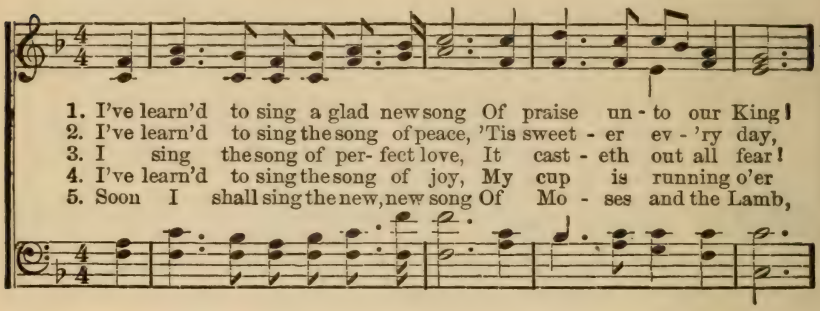


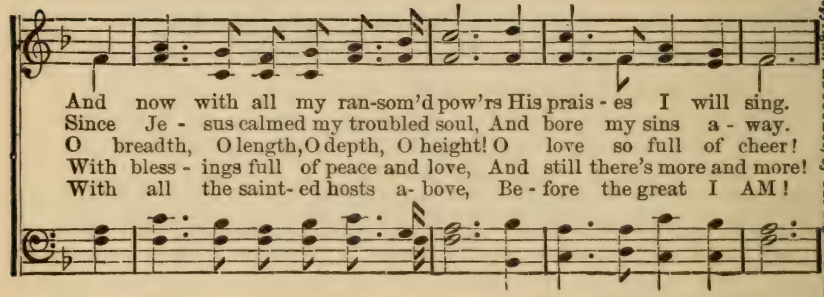


No. 417. His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord"—JUDG. 5: 3.

J. B. ATCHINSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I've learn'd to sing a glad new song Of praise un - to our King!
2. I've learn'd to sing the song of peace, 'Tis sweet - er ev - 'ry day,
3. I sing the song of per- fect love, It cast - eth out all fear!
4. I've learn'd to sing the song of joy, My cup is running o'er
5. Soon I shall sing the new, new song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb,


And now with all my ran-som'd pow'rs His prais - es I will sing.
Since Je - sus calmed my troubled soul, And bore my sins a - way.
O breadth, O length, O depth, O height! O love so full of cheer!
With bless - ings full of peace and love, And still there's more and more!
With all the saint- ed hosts a- bove, Be - fore the great I AM!

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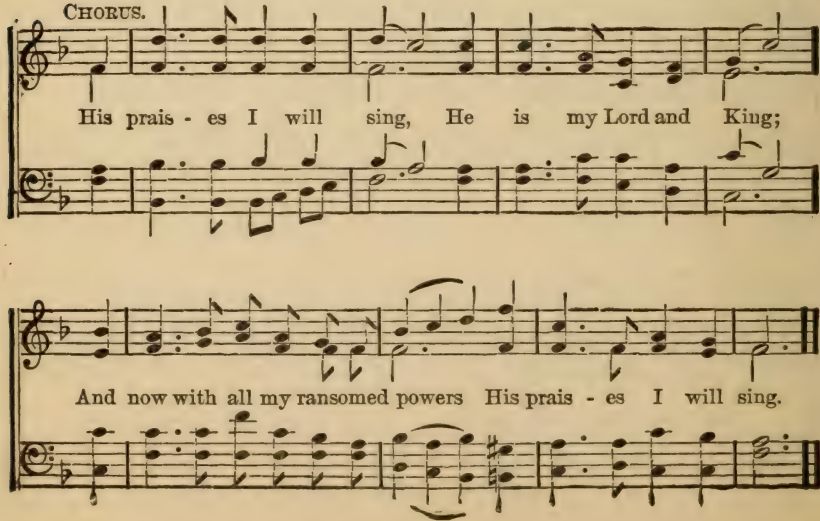
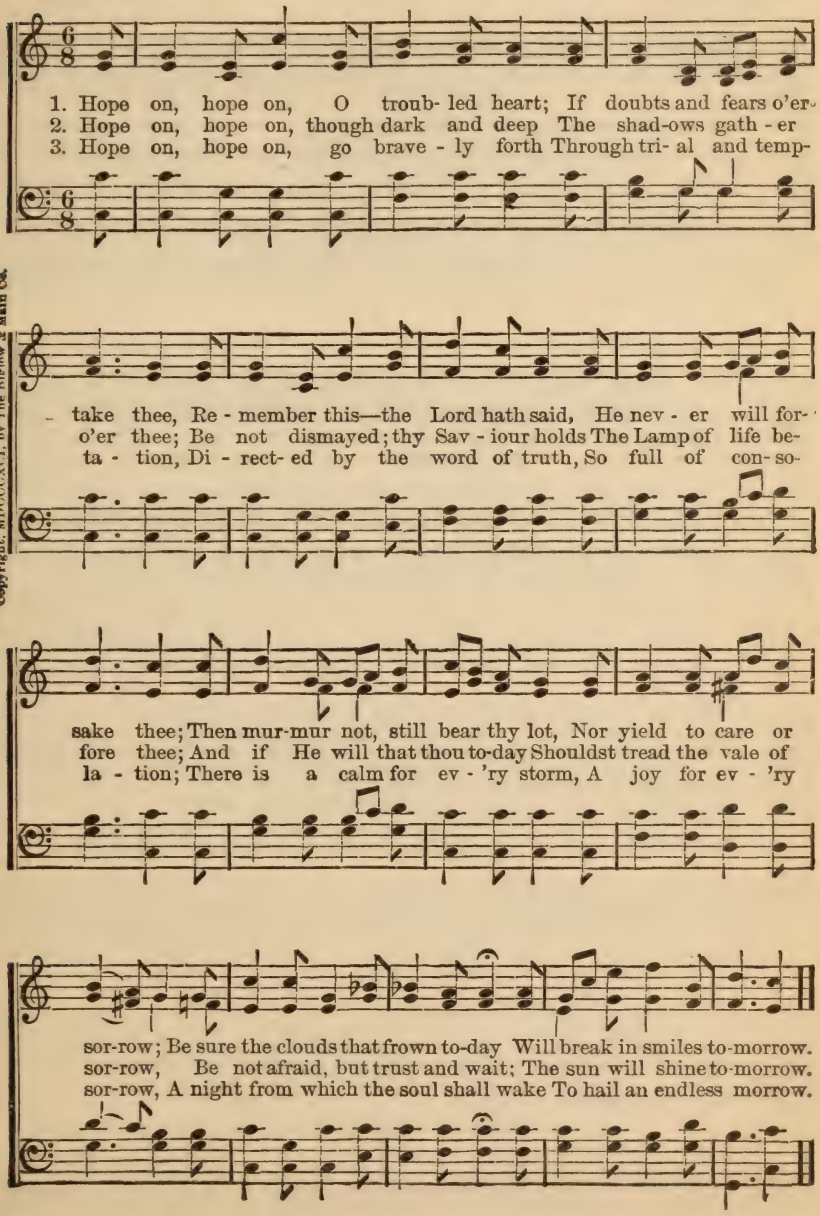


No. 418. Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE. J. H. BURKE.


1. Hope on, hope on, O troub- led heart; If doubts and fears o'er-
2. Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep The shad-ows gath - er
3. Hope on, hope on, go brave - ly forth Through tri- al and temp-
- take thee, Re - member this—the Lord hath said, He nev - er will for-
o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy Sav - iour holds The Lamp of life be-
ta - tion, Di - rect- ed by the word of truth, So full of con- so-
sake thee; Then mur-mur not, still bear thy lot, Nor yield to care or
fore thee; And if He will that thou to-day Shouldst tread the vale of
la - tion; There is a calm for ev - 'ry storm, A joy for ev - 'ry
sor-row; Be sure the clouds that frown to-day Will break in smiles to-morrow.
sor-row, Be not afraid, but trust and wait; The sun will shine to-morrow.
sor-row, A night from which the soul shall wake To hail an endless morrow.

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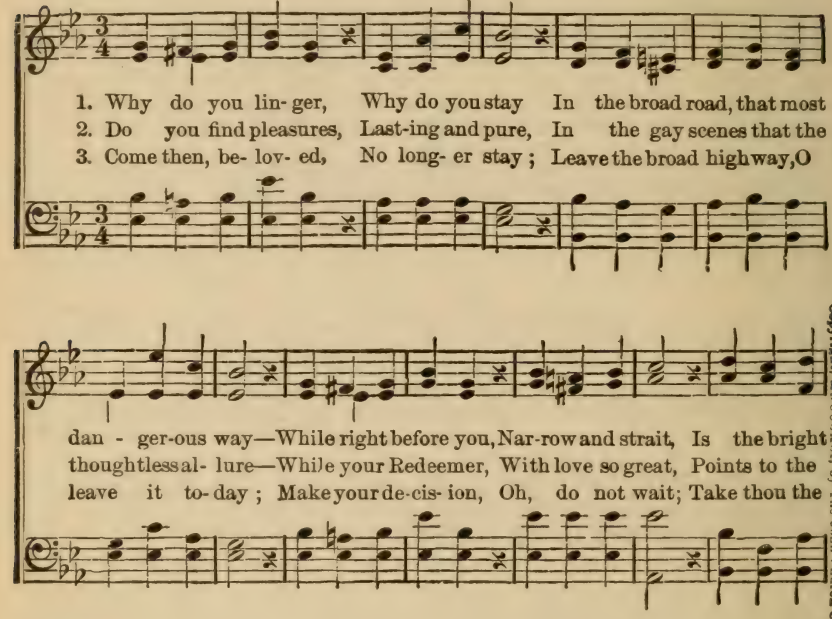
No. 419. Narrow and Strait.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way."—MATT. 7: 14.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you lin- ger, Why do you stay In the broad road, that most
2. Do you find pleasures, Last-ing and pure, In the gay scenes that the
3. Come then, be- lov- ed, No long- er stay; Leave the broad highway, O
dan - ger-ous way—While right before you, Nar-row and strait, Is the bright
thoughtless al- lure—While your Redeemer, With love so great, Points to the
leave it to- day; Make your de-cis- ion, Oh, do not wait; Take thou the
REFRAIN.
path-way to heav'n's pearly gate?
way that is nar- row and strait?
path-way so nar- row and strait.
Nar-row and strait, ...
Narrow and strait,
Narrow and strait, ...
Narrow and strait, Is the bright pathway to heav'n's pearly gate.

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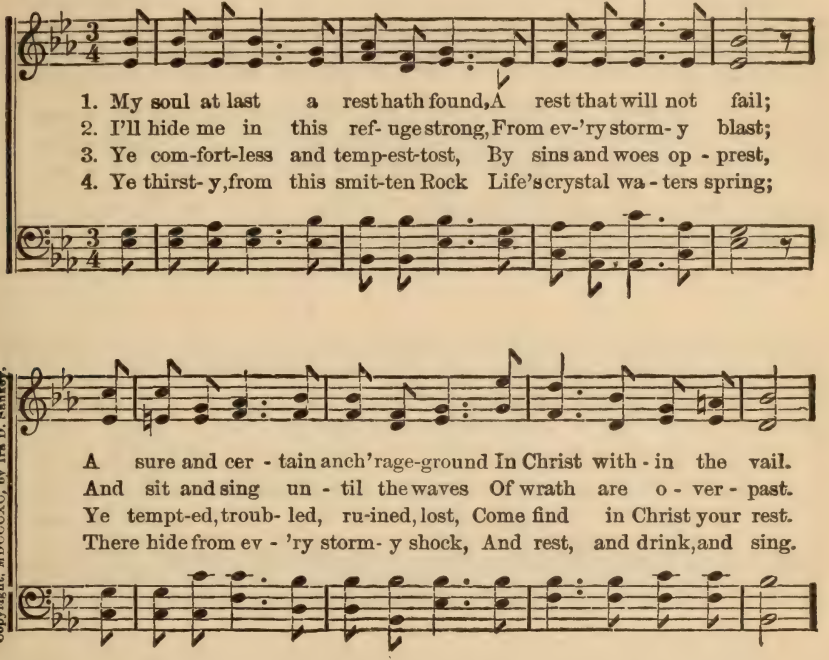
No. 420. O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.


1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I'll hide me in this ref- uge strong, From ev-'ry storm- y blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and temp-est-tost, By sins and woes op - prest,
4. Ye thirst- y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crystal wa - ters spring;
A sure and cer - tain anch'rage-ground In Christ with - in the vail.
And sit and sing un - til the waves Of wrath are o - ver - past.
Ye tempt-ed, troub- led, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev - 'ry storm- y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

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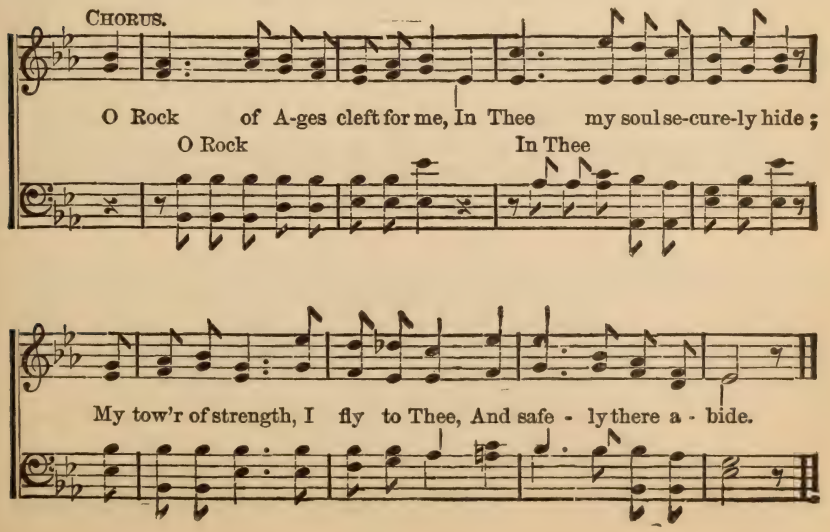
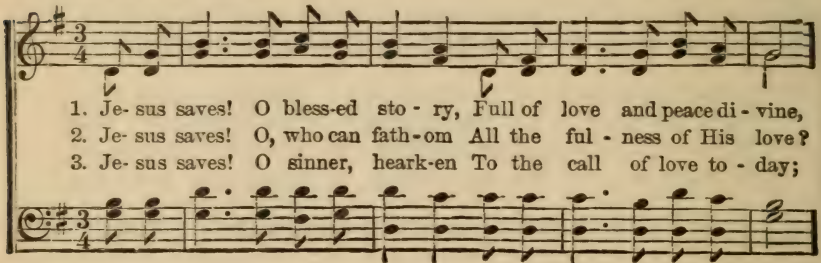
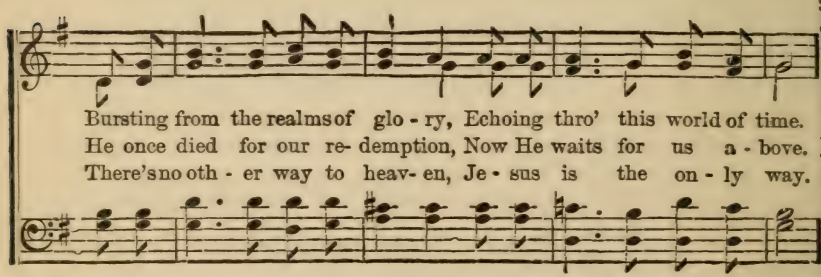

Chorus.
O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;
O Rock
In Thee
My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

No. 421. Jesus Saves! O Blessed Story.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. 7: 25.

Claudia May Febrin. J. R. Murray.


1. Je- sus saves! O bless-ed sto - ry, Full of love and peace di - vine,
2. Je- sus saves! O, who can fath-om All the ful - ness of His love?
3. Je- sus saves! O sinner, heark-en To the call of love to - day;


Bursting from the realms of glo - ry, Echoing thro' this world of time.
He once died for our re- demption, Now He waits for us a - bove.
There's no oth - er way to heav- en, Je - sus is the on - ly way.

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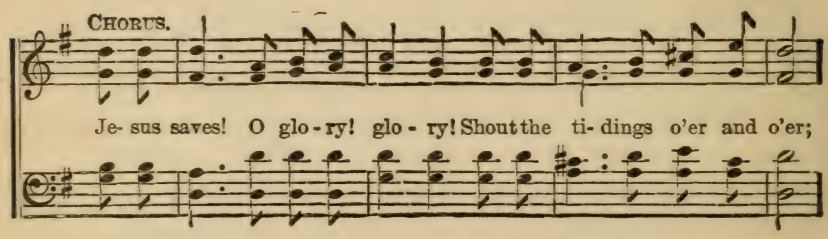
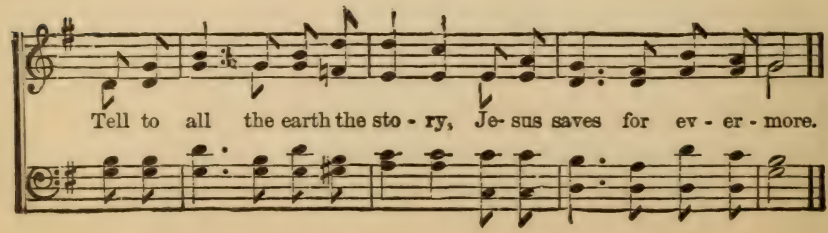


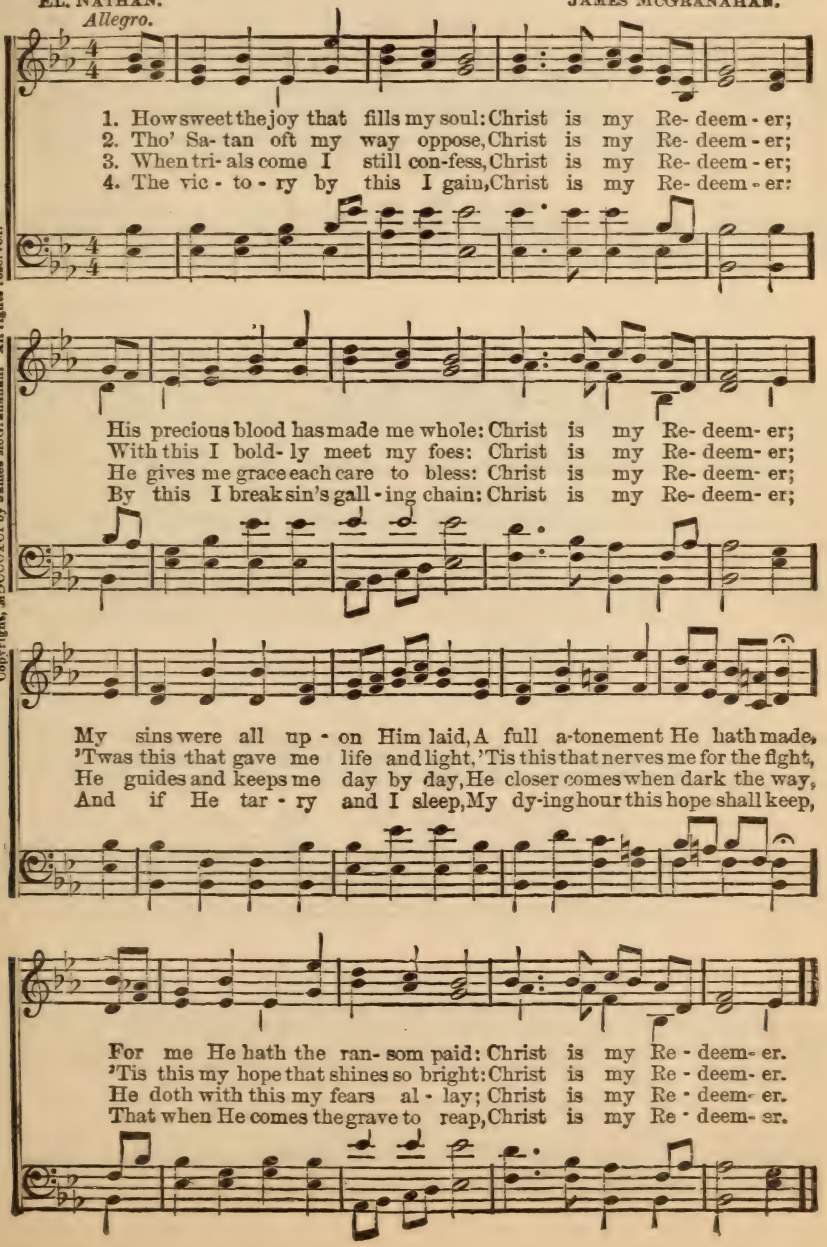


No. 422. Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—ISA. 49: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.


1. How sweet the joy that fills my soul: Christ is my Re- deem - er;
2. Tho' Sa- tan oft my way oppose, Christ is my Re- deem - er;
3. When tri- als come I still con-fess, Christ is my Re- deem - er;
4. The vic - to - ry by this I gain, Christ is my Re- deem - er:
His precious blood has made me whole: Christ is my Re- deem- er;
With this I bold- ly meet my foes: Christ is my Re- deem- er;
He gives me grace each care to bless: Christ is my Re- deem- er;
By this I break sin's gall - ing chain: Christ is my Re- deem- er;
My sins were all up - on Him laid, A full a-tonement He hath made,
'Twas this that gave me life and light, 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
He guides and keeps me day by day, He closer comes when dark the way,
And if He tar - ry and I sleep, My dy-ing hour this hope shall keep,
For me He hath the ran- som paid: Christ is my Re - deem- er.
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright: Christ is my Re - deem- er.
He doth with this my fears al - lay; Christ is my Re - deem- er.
That when He comes the grave to reap, Christ is my Re - deem- er.

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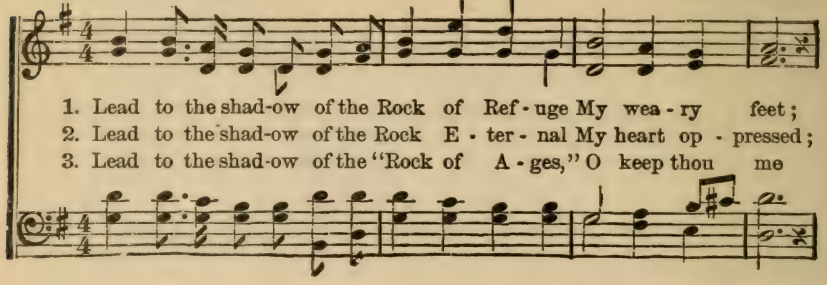
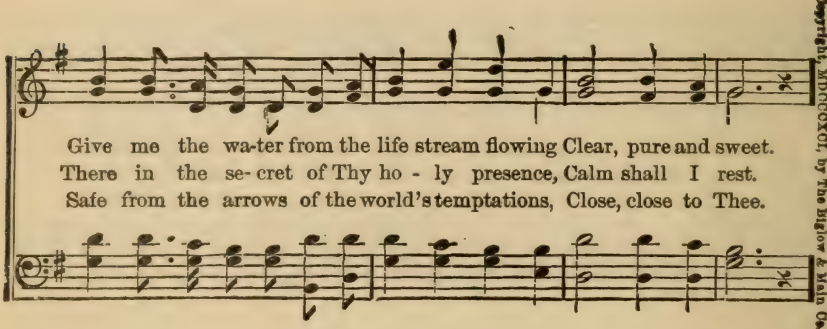
No. 423. The Shadow of the Rock.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—ISA. 32: 2.

F. J CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock of Ref-uge My wea-ry feet;
2. Lead to the shad-ow of the Rock E-ter-nal My heart op-pressed;
3. Lead to the shad-ow of the "Rock of A-ges," O keep thou me


Give me the wa-ter from the life stream flowing Clear, pure and sweet.
There in the se-cret of Thy ho-ly presence, Calm shall I rest.
Safe from the arrows of the world's temptations, Close, close to Thee.

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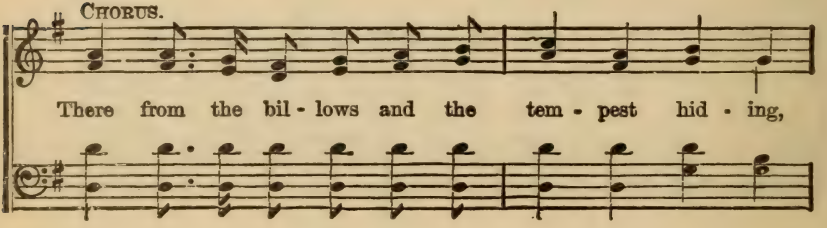
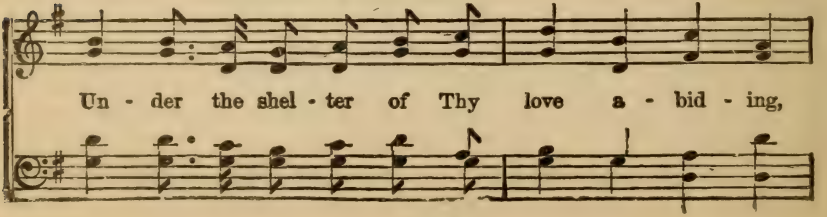
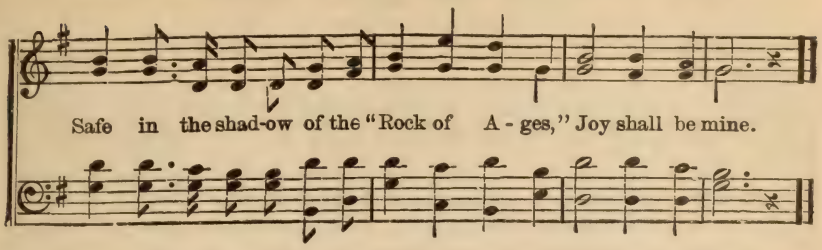




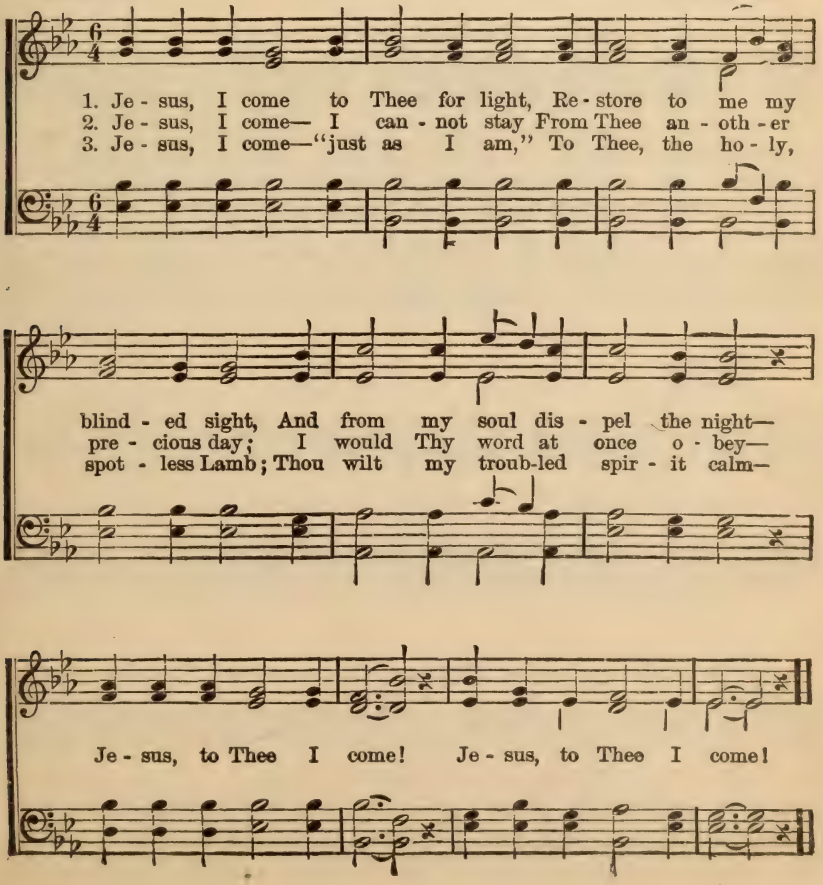


No. 424

To Thee I Come.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

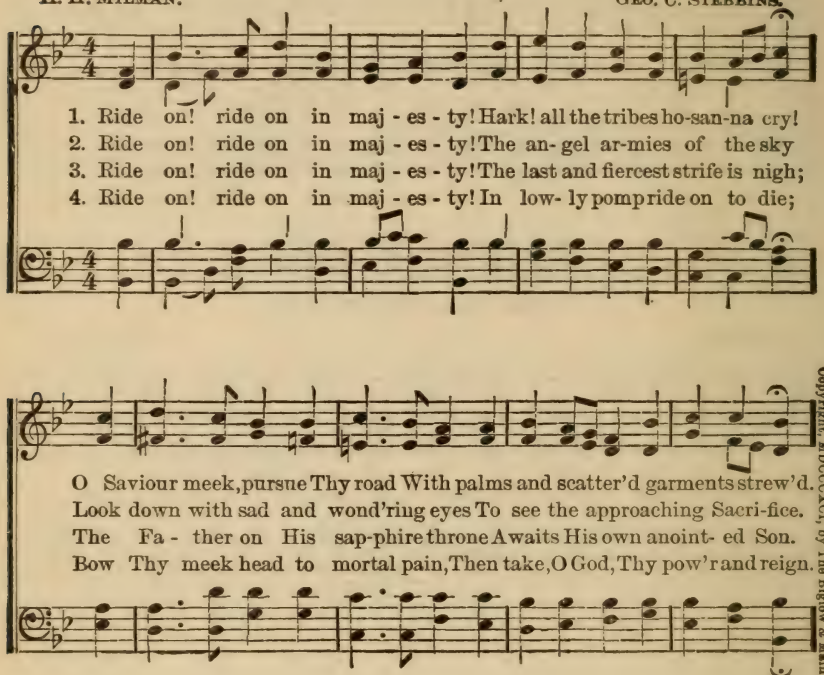
Words arr. J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for light, Re - store to me my
2. Je - sus, I come— I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er
3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly,
blind - ed sight, And from my soul dis - pel the night—
pre - cious day; I would Thy word at once o - bey—
spot - less Lamb; Thou wilt my troub-led spir - it calm—
Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!

No. 425. Ride on in Majesty.

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry!
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an- gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low- ly pomp ride on to die;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approaching Sacri-fice.
The Fa - ther on His sap-phire throne Awaits His own anoint- ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

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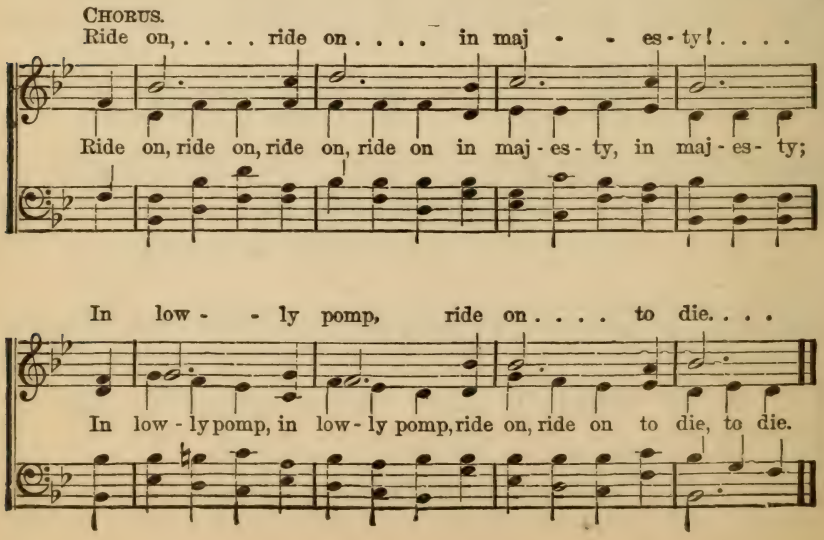
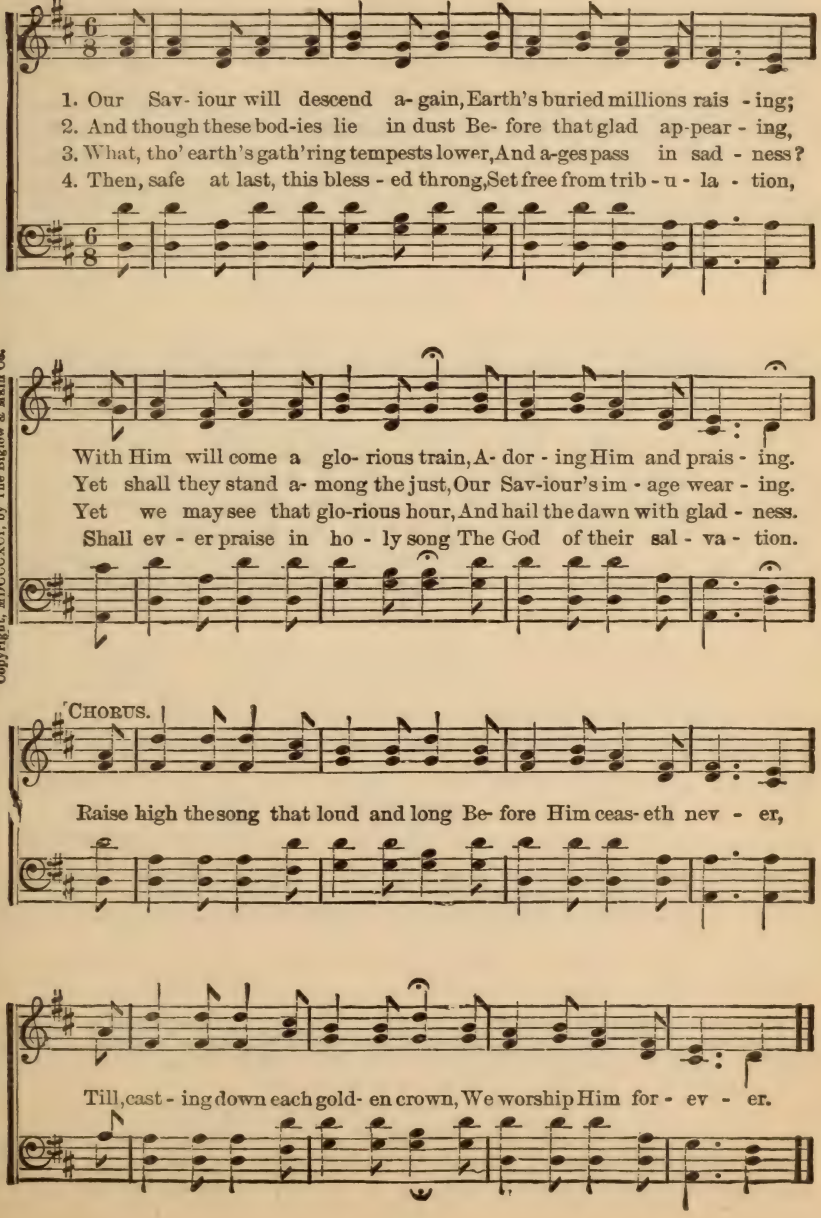

CHORUS.
Ride on, ... ride on . . . . in maj - - es - ty! . . . .
Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;
In low - - ly pomp, ride on . . . . to die. . . .
In low - ly pomp, in low - ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

No. 426. Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE. J. J. LOWE.


1. Our Sav- iour will descend a- gain, Earth's buried millions rais - ing;
2. And though these bod-ies lie in dust Be- fore that glad ap-pear - ing,
3. What, tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sad - ness?
4. Then, safe at last, this bless - ed throng, Set free from trib - u - la - tion,
With Him will come a glo- rious train, A- dor - ing Him and prais - ing.
Yet shall they stand a- mong the just, Our Sav-iour's im - age wear - ing.
Yet we may see that glo-rious hour, And hail the dawn with glad - ness.
Shall ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.
CHORUS.
Raise high the song that loud and long Be- fore Him ceas- eth nev - er,
Till, cast - ing down each gold- en crown, We worship Him for - ev - er.

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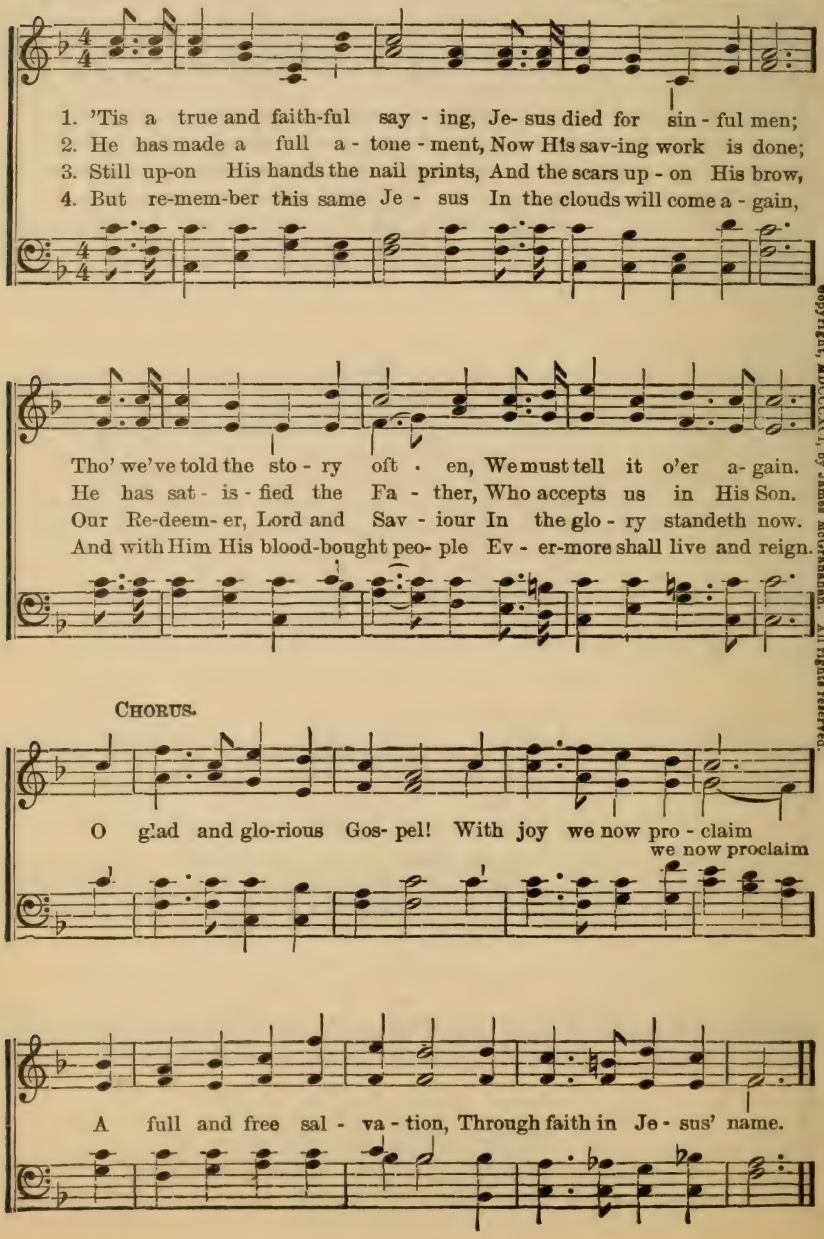
No. 427. O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—JNO. 3: 16.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. 'Tis a true and faith-ful say - ing, Je- sus died for sin - ful men;
2. He has made a full a - tone - ment, Now His sav-ing work is done;
3. Still up-on His hands the nail prints, And the scars up - on His brow,
4. But re-mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,
Tho' we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a- gain.
He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who accepts us in His Son.
Our Re-deem- er, Lord and Sav - iour In the glo - ry standeth now.
And with Him His blood-bought peo- ple Ev - er-more shall live and reign.
CHORUS.
O glad and glo-rious Gos- pel! With joy we now pro - claim
we now proclaim
A full and free sal - va - tion, Through faith in Je - sus' name.

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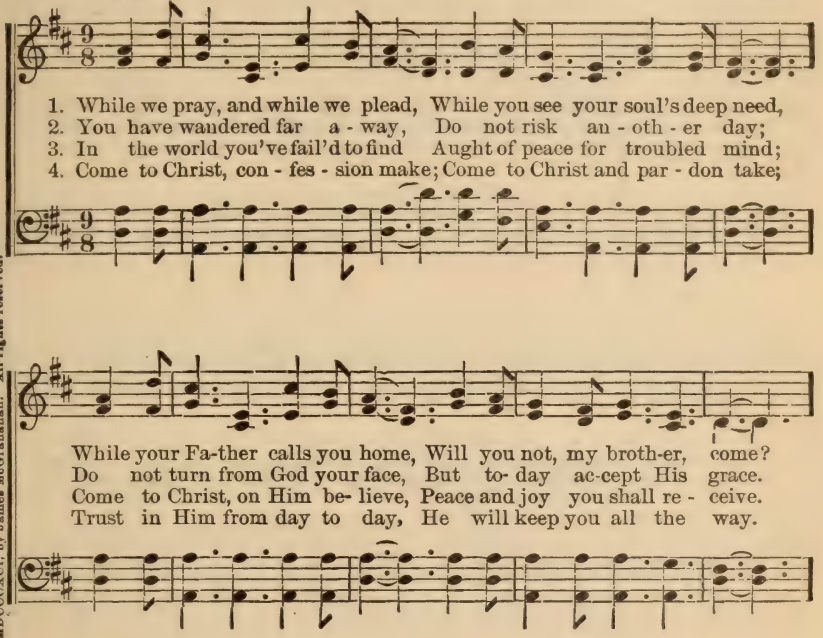
No. 428. Why Not Now?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way, Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to- day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be- lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

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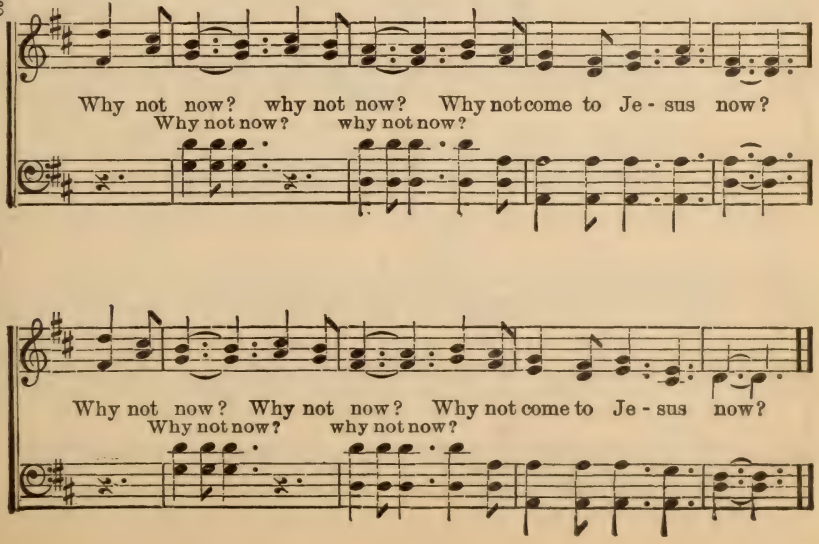
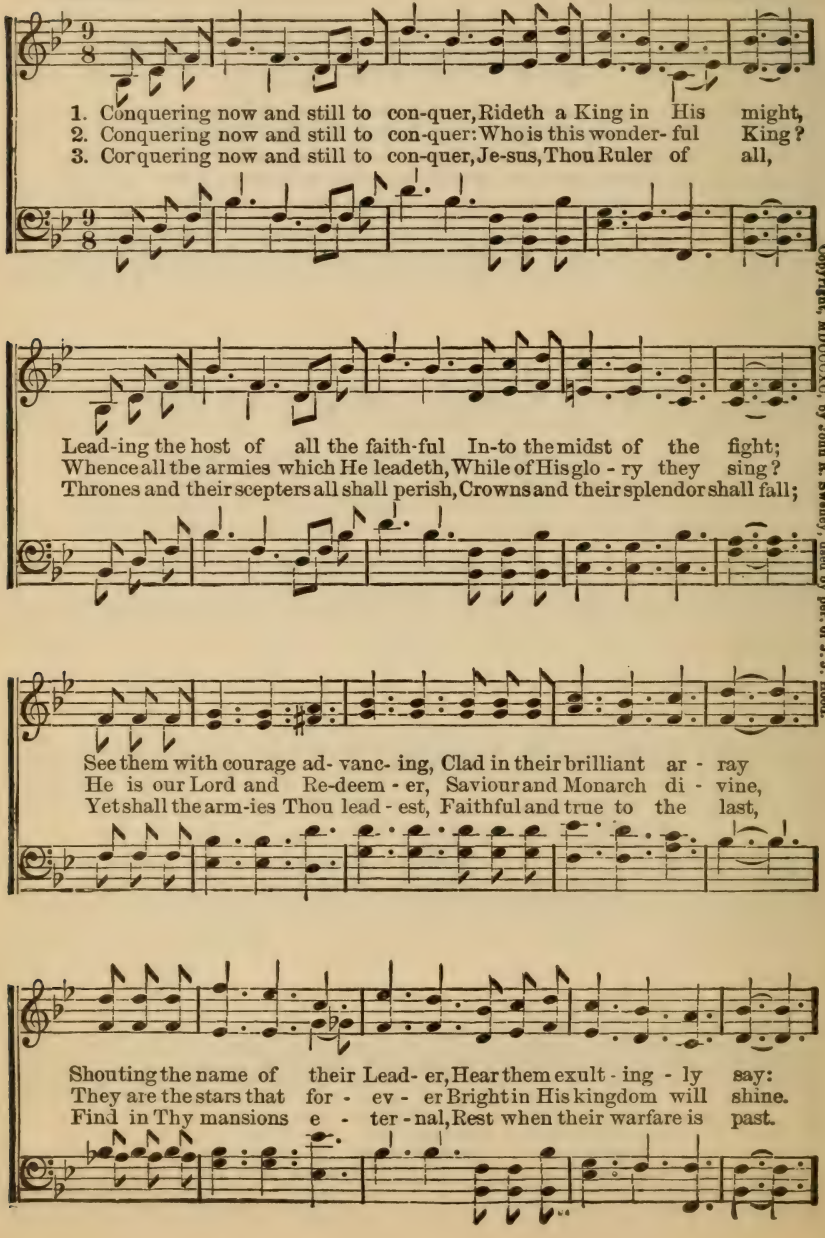
CHORUS.


Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?
Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 429. Victory Through Grace.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev 6: 2.

S. Martin. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer: Who is this wonder- ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;
See them with courage ad- vanc- ing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray
He is our Lord and Re-deem - er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead - est, Faithful and true to the last,
Shouting the name of their Lead- er, Hear them exult - ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.

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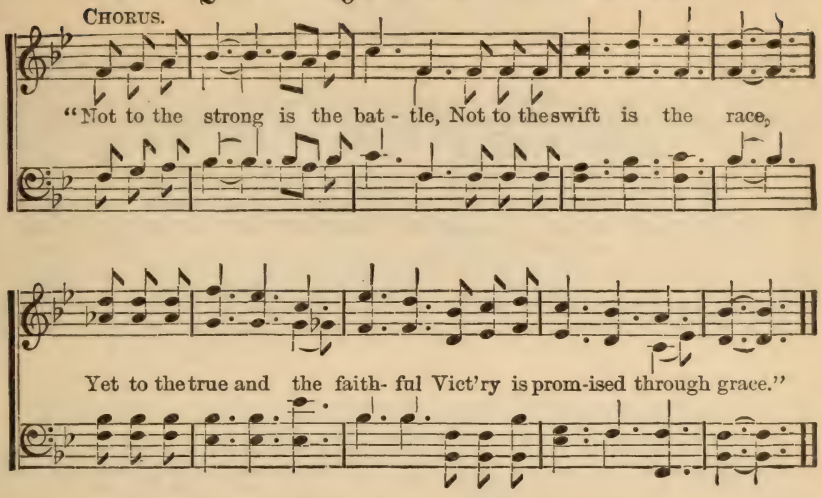
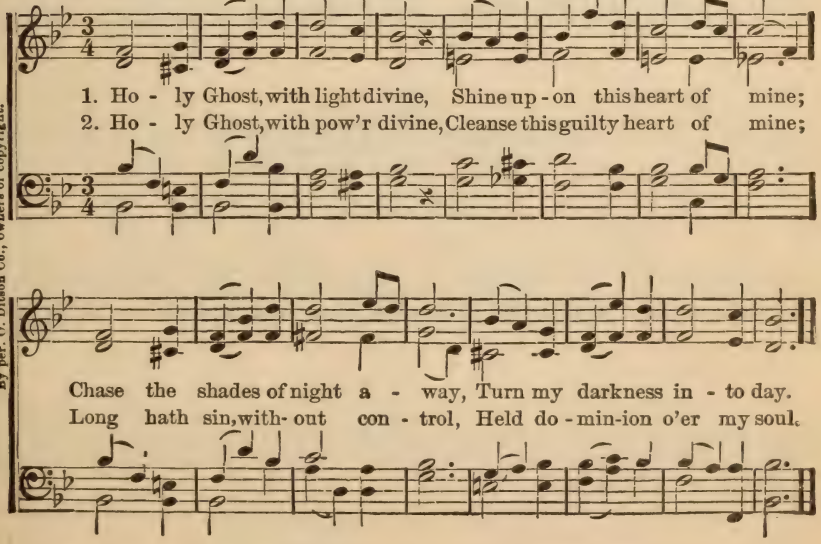
Victory Through Grace.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
"Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faith- ful Vict'ry is prom-ised through grace."

No. 430. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr by H. P. M.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with- out con - trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.

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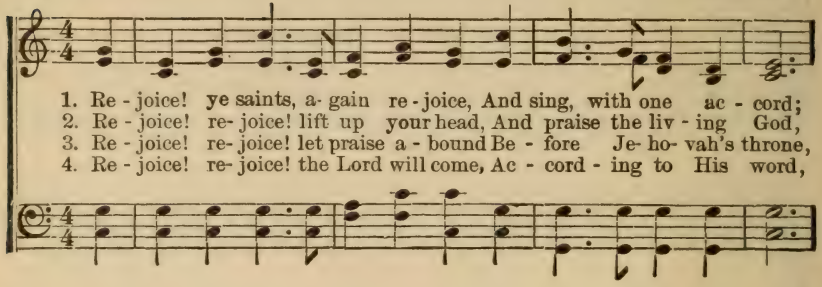
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

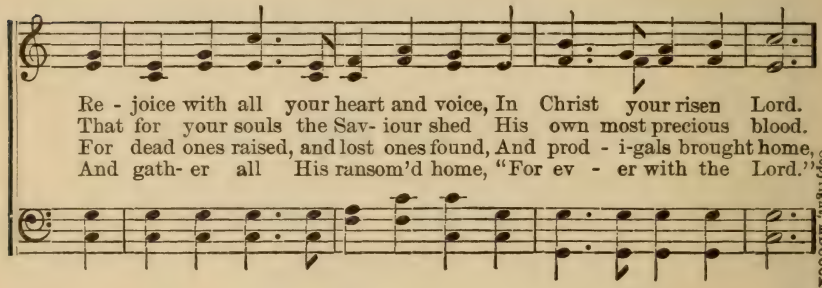
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 431. Rejoice! Ye Saints.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—PHIL. 4: 4.

C. R. H. J. H. BURKE.


1. Re - joice! ye saints, a- gain re - joice, And sing, with one ac - cord;
2. Re - joice! re- joice! lift up your head, And praise the liv - ing God,
3. Re - joice! re- joice! let praise a - bound Be - fore Je- ho- vah's throne,
4. Re - joice! re- joice! the Lord will come, Ac - cord - ing to His word,


Re - joice with all your heart and voice, In Christ your risen Lord.
That for your souls the Sav- iour shed His own most precious blood.
For dead ones raised, and lost ones found, And prod - i-gals brought home,
And gath- er all His ransom'd home, "For ev - er with the Lord."

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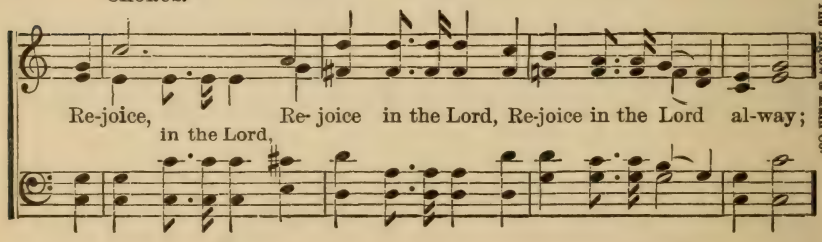
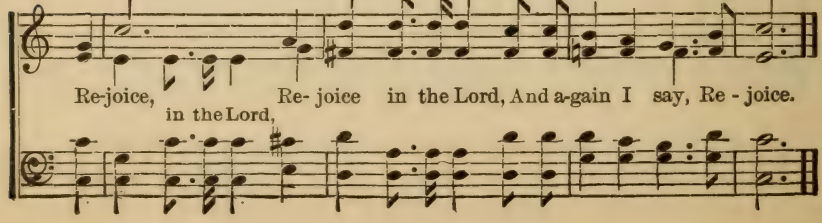
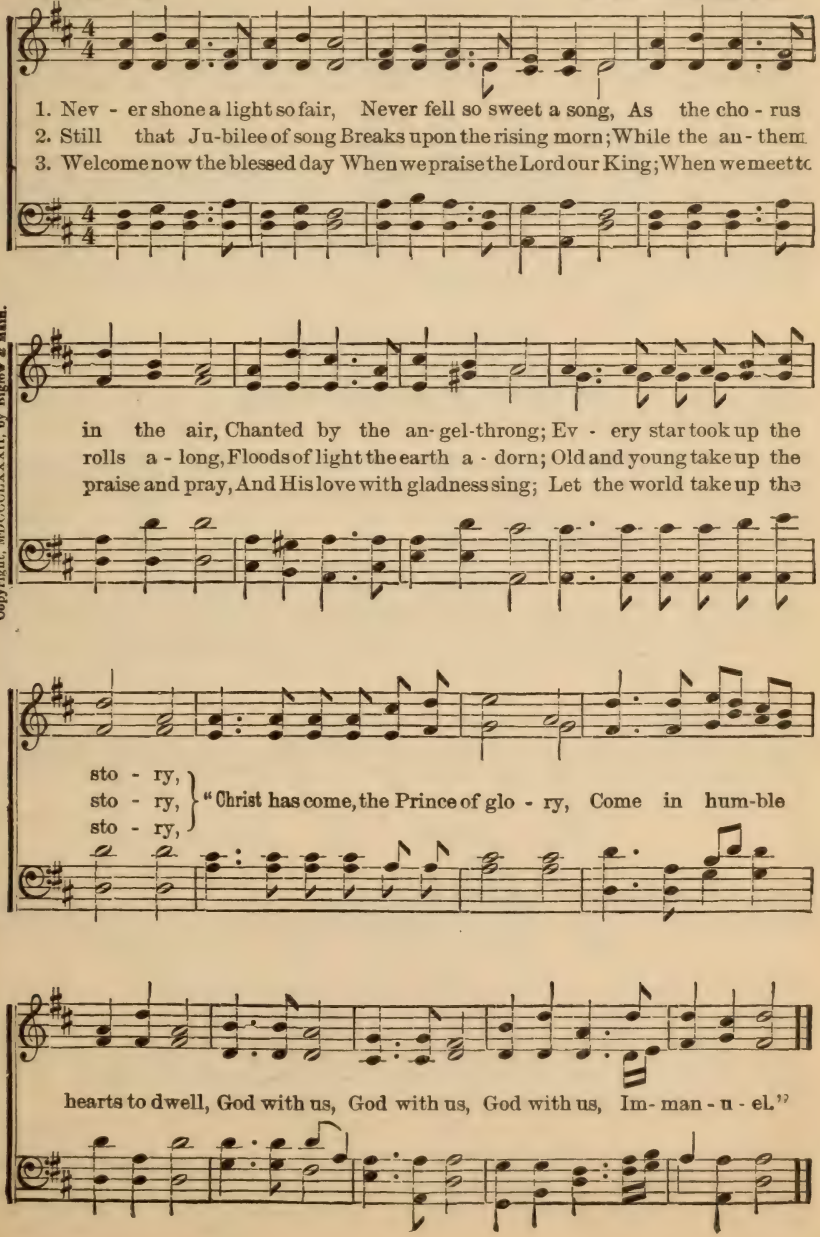
CHORUS.



No. 432. Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—JOHN 12: 46.

F. J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Nev - er shone a light so fair, Never fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus
2. Still that Ju-bilee of song Breaks upon the rising morn; While the an - them
3. Welcome now the blessed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to
in the air, Chanted by the an-gel-throng; Ev - ery star took up the
rolls a - long, Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the
praise and pray, And His love with gladness sing; Let the world take up the
sto - ry,
sto - ry,
sto - ry,
"Christ has come, the Prince of glo - ry, Come in hum-ble
hearts to dwell, God with us, God with us, God with us, Im- man - u - el."

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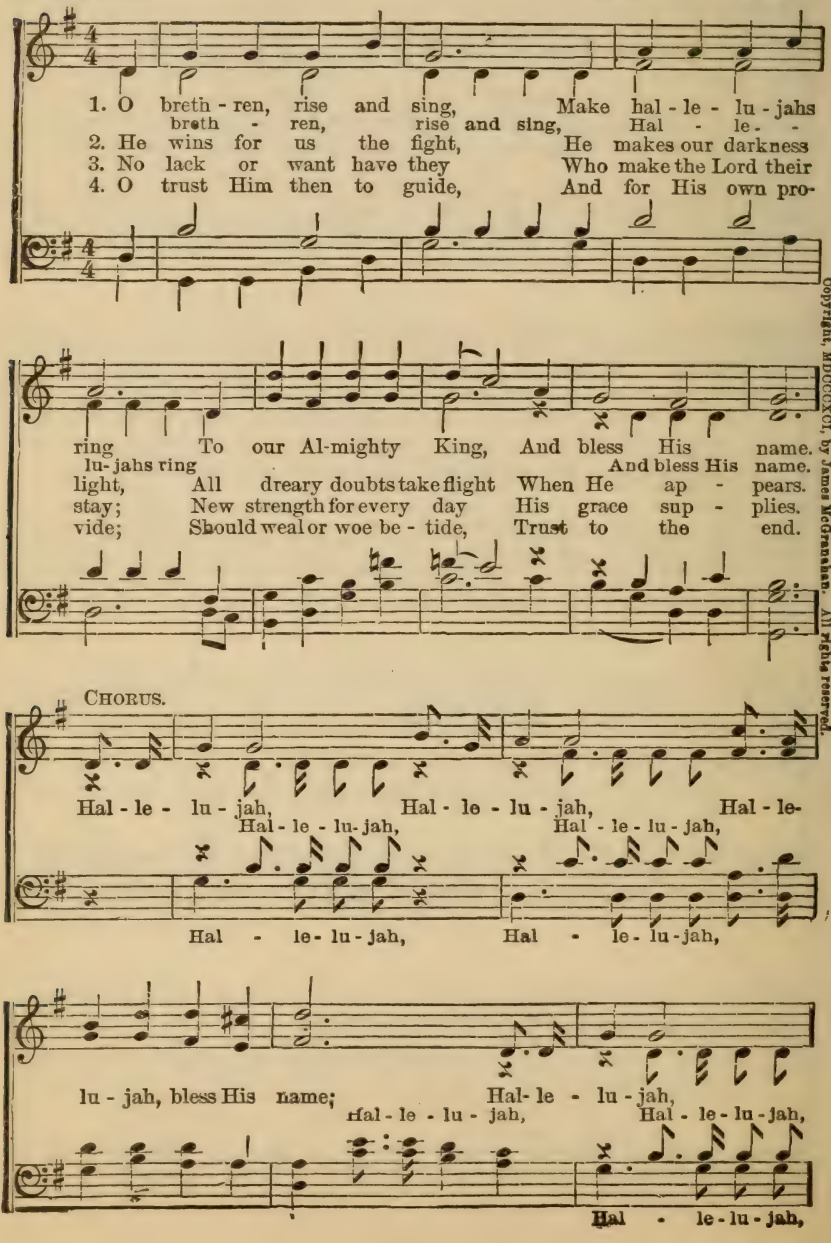
No. 433. Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—Rev. 19: 3.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.


1. O breth - ren, rise and sing, Make hal - le - lu - jahs
breth - ren, rise and sing, Hal - le -
2. He wins for us the fight, He makes our darkness
3. No lack or want have they Who make the Lord their
4. O trust Him then to guide, And for His own pro-
ring To our Al-mighty King, And bless His name.
lu-jahs ring And bless His name.
light, All dreary doubts take flight When He ap - pears.
stay; New strength for every day His grace sup - plies.
vide; Should weal or woe be - tide, Trust to the end.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah, bless His name; Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,

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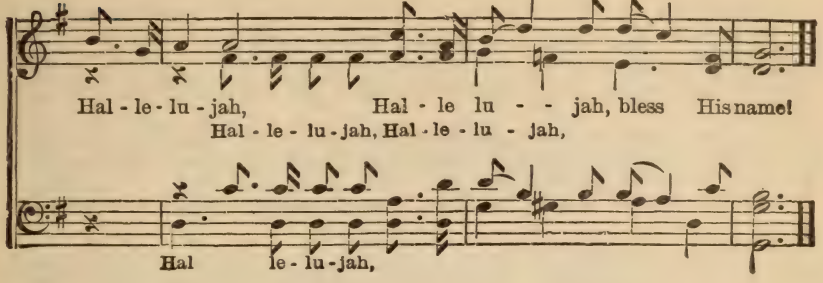
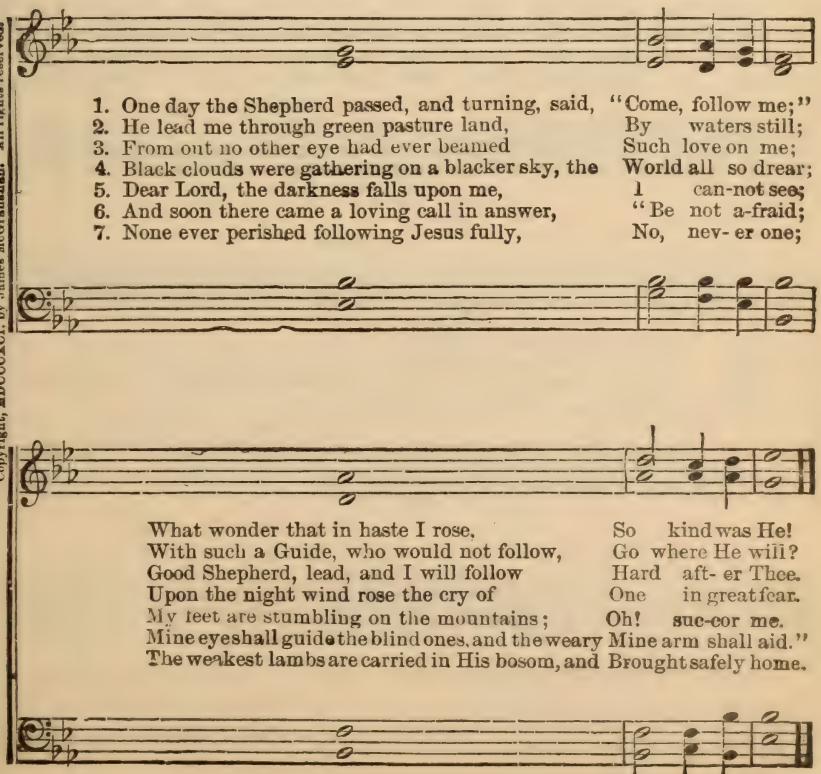
Hallelujah, Bless His Name.—Concluded.



No. 434. Following Fully.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—PSA. 23: 1.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.



1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said, "Come, follow me;"
2. He lead me through green pasture land, By waters still;
3. From out no other eye had ever beamed Such love on me;
4. Black clouds were gathering on a blacker sky, the World all so drear;
5. Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me, I can-not see;
6. And soon there came a loving call in answer, "Be not a-fraid;
7. None ever perished following Jesus fully, No, nev- er one;

What wonder that in haste I rose, So kind was He!
With such a Guide, who would not follow, Go where He will?
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow Hard aft- er Thee.
Upon the night wind rose the cry of One in great fear.
My feet are stumbling on the mountains; Oh! suc-cor me.
Mine eyes shall guide the blind ones, and the weary Mine arm shall aid."
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safely home.

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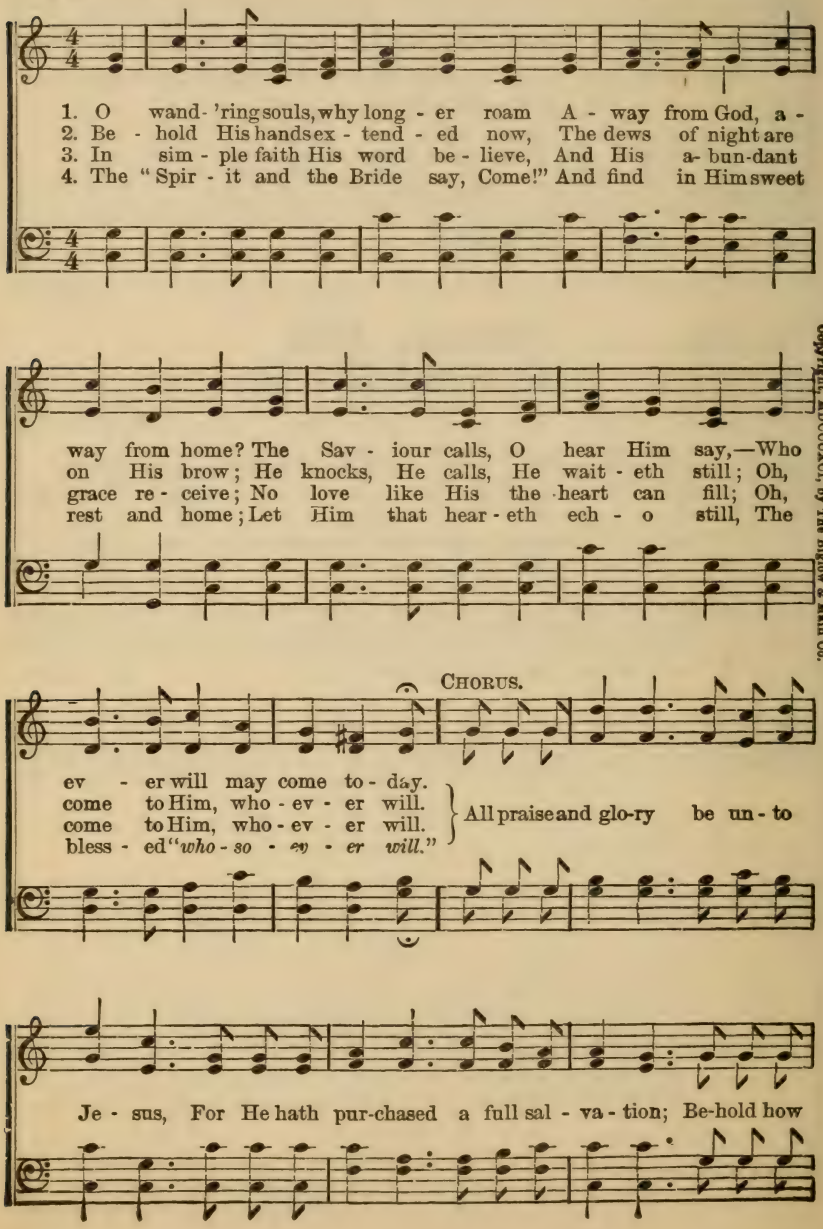
No. 435. Whosoever Will May Come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O wand-'ring souls, why long-er roam A-way from God, a-way from home? The Sav-iour calls, O hear Him say,—Who
2. Be-hold His hands ex-tend-ed now, The dews of night are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait-eth still; Oh,
3. In sim-ple faith His word be-lieve, And His a-bun-dant grace re-ceive; No love like His the heart can fill; Oh,
4. The "Spir-it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet rest and home; Let Him that hear-eth ech-o still, The
Chorus.
ev-er will may come to-day.
come to Him, who-ev-er will.
come to Him, who-ev-er will.
bless-ed "*who-so-ev-er will.*"
All praise and glo-ry be un-to
Je-sus, For He hath pur-chased a full sal-va-tion; Be-hold how

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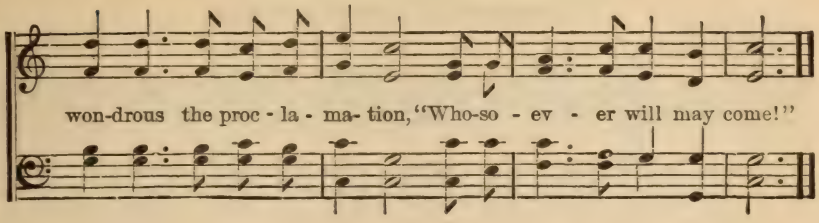
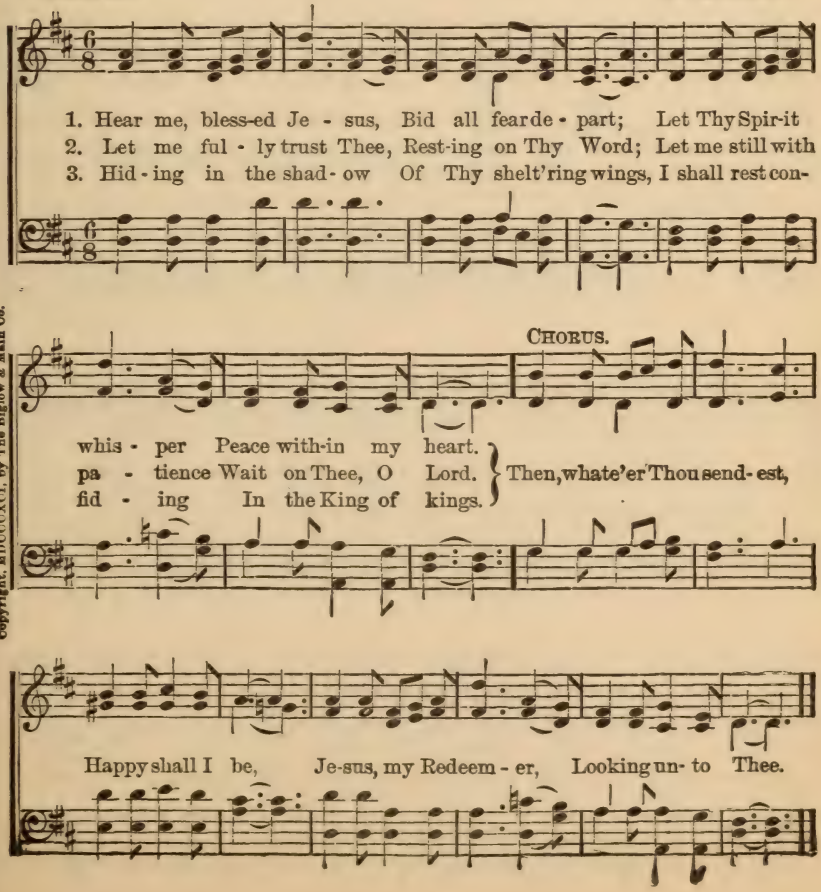


No 436. Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Words arr. J. H. BURKE.


1. Hear me, bless-ed Je - sus, Bid all fear de - part; Let Thy Spir-it
2. Let me ful - ly trust Thee, Rest-ing on Thy Word; Let me still with
3. Hid - ing in the shad - ow Of Thy shelt'ring wings, I shall rest con-
CHORUS.
whis - per Peace with-in my heart.
pa - tience Wait on Thee, O Lord.
fid - ing In the King of kings.
Then, whate'er Thou send- est,
Happy shall I be, Je-sus, my Redeem - er, Looking un- to Thee.

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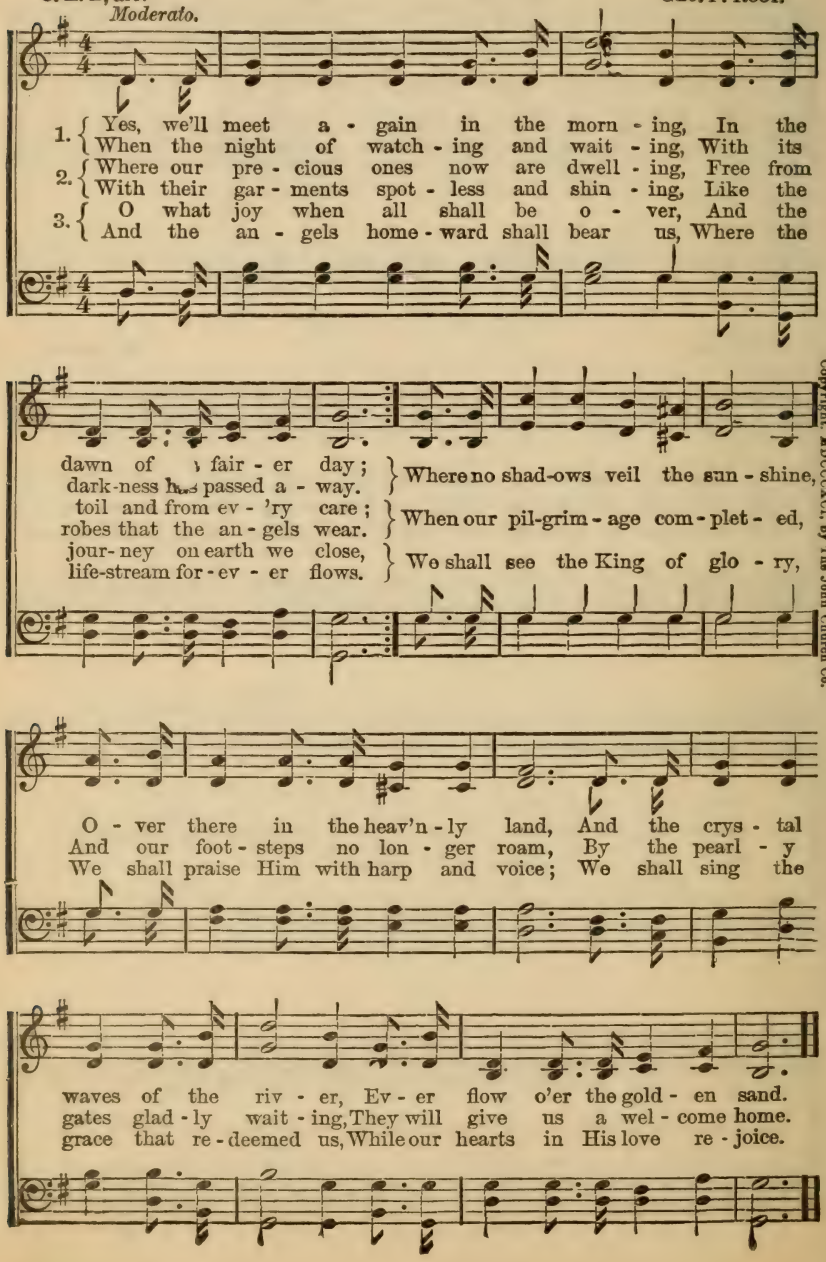
No. 437. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

C. E. B, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.


1. Yes, we'll meet a - gain in the morn - ing, In the
When the night of watch - ing and wait - ing, With its
2. Where our pre - cious ones now are dwell - ing, Free from
With their gar - ments spot - less and shin - ing, Like the
3. O what joy when all shall be o - ver, And the
And the an - gels home - ward shall bear us, Where the
dawn of fair - er day;
dark-ness has passed a - way.
Where no shad-ows veil the sun - shine,
toil and from ev - 'ry care;
robes that the an - gels wear.
When our pil-grim - age com - plet - ed,
jour-ney on earth we close,
life-stream for - ev - er flows.
We shall see the King of glo - ry,
O - ver there in the heav'n - ly land, And the crys - tal
And our foot - steps no lon - ger roam, By the pearl - y
We shall praise Him with harp and voice; We shall sing the
waves of the riv - er, Ev - er flow o'er the gold - en sand.
gates glad - ly wait - ing, They will give us a wel - come home.
grace that re - deemed us, While our hearts in His love re - joice.

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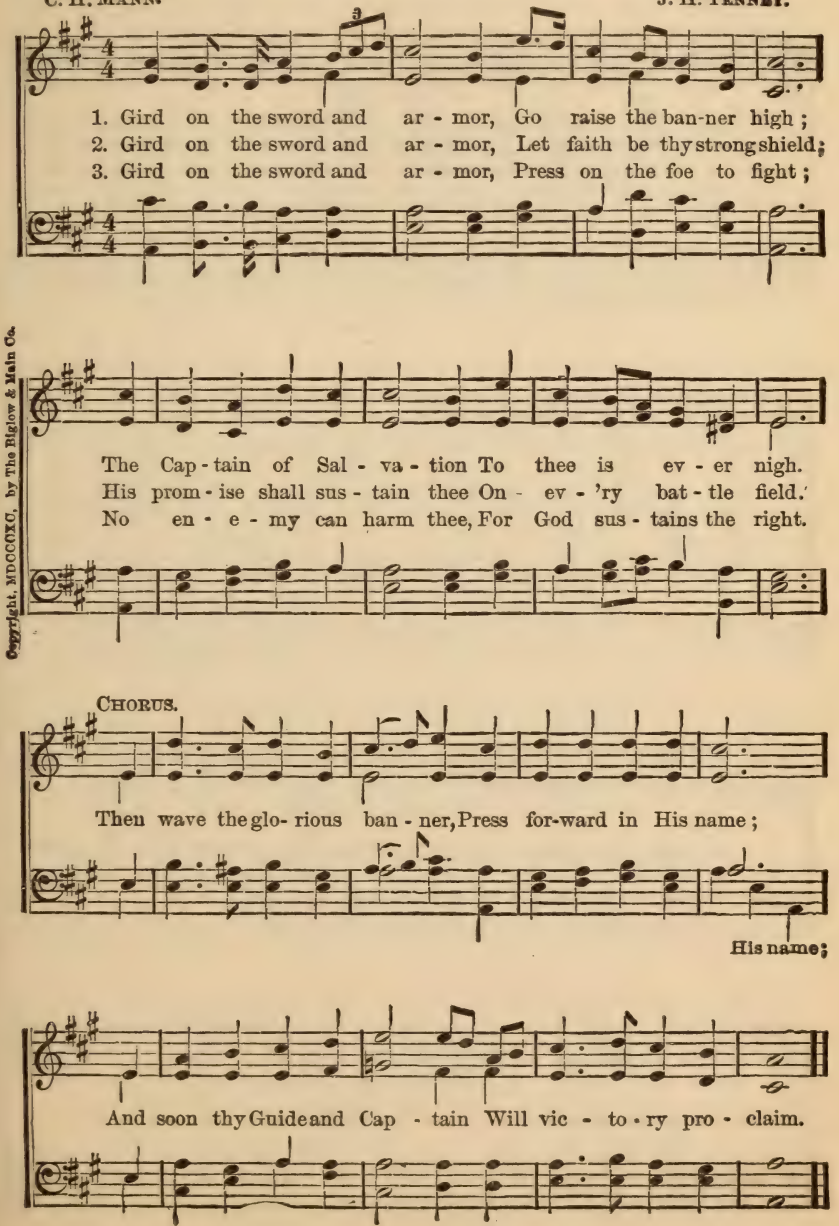
No. 438. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Go raise the ban-ner high;
2. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Let faith be thy strong shield;
3. Gird on the sword and ar - mor, Press on the foe to fight;
The Cap - tain of Sal - va - tion To thee is ev - er nigh.
His prom - ise shall sus - tain thee On - ev - 'ry bat - tle field.
No en - e - my can harm thee, For God sus - tains the right.
CHORUS.
Then wave the glo- rious ban - ner, Press for-ward in His name;
His name;
And soon thy Guide and Cap - tain Will vic - to - ry pro - claim.

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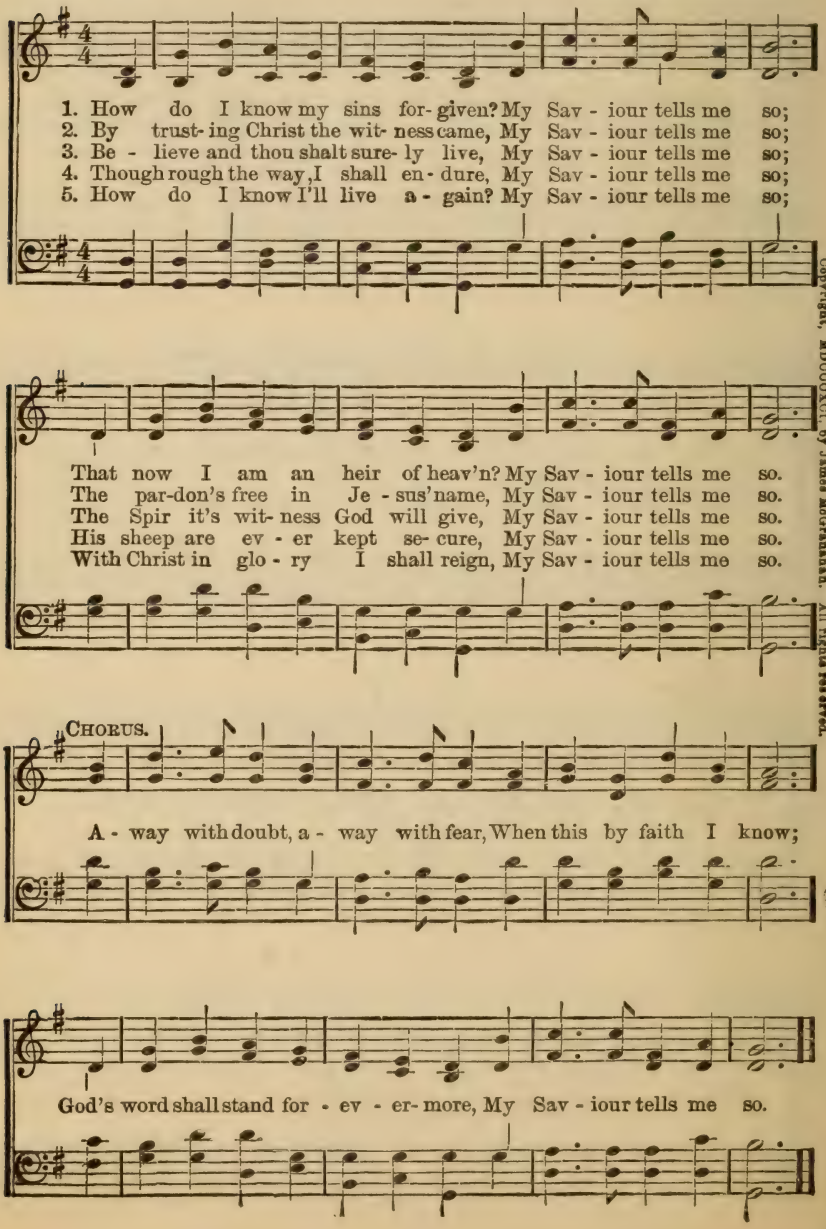
No. 439. My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—Jno. 6: 37.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. How do I know my sins for-given? My Sav - iour tells me so;
2. By trust-ing Christ the wit- ness came, My Sav - iour tells me so;
3. Be - lieve and thou shalt sure-ly live, My Sav - iour tells me so;
4. Though rough the way, I shall en- dure, My Sav - iour tells me so;
5. How do I know I'll live a - gain? My Sav - iour tells me so;
That now I am an heir of heav'n? My Sav - iour tells me so.
The par-don's free in Je - sus' name, My Sav - iour tells me so.
The Spir it's wit- ness God will give, My Sav - iour tells me so.
His sheep are ev - er kept se- cure, My Sav - iour tells me so.
With Christ in glo - ry I shall reign, My Sav - iour tells me so.
Chorus.
A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, When this by faith I know;
God's word shall stand for - ev - er- more, My Sav - iour tells me so.

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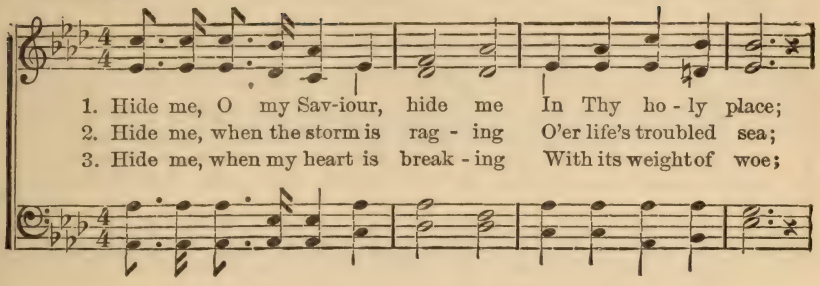
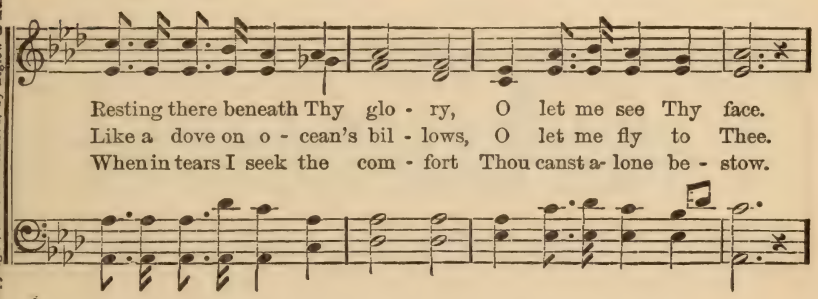
No. 440. Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;


Resting there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

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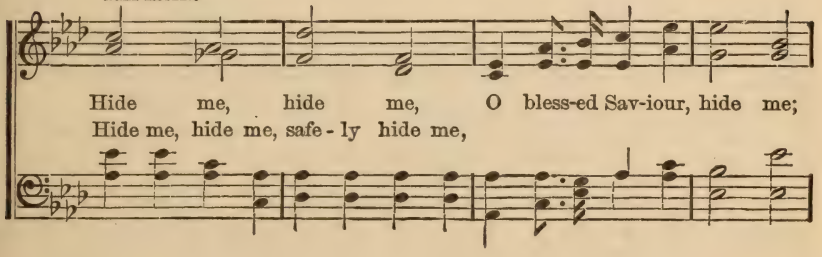
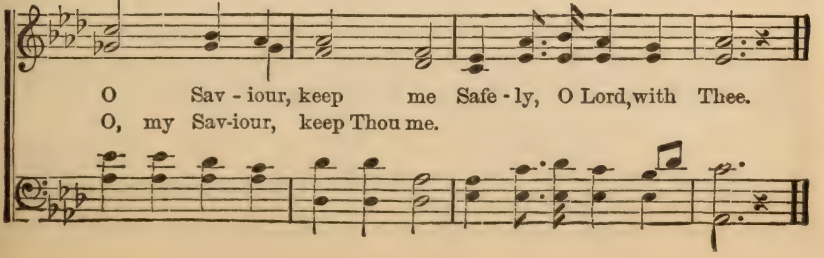
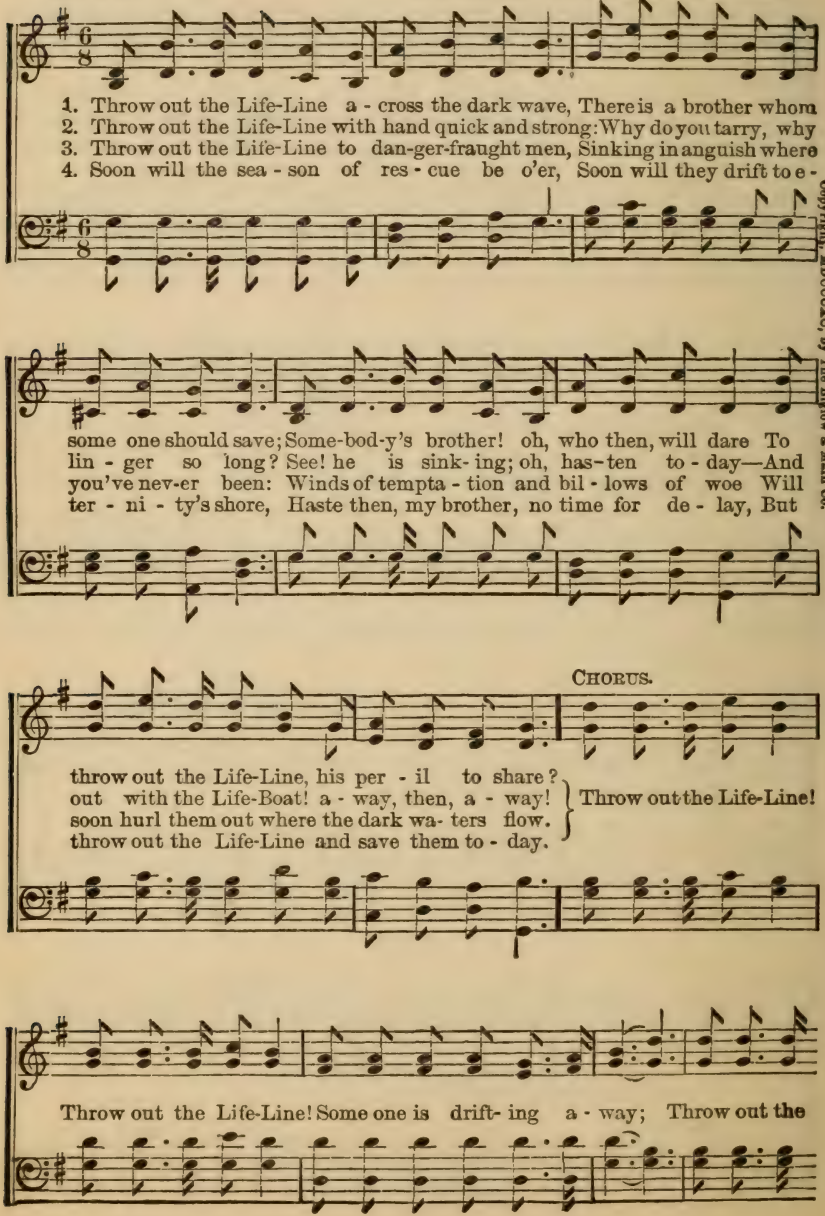




No. 441. Throw Out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -
some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink- ing; oh, has-ten to - day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of tempta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But
Chorus.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa- ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift- ing a - way; Throw out the

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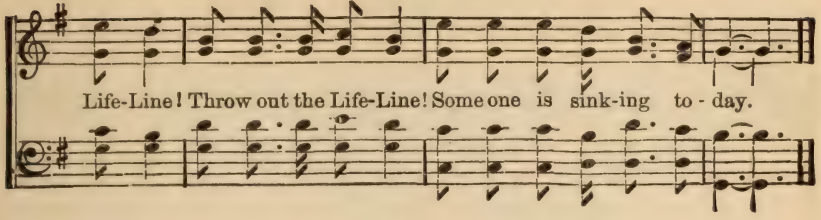
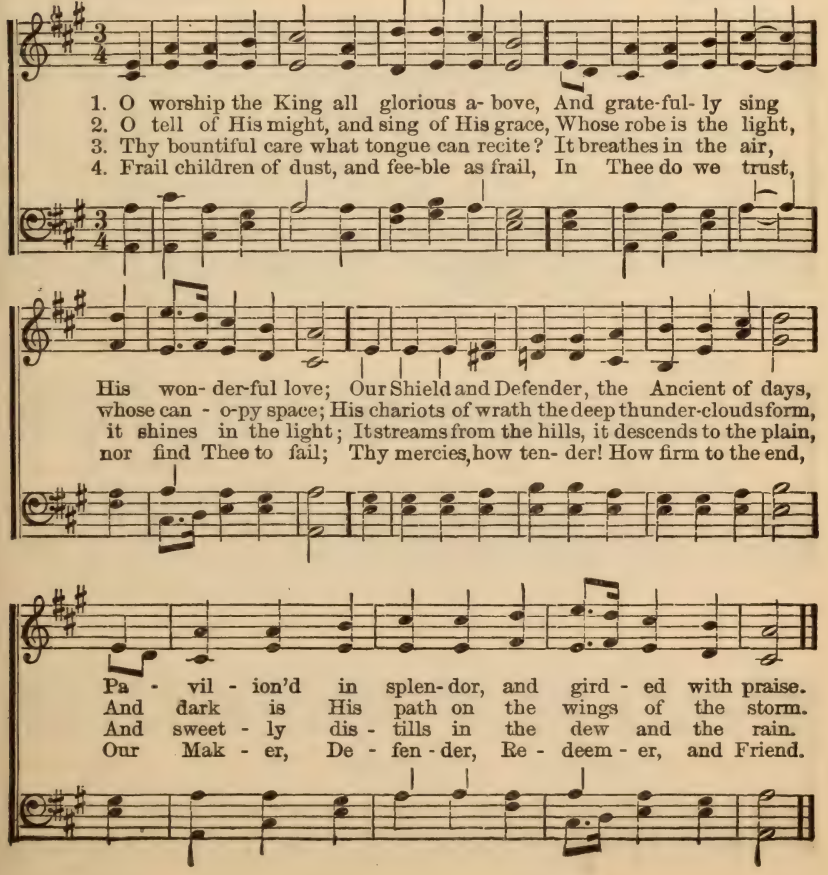


No. 442. O Worship the King.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—PSA. 145: 10.

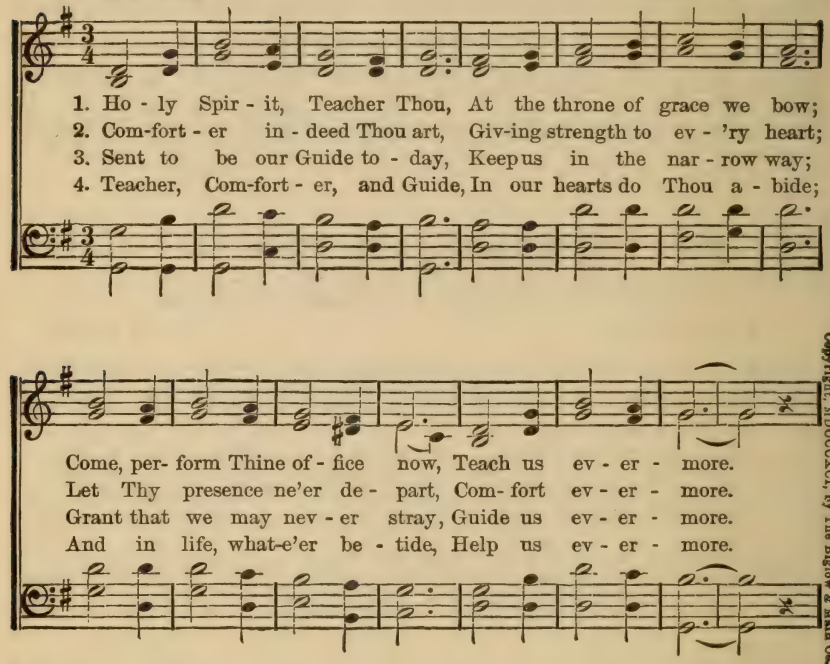
ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.


1. O worship the King all glorious a- bove, And grate-ful- ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,
His won- der-ful love; Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
whose can - o-py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten- der! How firm to the end,
Pa - vil - ion'd in splen- dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 443. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teacher Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
2. Com-fort - er in - deed Thou art, Giv-ing strength to ev - 'ry heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar - row way;
4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide;
Come, per- form Thine of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
Let Thy presence ne'er de - part, Com- fort ev - er - more.
Grant that we may nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
And in life, what-e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.

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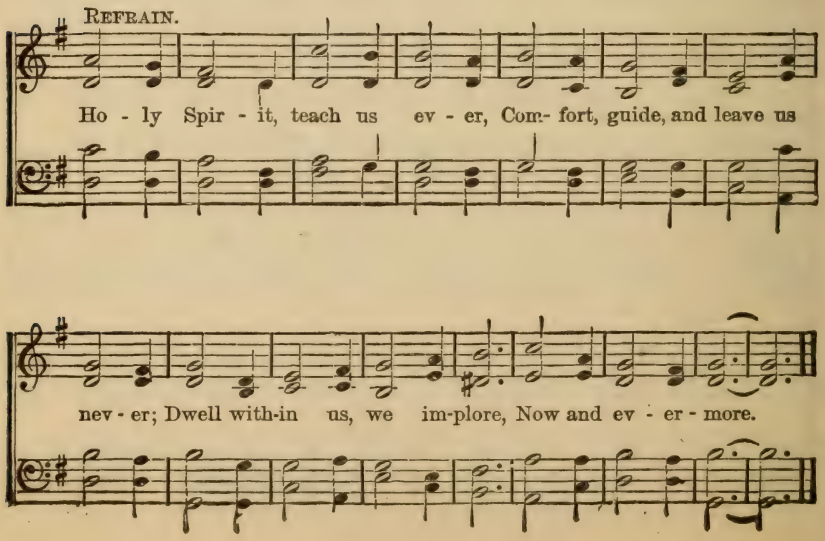
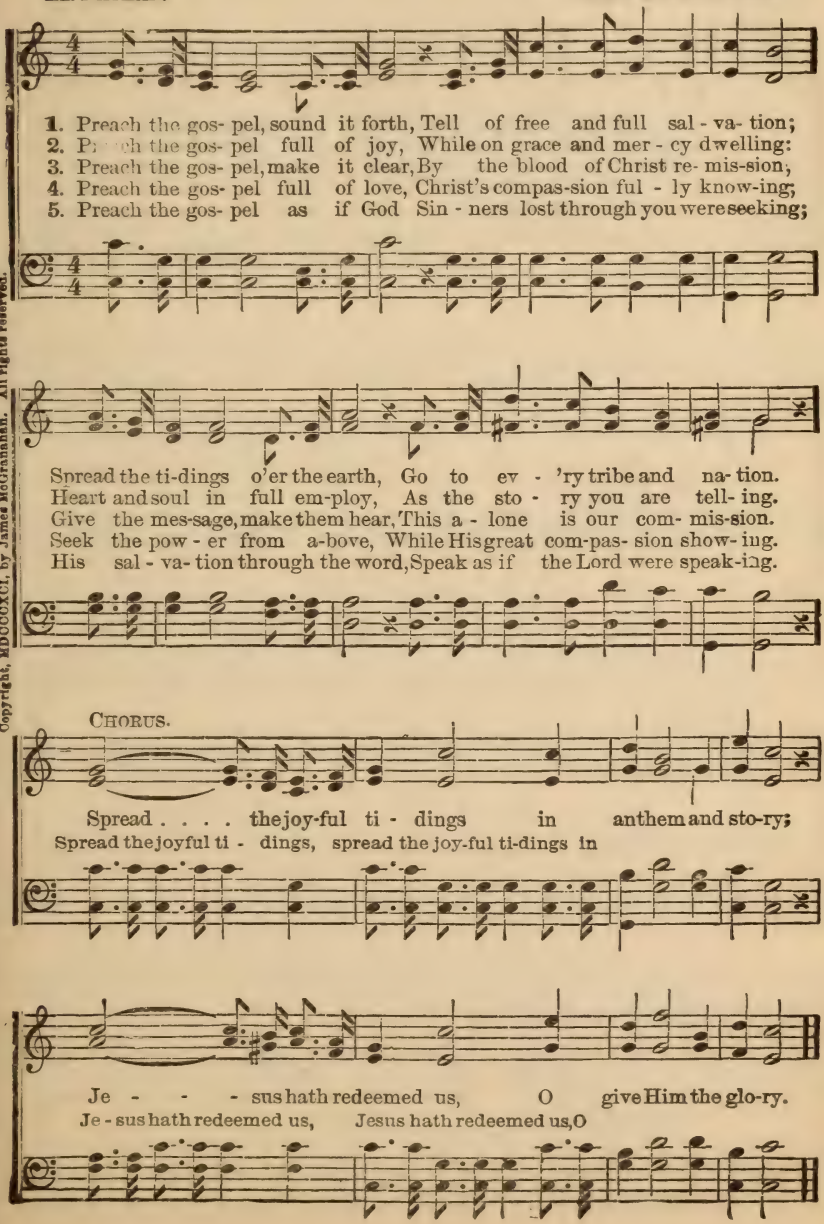


No. 44[illegible]

Preach the Gospel.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Preach the gos- pel, sound it forth, Tell of free and full sal - va- tion;
2. Preach the gos- pel full of joy, While on grace and mer - cy dwelling:
3. Preach the gos- pel, make it clear, By the blood of Christ re- mis-sion,
4. Preach the gos- pel full of love, Christ's compas-sion ful - ly know-ing;
5. Preach the gos- pel as if God Sin - ners lost through you were seeking;
Spread the ti-dings o'er the earth, Go to ev - 'ry tribe and na- tion.
Heart and soul in full em-ploy, As the sto - ry you are tell- ing.
Give the mes-sage, make them hear, This a - lone is our com- mis-sion.
Seek the pow - er from a-bove, While His great com-pas- sion show- ing.
His sal - va- tion through the word, Speak as if the Lord were speak-ing.
CHORUS.
Spread . . . . the joy-ful ti - dings in anthem and sto-ry;
Spread the joyful ti - dings, spread the joy-ful ti-dings in
Je - - - sus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glo-ry.
Je - sus hath redeemed us, Jesus hath redeemed us, O

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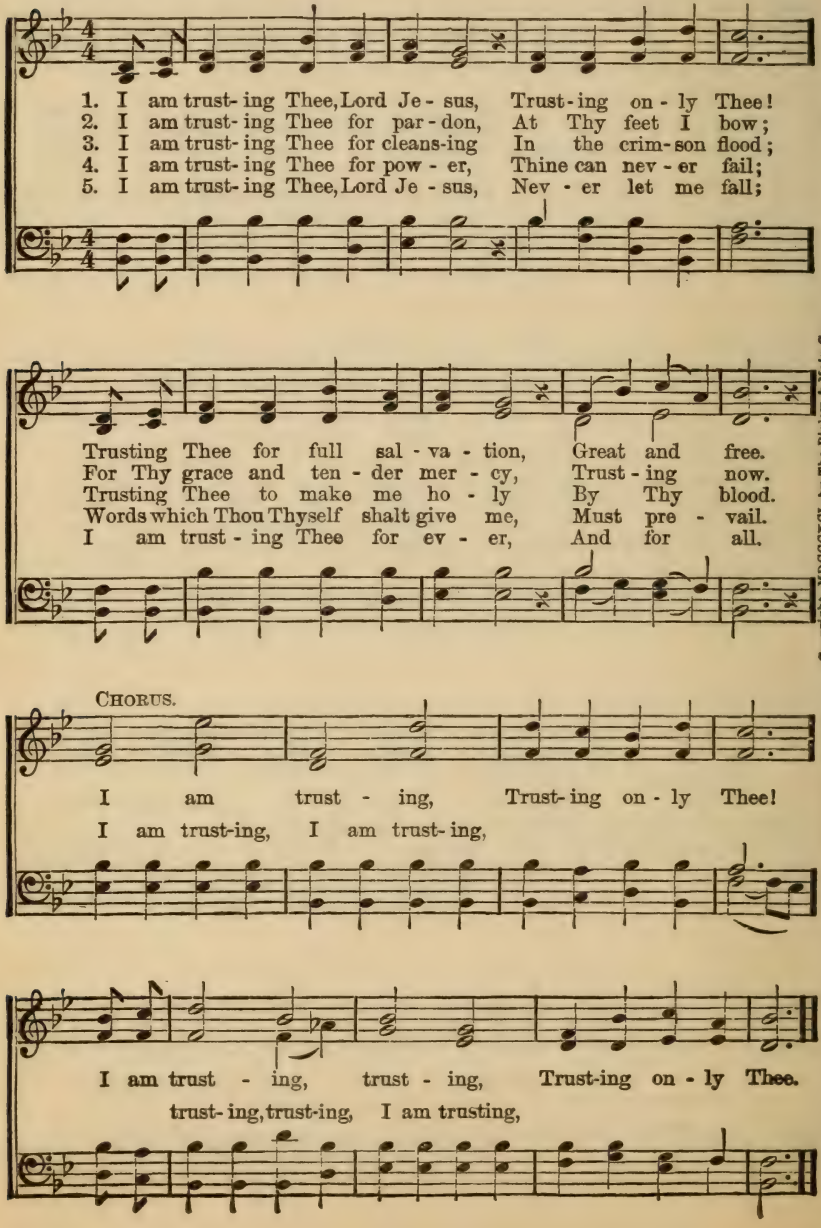
No. 445. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.


1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee for pow-er, Thine can nev-er fail;
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Nev-er let me fall;
Trusting Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten-der mer-cy, Trust-ing now.
Trusting Thee to make me ho-ly By Thy blood.
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me, Must pre-vail.
I am trust-ing Thee for ev-er, And for all.
CHORUS.
I am trust-ing, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!
I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing,
I am trust-ing, trust-ing, Trust-ing on-ly Thee.
trust-ing, trust-ing, I am trusting,

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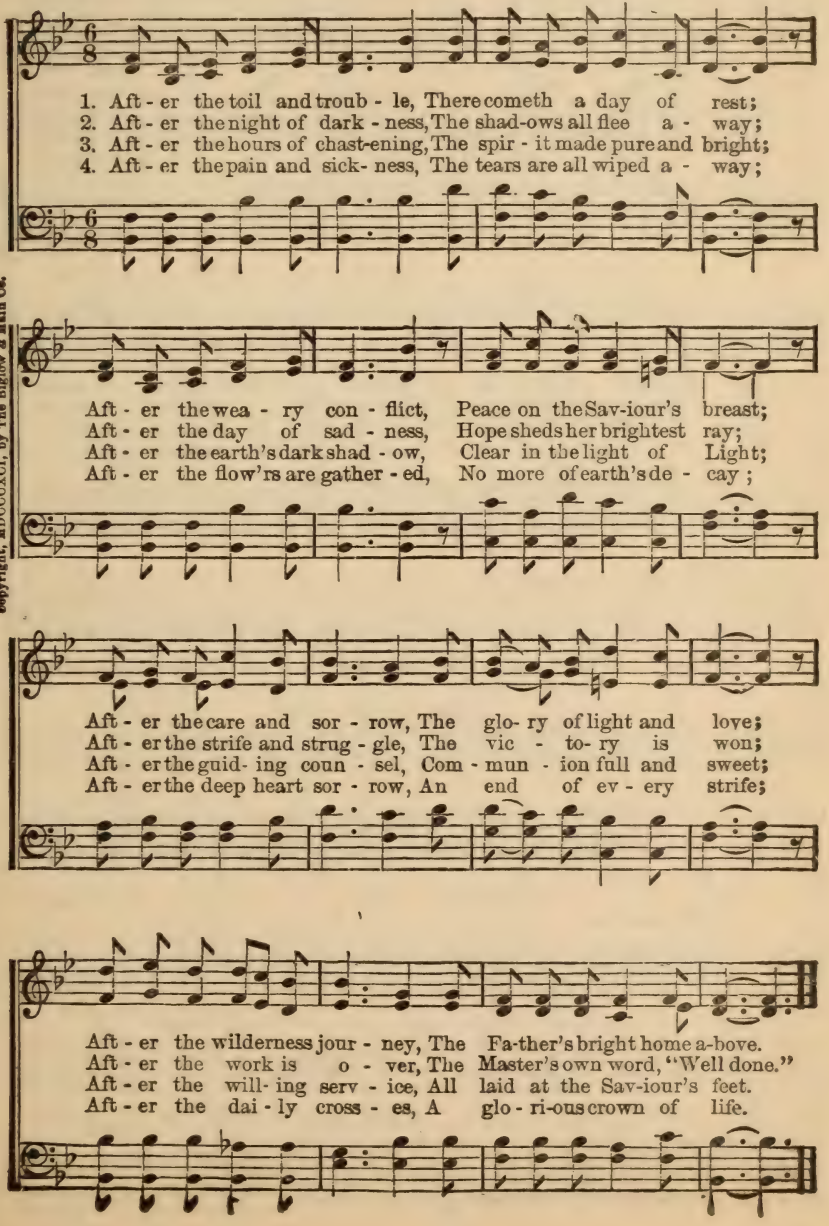
No. 446.

After.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Aft - er the toil and troub - le, There cometh a day of rest;
2. Aft - er the night of dark - ness, The shad-ows all flee a - way;
3. Aft - er the hours of chast-ening, The spir - it made pure and bright;
4. Aft - er the pain and sick- ness, The tears are all wiped a - way;
Aft - er the wea - ry con - flict, Peace on the Sav-iour's breast;
Aft - er the day of sad - ness, Hope sheds her brightest ray;
Aft - er the earth's dark shad - ow, Clear in the light of Light;
Aft - er the flow'rs are gather - ed, No more of earth's de - cay;
Aft - er the care and sor - row, The glo- ry of light and love;
Aft - er the strife and strug - gle, The vic - to- ry is won;
Aft - er the guid- ing coun - sel, Com - mun - ion full and sweet;
Aft - er the deep heart sor - row, An end of ev - ery strife;
Aft - er the wilderness jour - ney, The Fa-ther's bright home a-bove.
Aft - er the work is o - ver, The Master's own word, "Well done."
Aft - er the will- ing serv - ice, All laid at the Sav-iour's feet.
Aft - er the dai - ly cross - es, A glo - ri-ous crown of life.

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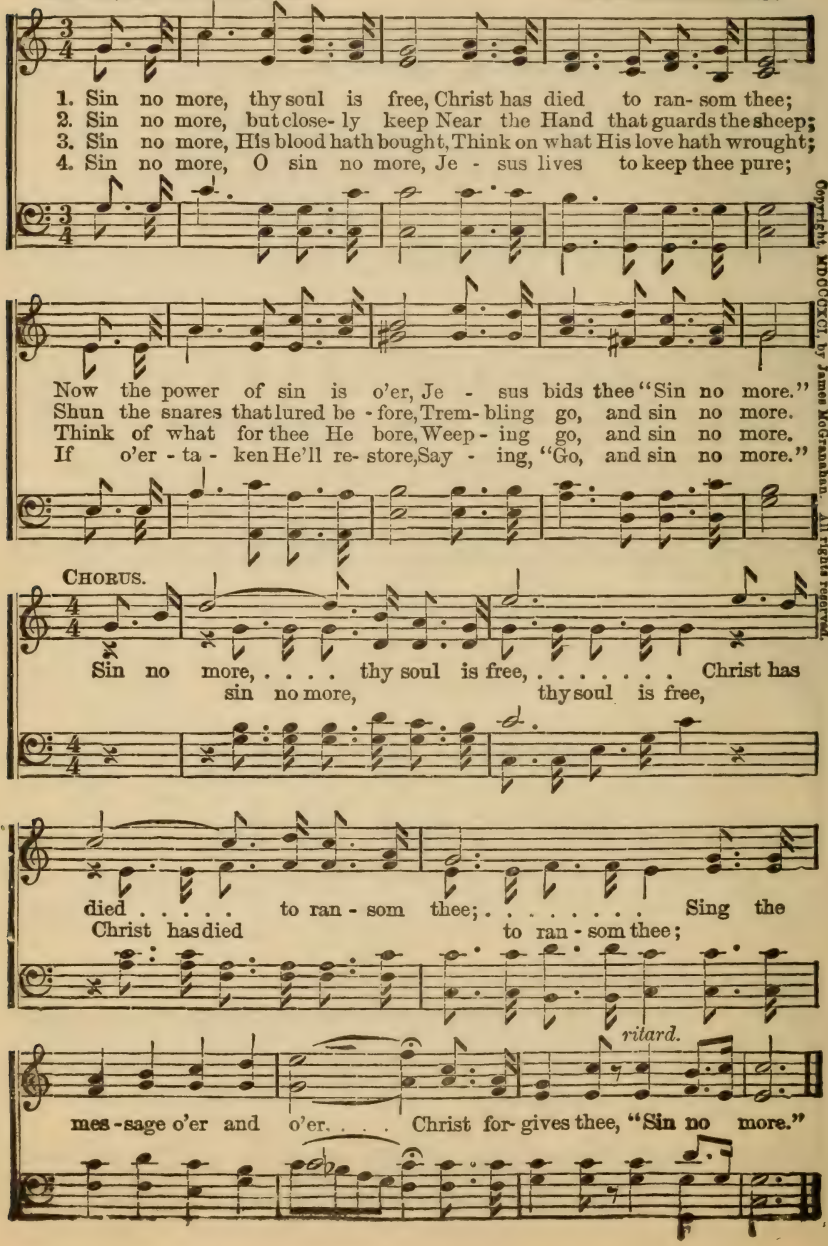
No. 447. Sin no More.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—Jno. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran- som thee;
2. Sin no more, but close- ly keep Near the Hand that guards the sheep;
3. Sin no more, His blood hath bought, Think on what His love hath wrought;
4. Sin no more, O sin no more, Je - sus lives to keep thee pure;
Now the power of sin is o'er, Je - sus bids thee "Sin no more."
Shun the snares that lured be - fore, Trem- bling go, and sin no more.
Think of what for thee He bore, Weep - ing go, and sin no more.
If o'er - ta - ken He'll re- store, Say - ing, "Go, and sin no more."
CHORUS.
Sin no more, ... thy soul is free, ... Christ has died . . . . . to ran - som thee; . . . . . Sing the
sin no more, thy soul is free, Christ has died to ran - som thee;
ritard.
mes - sage o'er and o'er. . . . Christ for- gives thee, "Sin no more."

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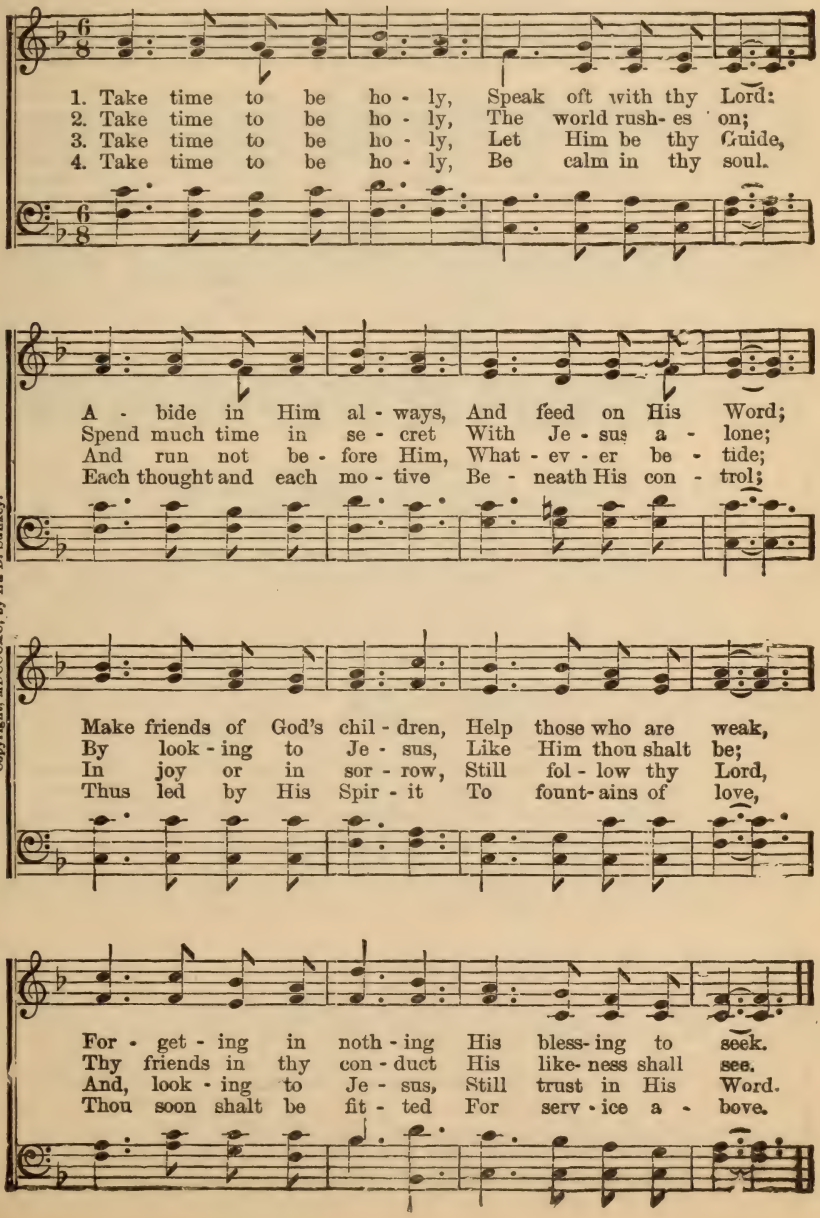
No. 448. Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord:
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush- es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul.
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount- ains of love,
For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless- ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like- ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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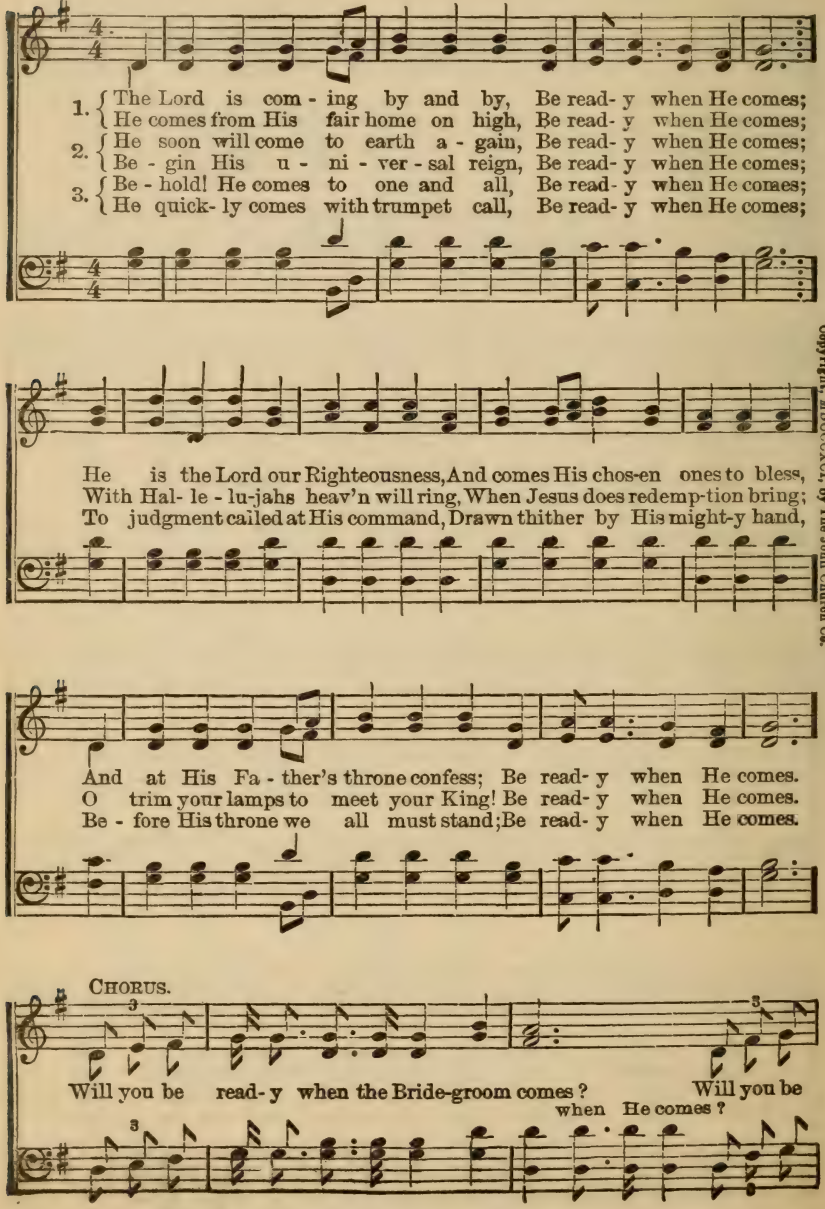
No. 449. The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—MATT. 25: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be read- y when He comes;
He comes from His fair home on high, Be read- y when He comes;
2. He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be read- y when He comes;
Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be read- y when He comes;
3. Be - hold! He comes to one and all, Be read- y when He comes;
He quick- ly comes with trumpet call, Be read- y when He comes;
He is the Lord our Righteousness, And comes His chos-en ones to bless,
With Hal- le - lu-jahs heav'n will ring, When Jesus does redemp-tion bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thither by His might-y hand,
And at His Fa - ther's throne confess; Be read- y when He comes.
O trim your lamps to meet your King! Be read- y when He comes.
Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be read- y when He comes.
CHORUS.
Will you be read- y when the Bride-groom comes? Will you be
when He comes?

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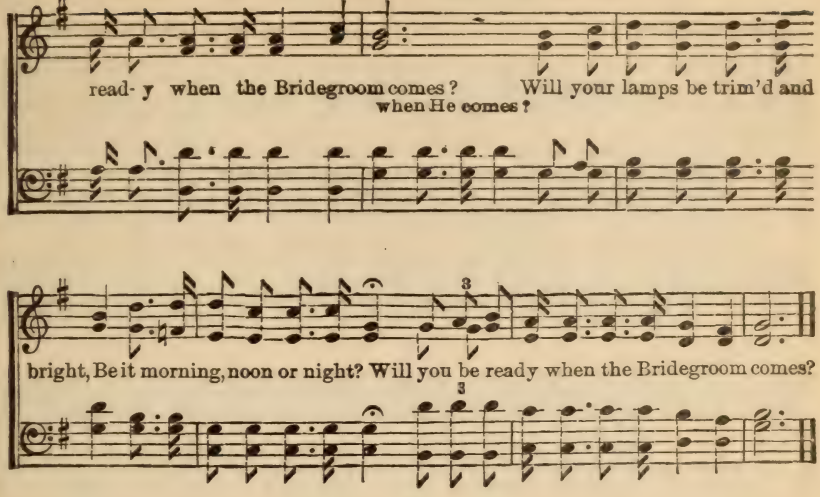
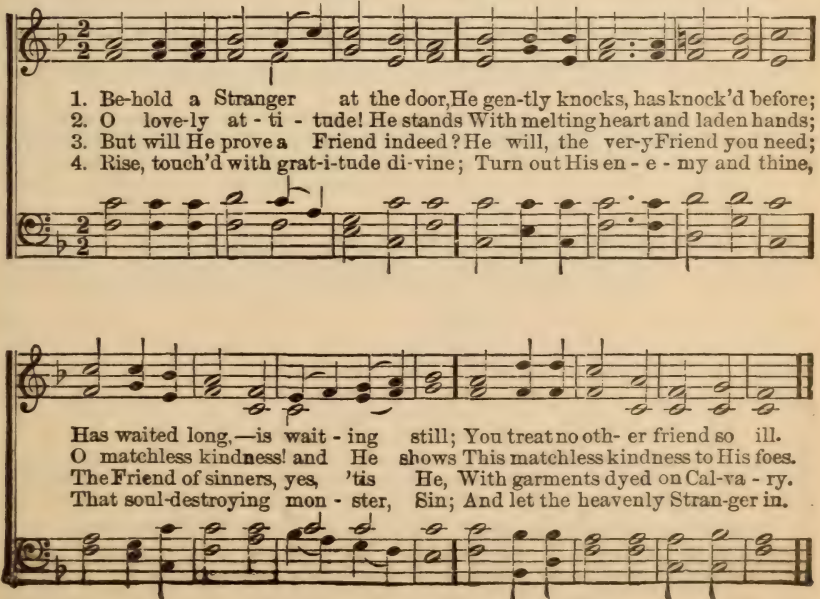

read- y when the Bridegroom comes? Will your lamps be trim'd and
when He comes?
bright, Be it morning, noon or night? Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

No. 450. Behold a Stranger.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

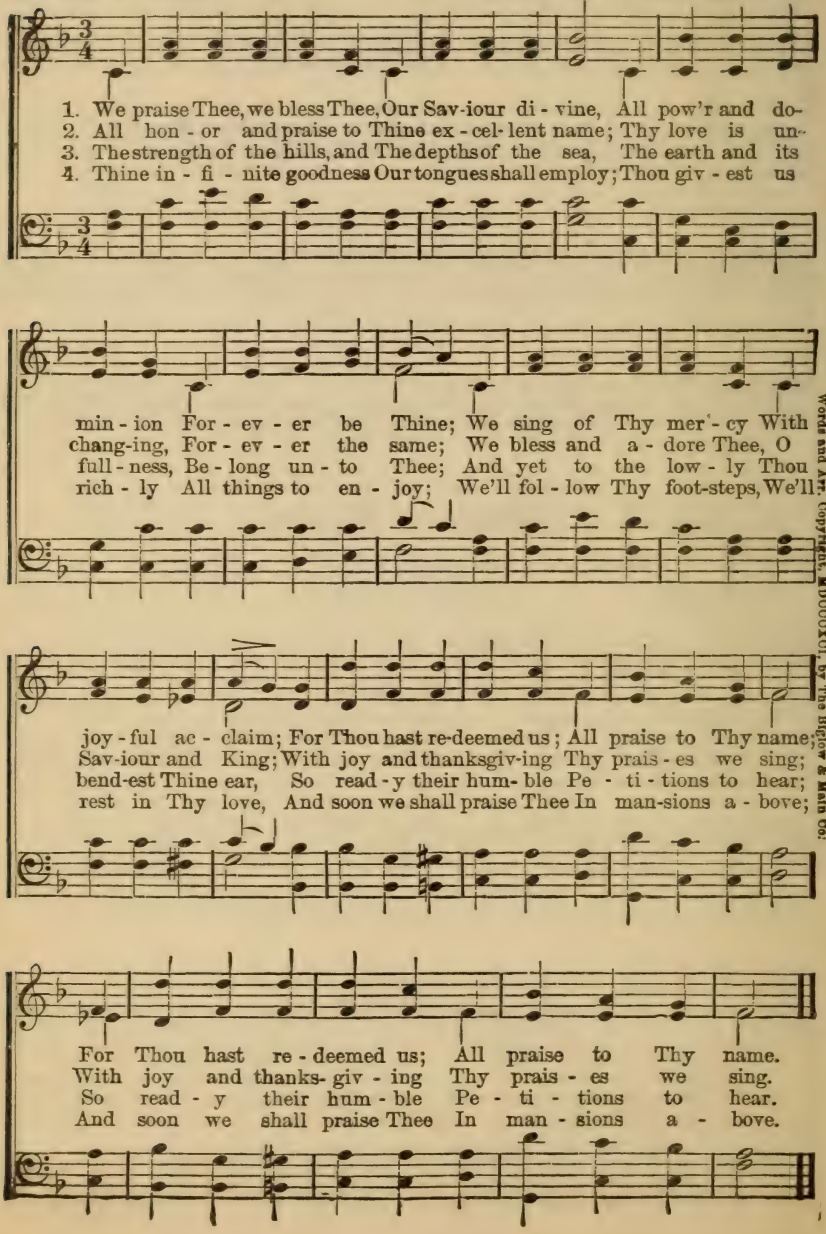
Rev. J. Grigg. (FEDERAL ST. L. M.) Henry K. Oliver.


1. Be-hold a Stranger at the door, He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will, the ver-y Friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
Has waited long,—is wait - ing still; You treat no oth- er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-destroying mon - ster, Sin; And let the heavenly Stran-ger in.

No. 451. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 CHR. 29: 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY. KOSCHAT, arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Our Sav-iour di - vine, All pow'r and do-
2. All hon - or and praise to Thine ex - cel- lent name; Thy love is un-
3. The strength of the hills, and The depths of the sea, The earth and its
4. Thine in - fi - nite goodness Our tongues shall employ; Thou giv - est us
min - ion For - ev - er be Thine; We sing of Thy mer' - cy With
chang-ing, For - ev - er the same; We bless and a - dore Thee, O
full - ness, Be - long un - to Thee; And yet to the low - ly Thou
rich - ly All things to en - joy; We'll fol - low Thy foot-steps, We'll
joy - ful ac - claim; For Thou hast re-deemed us; All praise to Thy name.
Sav-iour and King; With joy and thanksgiv-ing Thy prais - es we sing;
bend-est Thine ear, So read - y their hum- ble Pe - ti - tions to hear;
rest in Thy love, And soon we shall praise Thee In man-sions a - bove;
For Thou hast re - deemed us; All praise to Thy name.
With joy and thanks- giv - ing Thy prais - es we sing.
So read - y their hum - ble Pe - ti - tions to hear.
And soon we shall praise Thee In man - sions a - bove.

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No. 452.

What a Gospel!

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

1. It is finished; what a gospel! Nothing has *‖: been left:‖ to do,
2. It is finished; what a gospel! Bringing news of ‖:victʼry:‖ won,
3. It is finished; what a gospel! Here each weary ‖:la-den:‖ breast,
4. It is finished; what a gospel! Je - sus died ‖:to save:‖ your soul;

But to take with grate-ful glad-ness What the Saviour did for you.
Tell - ing us of peace and par- don Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
That ac-cepts God's gra- cious of - fer, En - ters in - to per - fect rest.
Have you tak - en His sal - va-tion? Have you let Him make you whole?

Chorus.

It is finished; Hal - le - lu - jah! It is finished, Hal- le - lu - jah!

Christ the work has ful - ly done; Hal-le - lu - jah! All who will may

have their par - don Through the blood of God's own Son.

* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

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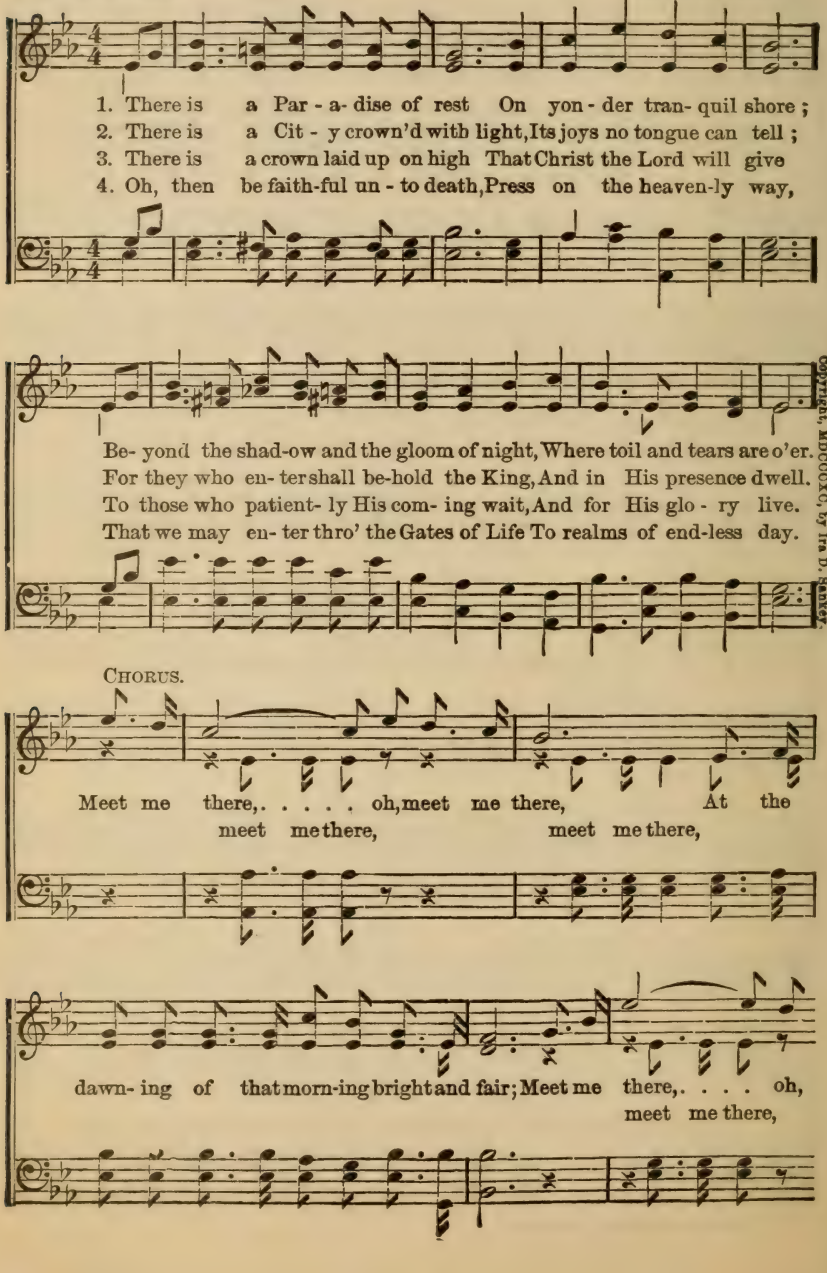
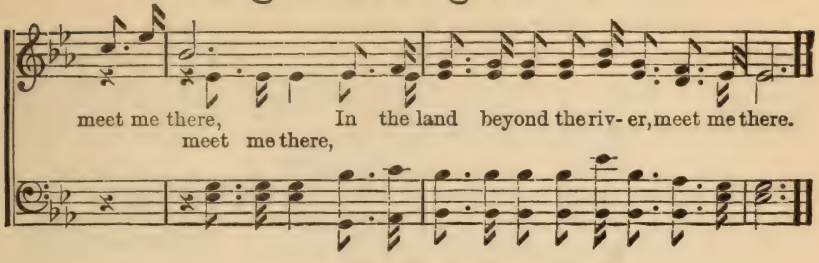
No. 453. There is a Paradise of Rest.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

W. R. Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.

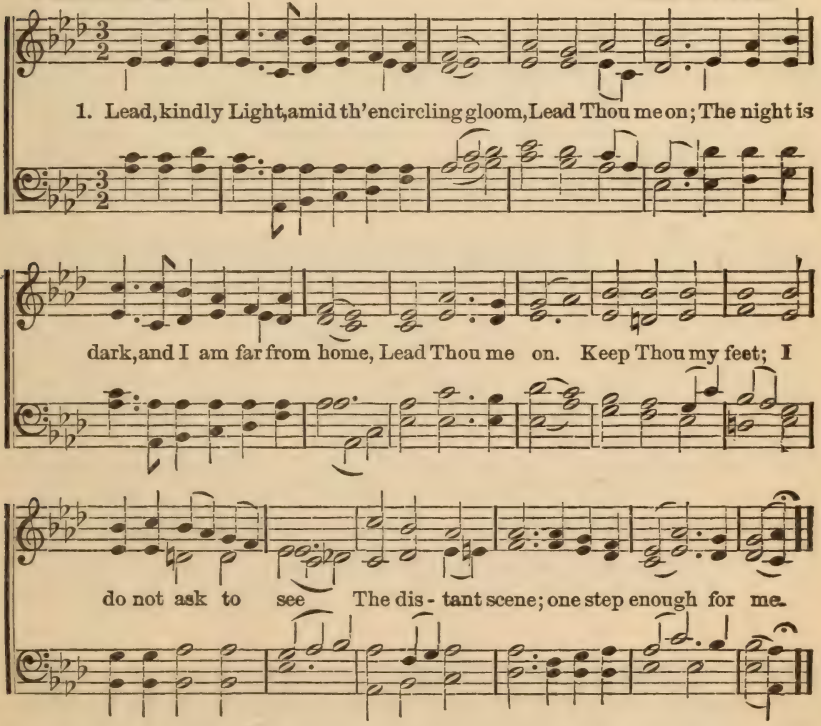

1. There is a Par - a- dise of rest On yon - der tran- quil shore ;
2. There is a Cit - y crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell ;
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un - to death, Press on the heaven-ly way,
Be- yond the shad-ow and the gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
For they who en- ter shall be-hold the King, And in His presence dwell.
To those who patient- ly His com- ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.
That we may en- ter thro' the Gates of Life To realms of end-less day.
Copyright, MDCCCXC, by Ira D. Sankey.
Chorus.
Meet me there, ... oh, meet me there, At the
meet me there, meet me there,
dawn- ing of that morn-ing bright and fair; Meet me there, . . . oh,
meet me there,

There is a Paradise of Rest.—Concluded.



No. 454. Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.

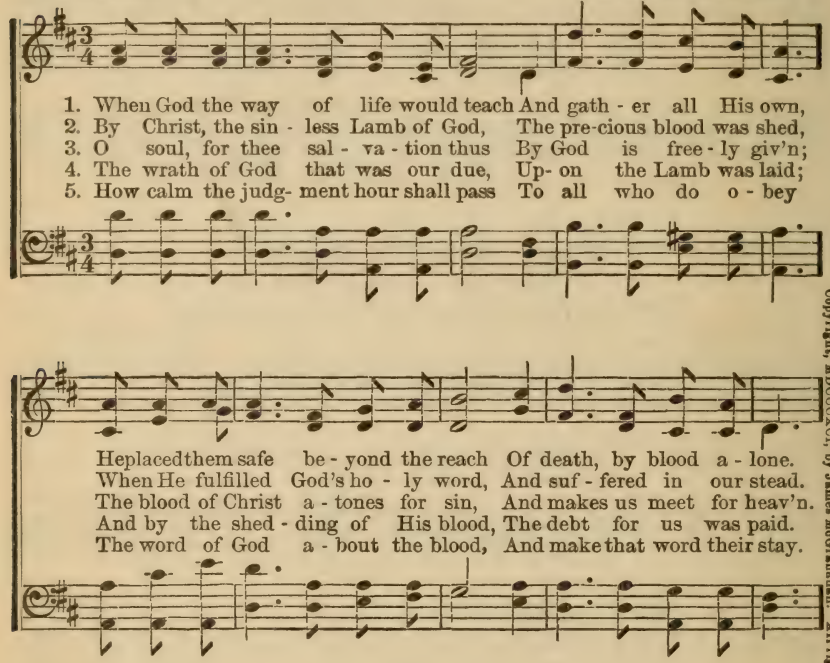
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
Will lead me on [it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 455. I will Pass over You.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The pre-cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up- on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm the judg- ment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey
He placed them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He fulfilled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by the shed - ding of His blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.

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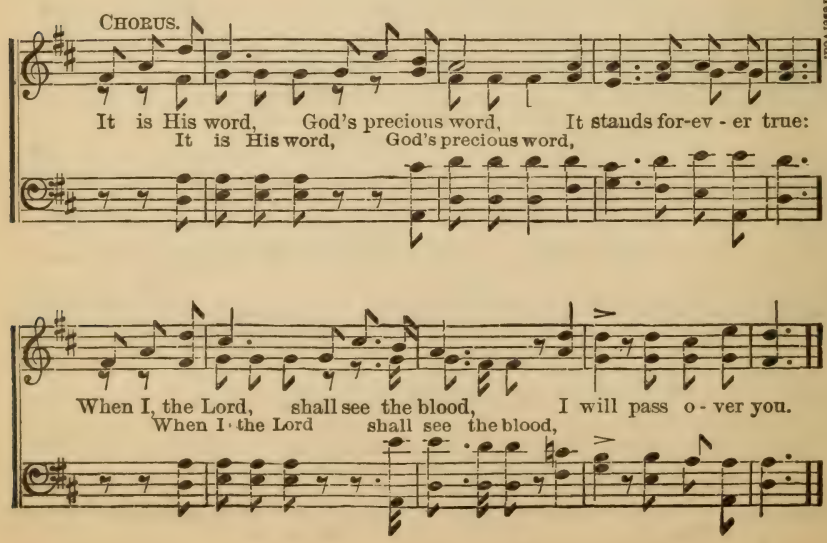
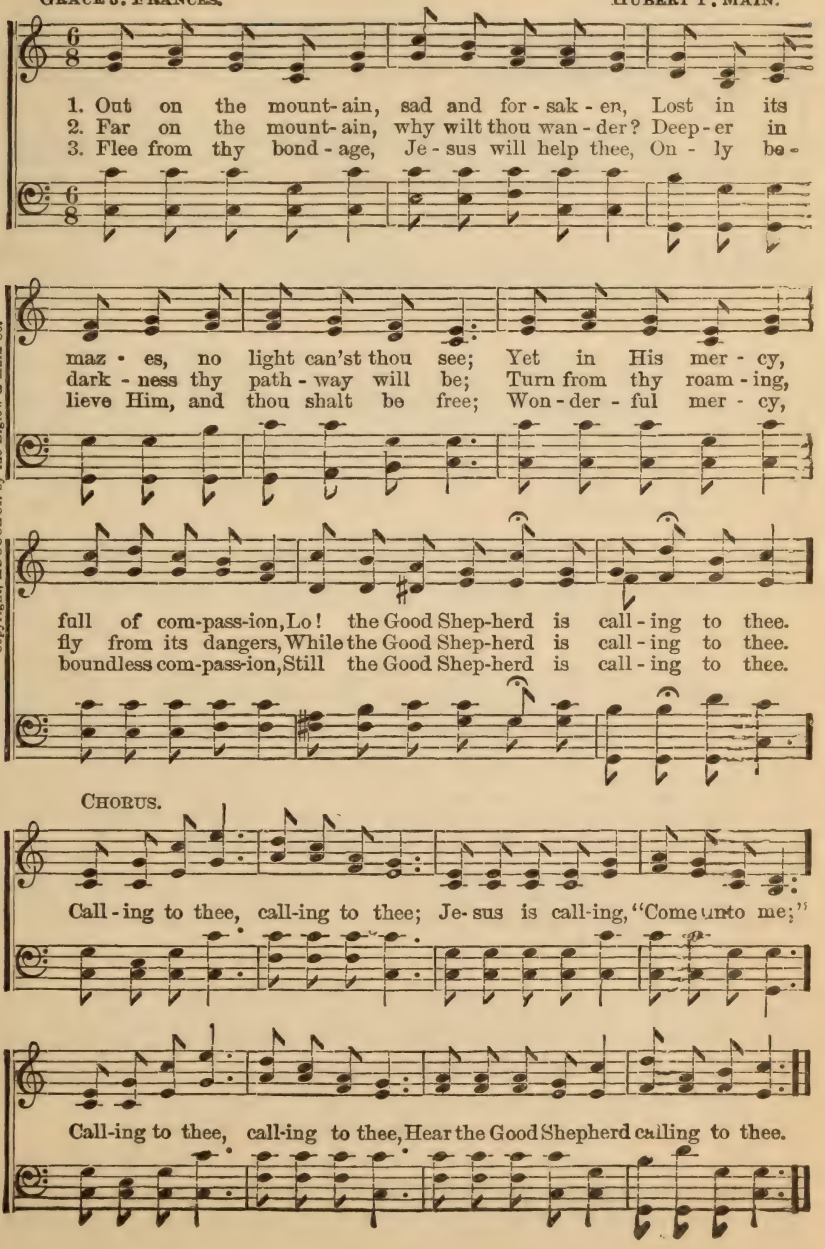

CHORUS.
It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for-ev - er true:
It is His word, God's precious word,
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I the Lord shall see the blood,

No. 456. Calling to thee.

"Arise, he calleth Thee."—Mark 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Out on the mount-ain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its
2. Far on the mount-ain, why wilt thou wan-der? Deep-er in
3. Flee from thy bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly be-
maz-es, no light can'st thou see; Yet in His mer-cy,
dark-ness thy path-way will be; Turn from thy roam-ing,
lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Won-der-ful mer-cy,
full of com-pass-ion, Lo! the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
fly from its dangers, While the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
boundless com-pass-ion, Still the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
CHORUS.
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee; Je-sus is call-ing, "Come unto me;"
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee, Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

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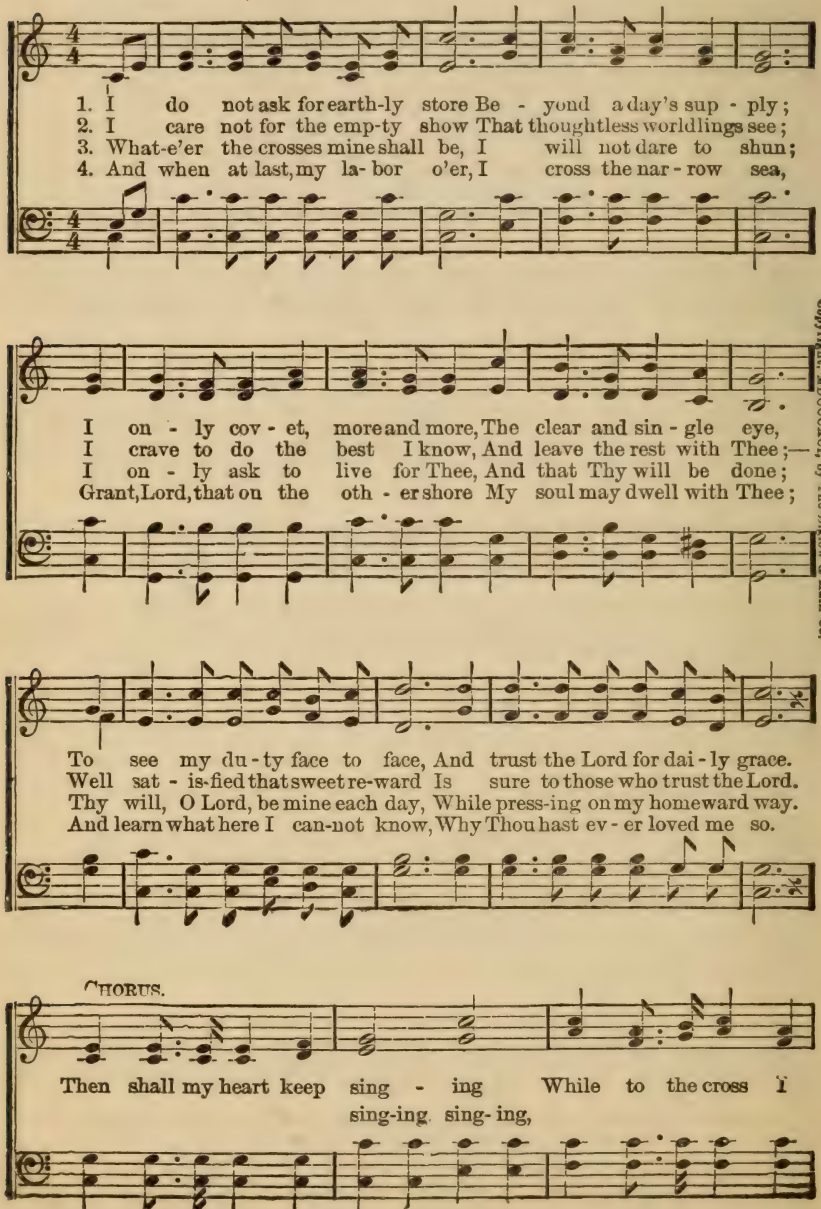
No. 457. The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—JER. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.


1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Be - yond a day's sup - ply;
2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see;
3. What-e'er the crosses mine shall be, I will not dare to shun;
4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar - row sea,
I on - ly cov - et, more and more, The clear and sin - gle eye,
I crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—
I on - ly ask to live for Thee, And that Thy will be done;
Grant, Lord, that on the oth - er shore My soul may dwell with Thee;
To see my du - ty face to face, And trust the Lord for dai - ly grace.
Well sat - is-fied that sweet re-ward Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While press-ing on my homeward way.
And learn what here I can-not know, Why Thou hast ev - er loved me so.
CHORUS.
Then shall my heart keep sing - ing While to the cross I
sing-ing sing-ing,

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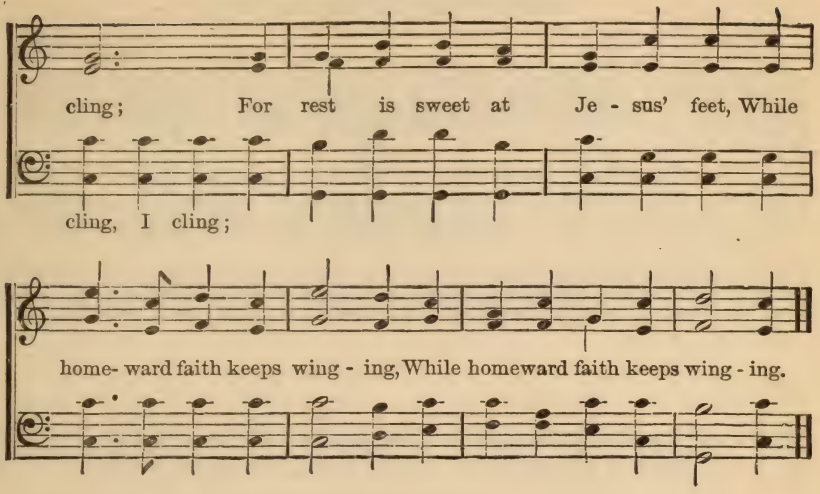
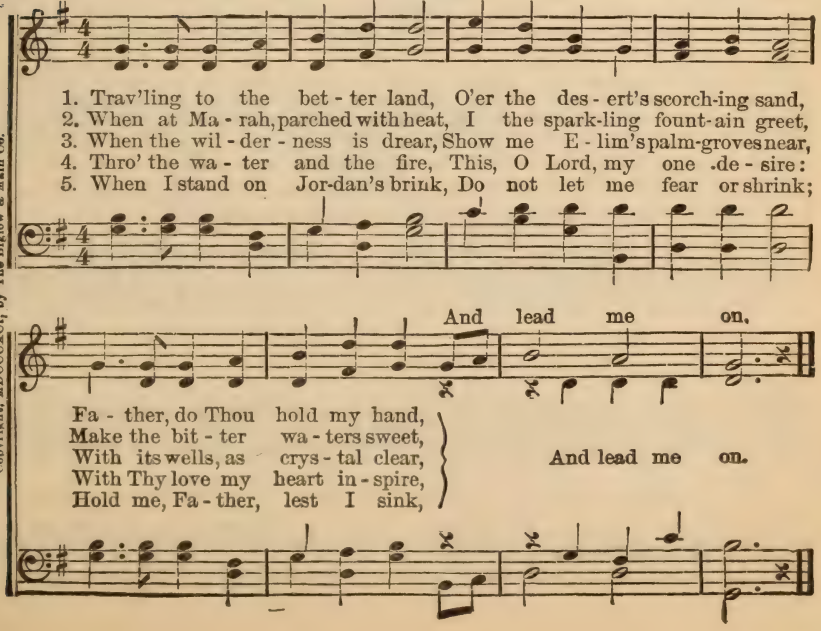
The Eye of Faith.—Concluded.


cling; For rest is sweet at Je - sus' feet, While
cling, I cling;
home- ward faith keeps wing - ing, While homeward faith keeps wing - ing.

No. 458. Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - ert's scorch-ing sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the spark-ling fount-ain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-groves near,
4. Thro' the wa - ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one de - sire:
5. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink;
And lead me on.
Fa - ther, do Thou hold my hand,
Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet,
With its wells, as crys - tal clear,
With Thy love my heart in - spire,
Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink,
And lead me on.

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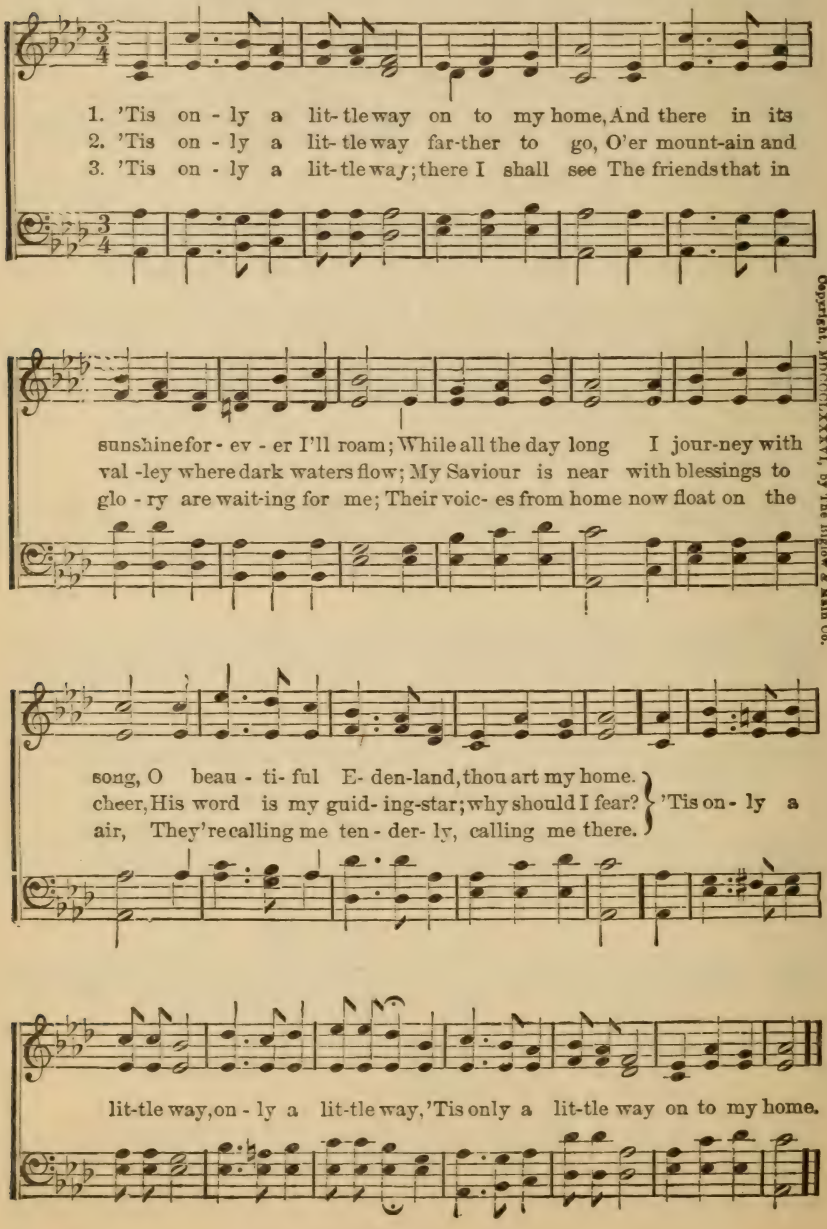
No. 459. Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way on to my home, And there in its
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way far-ther to go, O'er mount-ain and
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit- tle way; there I shall see The friends that in
sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I jour-ney with
val -ley where dark waters flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to
glo - ry are wait-ing for me; Their voic- es from home now float on the
song, O beau - ti- ful E- den-land, thou art my home.
cheer, His word is my guid- ing-star; why should I fear?
air, They're calling me ten - der- ly, calling me there.
'Tis on - ly a
lit-tle way, on - ly a lit-tle way, 'Tis only a lit-tle way on to my home.

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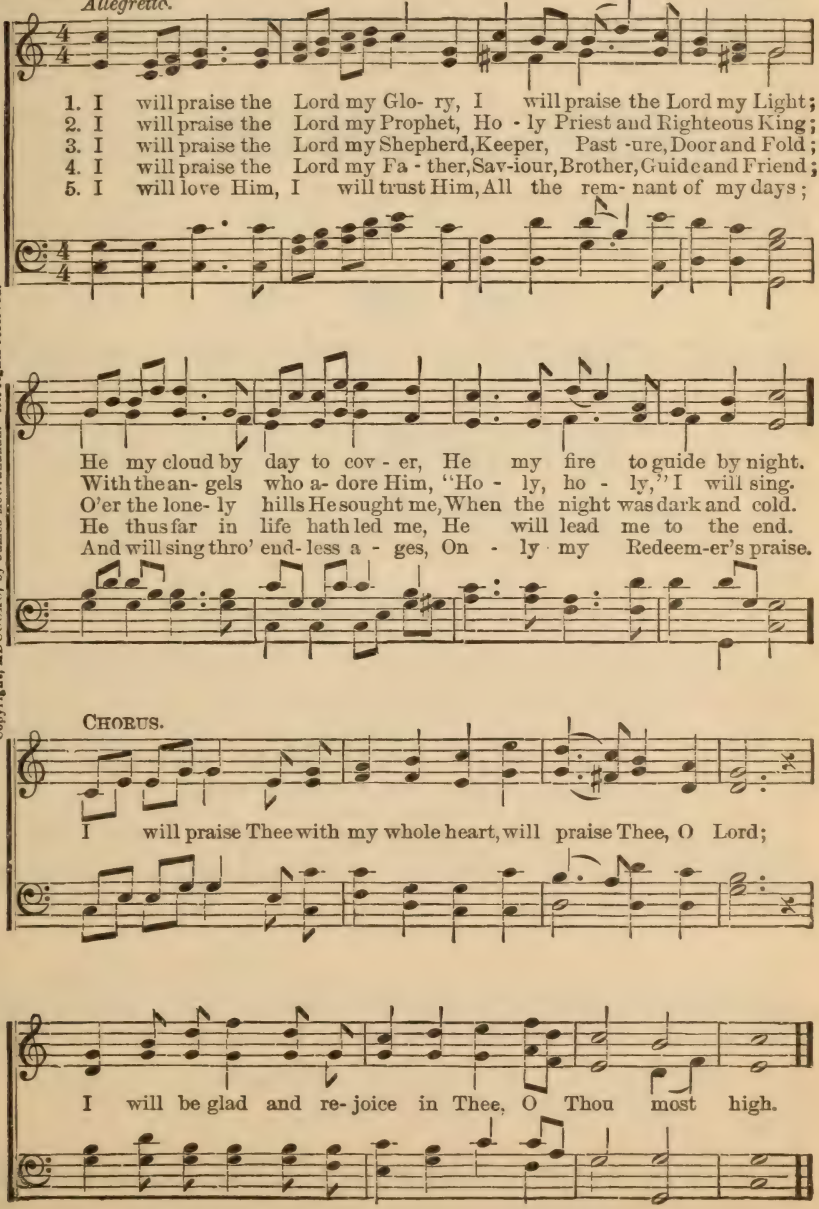
No. 460. I Will Praise Thee.

"Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM 148:1.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.


1. I will praise the Lord my Glo- ry, I will praise the Lord my Light;
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King;
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past -ure, Door and Fold;
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa - ther, Sav-iour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem- nant of my days;
He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an- gels who a- dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone- ly hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end- less a - ges, On - ly my Redeem-er's praise.
CHORUS.
I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;
I will be glad and re- joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

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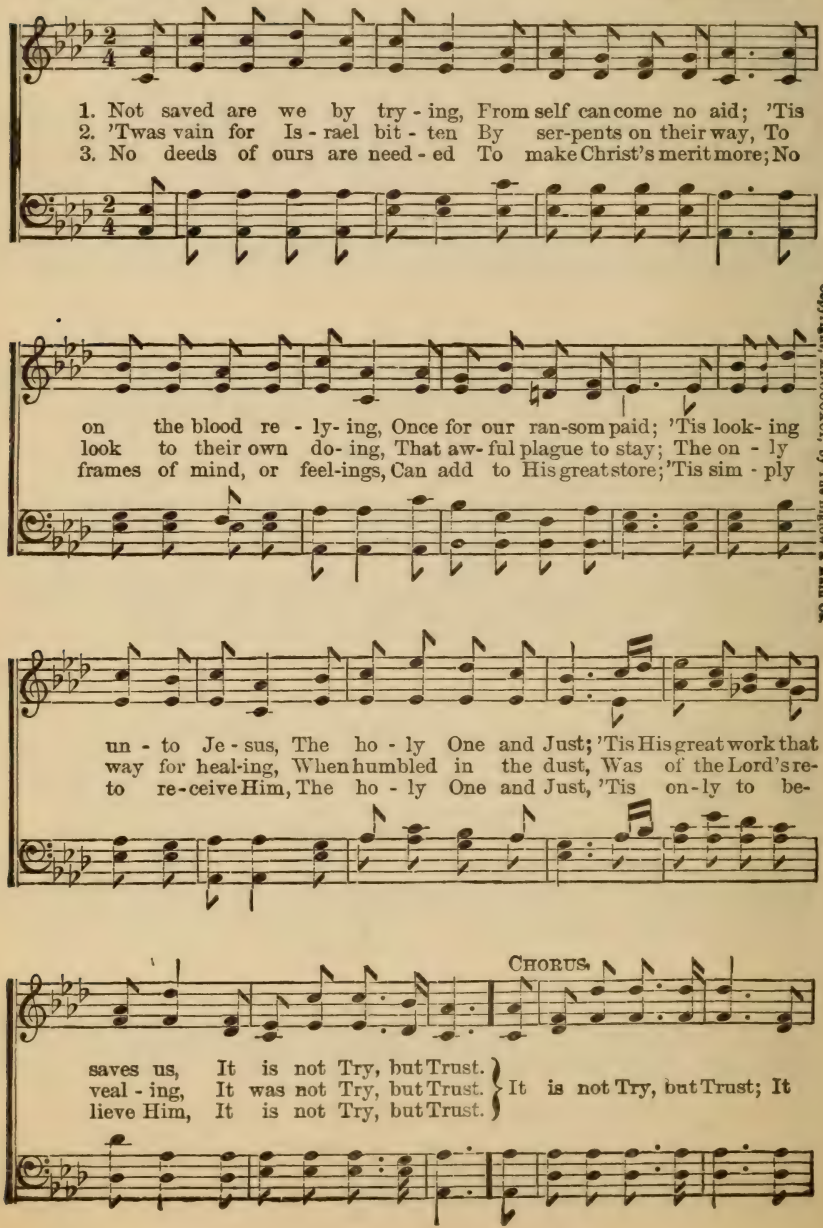
No. 461. Not Try, but Trust.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12: 2.

E. G. Taylor, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Not saved are we by try - ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis
2. 'Twas vain for Is - rael bit - ten By ser-pents on their way, To
3. No deeds of ours are need - ed To make Christ's merit more; No
on the blood re - ly- ing, Once for our ran-som paid; 'Tis look- ing
look to their own do- ing, That aw- ful plague to stay; The on - ly
frames of mind, or feel-ings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis sim - ply
un - to Je - sus, The ho - ly One and Just; 'Tis His great work that
way for heal-ing, When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's re-
to re-ceive Him, The ho - ly One and Just, 'Tis on-ly to be-
Chorus.
saves us, It is not Try, but Trust.
veal - ing, It was not Try, but Trust.
lieve Him, It is not Try, but Trust.
It is not Try, but Trust; It

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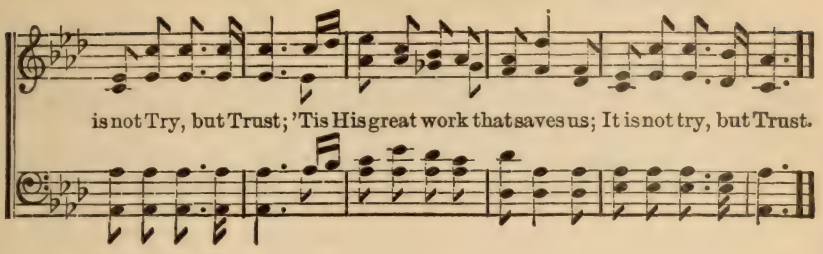
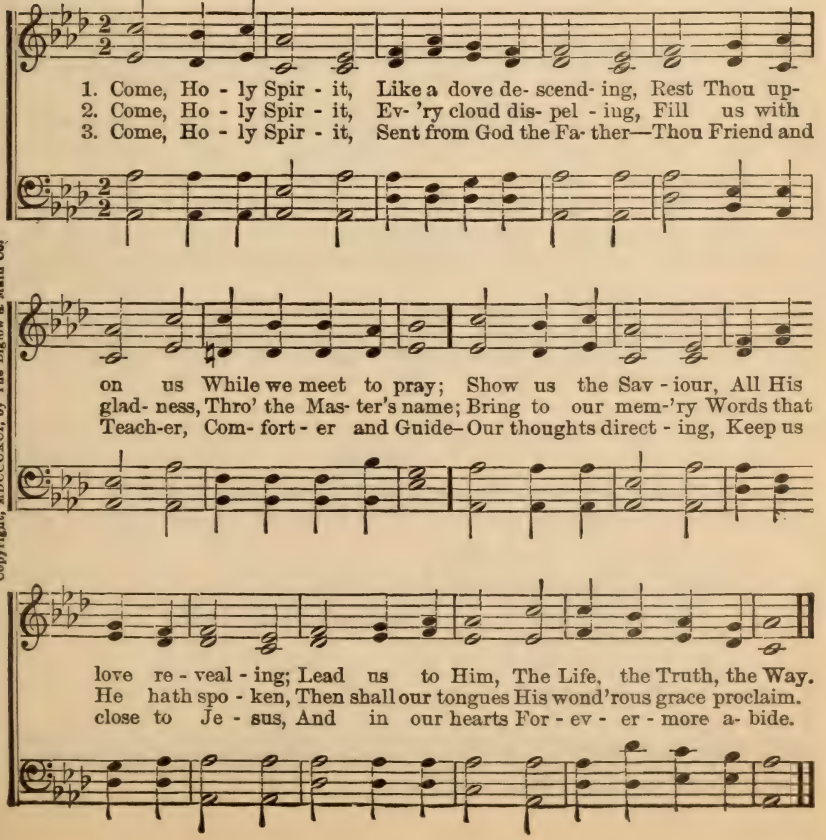


No. 462. Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—JOHN 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Like a dove de- scend- ing, Rest Thou up-
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Ev- 'ry cloud dis- pel - ing, Fill us with
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sent from God the Fa- ther—Thou Friend and
on us While we meet to pray; Show us the Sav - iour, All His
glad- ness, Thro' the Mas- ter's name; Bring to our mem-'ry Words that
Teach-er, Com- fort - er and Guide—Our thoughts direct - ing, Keep us
love re - veal - ing; Lead us to Him, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
He hath spo - ken, Then shall our tongues His wond'rous grace proclaim.
close to Je - sus, And in our hearts For - ev - er - more a- bide.

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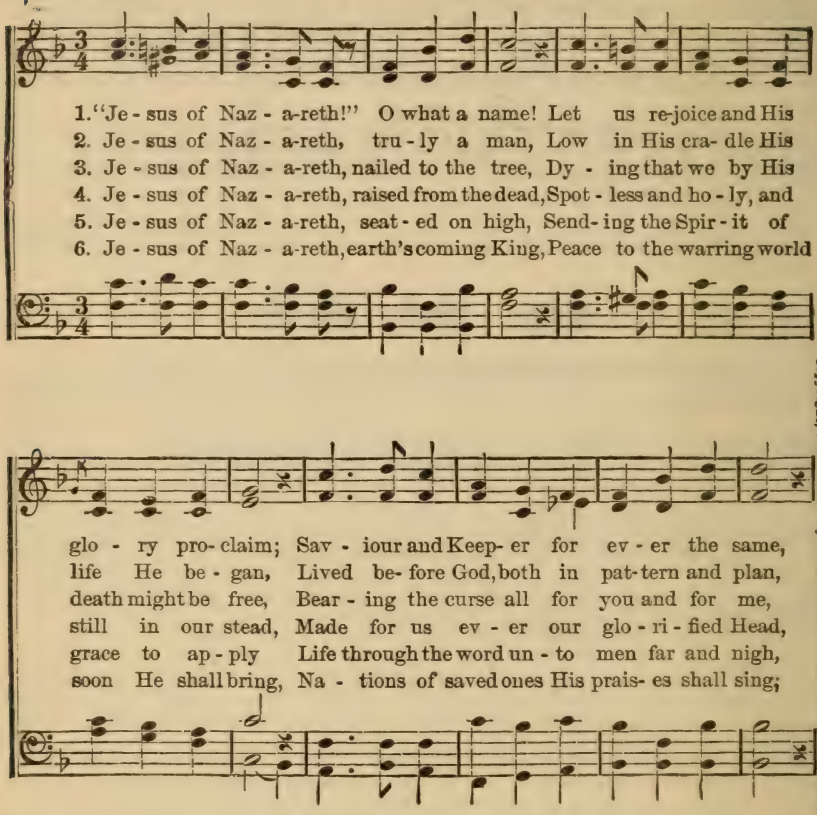
No. 463. Jesus of Nazareth.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."—Acts. 2: 22.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth!" O what a name! Let us re-joice and His glo - ry pro- claim; Sav - iour and Keep- er for ev - er the same,
2. Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, tru - ly a man, Low in His cra- dle His life He be - gan, Lived be- fore God, both in pat- tern and plan,
3. Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, nailed to the tree, Dy - ing that we by His death might be free, Bear - ing the curse all for you and for me,
4. Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, raised from the dead, Spot - less and ho - ly, and still in our stead, Made for us ev - er our glo - ri - fied Head,
5. Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, seat - ed on high, Send- ing the Spir - it of grace to ap - ply Life through the word un - to men far and nigh,
6. Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, earth's coming King, Peace to the warring world soon He shall bring, Na - tions of saved ones His prais- es shall sing;
CHORUS.
Shepherd, Redeem - er and Lord.
Righteous, o - be - di-ent One.
Dy - ing a ran- som for all.
Rais'd from the dead for us all.
Off -'ring sal - va- tion to all.
All shall bow down at His name.
Je - sus of Naz - a-reth, once cru - ci-

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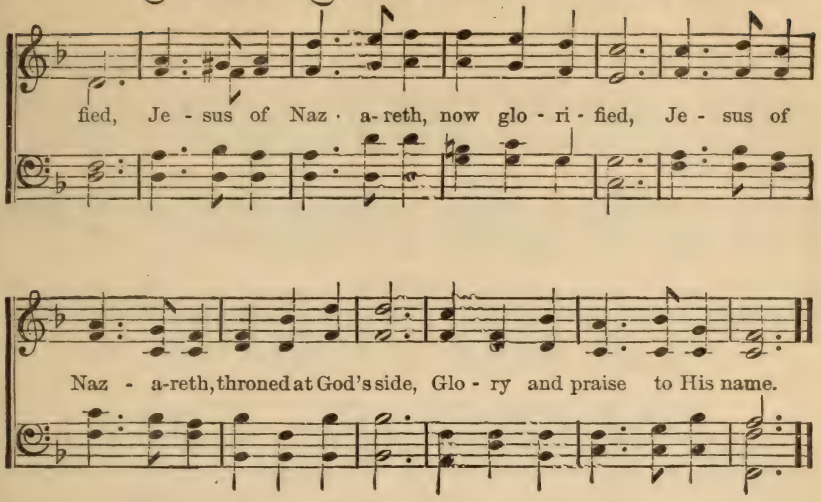
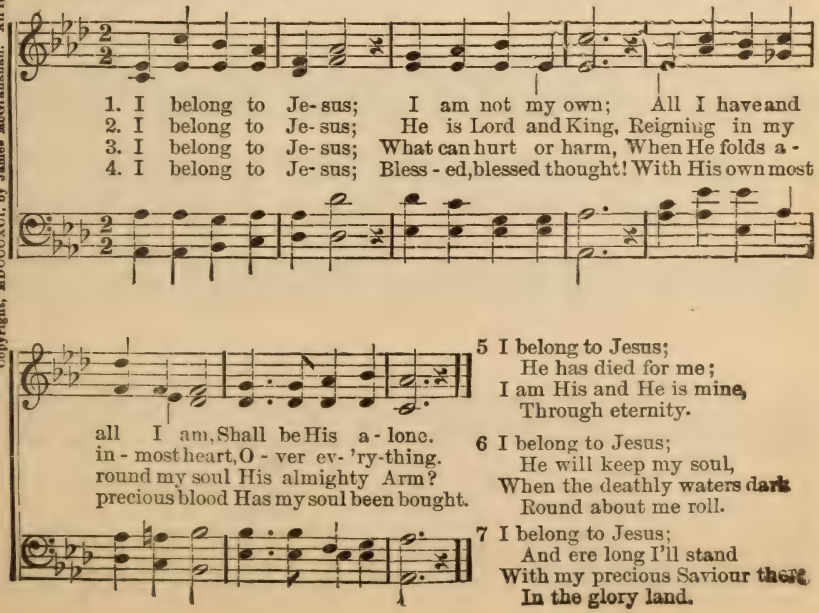
Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.



No. 464. I belong to Jesus.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—Acts. 27: 23.

M. Fraser. M. A. Sea.


1. I belong to Je-sus; I am not my own; All I have and
2. I belong to Je-sus; He is Lord and King, Reigning in my
3. I belong to Je-sus; What can hurt or harm, When He folds a-
4. I belong to Je-sus; Bless-ed, blessed thought! With His own most
all I am, Shall be His a-lone.
in-most heart, O-ver ev-'ry-thing.
round my soul His almighty Arm?
precious blood Has my soul been bought.

5 I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me;
I am His and He is mine,
Through eternity.

6 I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there,
In the glory land.

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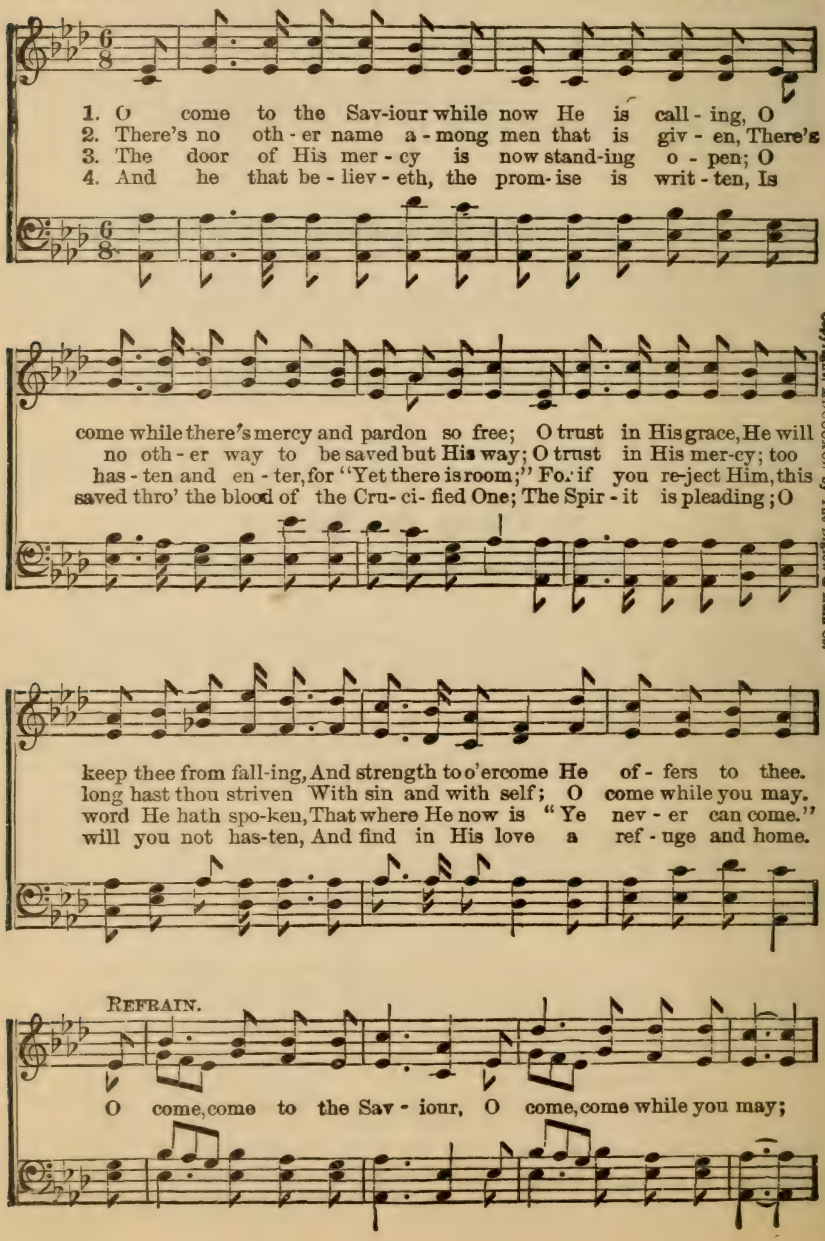
No. 465. O Come to the Saviour.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—PROV. 8: 17.

Words arr. J. J. LOWE.


1. O come to the Sav-iour while now He is call - ing, O
2. There's no oth - er name a - mong men that is giv - en, There's
3. The door of His mer - cy is now stand-ing o - pen; O
4. And he that be - liev - eth, the prom-ise is writ - ten, Is
come while there's mercy and pardon so free; O trust in His grace, He will
no oth - er way to be saved but His way; O trust in His mer-cy; too
has - ten and en - ter, for "Yet there is room;" For if you re-ject Him, this
saved thro' the blood of the Cru- ci- fied One; The Spir - it is pleading; O
keep thee from fall-ing, And strength to o'ercome He of - fers to thee.
long hast thou striven With sin and with self; O come while you may.
word He hath spo-ken, That where He now is "Ye nev - er can come."
will you not has-ten, And find in His love a ref - uge and home.
REFRAIN.
O come, come to the Sav - iour, O come, come while you may;

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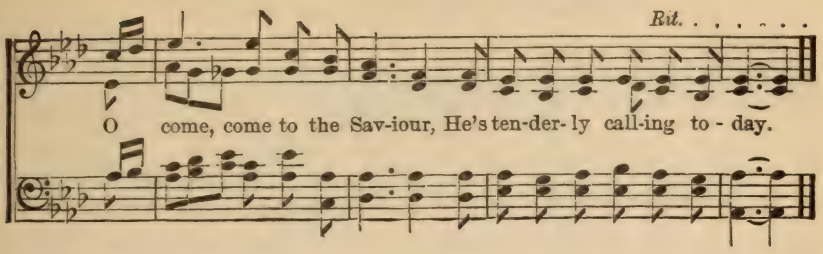
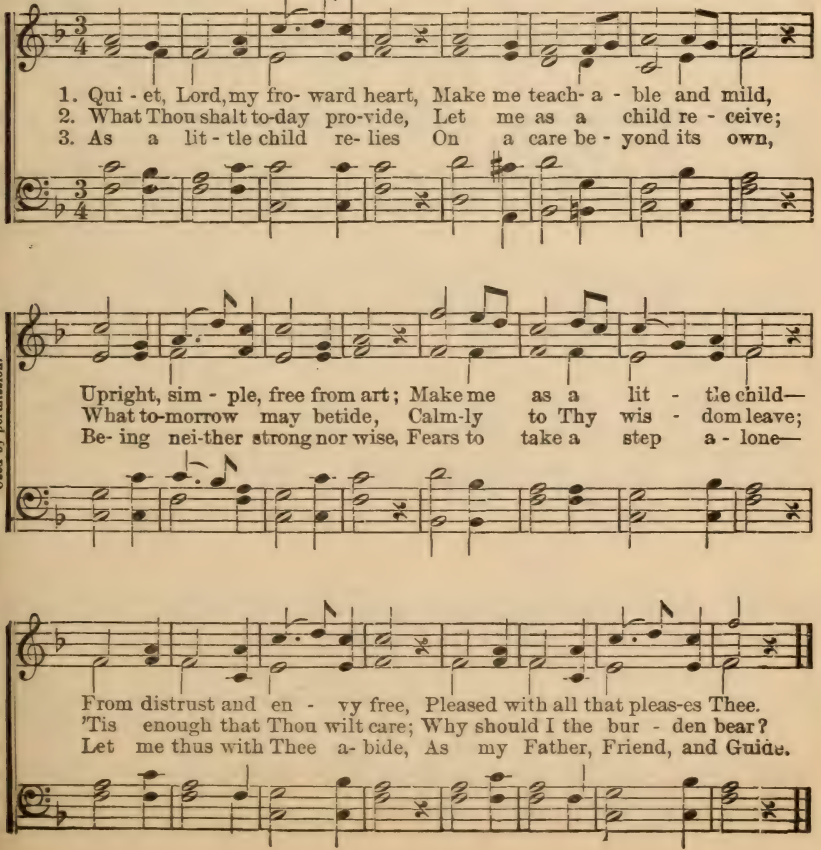
O Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 466. Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—ISA. 32: 18.

J. NEWTON. (REPOSE. 7s, 6l.) ART. from F. KÜCKEN.


1. Qui-et, Lord, my fro-ward heart, Make me teach-a-ble and mild,
2. What Thou shalt to-day pro-vide, Let me as a child re-ceive;
3. As a lit-tle child re-lies On a care be-yond its own,
Upright, sim-ple, free from art; Make me as a lit-tle child—
What to-morrow may betide, Calm-ly to Thy wis-dom leave;
Be-ing nei-ther strong nor wise, Fears to take a step a-lone—
From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur-den bear?
Let me thus with Thee a-bide, As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

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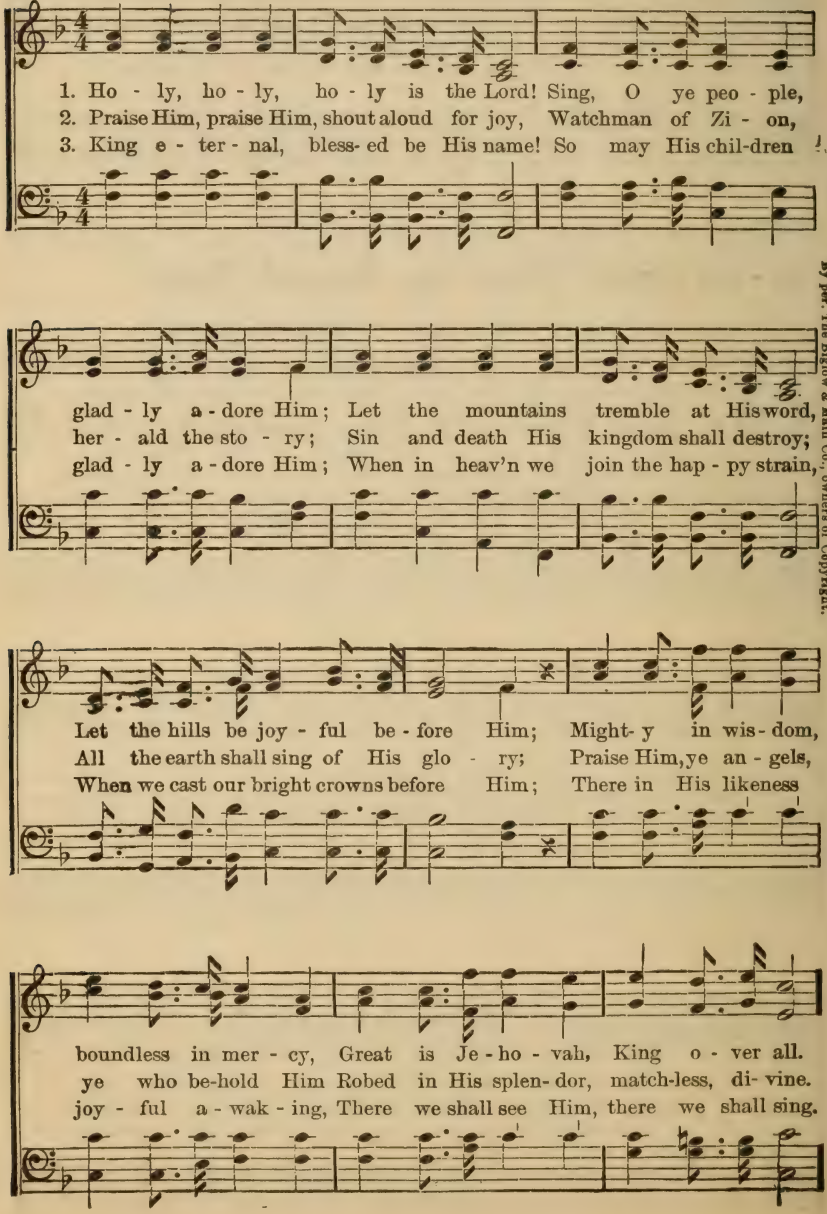
No. 467. Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless- ed be His name! So may His chil-dren
glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might- y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness
boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen- dor, match-less, di- vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

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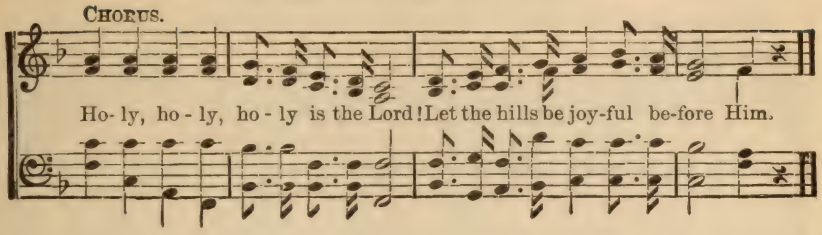
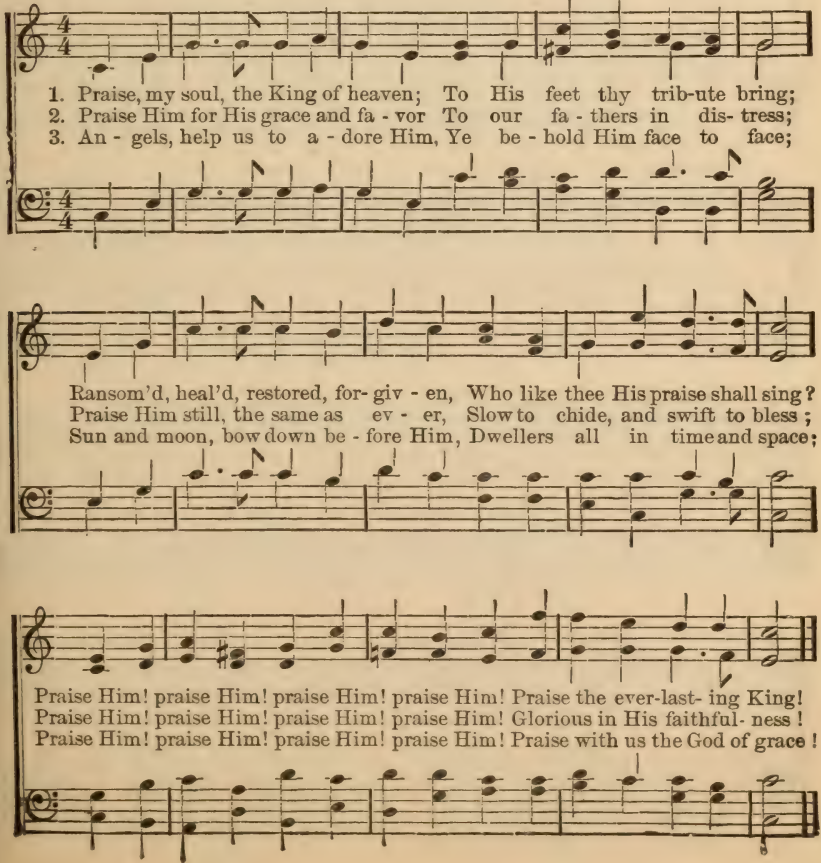
Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

No. 468. Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

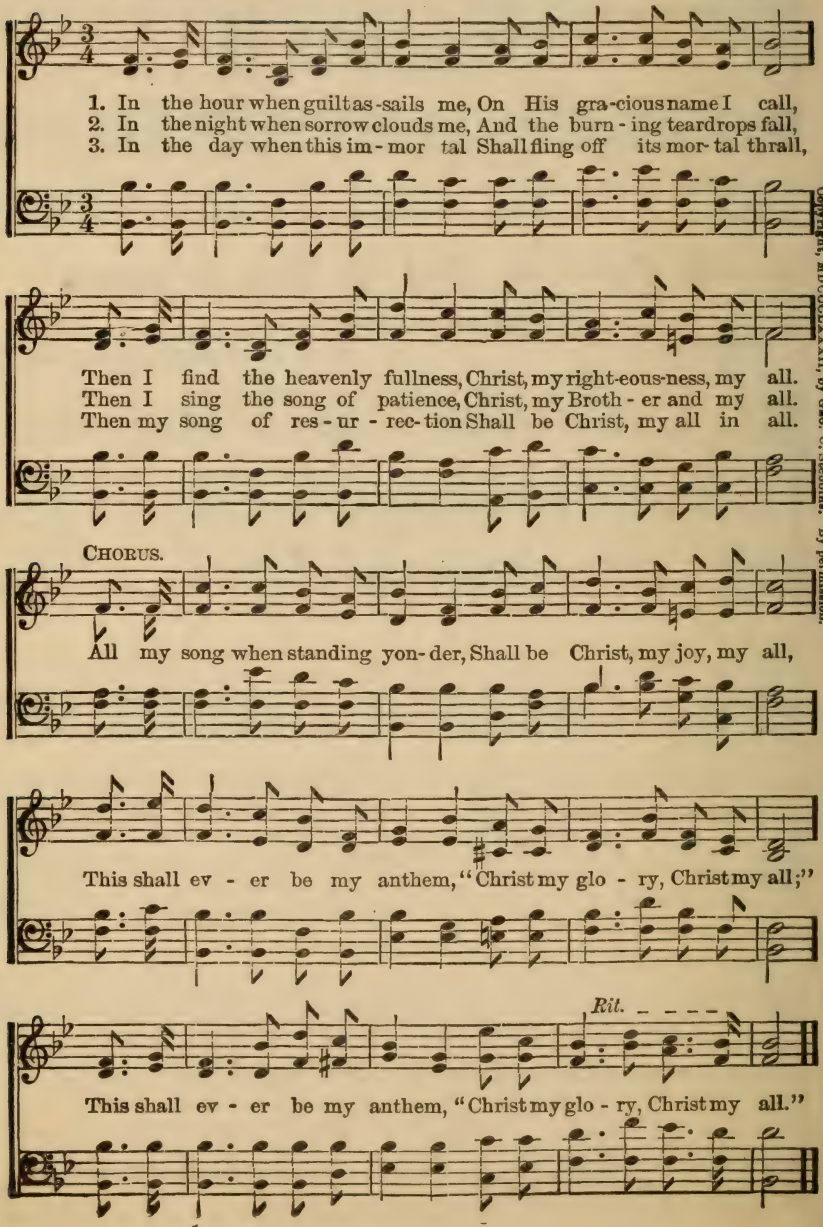
H. F. Lyte. Henry J. Gauntlett.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis- tress;
3. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, for- giv - en, Who like thee His praise shall sing?
Praise Him still, the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwellers all in time and space;
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ever-last- ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faithful- ness!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

No. 469. Christ, my All.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. In the hour when guilt as-sails me, On His gra-cious name I call,
2. In the night when sorrow clouds me, And the burn-ing tear drops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall,
Then I find the heavenly fullness, Christ, my right-eous-ness, my all.
Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.
Then my song of res-ur-rec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.
CHORUS.
All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,
This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all;"
Rit.
This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all."

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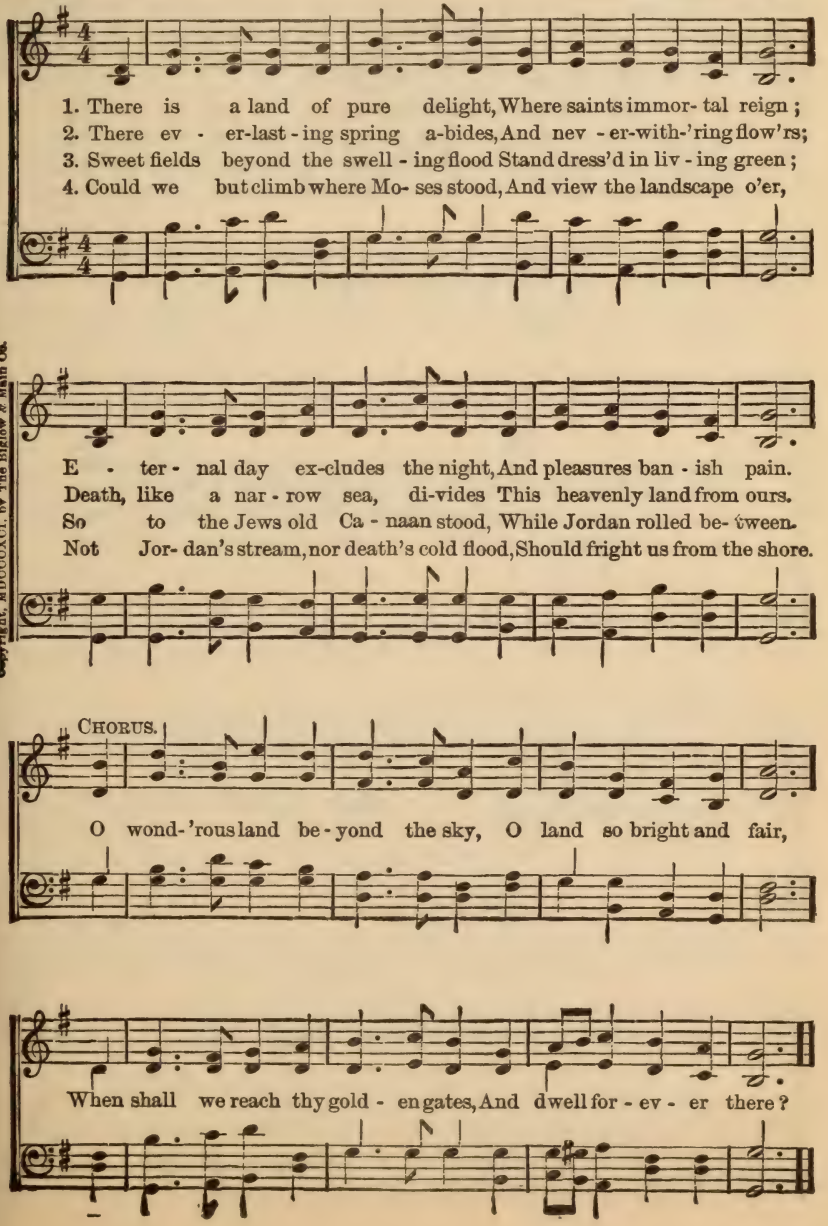
No. 470 O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

I. Watts, arr. Ira D. Sankey.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor- tal reign;
2. There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Mo- ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be- tween.
Not Jor- dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
Chorus.
O wond-'rous land be - yond the sky, O land so bright and fair,
When shall we reach thy gold - en gates, And dwell for - ev - er there?

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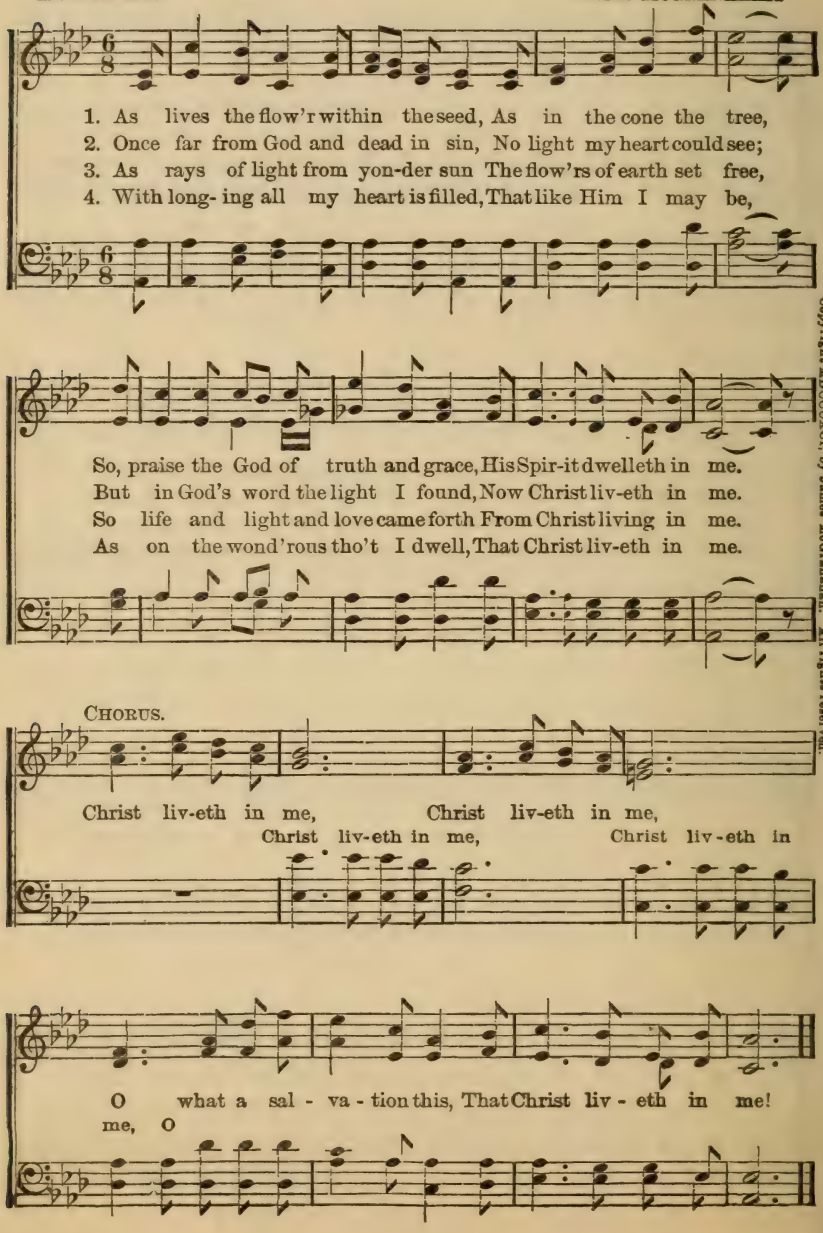
No. 471. Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. 2: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. As lives the flow'r within the seed, As in the cone the tree,
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
3. As rays of light from yon-der sun The flow'rs of earth set free,
4. With long- ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
But in God's word the light I found, Now Christ liv-eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ living in me.
As on the wond'rous tho't I dwell, That Christ liv-eth in me.
CHORUS.
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in
O what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me!
me, O

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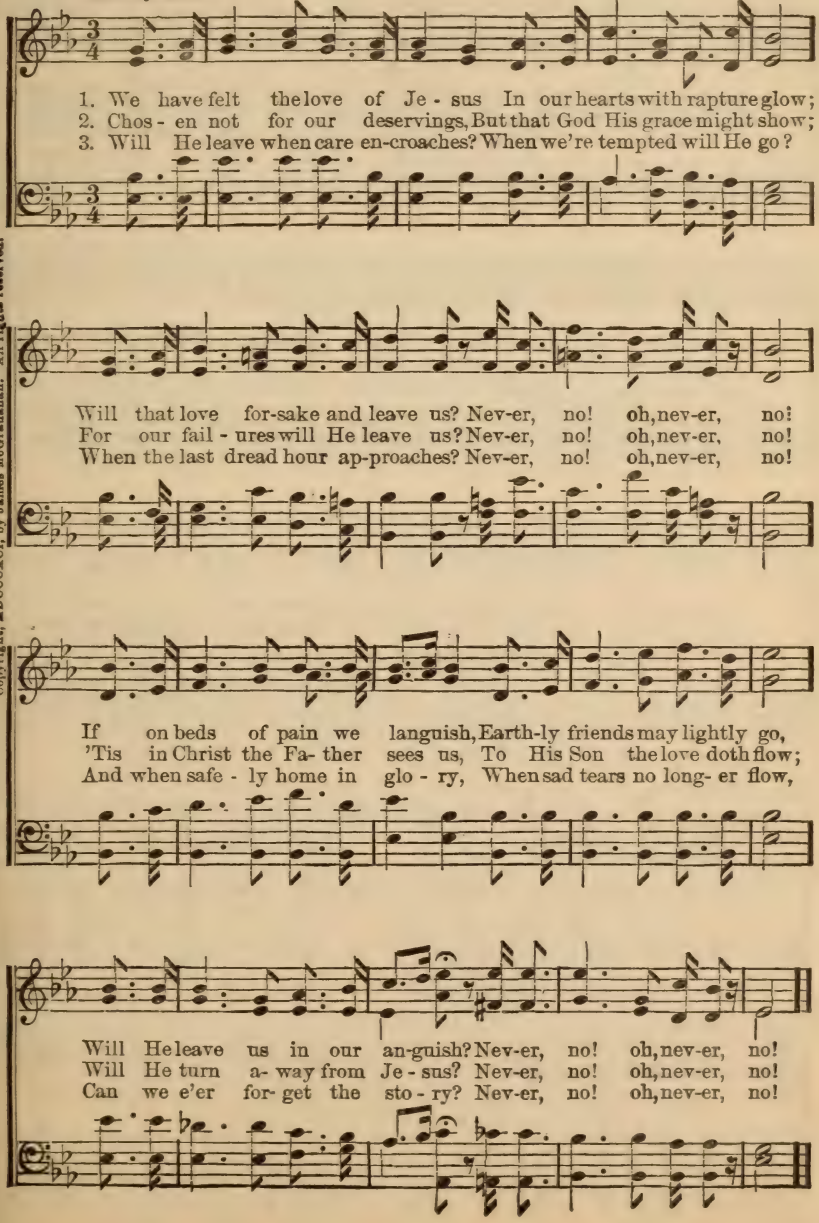
No. 472. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31: 3.

Rev. J. P. HUTCHINSON.
Arr. by E. N.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.


1. We have felt the love of Je - sus In our hearts with rapture glow;
2. Chos - en not for our deservings, But that God His grace might show;
3. Will He leave when care en-croaches? When we're tempted will He go?
Will that love for-sake and leave us? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!
For our fail - ures will He leave us? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!
When the last dread hour ap-proaches? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!
If on beds of pain we languish, Earth-ly friends may lightly go,
'Tis in Christ the Fa- ther sees us, To His Son the love doth flow;
And when safe - ly home in glo - ry, When sad tears no long- er flow,
Will He leave us in our an-guish? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!
Will He turn a- way from Je - sus? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!
Can we e'er for- get the sto - ry? Nev-er, no! oh, nev-er, no!

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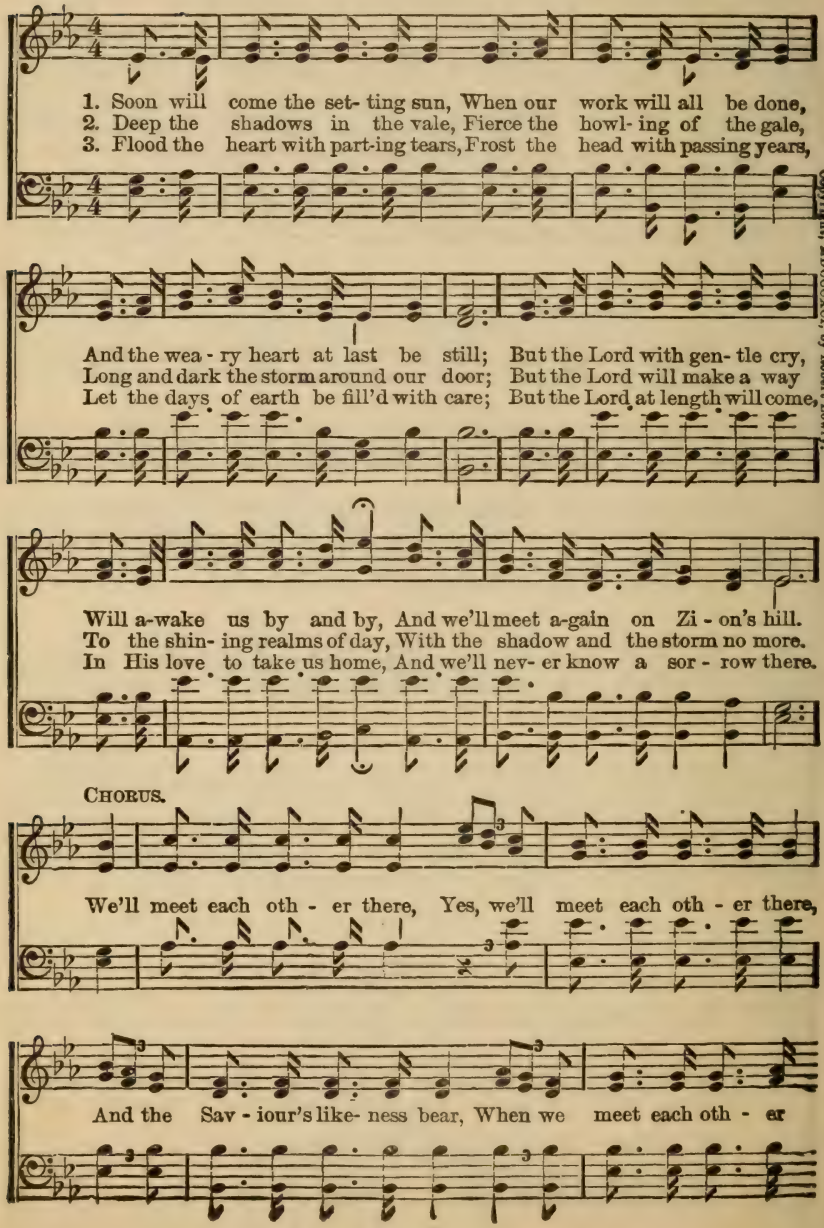
No. 473. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4: 17.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Soon will come the set- ting sun, When our work will all be done,
2. Deep the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howl- ing of the gale,
3. Flood the heart with part-ing tears, Frost the head with passing years,
And the wea - ry heart at last be still; But the Lord with gen- tle cry,
Long and dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way
Let the days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come,
Will a-wake us by and by, And we'll meet a-gain on Zi - on's hill.
To the shin- ing realms of day, With the shadow and the storm no more.
In His love to take us home, And we'll nev- er know a sor - row there.
CHORUS.
We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,
And the Sav - iour's like- ness bear, When we meet each oth - er

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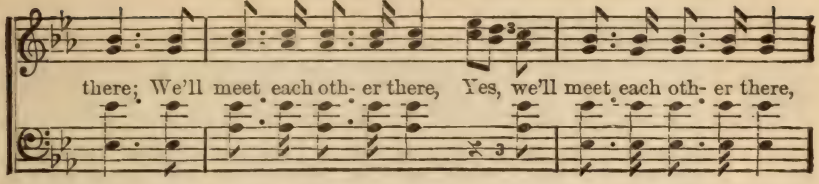
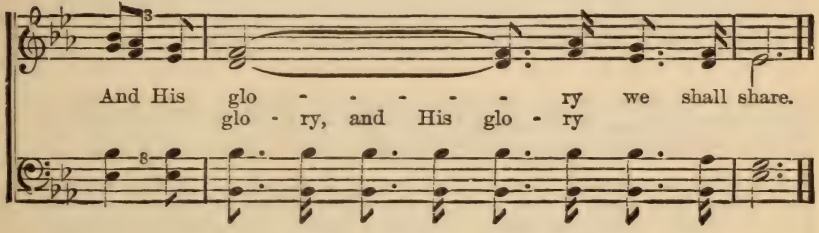
We'll Meet Each Other—Concluded.

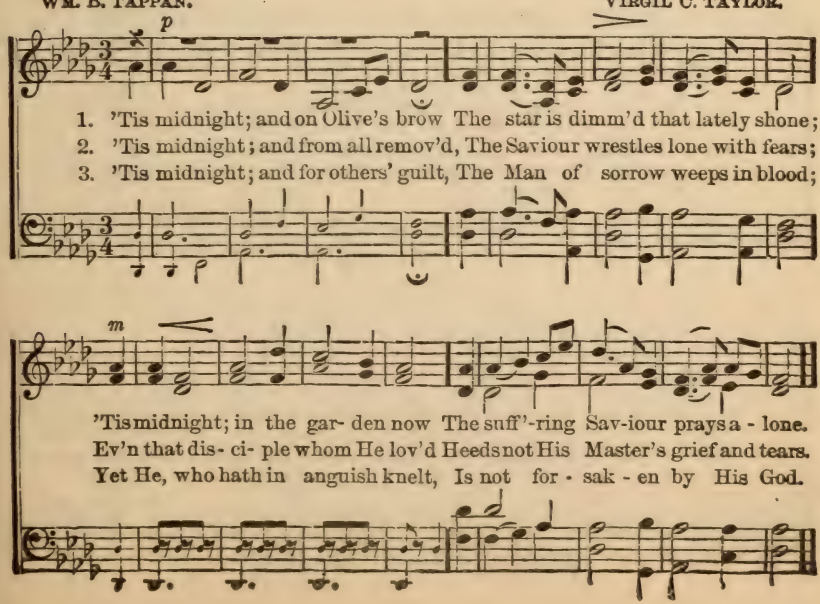




No. 474. "'Tis Midnight."

"It is finished."—JOHN 19: 30.

WM. B. TAPPAN. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

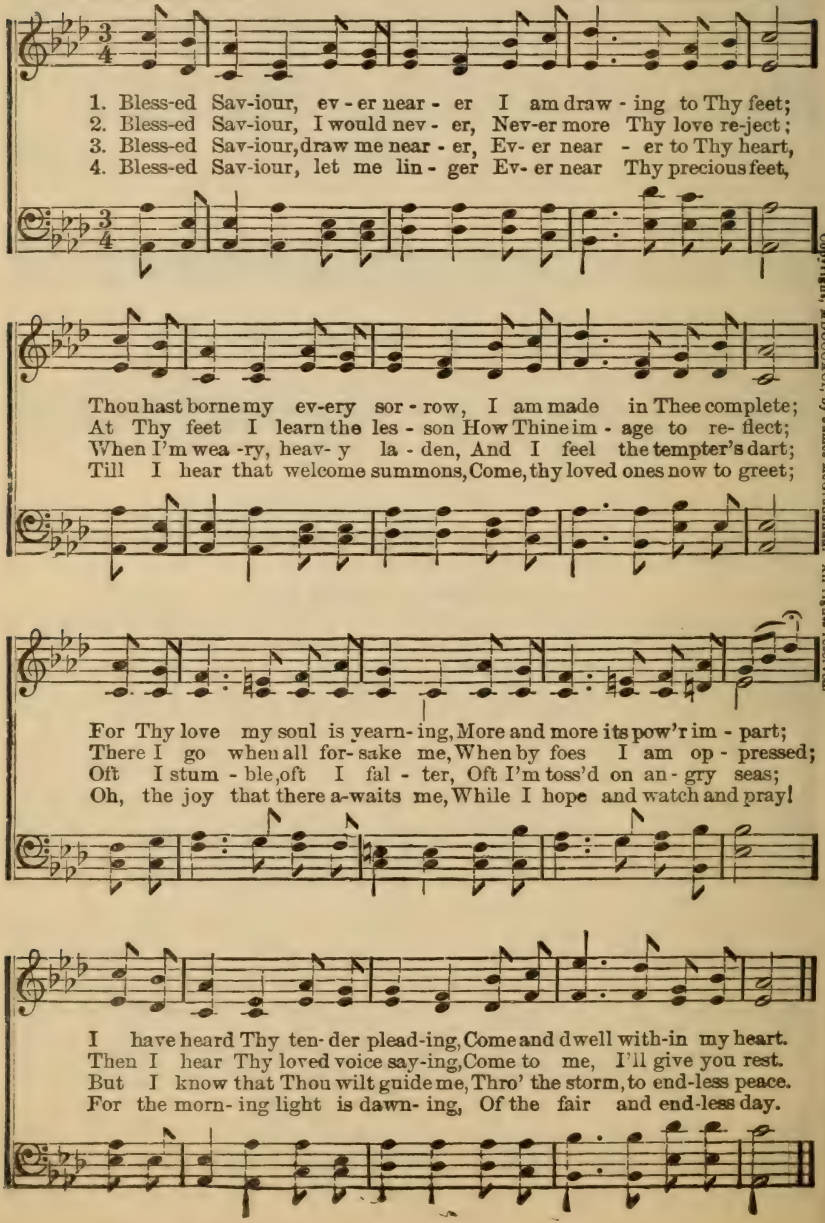

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt, The Man of sorrow weeps in blood;
'Tis midnight; in the gar- den now The suff'-ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis- ci- ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.

No. 475. Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.

"Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPH. 2: 13.

Furnished by MERTON SMITH.
Arr. by EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, ev - er near - er I am draw - ing to Thy feet;
2. Bless-ed Sav-iour, I would nev - er, Nev-er more Thy love re-ject;
3. Bless-ed Sav-iour, draw me near - er, Ev- er near - er to Thy heart,
4. Bless-ed Sav-iour, let me lin - ger Ev- er near Thy precious feet,
Thou hast borne my ev-ery sor - row, I am made in Thee complete;
At Thy feet I learn the les - son How Thine im - age to re- flect;
When I'm wea -ry, heav- y la - den, And I feel the tempter's dart;
Till I hear that welcome summons, Come, thy loved ones now to greet;
For Thy love my soul is yearn- ing, More and more its pow'r im - part;
There I go when all for- sake me, When by foes I am op - pressed;
Oft I stum - ble, oft I fal - ter, Oft I'm toss'd on an - gry seas;
Oh, the joy that there a-waits me, While I hope and watch and pray!
I have heard Thy ten- der plead-ing, Come and dwell with-in my heart.
Then I hear Thy loved voice say-ing, Come to me, I'll give you rest.
But I know that Thou wilt guide me, Thro' the storm, to end-less peace.
For the morn- ing light is dawn- ing, Of the fair and end-less day.

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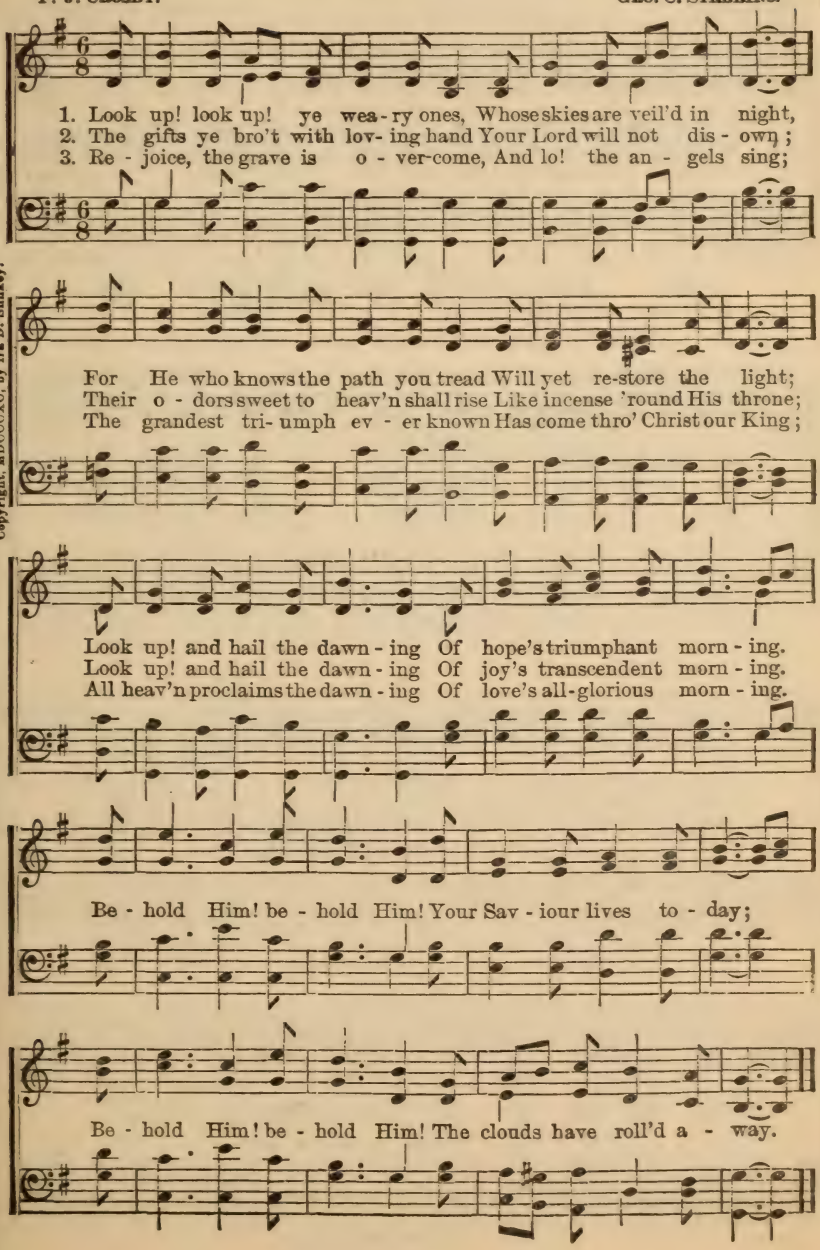
No. 476.

Behold Him!

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN 1: 29.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Look up! look up! ye wea - ry ones, Whose skies are veil'd in night,
2. The gifts ye bro't with lov- ing hand Your Lord will not dis - own;
3. Re - joice, the grave is o - ver-come, And lo! the an - gels sing;
For He who knows the path you tread Will yet re-store the light;
Their o - dors sweet to heav'n shall rise Like incense 'round His throne;
The grandest tri- umph ev - er known Has come thro' Christ our King;
Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of hope's triumphant morn - ing.
Look up! and hail the dawn - ing Of joy's transcendent morn - ing.
All heav'n proclaims the dawn - ing Of love's all-glorious morn - ing.
Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! Your Sav - iour lives to - day;
Be - hold Him! be - hold Him! The clouds have roll'd a - way.

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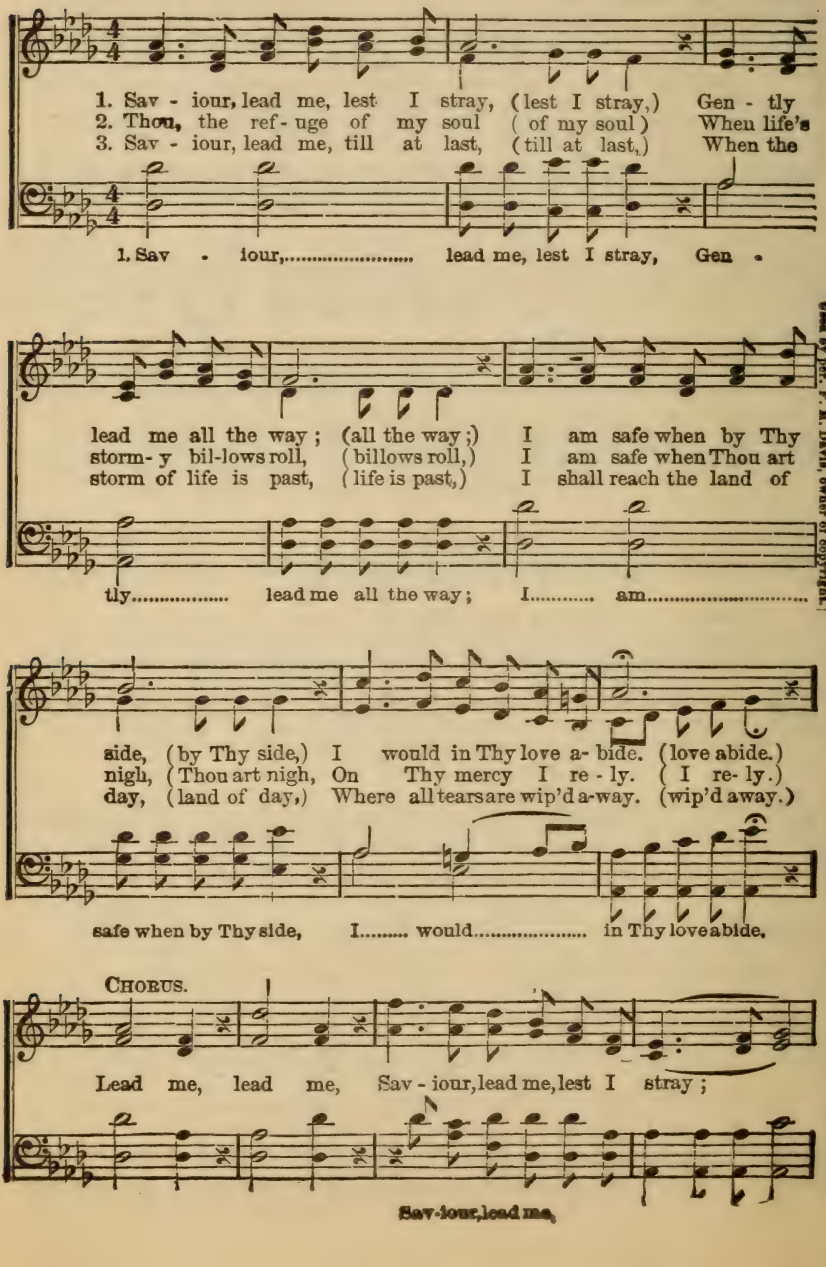
No. 477. Lead me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,) Gen - tly
2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul (of my soul) When life's
3. Sav - iour, lead me, till at last, (till at last,) When the
1. Sav - iour,..... lead me, lest I stray, Gen -
lead me all the way; (all the way;) I am safe when by Thy
storm - y bil-lows roll, (billows roll,) I am safe when Thou art
storm of life is past, (life is past,) I shall reach the land of
tly..... lead me all the way; I..... am.....
side, (by Thy side,) I would in Thy love a - bide. (love abide.)
nigh, (Thou art nigh, On Thy mercy I re - ly. (I re - ly.)
day, (land of day,) Where all tears are wip'd a-way. (wip'd away.)
safe when by Thy side, I..... would..... in Thy love abide.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;
Sav-iour, lead me,

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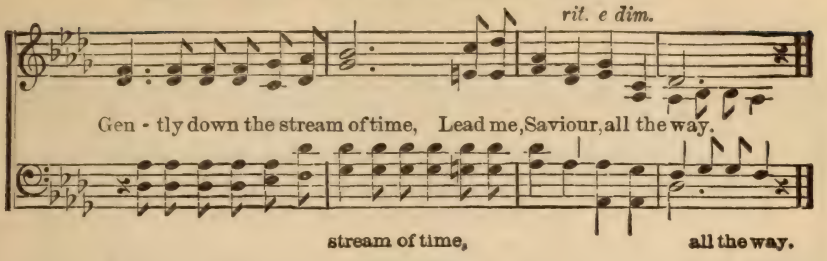
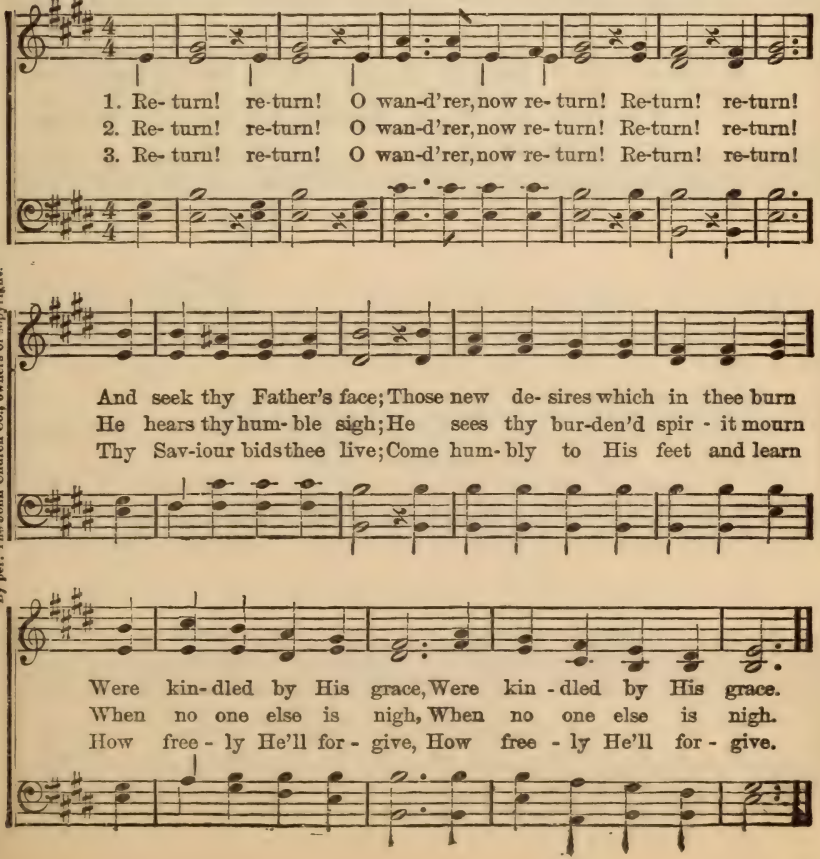
Lead me, Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 478. Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—ISA. 55: 7.

W. B. COLLYER, arr. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Re- turn! re-turn! O wan-d'rer, now re- turn! Re-turn! re-turn!
2. Re- turn! re-turn! O wan-d'rer, now re- turn! Re-turn! re-turn!
3. Re- turn! re-turn! O wan-d'rer, now re- turn! Re-turn! re-turn!
And seek thy Father's face; Those new de- sires which in thee burn
He hears thy hum- ble sigh; He sees thy bur-den'd spir - it mourn
Thy Sav-iour bids thee live; Come hum- bly to His feet and learn
Were kin- dled by His grace, Were kin - dled by His grace.
When no one else is nigh, When no one else is nigh.
How free - ly He'll for - give, How free - ly He'll for - give.

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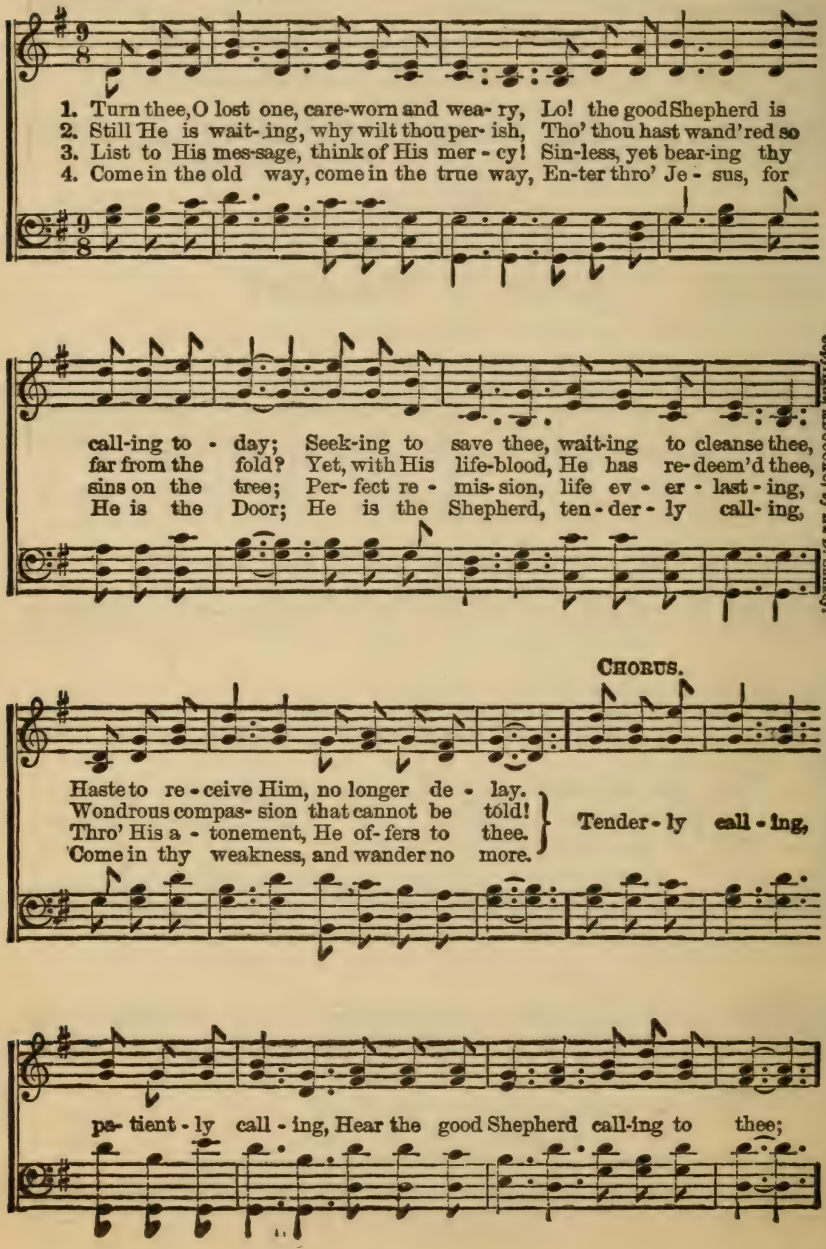
No. 479.

Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Ezek. 33: 11.

P. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and wea- ry, Lo! the good Shepherd is
2. Still He is wait- ing, why wilt thou per- ish, Tho' thou hast wand'red so
3. List to His mes-sage, think of His mer - cy! Sin-less, yet bear-ing thy
4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, En-ter thro' Je - sus, for
call-ing to - day; Seek-ing to save thee, wait-ing to cleanse thee,
far from the fold? Yet, with His life-blood, He has re-deem'd thee,
sins on the tree; Per- fect re - mis-sion, life ev - er - last - ing,
He is the Door; He is the Shepherd, ten - der - ly call- ing,
Chorus.
Haste to re - ceive Him, no longer de - lay.
Wondrous compas- sion that cannot be told!
Thro' His a - tonement, He of- fers to thee.
Come in thy weakness, and wander no more.
Tender - ly call - ing,
pa- tient - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd call-ing to thee;

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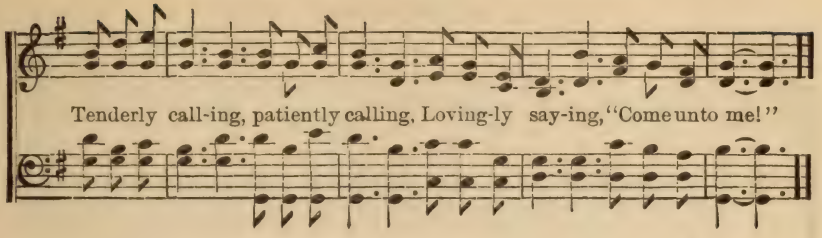
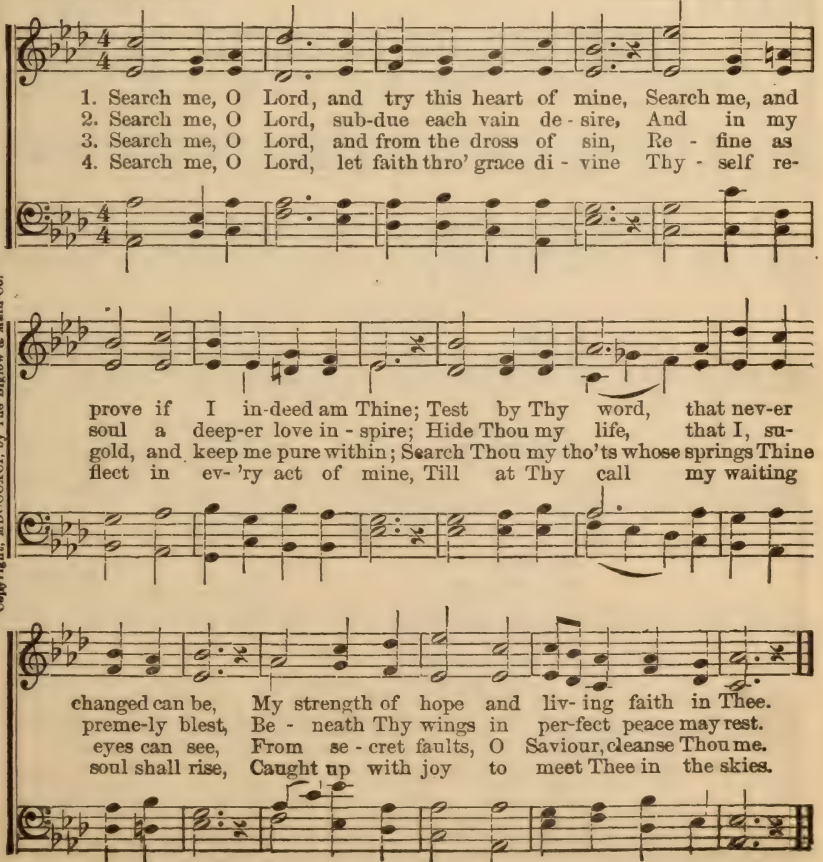
Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.



No. 480. Search me, O Lord.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.

1. Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine, Search me, and
2. Search me, O Lord, sub-due each vain de - sire, And in my
3. Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin, Re - fine as
4. Search me, O Lord, let faith thro' grace di - vine Thy - self re-
prove if I in-deed am Thine; Test by Thy word, that nev-er
soul a deep-er love in - spire; Hide Thou my life, that I, su-
gold, and keep me pure within; Search Thou my tho'ts whose springs Thine
flect in ev-'ry act of mine, Till at Thy call my waiting
changed can be, My strength of hope and liv- ing faith in Thee.
preme-ly blest, Be - neath Thy wings in per-fect peace may rest.
eyes can see, From se - cret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.
soul shall rise, Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

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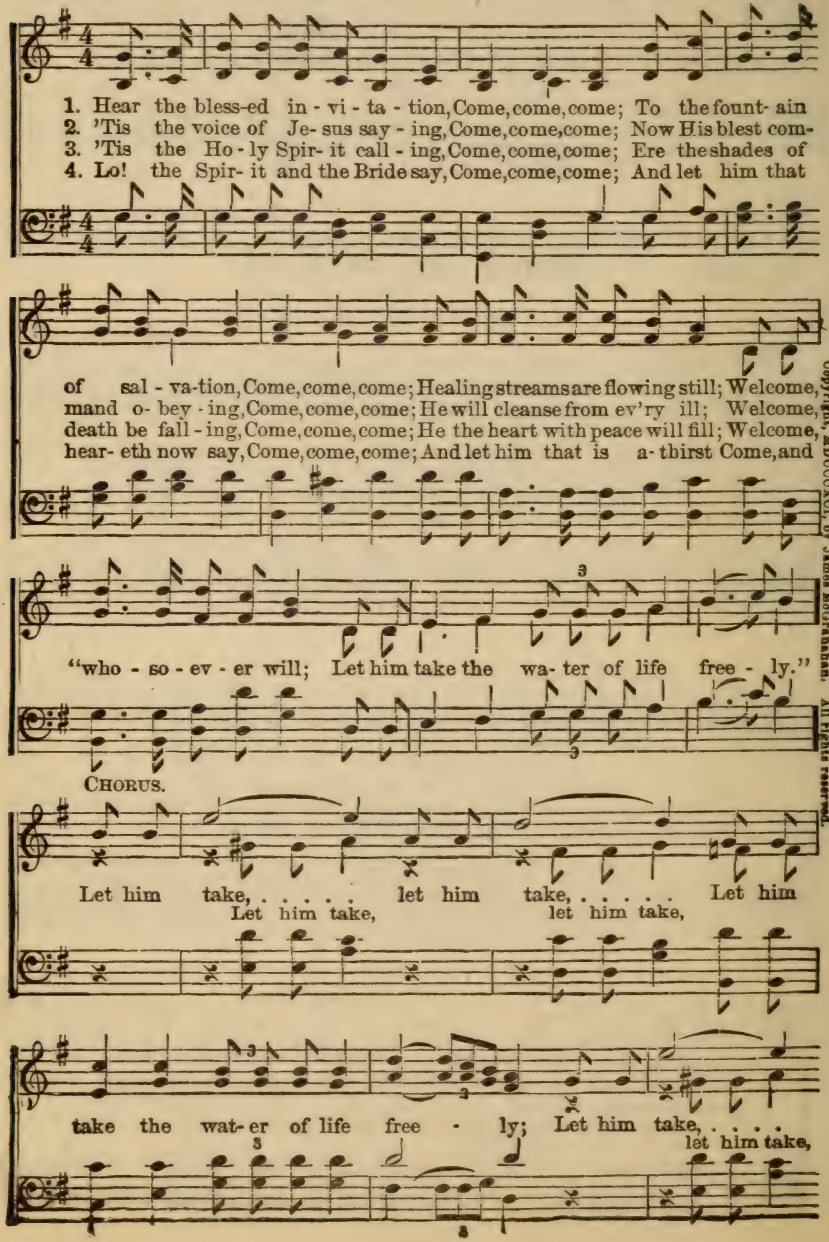
No. 481. Hear the Blessed Invitation.

"The Spirit and the bride say come."—Rev. 22: 17.

C. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Hear the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come, come; To the fount- ain
2. 'Tis the voice of Je- sus say - ing, Come, come, come; Now His blest com-
3. 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir- it call - ing, Come, come, come; Ere the shades of
4. Lo! the Spir- it and the Bride say, Come, come, come; And let him that
of sal - va-tion, Come, come, come; Healing streams are flowing still; Welcome,
mand o- bey - ing, Come, come, come; He will cleanse from ev'ry ill; Welcome,
death be fall - ing, Come, come, come; He the heart with peace will fill; Welcome,
hear- eth now say, Come, come, come; And let him that is a-thirst Come, and
"who - so - ev - er will; Let him take the wa- ter of life free - ly."
CHORUS.
Let him take, ... let him take, ... Let him
Let him take, let him take,
take the wat- er of life free - ly; Let him take, ...
let him take,

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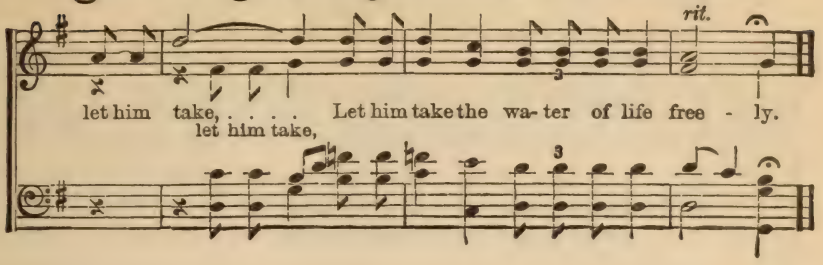
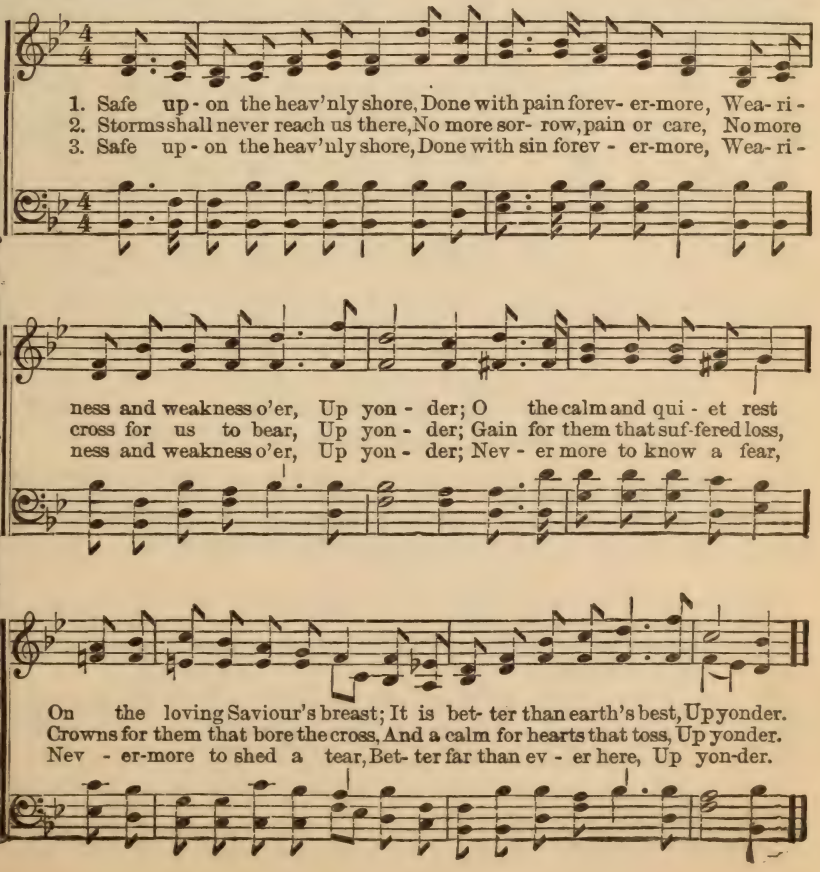
Hear the Blessed Invitation.—Concluded.



No. 482. Up Yonder.

"Where I am, there ye may be also."—JNO. 14: 3.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.


1. Safe up - on the heav'nly shore, Done with pain forev- er-more, Wea- ri -
2. Storms shall never reach us there, No more sor- row, pain or care, No more
3. Safe up - on the heav'nly shore, Done with sin forev - er-more, Wea- ri -
ness and weakness o'er, Up yon - der; O the calm and qui - et rest
cross for us to bear, Up yon - der; Gain for them that suf-fered loss,
ness and weakness o'er, Up yon - der; Nev - er more to know a fear,
On the loving Saviour's breast; It is bet- ter than earth's best, Up yonder.
Crowns for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yonder.
Nev - er-more to shed a tear, Bet- ter far than ev - er here, Up yon-der.

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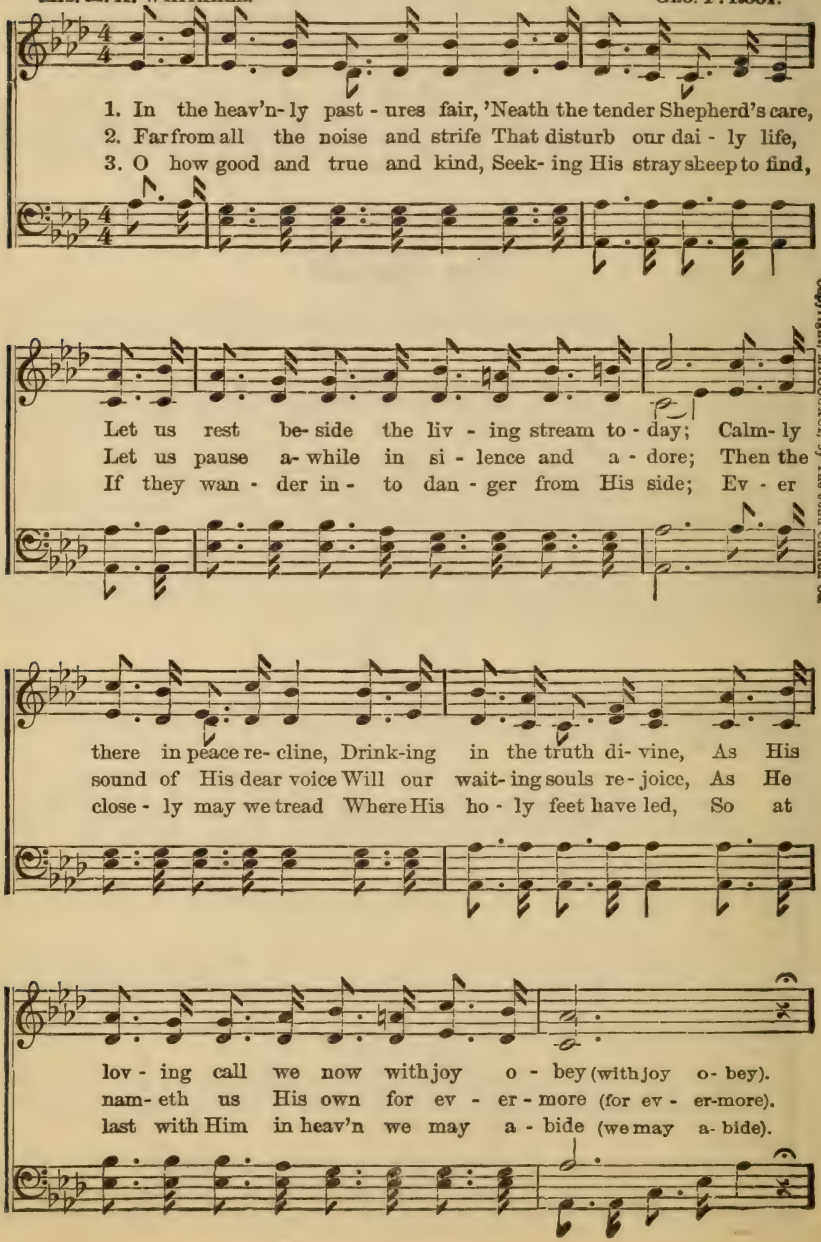
No. 483. In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. WHITAKER. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. In the heav'n-ly past - ures fair, 'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
2. Far from all the noise and strife That disturb our dai - ly life,
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek- ing His stray sheep to find,
Let us rest be- side the liv - ing stream to - day; Calm- ly
Let us pause a- while in si - lence and a - dore; Then the
If they wan - der in - to dan - ger from His side; Ev - er
there in peace re- cline, Drink-ing in the truth di- vine, As His
sound of His dear voice Will our wait- ing souls re - joice, As He
close - ly may we tread Where His ho - ly feet have led, So at
lov - ing call we now with joy o - bey (with joy o- bey).
nam- eth us His own for ev - er - more (for ev - er-more).
last with Him in heav'n we may a - bide (we may a- bide).

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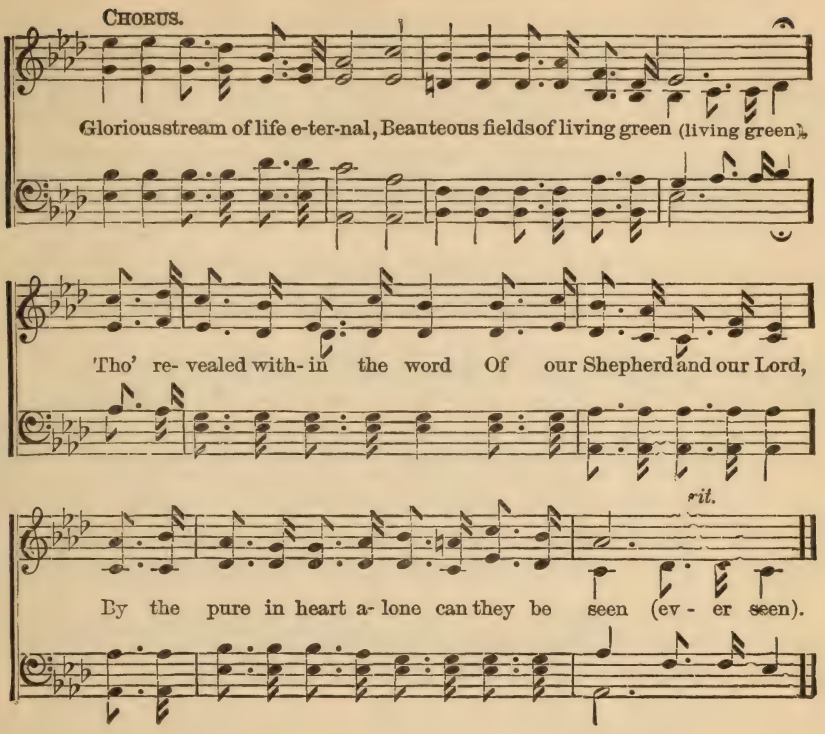
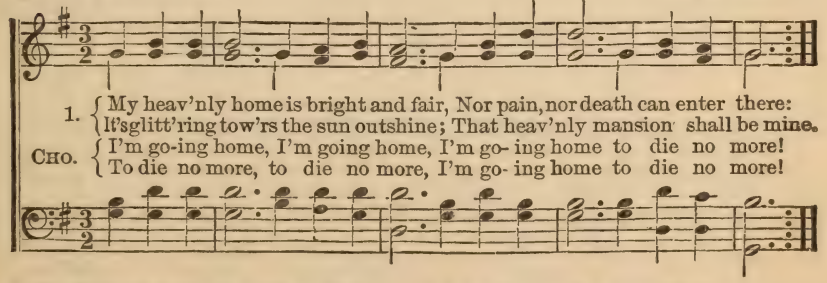
In Heavenly Pastures.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of living green (living green),
Tho' re- vealed with- in the word Of our Shepherd and our Lord,
rit.
By the pure in heart a- lone can they be seen (ev - er seen).

No. 484. I'm Going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JNO. 14: 2.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
If'sglitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
CHO. I'm go-ing home, I'm going home, I'm go- ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go- ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

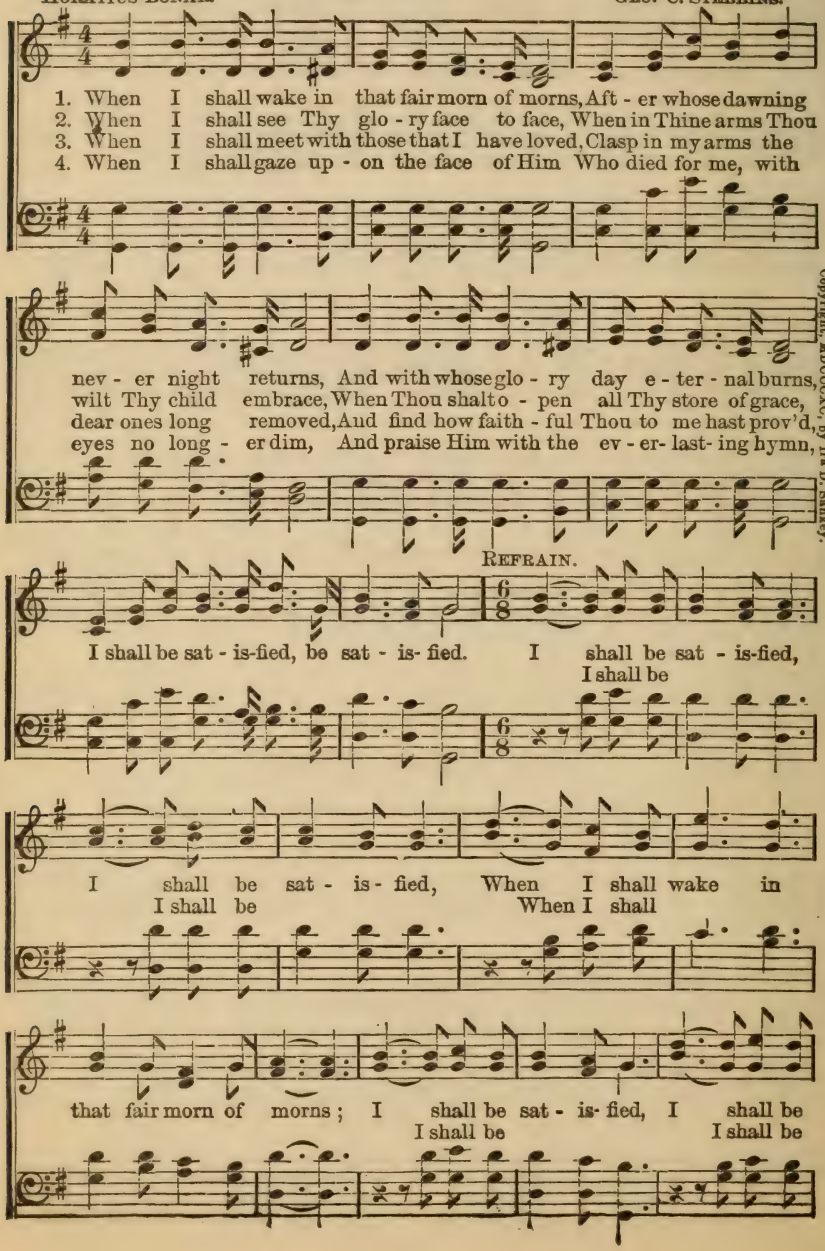
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 485.

Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with
nev - er night returns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy store of grace,
dear ones long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast prov'd,
eyes no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er- last- ing hymn,
REFRAIN.
I shall be sat - is-fied, be sat - is- fied. I shall be sat - is-fied,
I shall be
I shall be sat - is- fied, When I shall wake in
I shall be
When I shall
that fair morn of morns; I shall be sat - is- fied, I shall be
I shall be
I shall be

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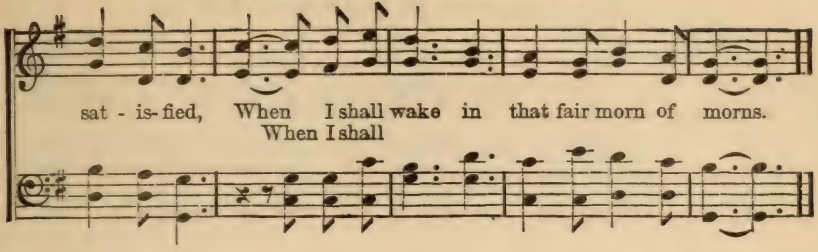
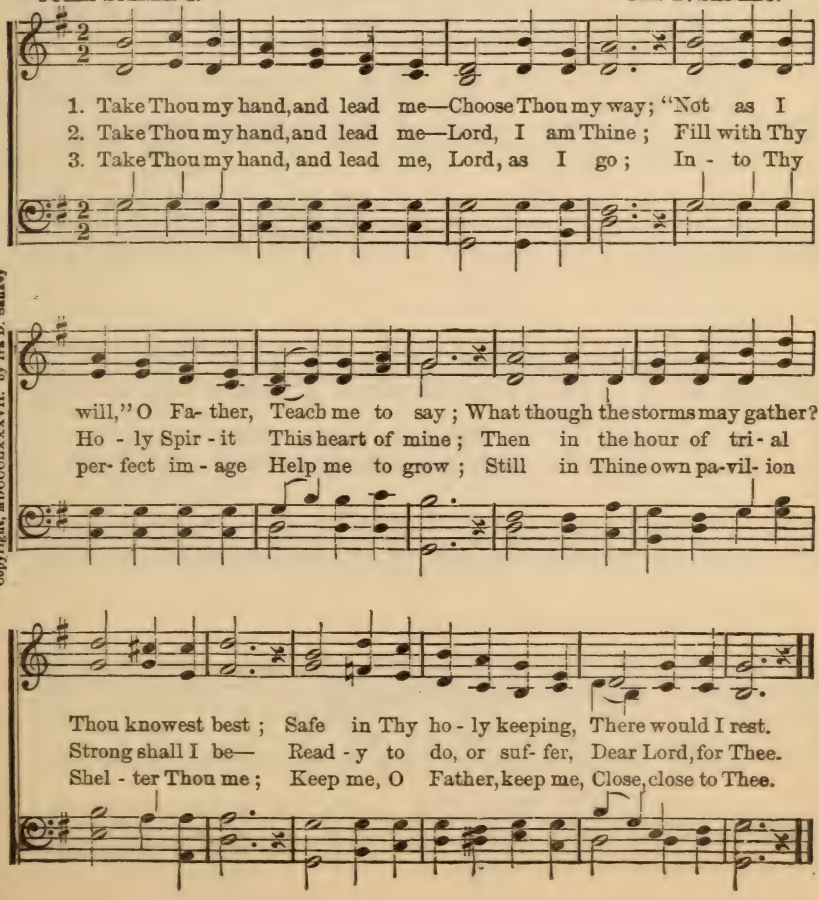


No. 486. Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Choose Thou my way; "Not as I will," O Fa- ther, Teach me to say; What though the storms may gather?
2. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Lord, I am Thine; Fill with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it This heart of mine; Then in the hour of tri - al
3. Take Thou my hand, and lead me, Lord, as I go; In - to Thy per- fect im - age Help me to grow; Still in Thine own pa-vil- ion
Thou knowest best; Safe in Thy ho - ly keeping, There would I rest.
Strong shall I be— Read - y to do, or suf- fer, Dear Lord, for Thee.
Shel - ter Thou me; Keep me, O Father, keep me, Close, close to Thee.

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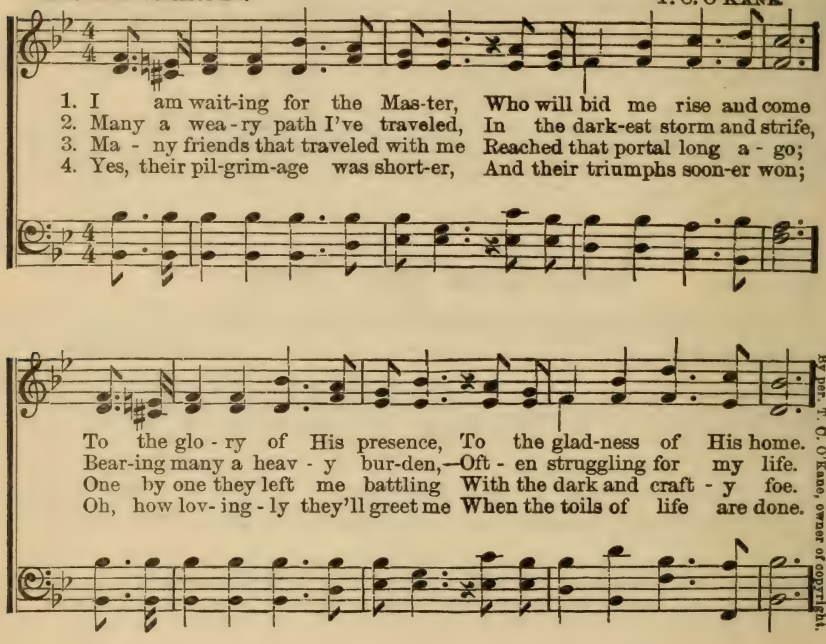
No. 487. Waiting at the Door.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. REASONER. T. C. O'KANE.


1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and come
To the glo - ry of His presence, To the glad-ness of His home.
2. Many a wea - ry path I've traveled, In the dark-est storm and strife,
Bear-ing many a heav - y bur-den,—Oft - en struggling for my life.
3. Ma - ny friends that traveled with me Reached that portal long a - go;
One by one they left me battling With the dark and craft - y foe.
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their triumphs soon-er won;
Oh, how lov- ing - ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.
CHORUS.
They are watch - - ing at the port-al, They are wait - -
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are
- - ing at the door; Wait- ing on - - - ly for my
wait-ing at the door; Wait- ing on - ly, wait-ing on - ly for my

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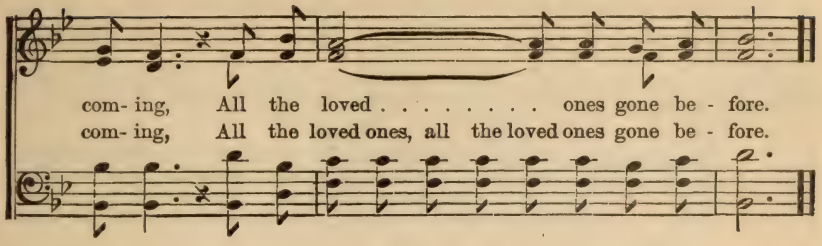
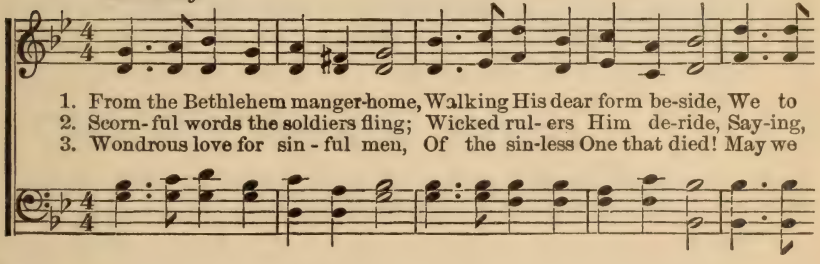


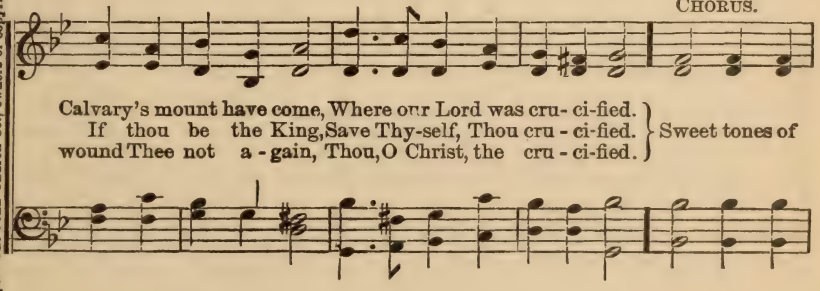
No. 488. They Crucified Him.

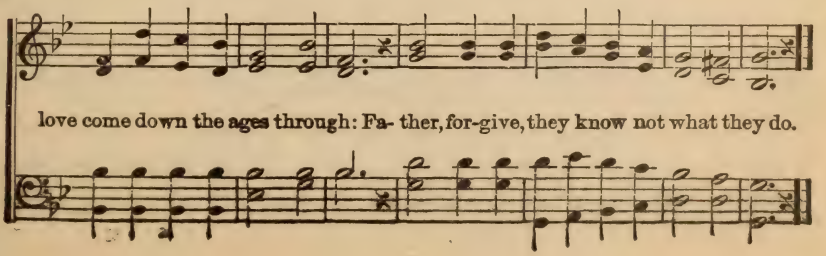
"——and parted his garments."—MATT. 27: 35.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.


1. From the Bethlehem manger-home, Walking His dear form be-side, We to
2. Scorn- ful words the soldiers fling; Wicked rul- ers Him de-ride, Say-ing,
3. Wondrous love for sin - ful men, Of the sin-less One that died! May we


CHORUS.
Calvary's mount have come, Where our Lord was cru- ci-fied.
If thou be the King, Save Thy-self, Thou cru - ci-fied.
wound Thee not a - gain, Thou, O Christ, the cru - ci-fied.
Sweet tones of



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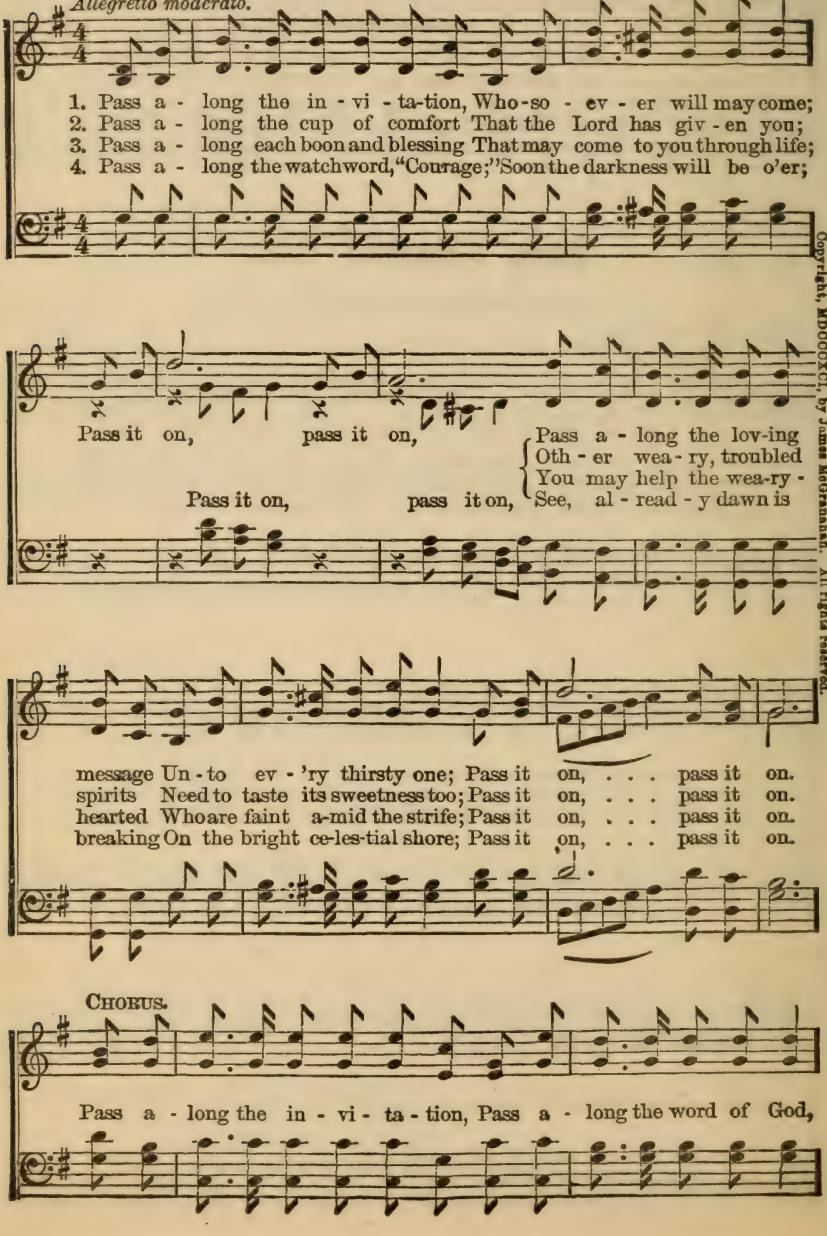
No. 489. Pass it On.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

M. Fraser. James McGranahan.

Allegretto moderato.


1. Pass a - long the in - vi - ta-tion, Who-so - ev - er will may come;
2. Pass a - long the cup of comfort That the Lord has giv - en you;
3. Pass a - long each boon and blessing That may come to you through life;
4. Pass a - long the watchword, "Courage;" Soon the darkness will be o'er;
Pass it on, pass it on,
Pass a - long the lov-ing
Oth - er wea - ry, troubled
You may help the wea-ry -
Pass it on, pass it on,
See, al - read - y dawn is
message Un - to ev - 'ry thirsty one; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
spirits Need to taste its sweetness too; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
hearted Who are faint a-mid the strife; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
breaking On the bright ce-les-tial shore; Pass it on, . . . pass it on.
Chorus.
Pass a - long the in - vi - ta - tion, Pass a - long the word of God,

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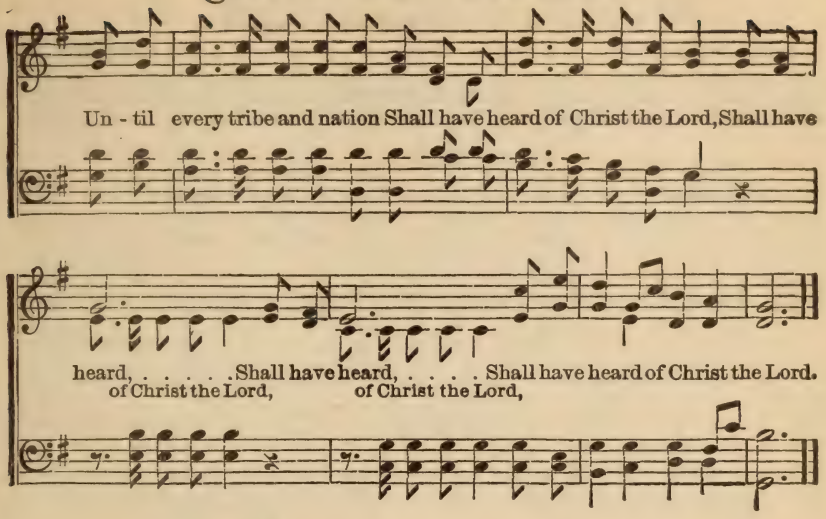
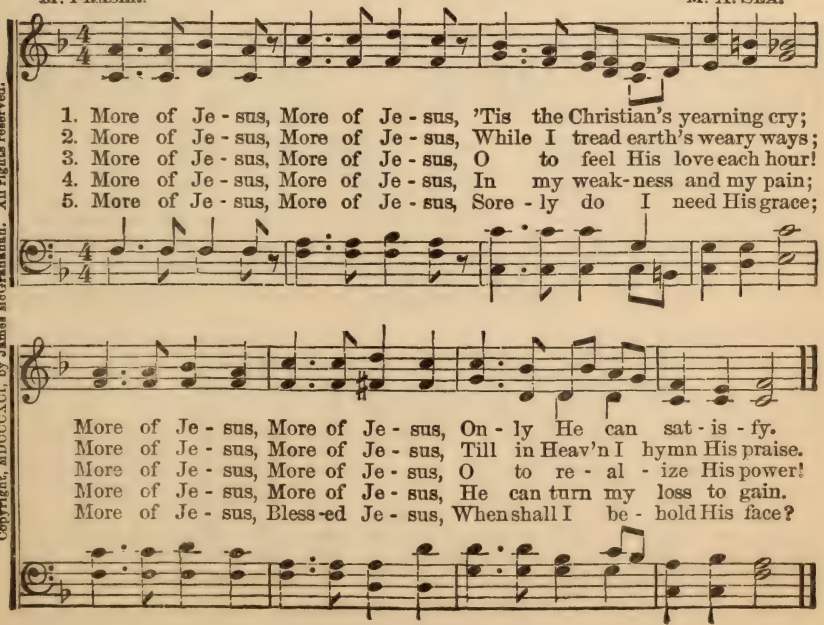
Pass it On.—Concluded.


Un - til every tribe and nation Shall have heard of Christ the Lord, Shall have
heard, ... Shall have heard, ... Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.
of Christ the Lord, of Christ the Lord,

No. 490. More of Jesus.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 PETER 1: 2.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.


1. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, 'Tis the Christian's yearning cry;
2. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, While I tread earth's weary ways;
3. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, O to feel His love each hour!
4. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, In my weak - ness and my pain;
5. More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, Sore - ly do I need His grace;
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, On - ly He can sat - is - fy.
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, Till in Heav'n I hymn His praise.
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, O to re - al - ize His power!
More of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, He can turn my loss to gain.
More of Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, When shall I be - hold His face?

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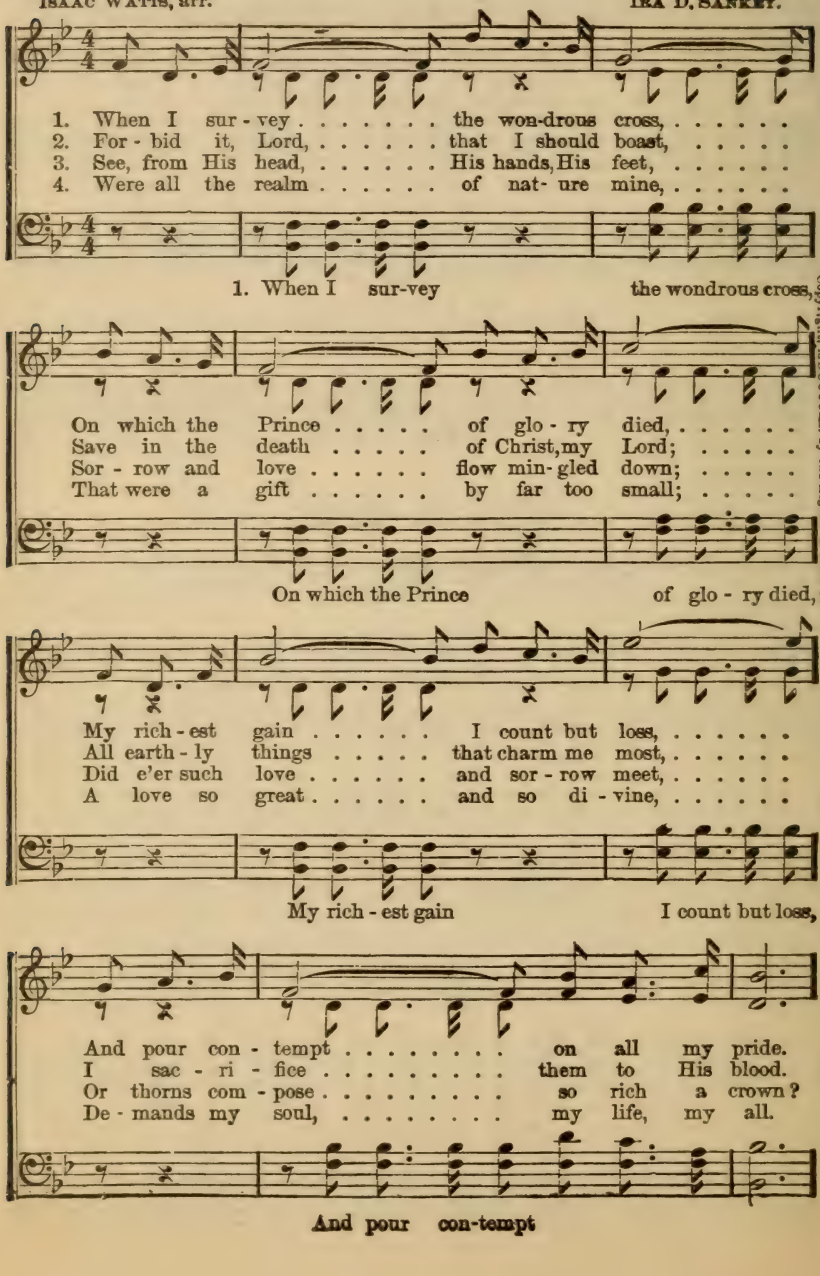
No. 491. The Wondrous Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

ISAAC WATTS, alt. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When I sur - vey . . . . . the won-drous cross, ...
2. For - bid it, Lord, ... that I should boast, ...
3. See, from His head, ... His hands, His feet, ...
4. Were all the realm . . . . . of nat- ure mine, ...
1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince . . . . . of glo - ry died, ...
Save in the death . . . . . of Christ, my Lord; . . . . . .
Sor - row and love . . . . . flow min - gled down; . . . . . .
That were a gift . . . . . by far too small; . . . . . .
On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich - est gain . . . . . I count but loss, ...
All earth - ly things . . . . . that charm me most, ...
Did e'er such love . . . . . and sor - row meet, ...
A love so great . . . . . and so di - vine, ...
My rich - est gain I count but loss,
And pour con - tempt . . . . . on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice . . . . . them to His blood.
Or thorns com - pose . . . . . so rich a crown?
De - mands my soul, ... my life, my all.
And pour con-tempt

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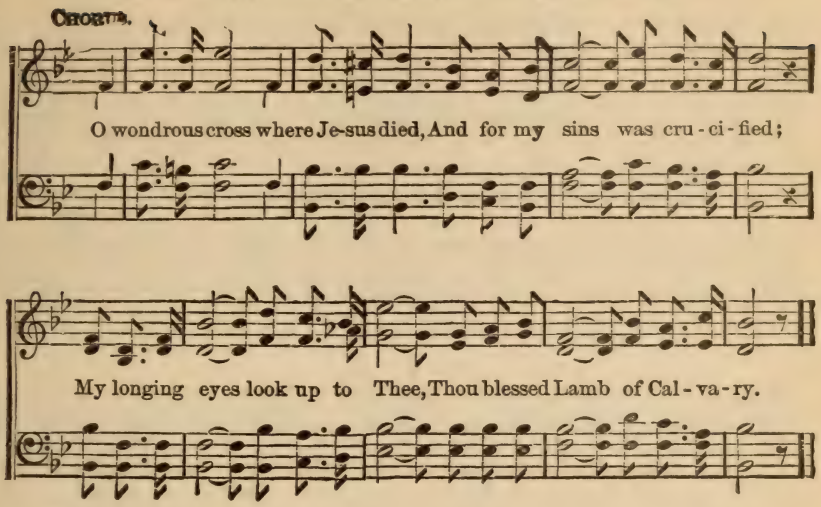
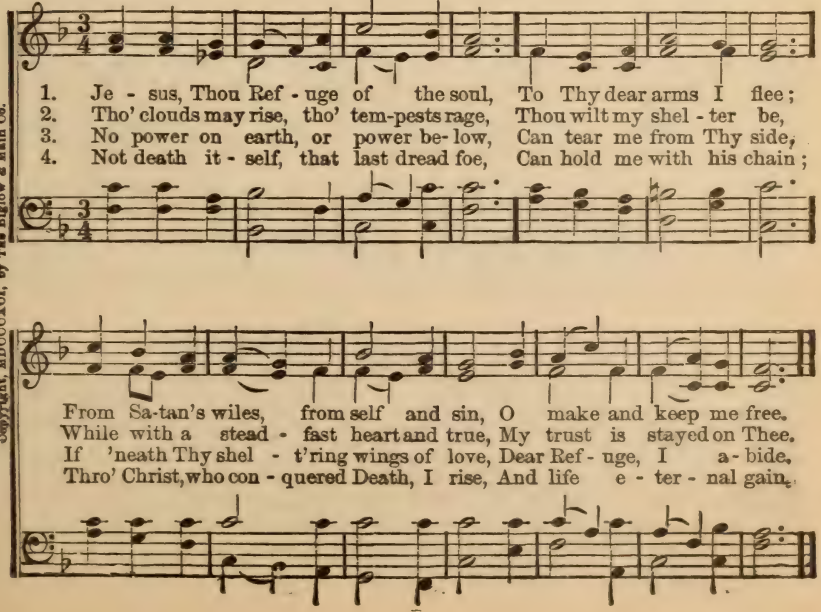
The Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
O wondrous cross where Je-sus died, And for my sins was cru-ci-fied;
My longing eyes look up to Thee, Thou blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry.

No. 492. Our Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

MRS. C. WARREN. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Je - sus, Thou Ref - uge of the soul, To Thy dear arms I flee;
2. Tho' clouds may rise, tho' tem-pests rage, Thou wilt my shel - ter be,
3. No power on earth, or power be-low, Can tear me from Thy side,
4. Not death it - self, that last dread foe, Can hold me with his chain;
From Sa-tan's wiles, from self and sin, O make and keep me free.
While with a stead - fast heart and true, My trust is stayed on Thee.
If 'neath Thy shel - t'ring wings of love, Dear Ref - uge, I a - bide,
Thro' Christ, who con - quered Death, I rise, And life e - ter - nal gain.

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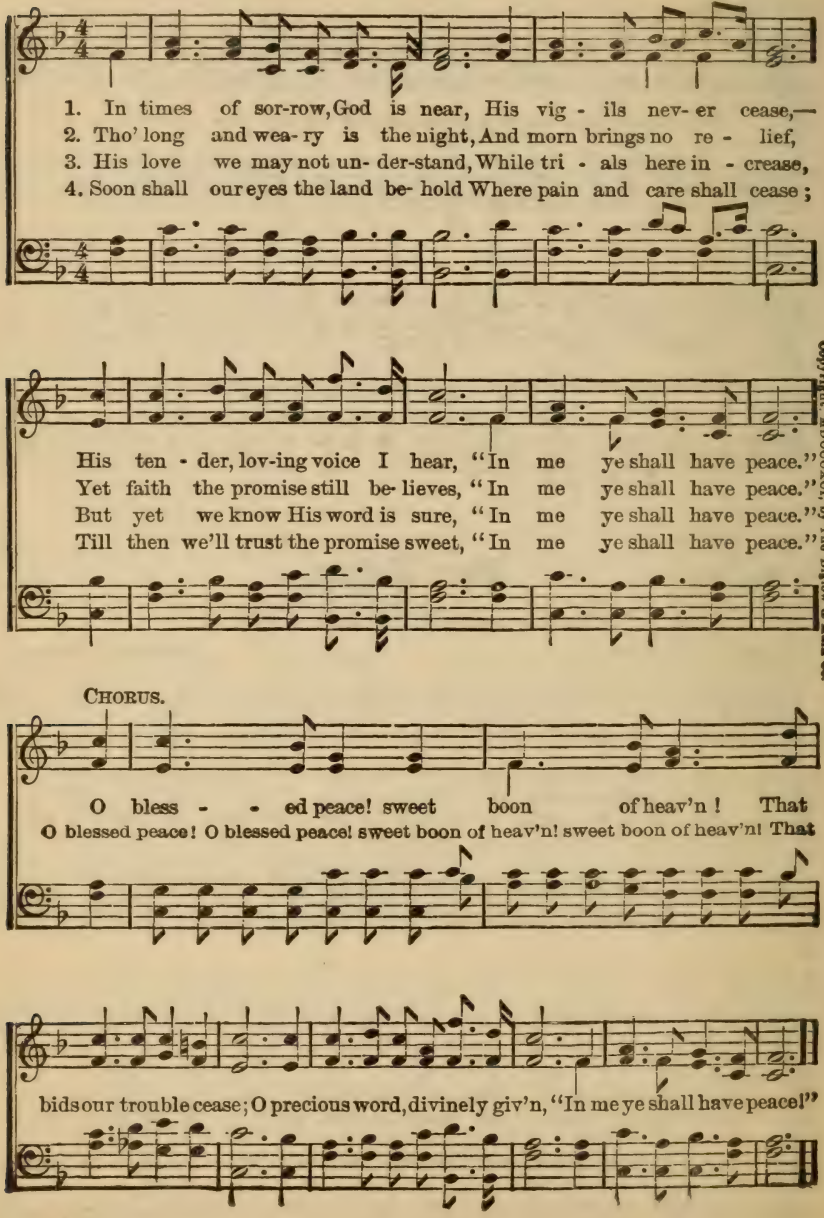
No. 493. In Me ye shall have Peace.

"In me ye might have peace."—JOHN 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. In times of sor-row, God is near, His vig - ils nev- er cease,—
2. Tho' long and wea- ry is the night, And morn brings no re - lief,
3. His love we may not un- der-stand, While tri - als here in - crease,
4. Soon shall our eyes the land be- hold Where pain and care shall cease;
His ten - der, lov-ing voice I hear, "In me ye shall have peace."
Yet faith the promise still be- lieves, "In me ye shall have peace."
But yet we know His word is sure, "In me ye shall have peace."
Till then we'll trust the promise sweet, "In me ye shall have peace."
CHORUS.
O bless - - ed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! That
O blessed peace! O blessed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! sweet boon of heav'n! That
bids our trouble cease; O precious word, divinely giv'n, "In me ye shall have peace!"

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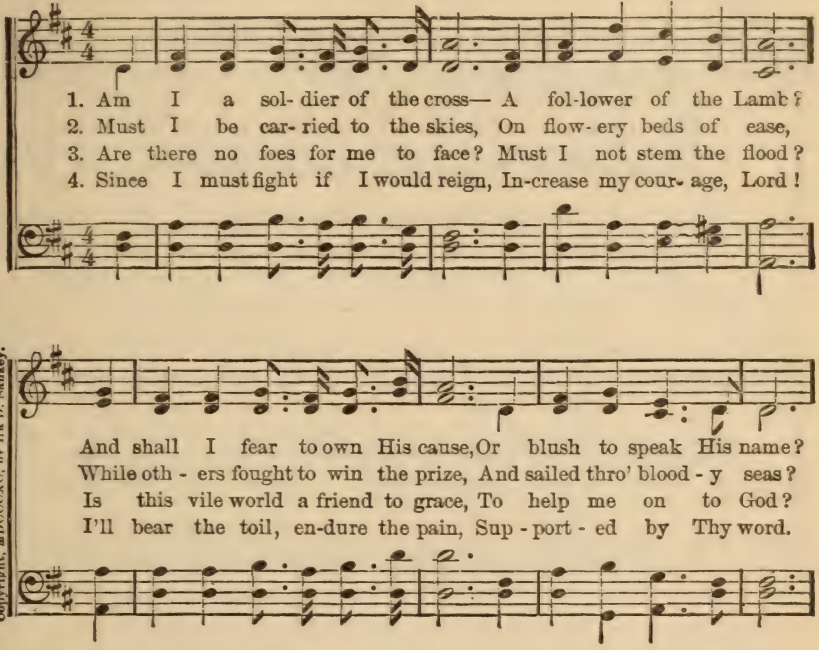
No. 494. A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross— A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies, On flow- ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord!
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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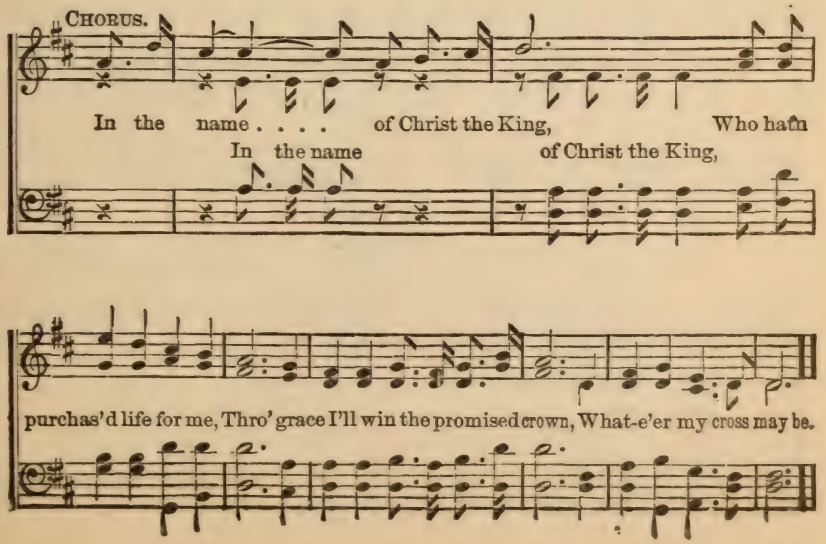
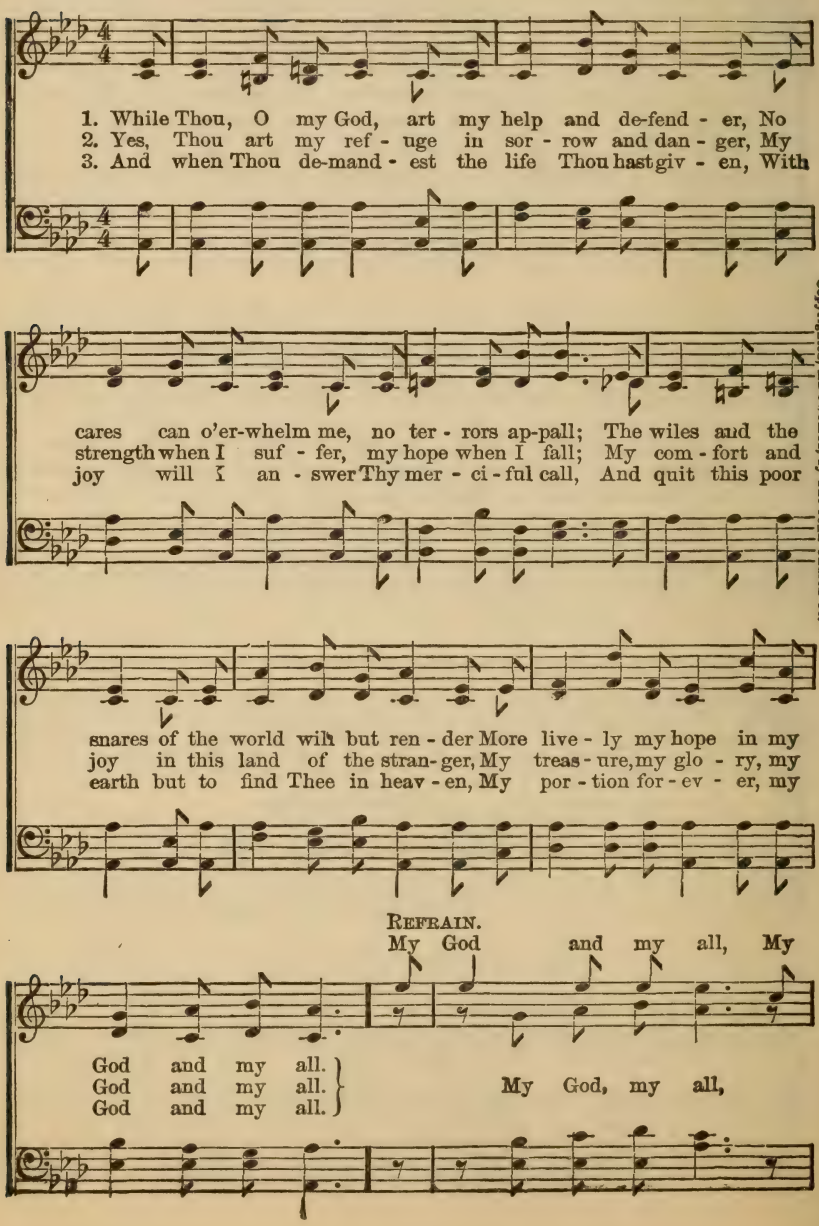

Chorus.
In the name . . . . of Christ the King, Who hath
In the name of Christ the King,
purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

No. 495. My God and my All.

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG. J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de-fend - er, No
2. Yes, Thou art my ref - uge in sor - row and dan - ger, My
3. And when Thou de-mand - est the life Thou hast giv - en, With
cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter - rors ap-pall; The wiles and the
strength when I suf - fer, my hope when I fall; My com - fort and
joy will I an - swer Thy mer - ci - ful call, And quit this poor
snares of the world with but ren - der More live - ly my hope in my
joy in this land of the stran-ger, My treas - ure, my glo - ry, my
earth but to find Thee in heav - en, My por - tion for - ev - er, my
REFRAIN.
My God and my all, My
God and my all.
God and my all.
God and my all.
My God, my all,

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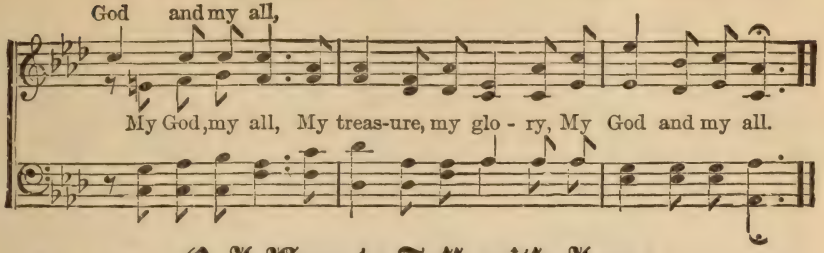
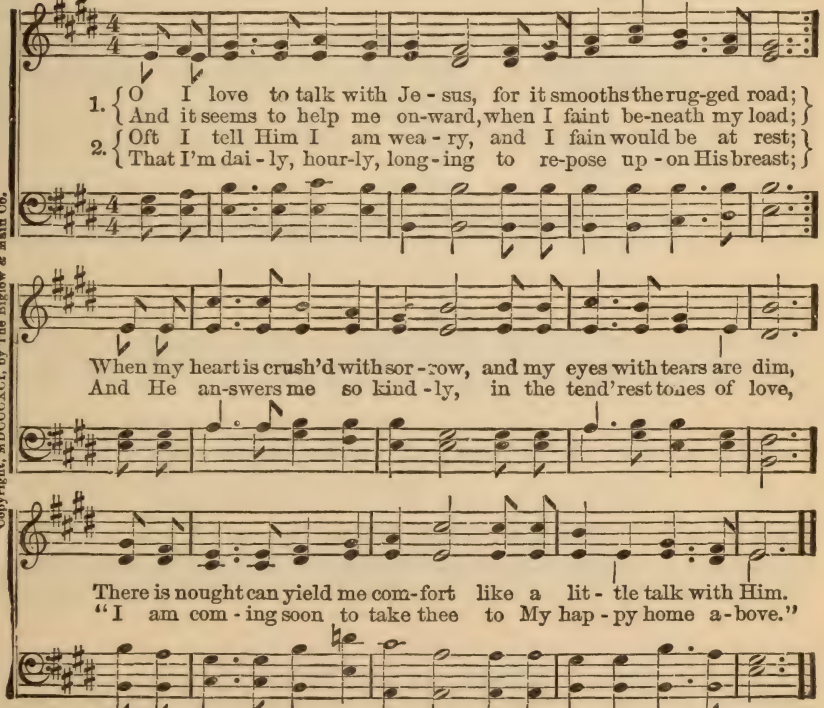
My God and my All.—Concluded.



No. 496. O I Love to Talk with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—JER. 12: 1.

Words arr. W. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. O I love to talk with Je - sus, for it smooths the rug-ged road;
And it seems to help me on-ward, when I faint be-neath my load;
2. Oft I tell Him I am wea - ry, and I fain would be at rest;
That I'm dai - ly, hour-ly, long - ing to re-pose up - on His breast;
When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, and my eyes with tears are dim,
And He an-swers me so kind - ly, in the tend'rest tones of love,
There is nought can yield me com-fort like a lit - tle talk with Him.
"I am com - ing soon to take thee to My hap - py home a - bove."

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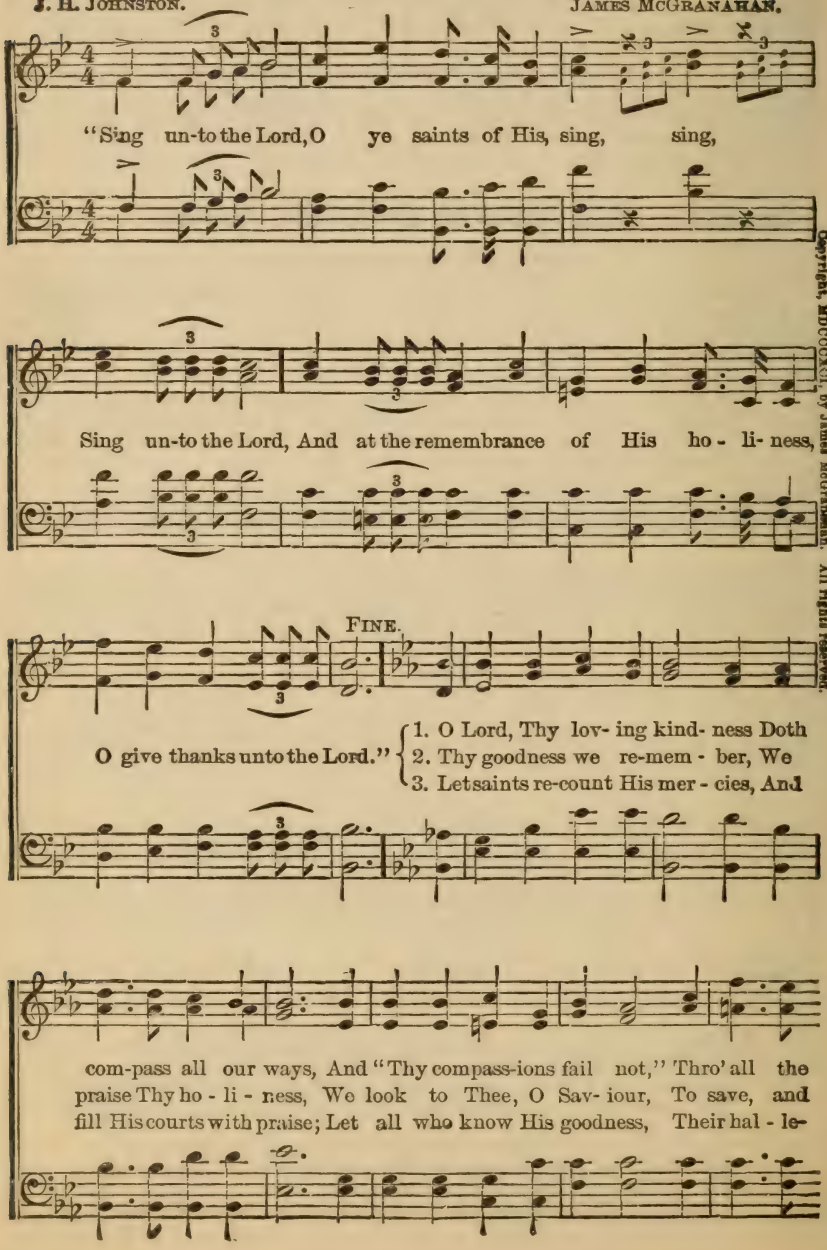
3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far-off distant clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to know Him more and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

No. 497. Sing unto the Lord.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30: 4.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


"Sing un-to the Lord, O ye saints of His, sing, sing,
Sing un-to the Lord, And at the remembrance of His ho - li- ness,
FINE.
O give thanks unto the Lord."
1. O Lord, Thy lov- ing kind- ness Doth
2. Thy goodness we re-mem - ber, We
3. Let saints re-count His mer - cies, And
com-pass all our ways, And "Thy compass-ions fail not," Thro' all the
praise Thy ho - li - ness, We look to Thee, O Sav- iour, To save, and
fill His courts with praise; Let all who know His goodness, Their hal - le-

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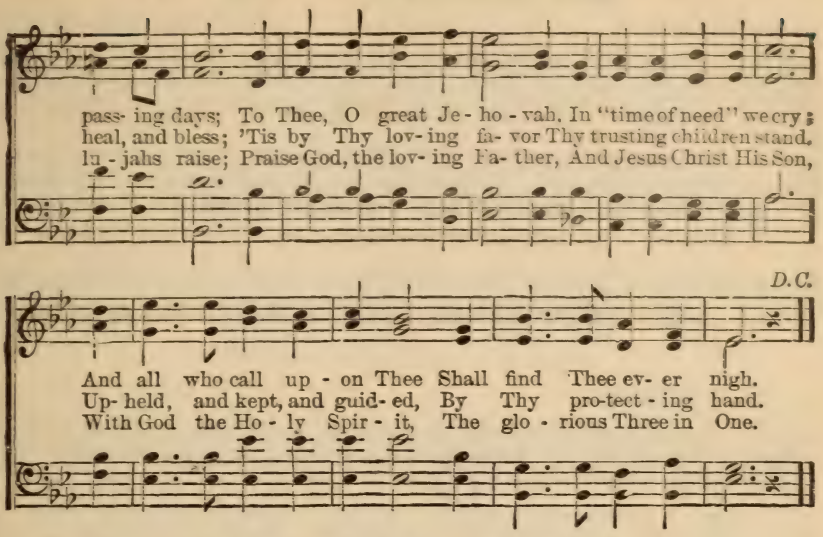
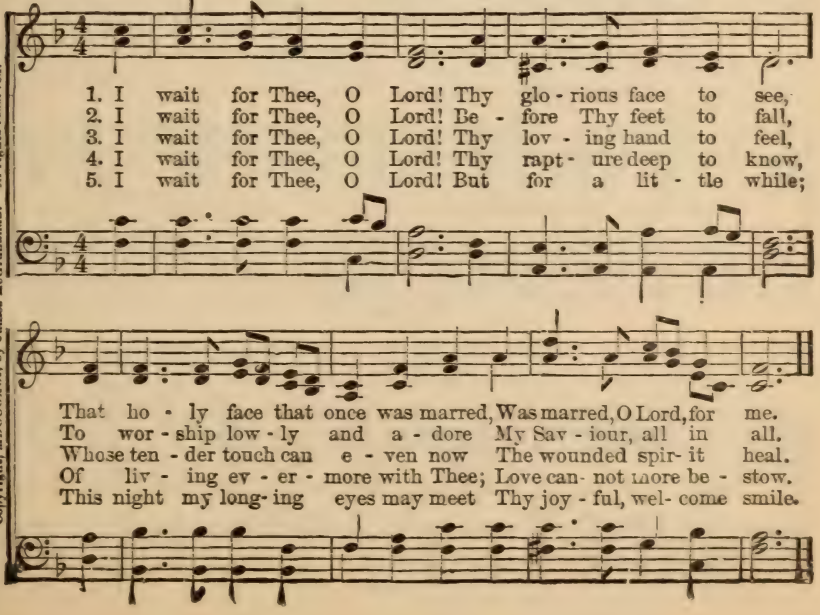

pass- ing days; To Thee, O great Je - ho - vah, In "time of need" we cry;
heal, and bless; 'Tis by Thy lov- ing fa- vor Thy trusting children stand.
lu - jahs raise; Praise God, the lov- ing Fa- ther, And Jesus Christ His Son,
D.C.
And all who call up - on Thee Shall find Thee ev- er nigh.
Up- held, and kept, and guid- ed, By Thy pro-tect - ing hand.
With God the Ho - ly Spir - it, The glo - rious Three in One.

No. 498. I wait for Thee, O Lord.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130: 8.

E. B. M. A. Sea.


1. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy glo - rious face to see,
2. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Be - fore Thy feet to fall,
3. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy lov - ing hand to feel,
4. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy rapt - ure deep to know,
5. I wait for Thee, O Lord! But for a lit - tle while;
That ho - ly face that once was marred, Was marred, O Lord, for me.
To wor - ship low - ly and a - dore My Sav - iour, all in all.
Whose ten - der touch can e - ven now The wounded spir- it heal.
Of liv - ing ev - er - more with Thee; Love can- not more be - stow.
This night my long- ing eyes may meet Thy joy - ful, wel- come smile.

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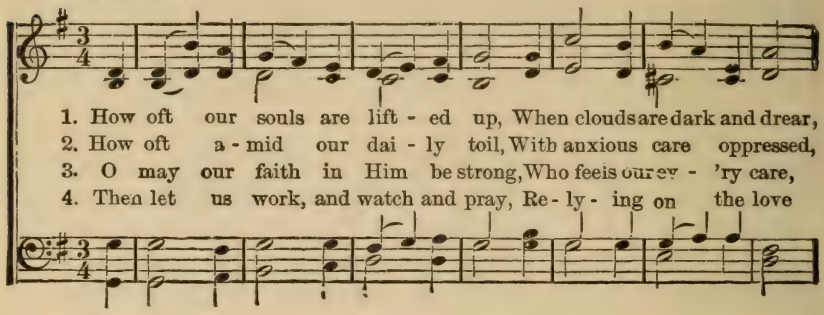
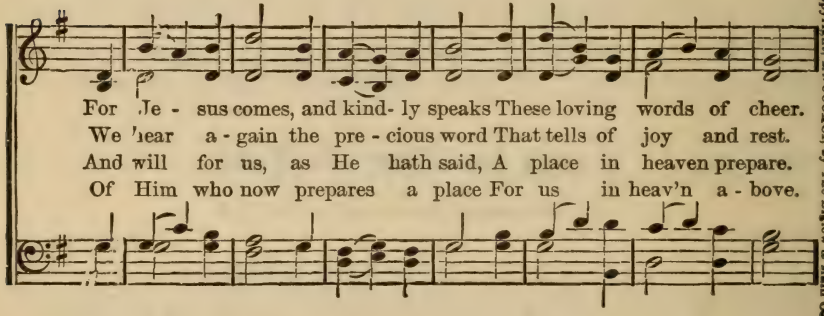
No. 499. The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—JOHN 14: 1.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. How oft our souls are lift - ed up, When clouds are dark and drear,
2. How oft a - mid our dai - ly toil, With anxious care oppressed,
3. O may our faith in Him be strong, Who feels our ev - 'ry care,
4. Then let us work, and watch and pray, Re - ly - ing on the love


For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These loving words of cheer.
We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.
And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven prepare.
Of Him who now prepares a place For us in heav'n a - bove.

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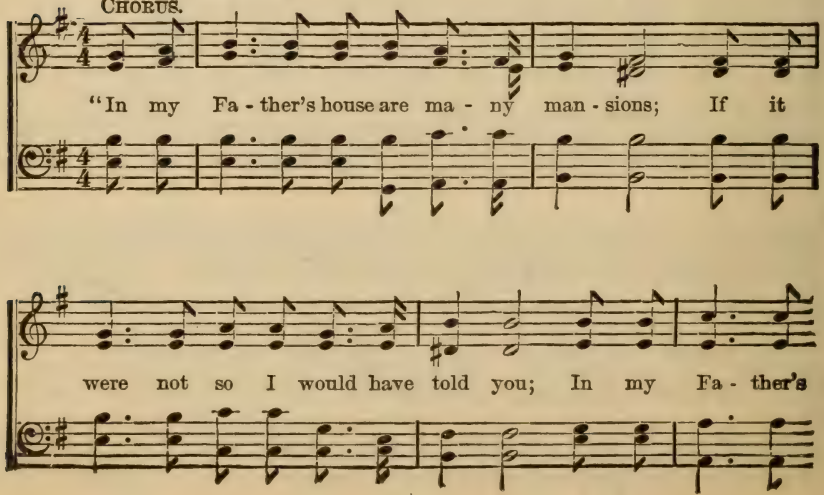
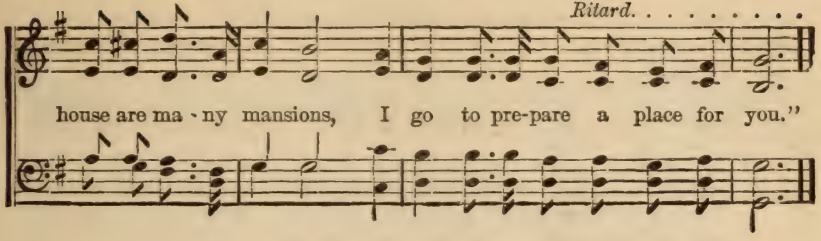
JOHN 14: 2.

CHORUS.



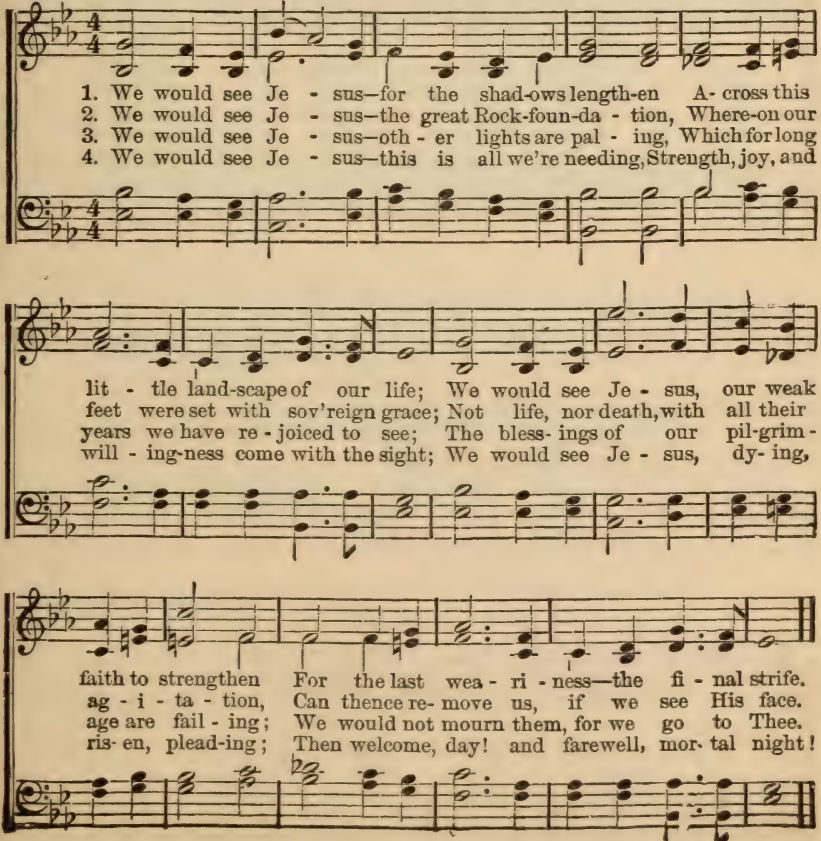
The Many Mansions.—Concluded.



No. 500. We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN 12: 21.

ANNA B. WARNER. F. MENDELSSOHN. ARR.

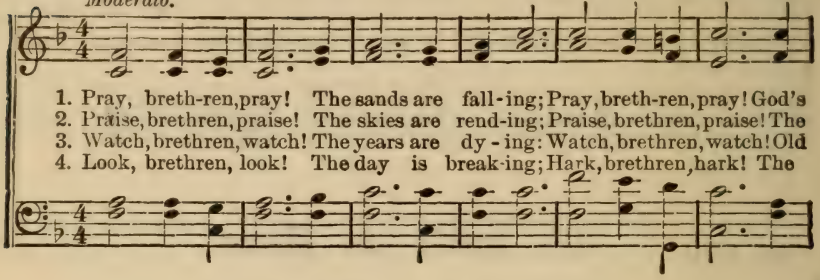

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A- cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil-grim -
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy- ing,
faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re- move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris- en, plead-ing; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mor- tal night!

No. 501. Pray, Brethren Pray!

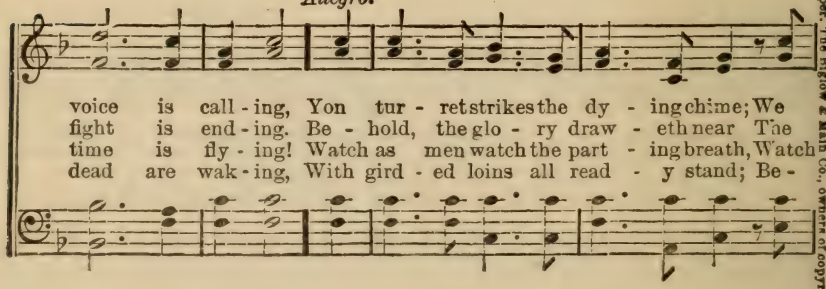
"Watch and pray."—MARK 13: 33.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato.


1. Pray, breth-ren, pray! The sands are fall-ing; Pray, breth-ren, pray! God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The
3. Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dy-ing: Watch, brethren, watch! Old
4. Look, brethren, look! The day is break-ing; Hark, brethren, hark! The

Allegro.


voice is call-ing, Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime; We
fight is end-ing. Be-hold, the glo-ry draw-eth near The
time is fly-ing! Watch as men watch the part-ing breath, Watch
dead are wak-ing, With gird-ed loins all read-y stand; Be-

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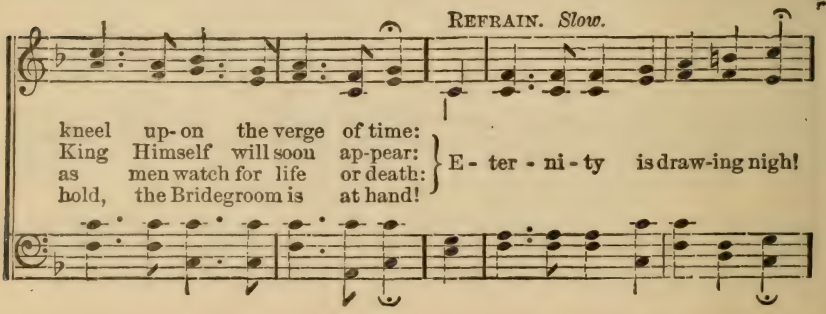
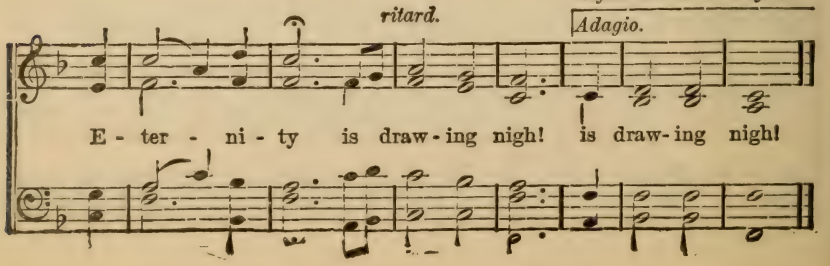
REFRAIN. *Slow.*


kneel up-on the verge of time:
King Himself will soon ap-pear:
as men watch for life or death:
hold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh!

After last verse only.

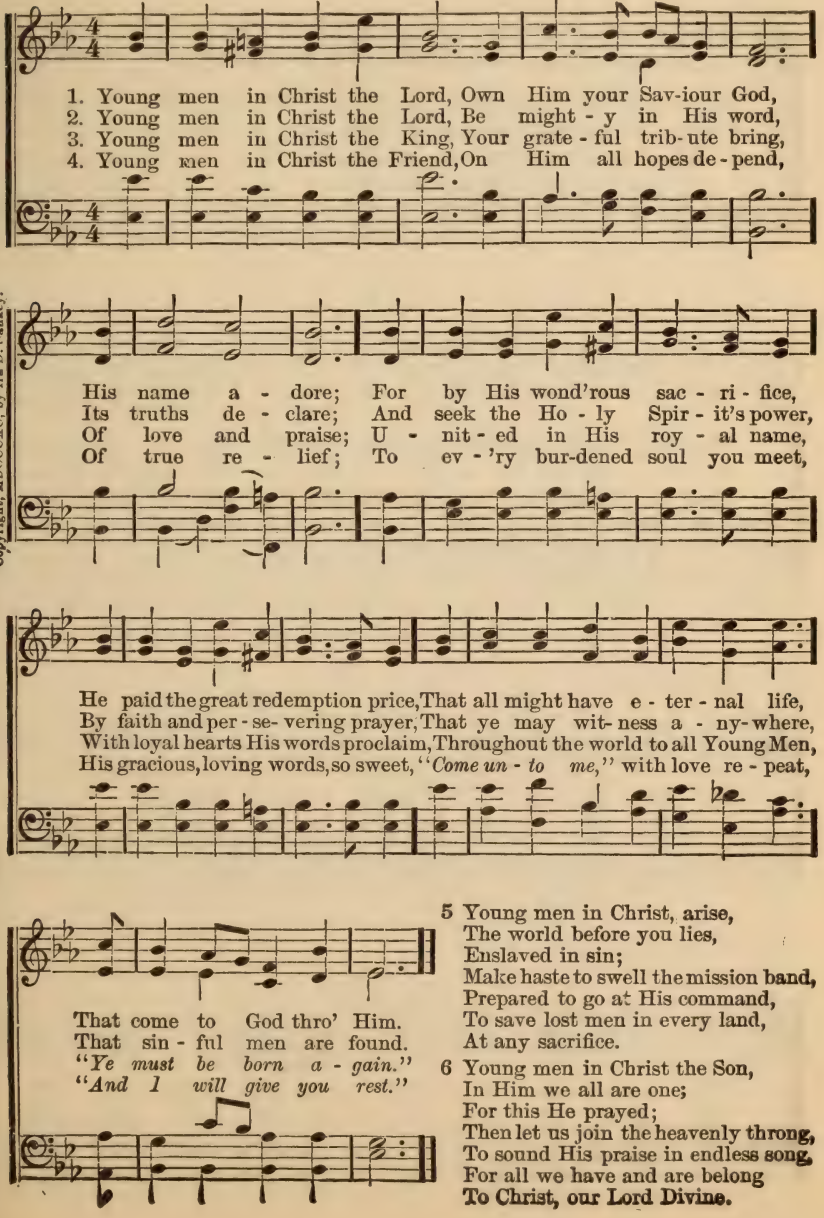
ritard. *Adagio.*



No. 502. Young Men in Christ the Lord,

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Sav-iour God,
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be might - y in His word,
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grate - ful trib-ute bring,
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes de - pend,
His name a - dore; For by His wond'rous sac - ri - fice,
Its truths de - clare; And seek the Ho - ly Spir - it's power,
Of love and praise; U - nit - ed in His roy - al name,
Of true re - lief; To ev - 'ry bur-dened soul you meet,
He paid the great redemption price, That all might have e - ter - nal life,
By faith and per - se- vering prayer, That ye may wit- ness a - ny-where,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim, Throughout the world to all Young Men,
His gracious, loving words, so sweet, "Come un - to me," with love re - peat,
That come to God thro' Him.
That sin - ful men are found.
"Ye must be born a - gain."
"And I will give you rest."

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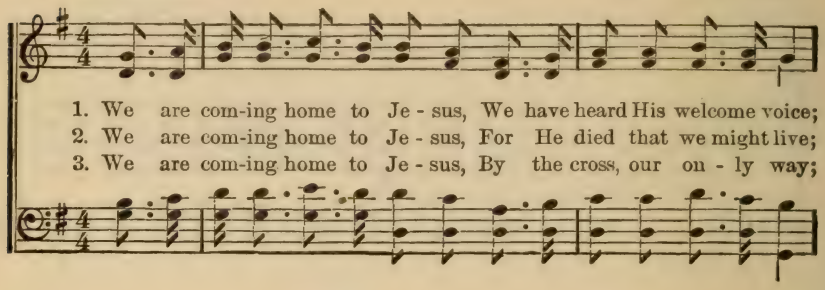
5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice.

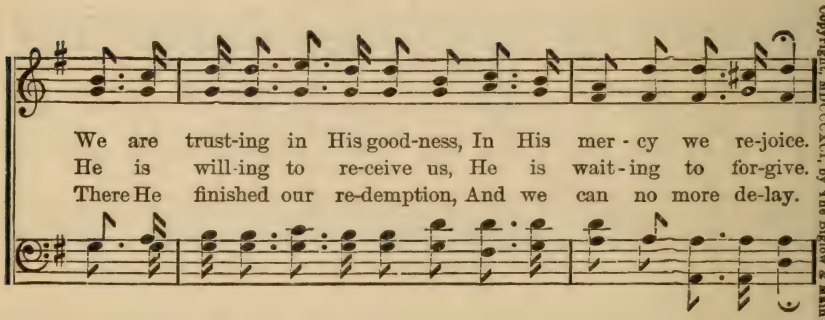
6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

No. 503. Coming Home To-Night.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. We are com-ing home to Je - sus, We have heard His welcome voice;
2. We are com-ing home to Je - sus, For He died that we might live;
3. We are com-ing home to Je - sus, By the cross, our on - ly way;


We are trust-ing in His good-ness, In His mer - cy we re-joice.
He is will-ing to re-ceive us, He is wait-ing to for-give.
There He finished our re-demption, And we can no more de-lay.

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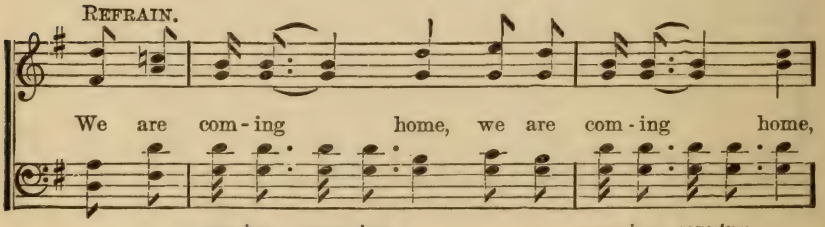
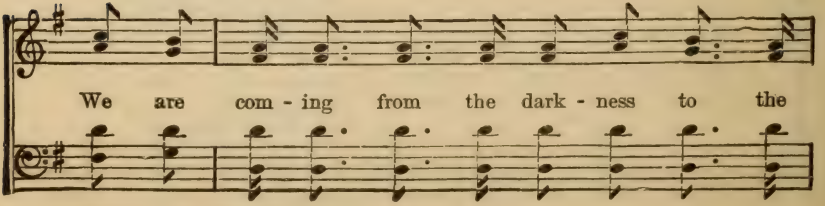
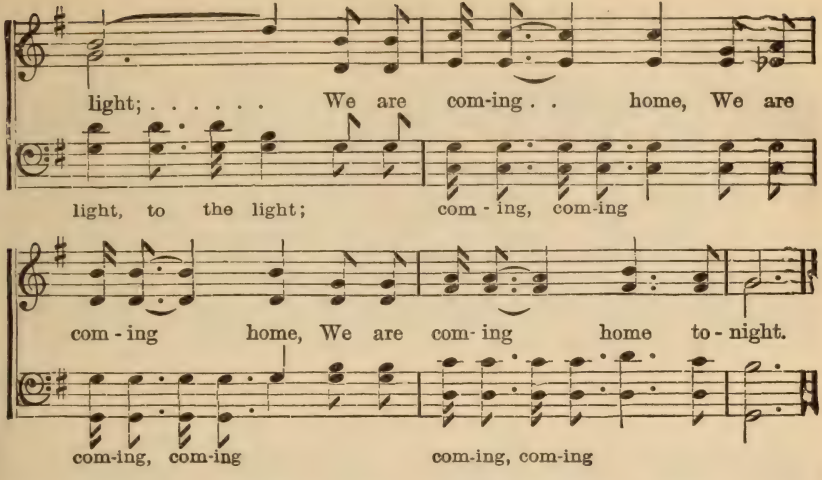




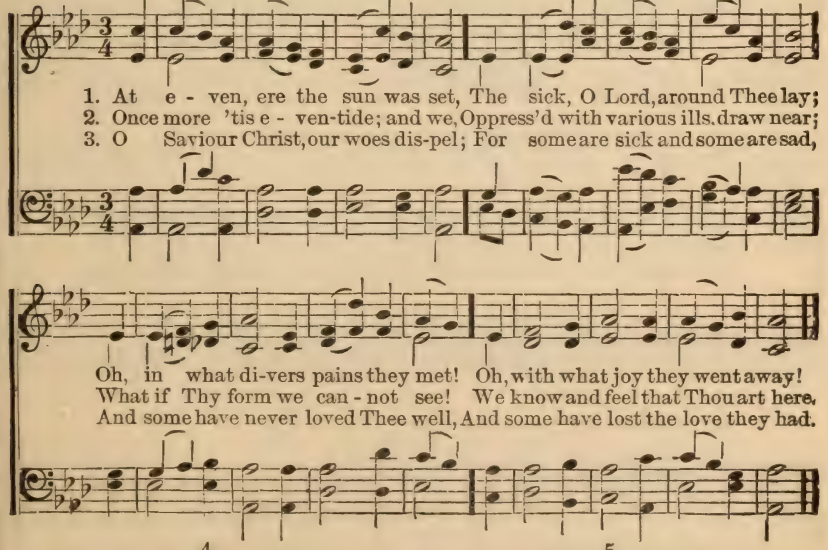
Coming Home To-Night.—Concluded.


light; . . . . . We are com-ing . . home, We are
light, to the light; com - ing, com-ing
com - ing home, We are com- ing home to - night.
com-ing, com-ing com-ing, com-ing

No. 504. At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—LUKE 9: 11.

Rev. HENRY TWELLS. TIMOTHY B. MASON.


1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis e - ven-tide; and we, Oppress'd with various ills, draw near;
3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dis-pel; For some are sick and some are sad,
Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went away!
What if Thy form we can - not see! We know and feel that Thou art here.
And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

4.

And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

5.

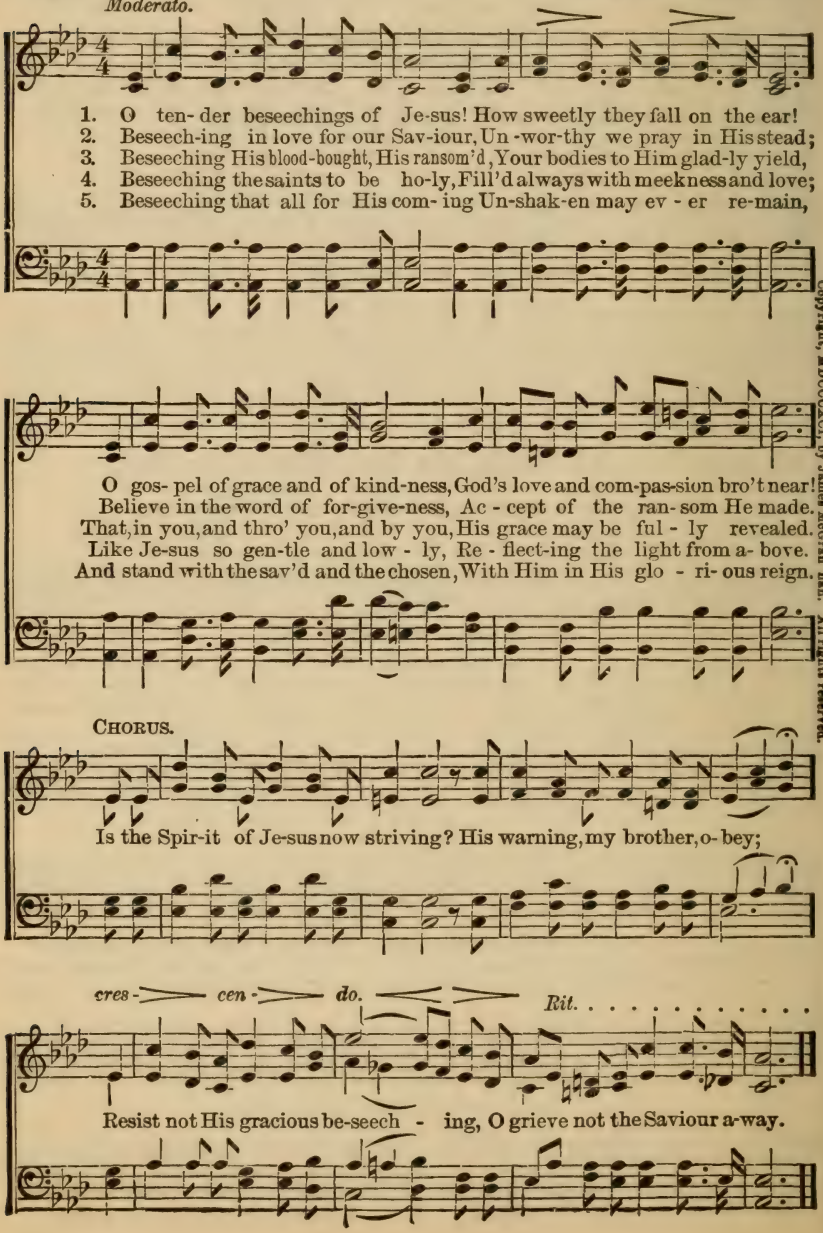
Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 505. Beseechings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. O ten- der beseechings of Je-sus! How sweetly they fall on the ear!
2. Beseech-ing in love for our Sav-iour, Un -wor-thy we pray in His stead;
3. Beseeching His blood-bought, His ransom'd, Your bodies to Him glad-ly yield,
4. Beseeching the saints to be ho-ly, Fill'd always with meekness and love;
5. Beseeching that all for His com- ing Un-shak-en may ev - er re-main,
O gos- pel of grace and of kind-ness, God's love and com-pas-sion bro't near!
Believe in the word of for-give-ness, Ac - cept of the ran- som He made.
That, in you, and thro' you, and by you, His grace may be ful - ly revealed.
Like Je-sus so gen-tle and low - ly, Re - flect-ing the light from a- bove.
And stand with the sav'd and the chosen, With Him in His glo - ri- ous reign.
CHORUS.
Is the Spir-it of Je-sus now striving? His warning, my brother, o- bey;
cres- cen- do.
Rit.
Resist not His gracious be-seech - ing, O grieve not the Saviour a-way.

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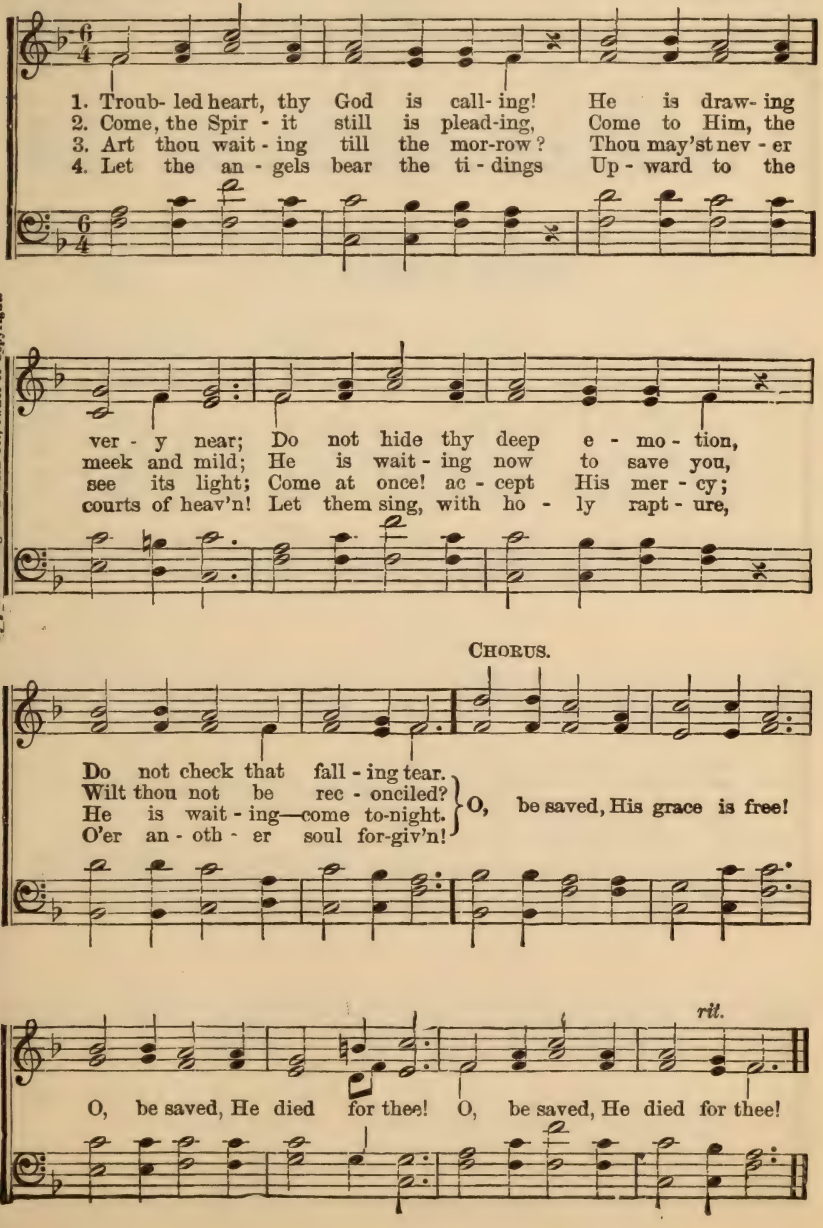
No. 506. He Died for Thee.

"The Son of man is come to save."—MATT. 18: 11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.


1. Troub- led heart, thy God is call- ing! He is draw- ing
2. Come, the Spir - it still is plead-ing, Come to Him, the
3. Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er
4. Let the an - gels bear the ti - dings Up - ward to the
ver - y near; Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion,
meek and mild; He is wait - ing now to save you,
see its light; Come at once! ac - cept His mer - cy;
courts of heav'n! Let them sing, with ho - ly rapt - ure,
CHORUS.
Do not check that fall - ing tear.
Wilt thou not be rec - onciled?
He is wait - ing—come to-night.
O'er an - oth - er soul for-giv'n!
O, be saved, His grace is free!
rit.
O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee!

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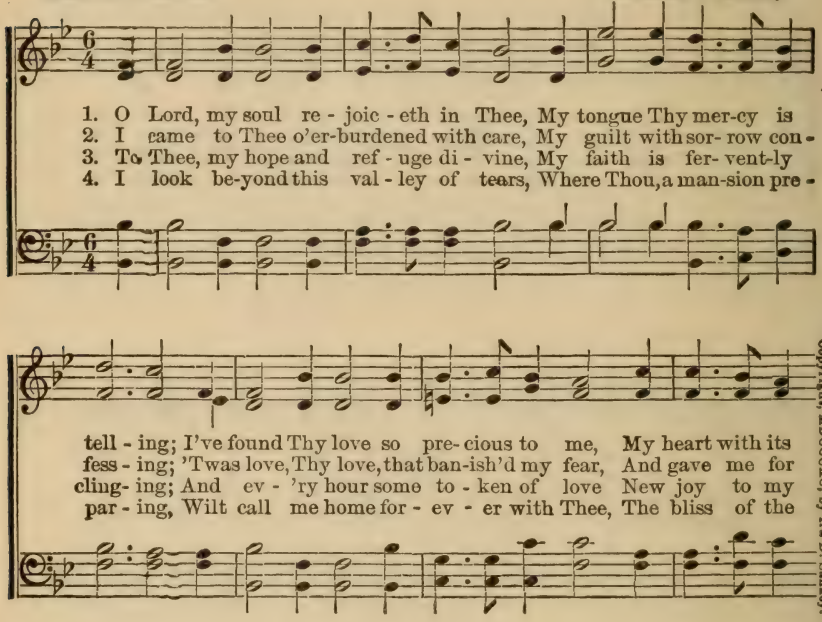
No. 507. Wonderful Love!

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. O Lord, my soul re - joic - eth in Thee, My tongue Thy mer-cy is
2. I came to Thee o'er-burdened with care, My guilt with sor- row con -
3. To Thee, my hope and ref - uge di - vine, My faith is fer- vent-ly
4. I look be-yond this val - ley of tears, Where Thou, a man-sion pre -
tell - ing; I've found Thy love so pre- cious to me, My heart with its
fess - ing; 'Twas love, Thy love, that ban-ish'd my fear, And gave me for
cling- ing; And ev - 'ry hour some to - ken of love New joy to my
par - ing, Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The bliss of the
REFRAIN.
rapt - ure is swell-ing.
sad - ness a bless-ing.
spir - it is bring-ing.
glo - ri-fied shar-ing.
Won- der- ful love! O won- der- ful love! I'll
sing of its ful - ness for - ev - er; I've found the way that

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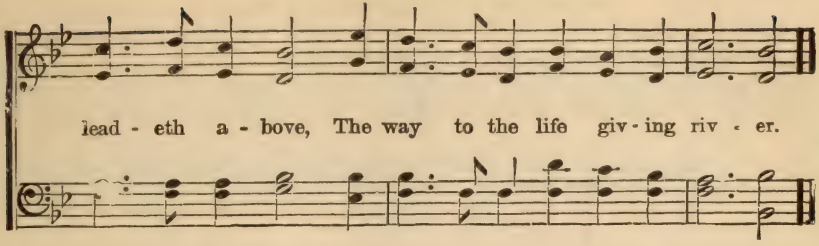
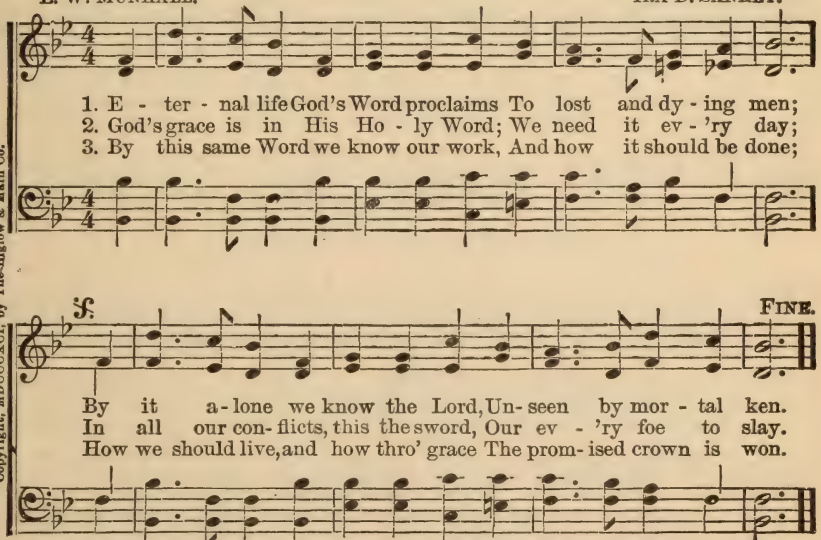
Wonderful Love!—Concluded.



No. 508. O Blessed Word.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—EPH. 6: 17.

L. W. MUNHALL. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. E - ter - nal life God's Word proclaims To lost and dy - ing men;
2. God's grace is in His Ho - ly Word; We need it ev - 'ry day;
3. By this same Word we know our work, And how it should be done;
By it a - lone we know the Lord, Un - seen by mor - tal ken.
In all our con - flicts, this the sword, Our ev - 'ry foe to slay.
How we should live, and how thro' grace The prom - ised crown is won.
D.S.—O may it be our Strength and Sword, Till earth - ly strife is o'er.

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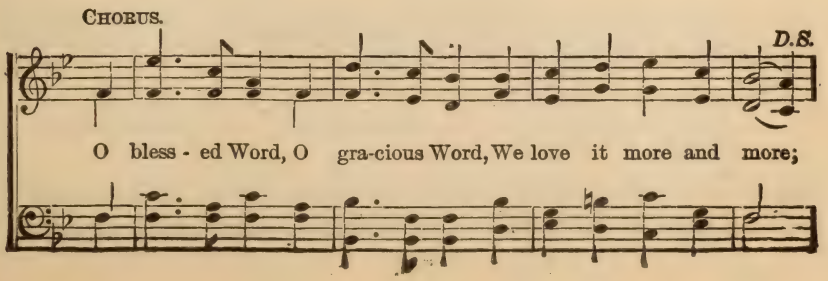
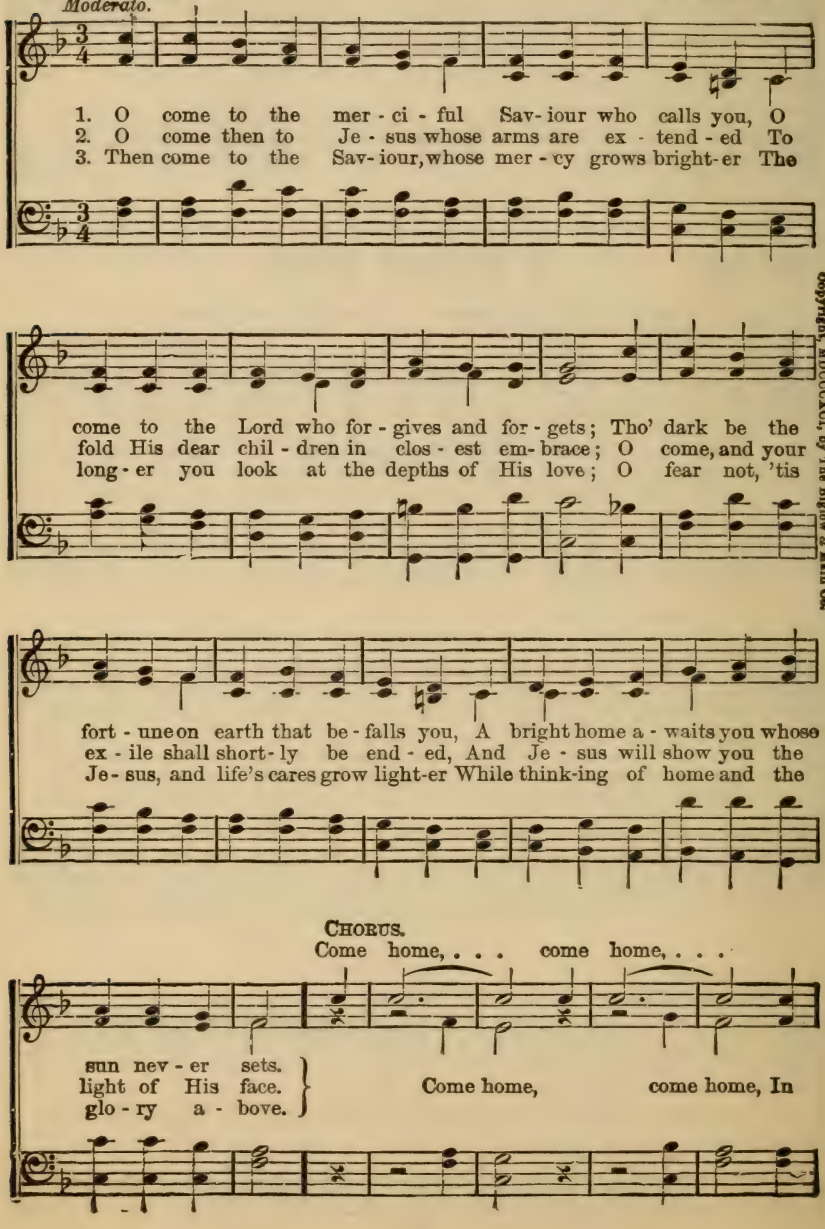


No. 509. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11. 28.

F. W. FABER, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.


1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you, O
2. O come then to Je - sus whose arms are ex - tend - ed To
3. Then come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows bright - er The
come to the Lord who for - gives and for - gets; Tho' dark be the
fold His dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace; O come, and your
long - er you look at the depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis
fort - une on earth that be - falls you, A bright home a - waits you whose
ex - ile shall short - ly be end - ed, And Je - sus will show you the
Je - sus, and life's cares grow light - er While think - ing of home and the
CHORUS.
Come home, . . . come home, . . .
sun nev - er sets.
light of His face.
glo - ry a - bove.
Come home, come home, In

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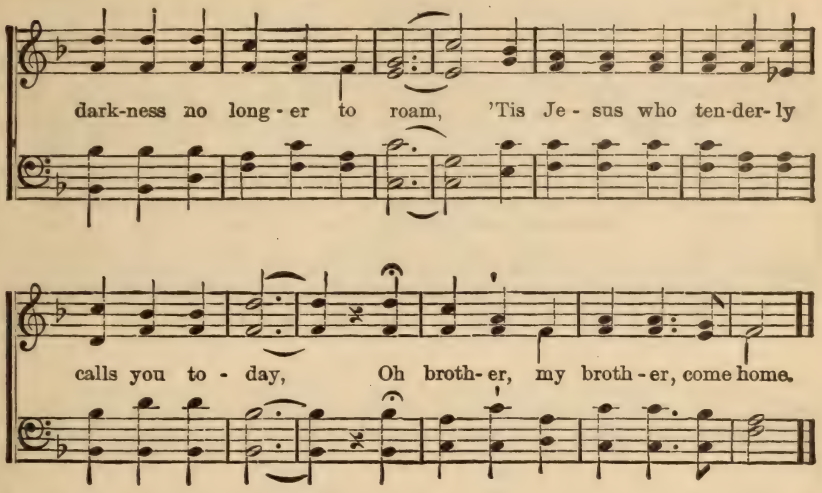
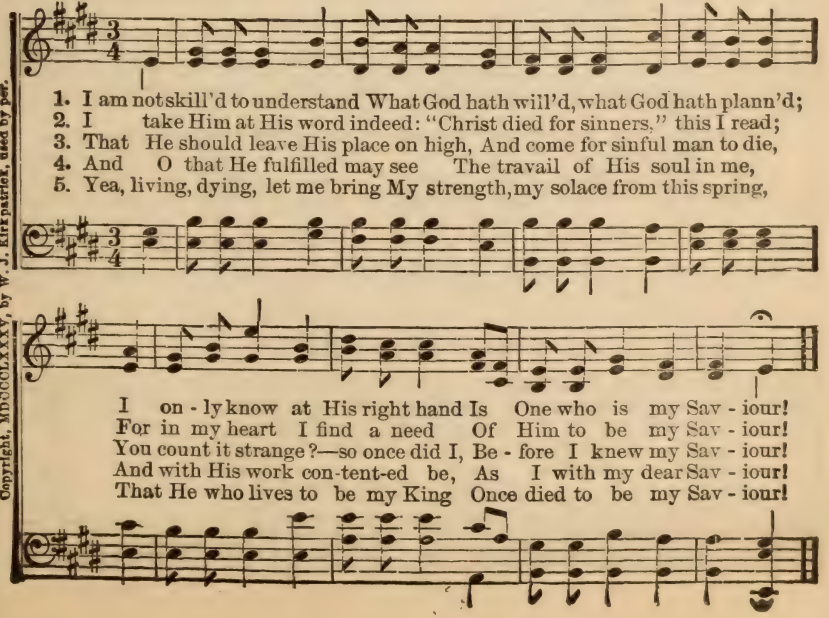
O Come to the Merciful Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 510. My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sinful man to die,
4. And O that He fulfilled may see The travail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,
I on-ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be-fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with His work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

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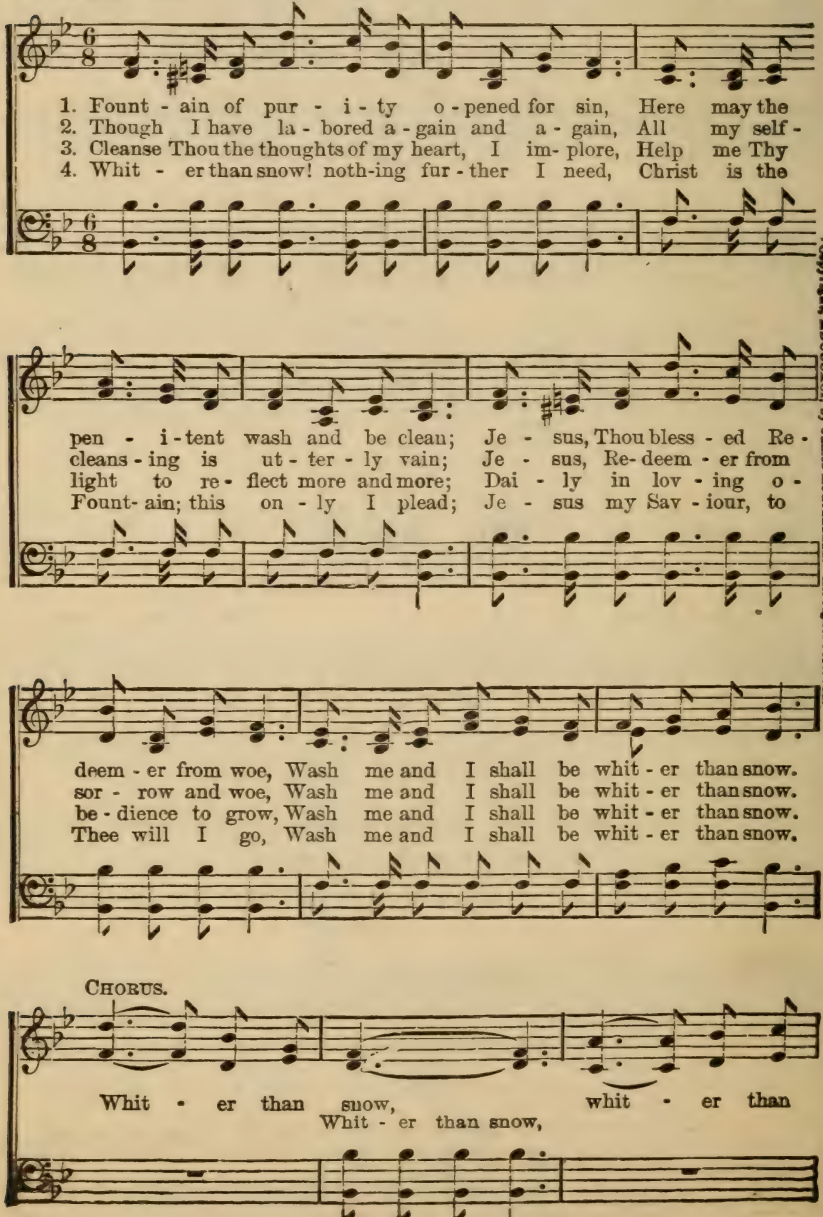
No. 511. Christ the Fountain.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaneth us from all sin."—1 JNO. 1: 7.

NEWMAN HALL. C. C. CASE.


1. Fount - ain of pur - i - ty o - pened for sin, Here may the
2. Though I have la - bored a - gain and a - gain, All my self -
3. Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I im- plore, Help me Thy
4. Whit - er than snow! noth-ing fur - ther I need, Christ is the
pen - i-tent wash and be clean; Je - sus, Thou bless - ed Re -
cleans - ing is ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re- deem - er from
light to re - flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o -
Fount- ain; this on - ly I plead; Je - sus my Sav - iour, to
deem - er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
sor - row and woe, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
be - dience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
Thee will I go, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, whit - er than
Whit - er than snow,

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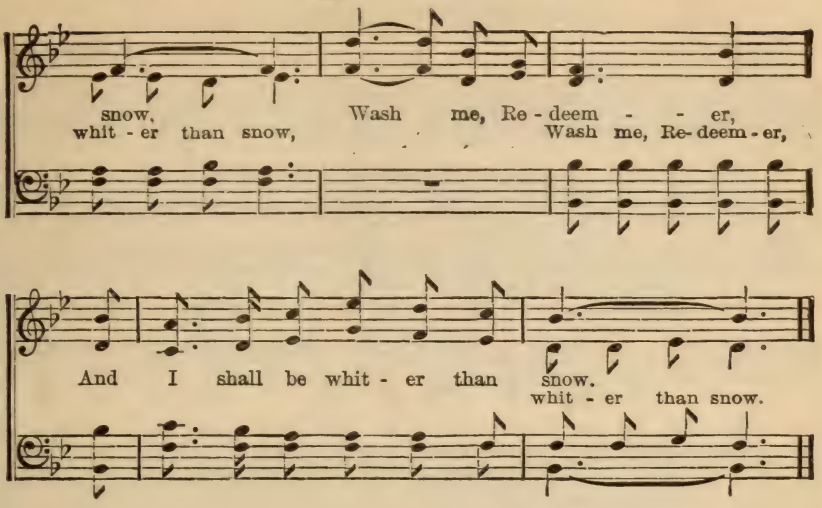
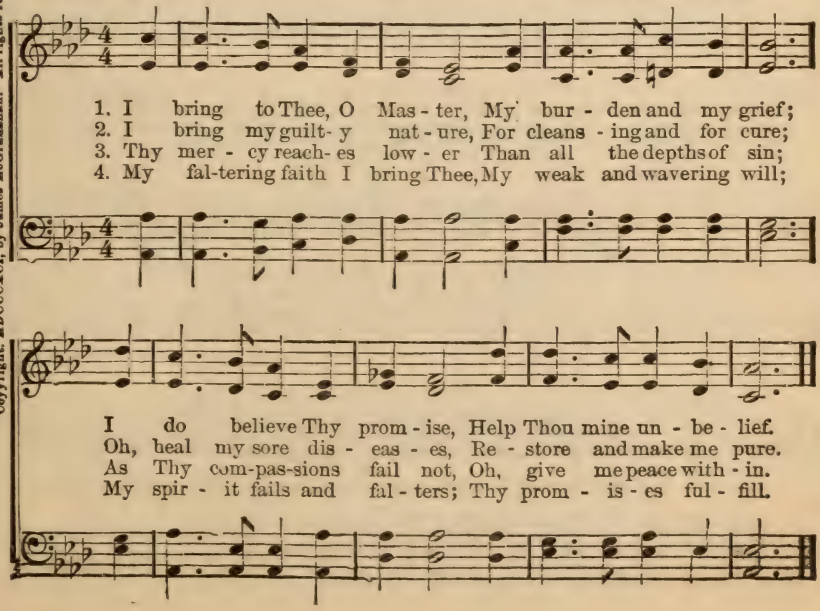
Christ the Fountain.—Concluded.



No. 512. My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I bring to Thee, O Mas - ter, My bur - den and my grief;
2. I bring my guilt- y nat - ure, For cleans - ing and for cure;
3. Thy mer - cy reach- es low - er Than all the depths of sin;
4. My fal-tering faith I bring Thee, My weak and wavering will;
I do believe Thy prom - ise, Help Thou mine un - be - lief.
Oh, heal my sore dis - eas - es, Re - store and make me pure.
As Thy com-pas-sions fail not, Oh, give me peace with - in.
My spir - it fails and fal - ters; Thy prom - is - es ful - fill.

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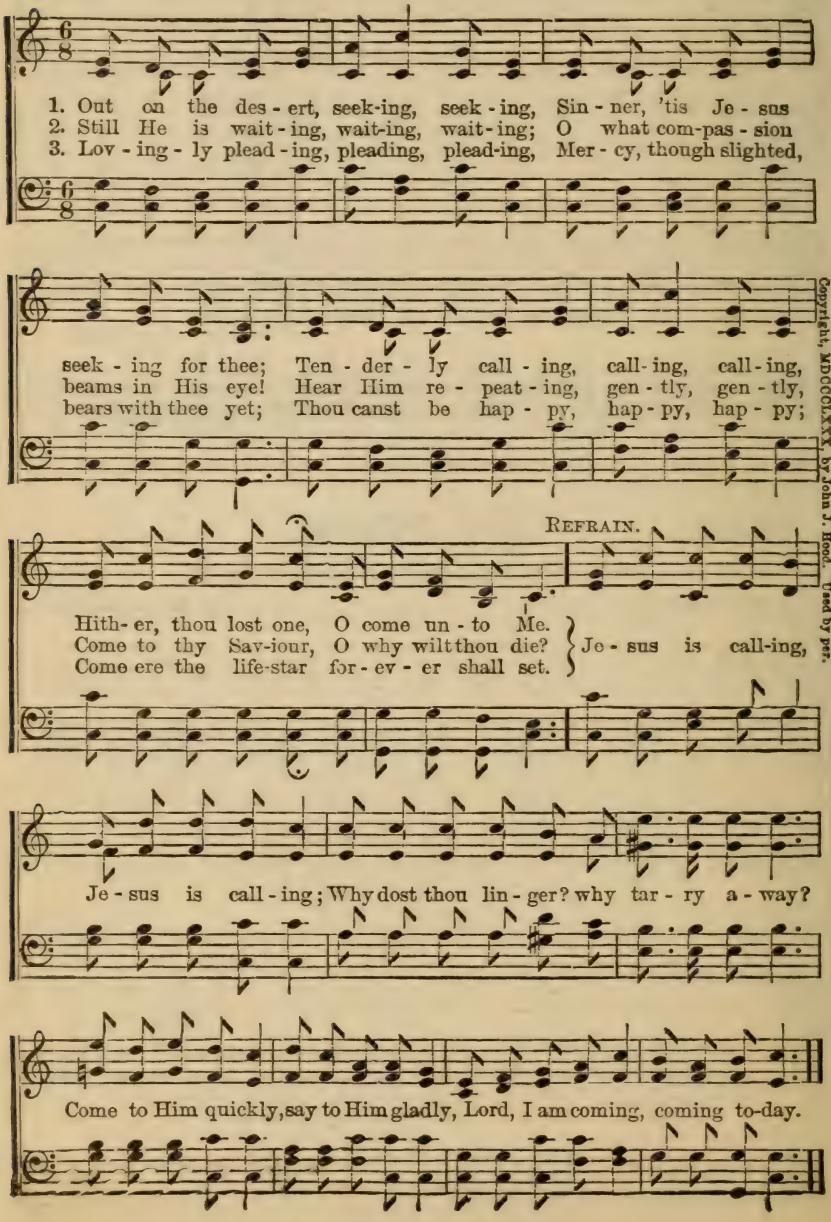
No. 513. Coming To-Day.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

F. J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seek - ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing; O what com-pas - sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, pleading, plead-ing, Mer - cy, though slighted,
seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in His eye! Hear Him re - peat - ing, gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py;
REFRAIN.
Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to Me.
Come to thy Sav-iour, O why wilt thou die?
Come ere the life-star for - ev - er shall set.
Je - sus is call-ing,
Je - sus is call - ing; Why dost thou lin - ger? why tar - ry a - way?
Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

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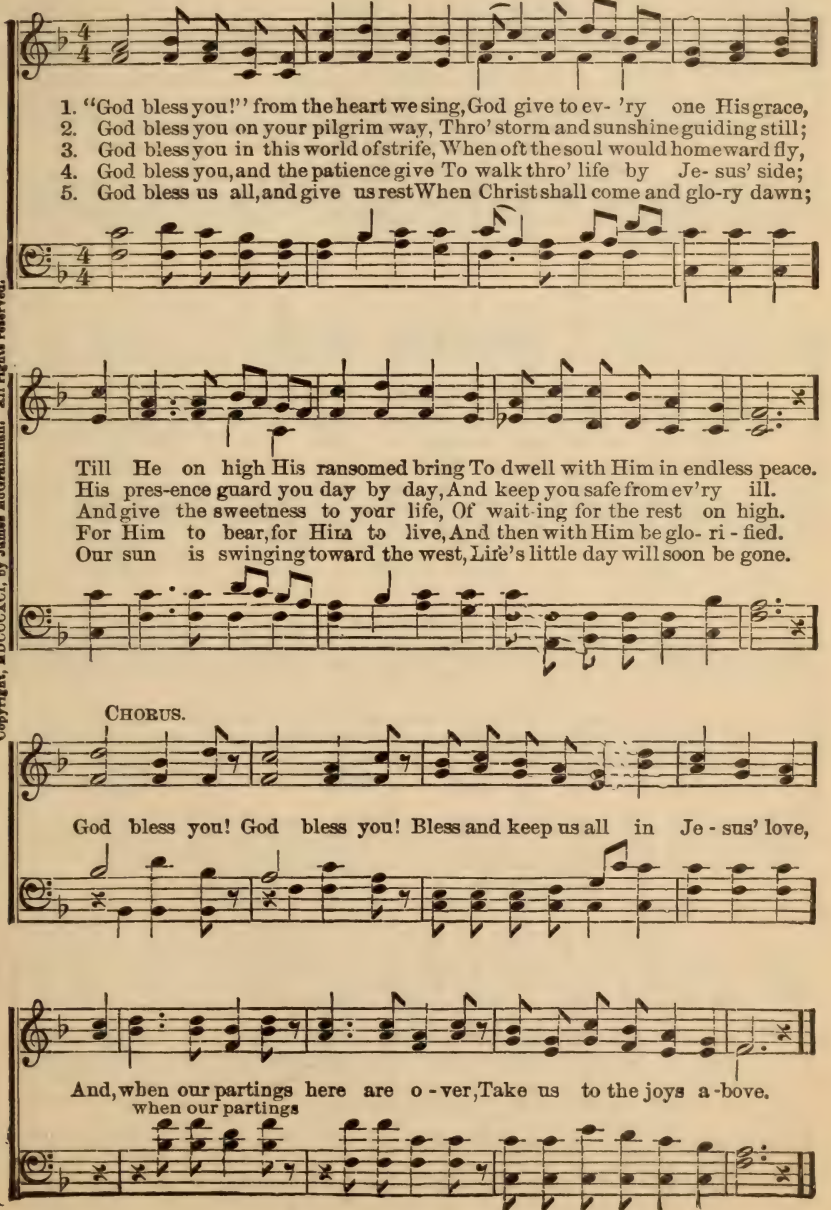
No. 514. God Bless You.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 THESS. 2: 16, 17.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "God bless you!" from the heart we sing, God give to ev- 'ry one His grace,
2. God bless you on your pilgrim way, Thro' storm and sunshine guiding still;
3. God bless you in this world of strife, When oft the soul would homeward fly,
4. God bless you, and the patience give To walk thro' life by Je- sus' side;
5. God bless us all, and give us rest When Christ shall come and glo-ry dawn;
Till He on high His ransomed bring To dwell with Him in endless peace.
His pres-ence guard you day by day, And keep you safe from ev'ry ill.
And give the sweetness to your life, Of wait-ing for the rest on high.
For Him to bear, for Him to live, And then with Him be glo- ri - fied.
Our sun is swinging toward the west, Life's little day will soon be gone.
CHORUS.
God bless you! God bless you! Bless and keep us all in Je - sus' love,
And, when our partings here are o - ver, Take us to the joys a - bove.
when our partings

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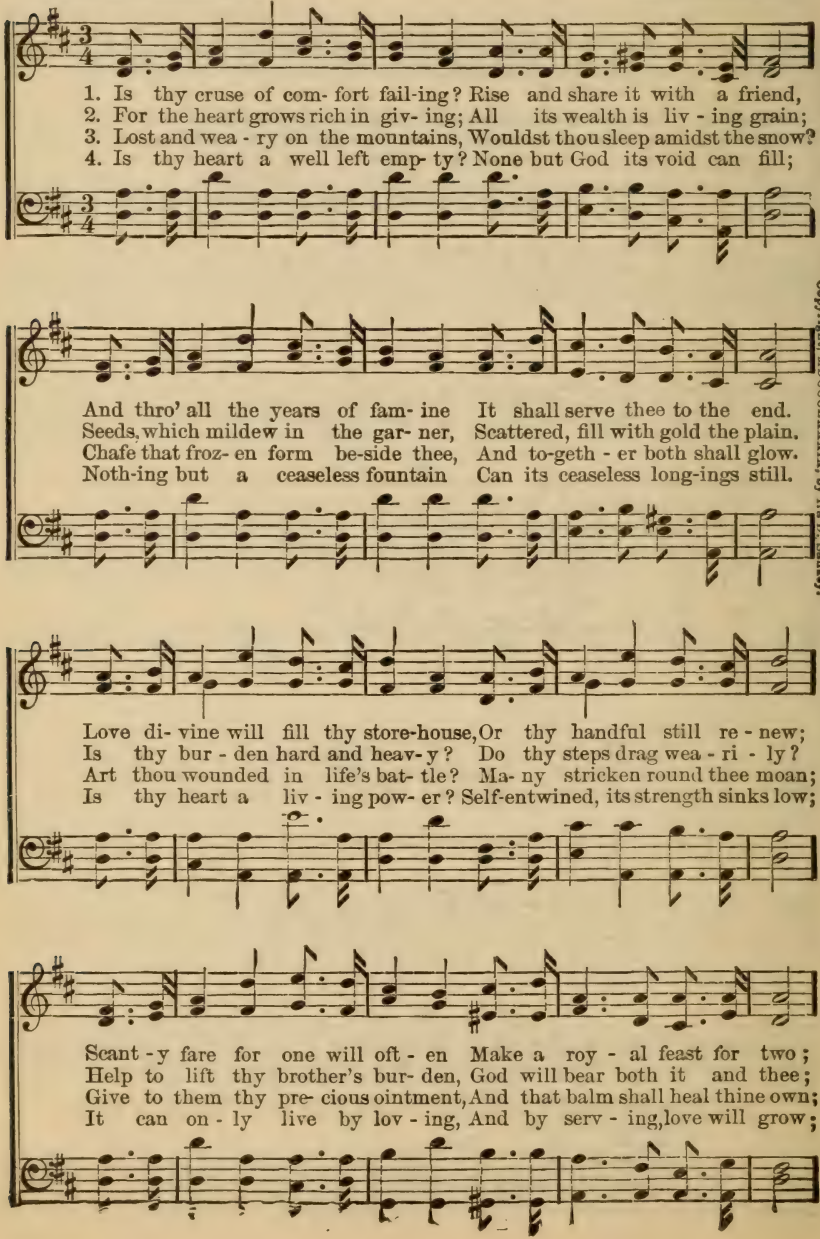
No. 515. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KING. 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Is thy cruse of com- fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv- ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain;
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left emp- ty? None but God its void can fill;
And thro' all the years of fam- ine It shall serve thee to the end.
Seeds, which mildew in the gar- ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Chafe that froz- en form be-side thee, And to-geth - er both shall glow.
Noth-ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless long-ings still.
Love di- vine will fill thy store-house, Or thy handful still re - new;
Is thy bur - den hard and heav- y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly?
Art thou wounded in life's bat- tle? Ma- ny stricken round thee moan;
Is thy heart a liv - ing pow- er? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two;
Help to lift thy brother's bur- den, God will bear both it and thee;
Give to them thy pre- cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;
It can on - ly live by lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow;

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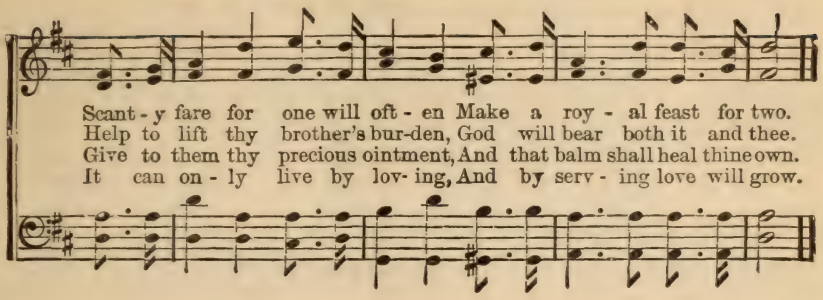
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.
Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will bear both it and thee.
Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
It can on - ly live by lov- ing, And by serv - ing love will grow.

No. 516. Jesus, my All.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

F. J. Crosby. Anon.

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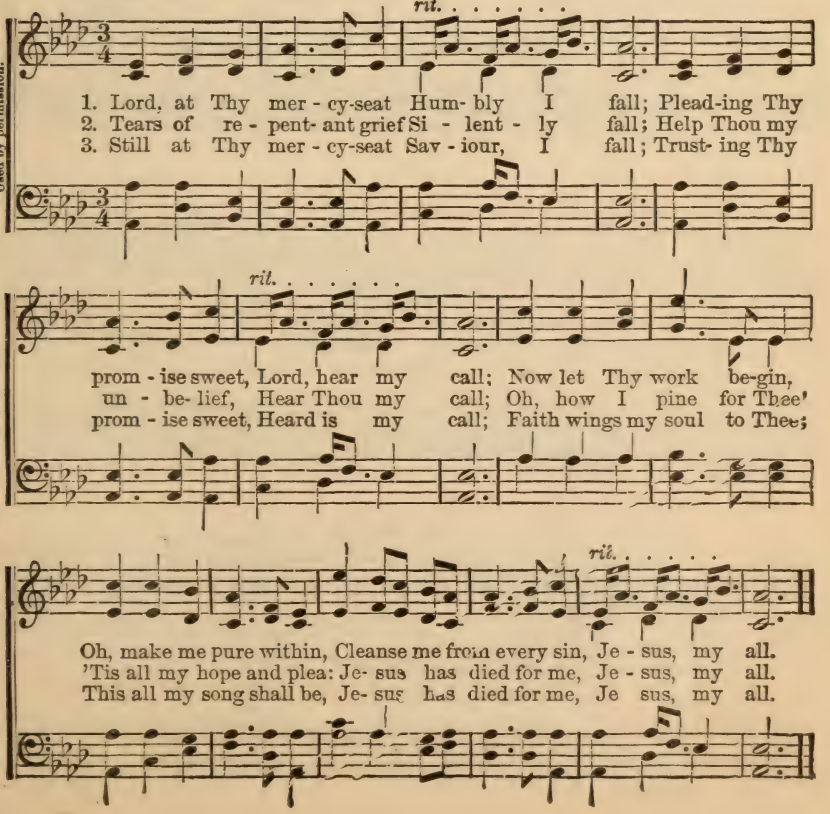
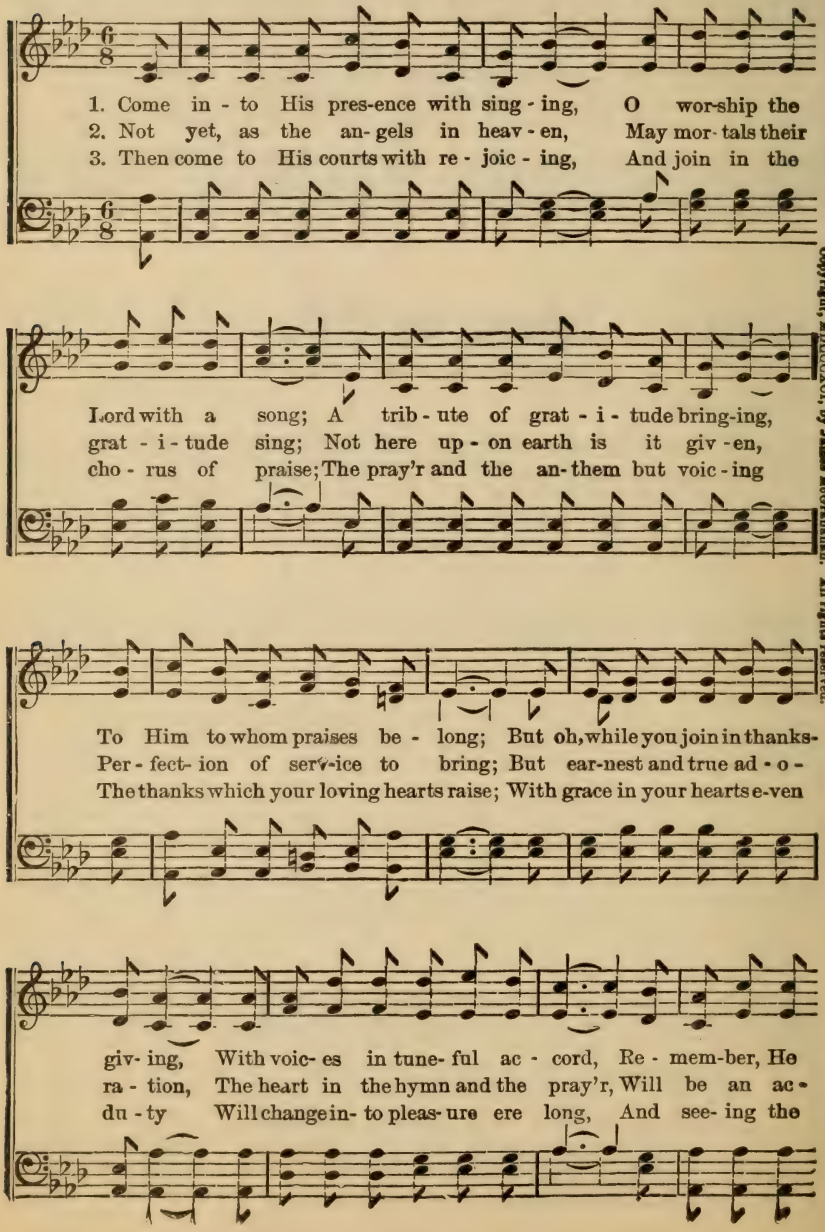

rit.
1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat Hum- bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re - pent- ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat Sav - iour, I fall; Trust- ing Thy
rit.
prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be-gin,
un - be- lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee'
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;
rit.
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je- sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je- sus has died for me, Je sus, my all.

No. 517. Singing with Grace to the Lord.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3: 16.

J. H. Johnston. James McGranahan.


1. Come in - to His pres-ence with sing - ing, O wor-ship the
2. Not yet, as the an-gels in heav - en, May mor-tals their
3. Then come to His courts with re - joic - ing, And join in the
Lord with a song; A trib - ute of grat - i - tude bring-ing,
grat - i - tude sing; Not here up - on earth is it giv - en,
cho - rus of praise; The pray'r and the an-them but voic - ing
To Him to whom praises be - long; But oh, while you join in thanks-
Per - fect - ion of serv-ice to bring; But ear-nest and true ad - o -
The thanks which your loving hearts raise; With grace in your hearts e-ven
giv - ing, With voic - es in tune - ful ac - cord, Re - mem-ber, He
ra - tion, The heart in the hymn and the pray'r, Will be an ac -
du - ty Will change in - to pleas - ure ere long, And see - ing the

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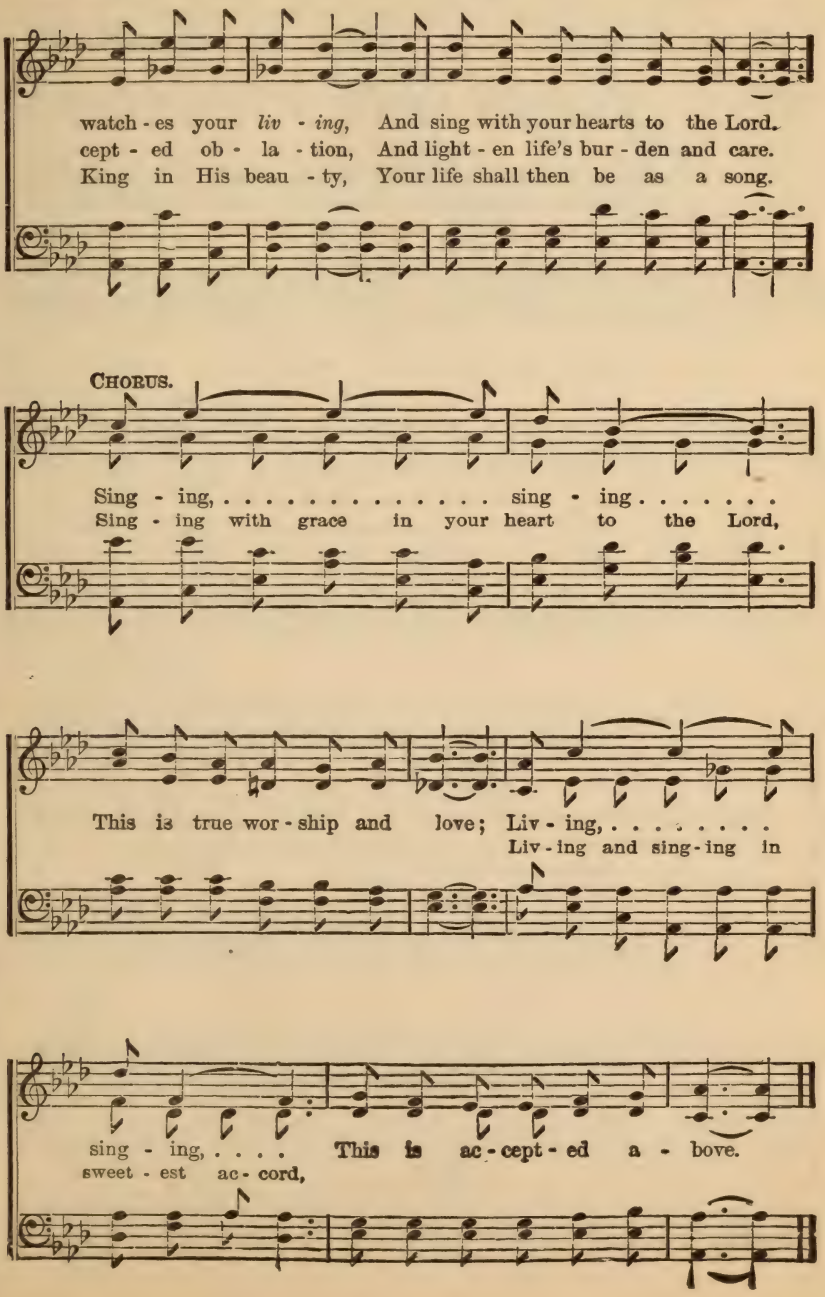
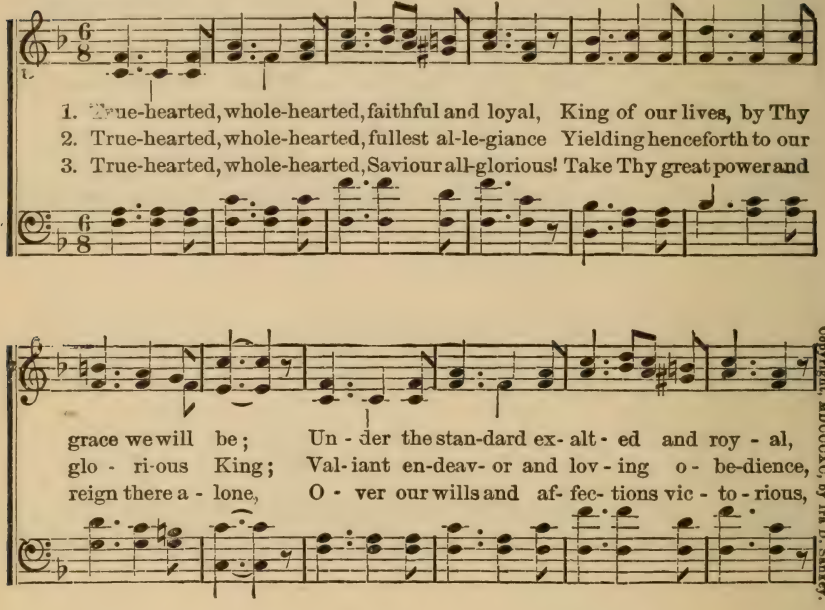
Singing with Grace to the Lord.—Concluded.


watch - es your *liv - ing,* And sing with your hearts to the Lord.
cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light - en life's bur - den and care.
King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.
CHORUS.
Sing - ing, ... sing - ing . . . . . .
Sing - ing with grace in your heart to the Lord,
This is true wor - ship and love; Liv - ing, ...
Liv - ing and sing - ing in
sing - ing, ... This is ac - cept - ed a - bove.
sweet - est ac - cord,

No. 518. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious! Take Thy great power and
grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex- alt - ed and roy - al,
glo - ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav- or and lov - ing o - be-dience,
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af- fec- tions vic - to - rious,
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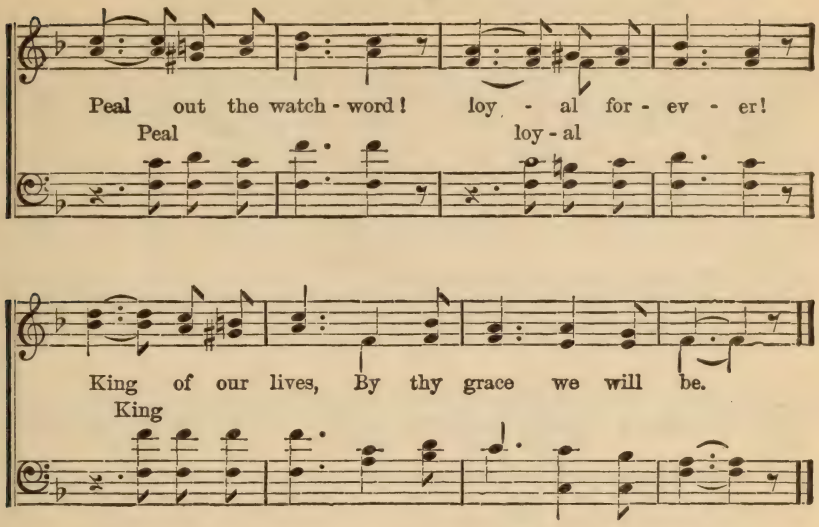
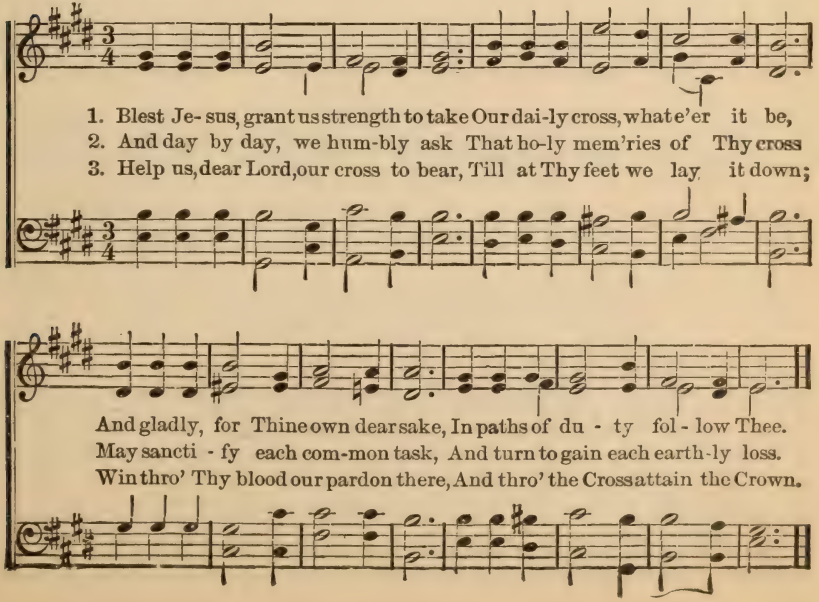
CHORUS.
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.
Free - ly and joy - ous- ly now would we bring.
Free - ly sur-rendered and whol - ly Thine own.
Peal out the watchword!
Peal
si - lence it nev- er! Song of our spir-its, re - joic - ing and free;
silence
Song
rejoicing and free;



No. 519. Blest Jesus, Grant Us Strength.

"Give Thy strength unto thy Servant."—Ps. 86:16.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.

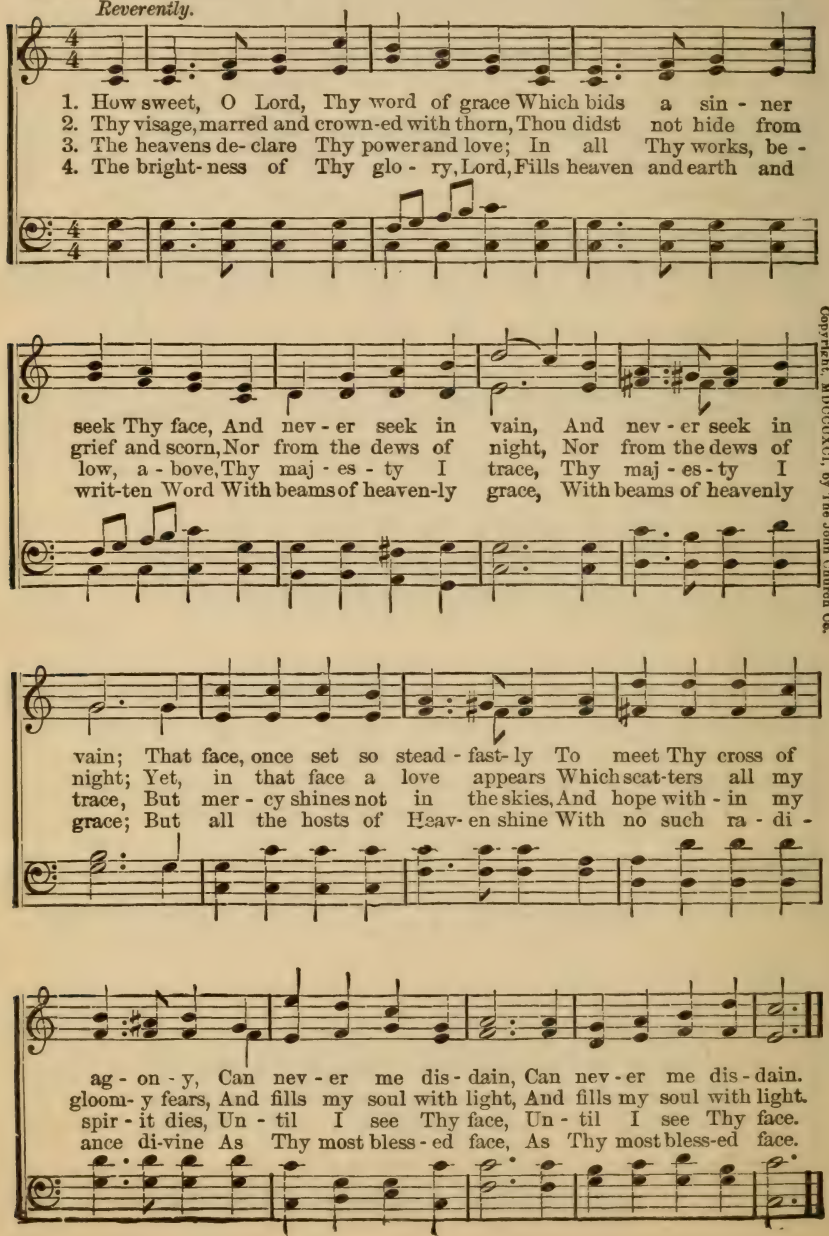

1. Blest Je-sus, grant us strength to take Our dai-ly cross, what e'er it be,
2. And day by day, we hum-bly ask That ho-ly mem'ries of Thy cross
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till at Thy feet we lay it down;
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake, In paths of du - ty fol - low Thee.
May sancti - fy each com-mon task, And turn to gain each earth-ly loss.
Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there, And thro' the Cross attain the Crown.

No. 520. The Saviour's Face.

"The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

Edw. A. Collier, D.D. Geo. F. Root.

Reverently.


1. How sweet, O Lord, Thy word of grace Which bids a sin - ner
2. Thy visage, marred and crown-ed with thorn, Thou didst not hide from
3. The heavens de- clare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be -
4. The bright- ness of Thy glo - ry, Lord, Fills heaven and earth and
seek Thy face, And nev - er seek in vain, And nev - er seek in
grief and scorn, Nor from the dews of night, Nor from the dews of
low, a - bove, Thy maj - es - ty I trace, Thy maj - es - ty I
writ-ten Word With beams of heaven-ly grace, With beams of heavenly
vain; That face, once set so stead - fast- ly To meet Thy cross of
night; Yet, in that face a love appears Which scat-ters all my
trace, But mer - cy shines not in the skies, And hope with - in my
grace; But all the hosts of Heav- en shine With no such ra - di -
ag - on - y, Can nev - er me dis - dain, Can nev - er me dis - dain.
gloom- y fears, And fills my soul with light, And fills my soul with light.
spir - it dies, Un - til I see Thy face, Un - til I see Thy face.
ance di-vine As Thy most bless - ed face, As Thy most bless-ed face.

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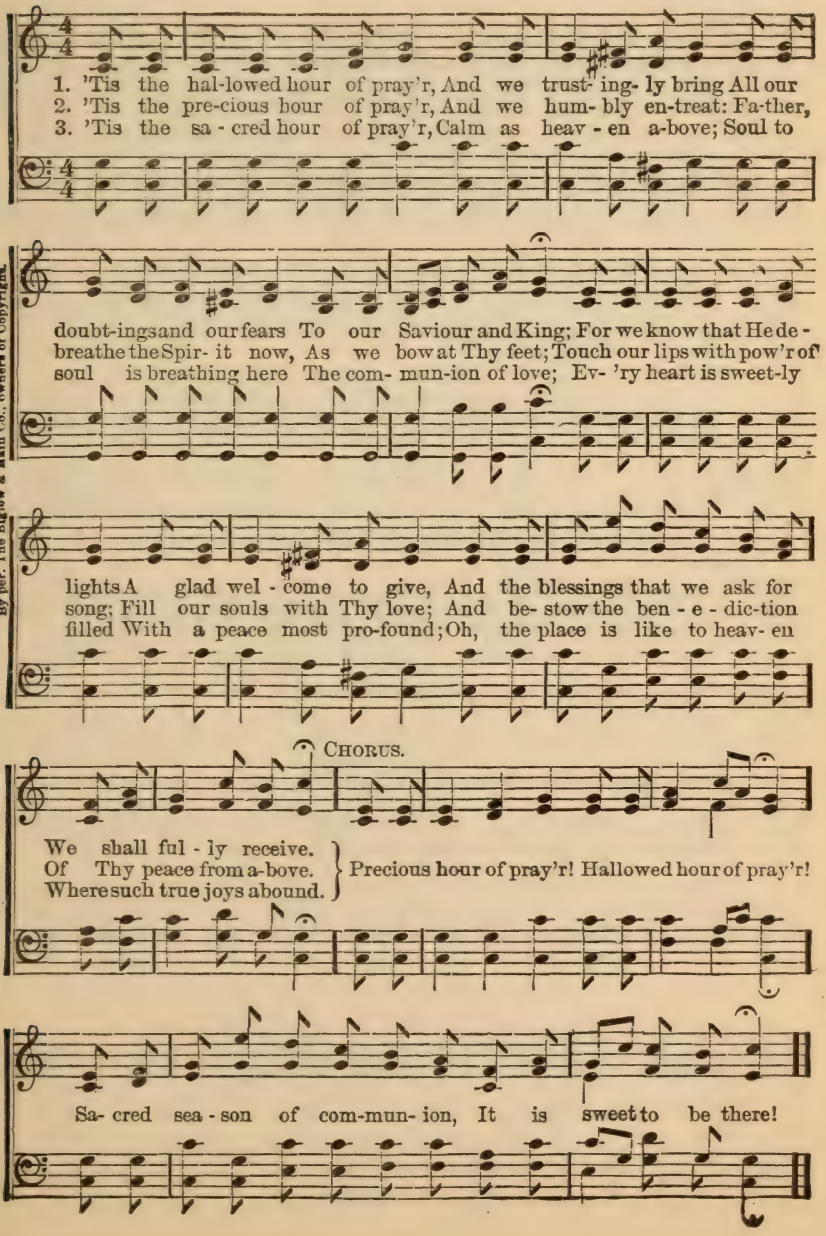
No. 521. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.


1. 'Tis the hal-lowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our
2. 'Tis the pre-cious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther,
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to
doubt-ings and our fears To our Saviour and King; For we know that He de-
breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of
soul is breathing here The com-mun-ion of love; Ev-'ry heart is sweet-ly
lights A glad wel-come to give, And the blessings that we ask for
song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-dic-tion
filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en
Chorus.
We shall ful-ly receive.
Of Thy peace from a-bove.
Where such true joys abound.
Precious hour of pray'r! Hallowed hour of pray'r!
Sa-cred sea-son of com-mun-ion, It is sweet to be there!

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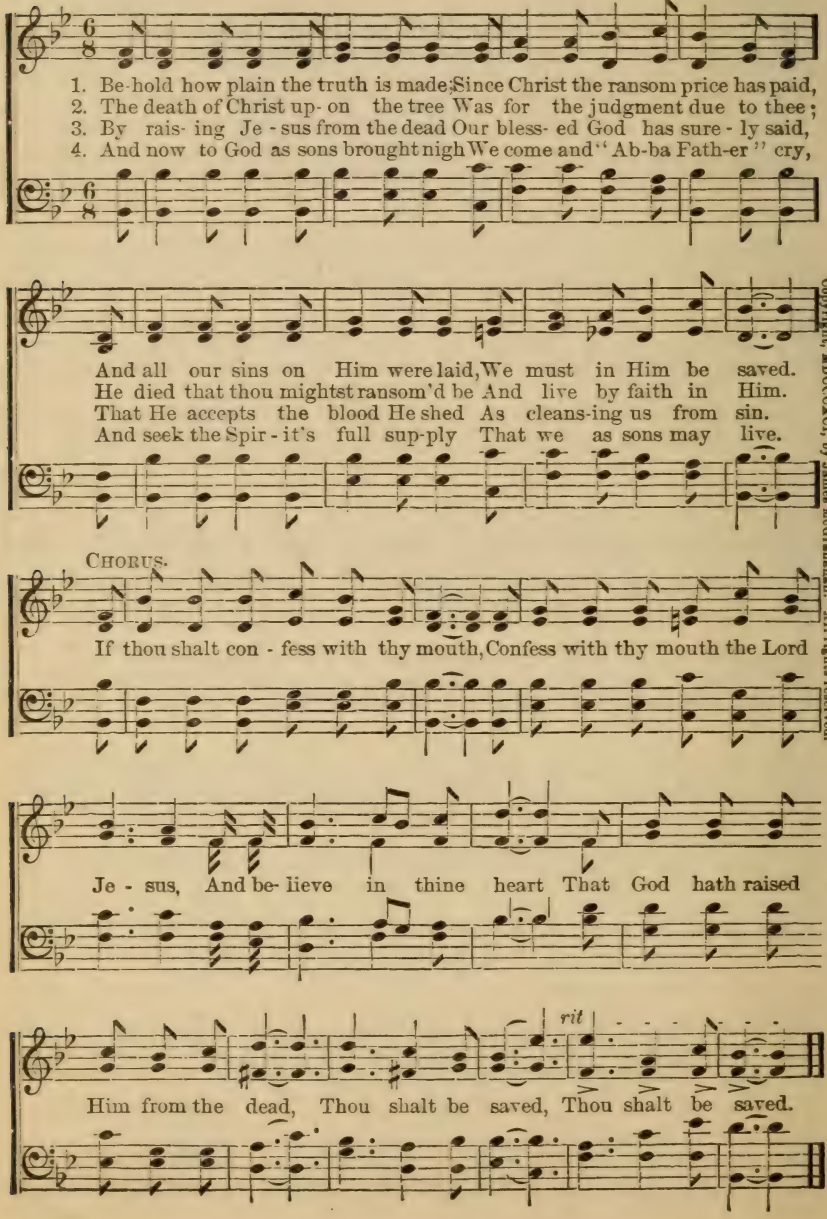
No. 522. Thou shalt be Saved.

"If thou shalt confess.....the Lord Jesus."—Rom. 10: 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Be-hold how plain the truth is made; Since Christ the ransom price has paid,
2. The death of Christ up- on the tree Was for the judgment due to thee;
3. By rais- ing Je - sus from the dead Our bless- ed God has sure - ly said,
4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Ab-ba Fath-er" cry,
And all our sins on Him were laid, We must in Him be saved.
He died that thou mightst ransom'd be And live by faith in Him.
That He accepts the blood He shed As cleans-ing us from sin.
And seek the Spir - it's full sup-ply That we as sons may live.
CHORUS.
If thou shalt con - fess with thy mouth, Confess with thy mouth the Lord
Je - sus, And be- lieve in thine heart That God hath raised
rit
Him from the dead, Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be saved.

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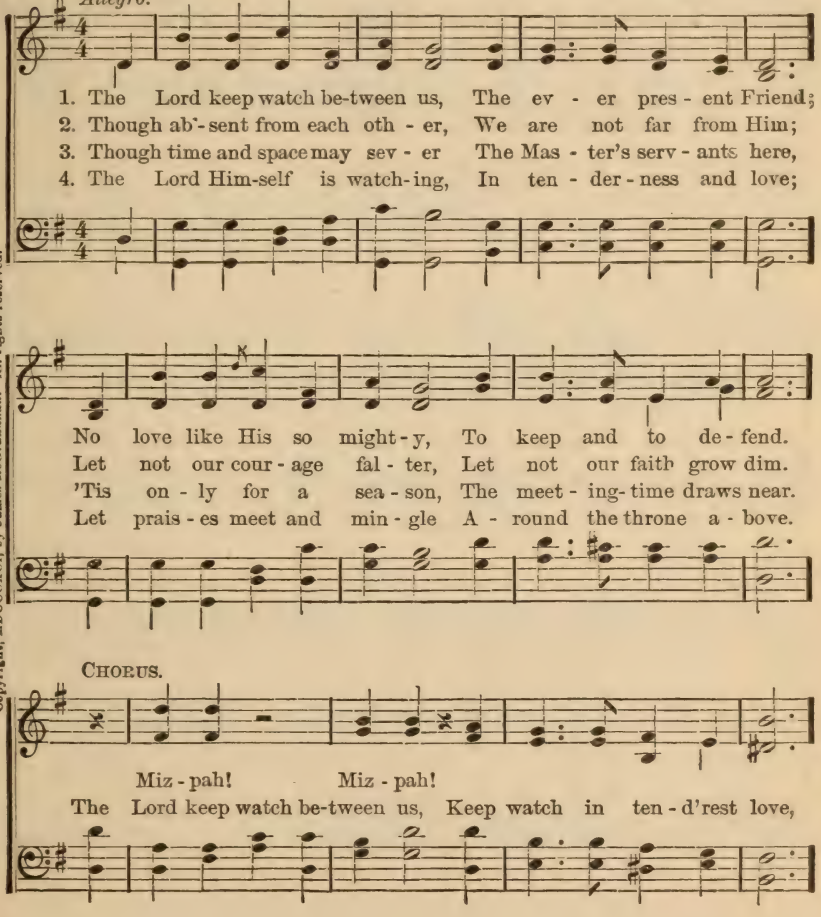
No. 523. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; * * * The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GEN. 31: 49.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.


1. The Lord keep watch be-tween us, The ev - er pres - ent Friend;
2. Though ab'-sent from each oth - er, We are not far from Him;
3. Though time and space may sev - er The Mas - ter's serv - ants here,
4. The Lord Him-self is watch-ing, In ten - der - ness and love;
No love like His so might - y, To keep and to de - fend.
Let not our cour - age fal - ter, Let not our faith grow dim.
'Tis on - ly for a sea - son, The meet - ing-time draws near.
Let prais - es meet and min - gle A - round the throne a - bove.
CHORUS.
Miz - pah! Miz - pah!
The Lord keep watch be-tween us, Keep watch in ten - d'rest love,
Un - til our prais - es min - gle A - round the throne a - bove.

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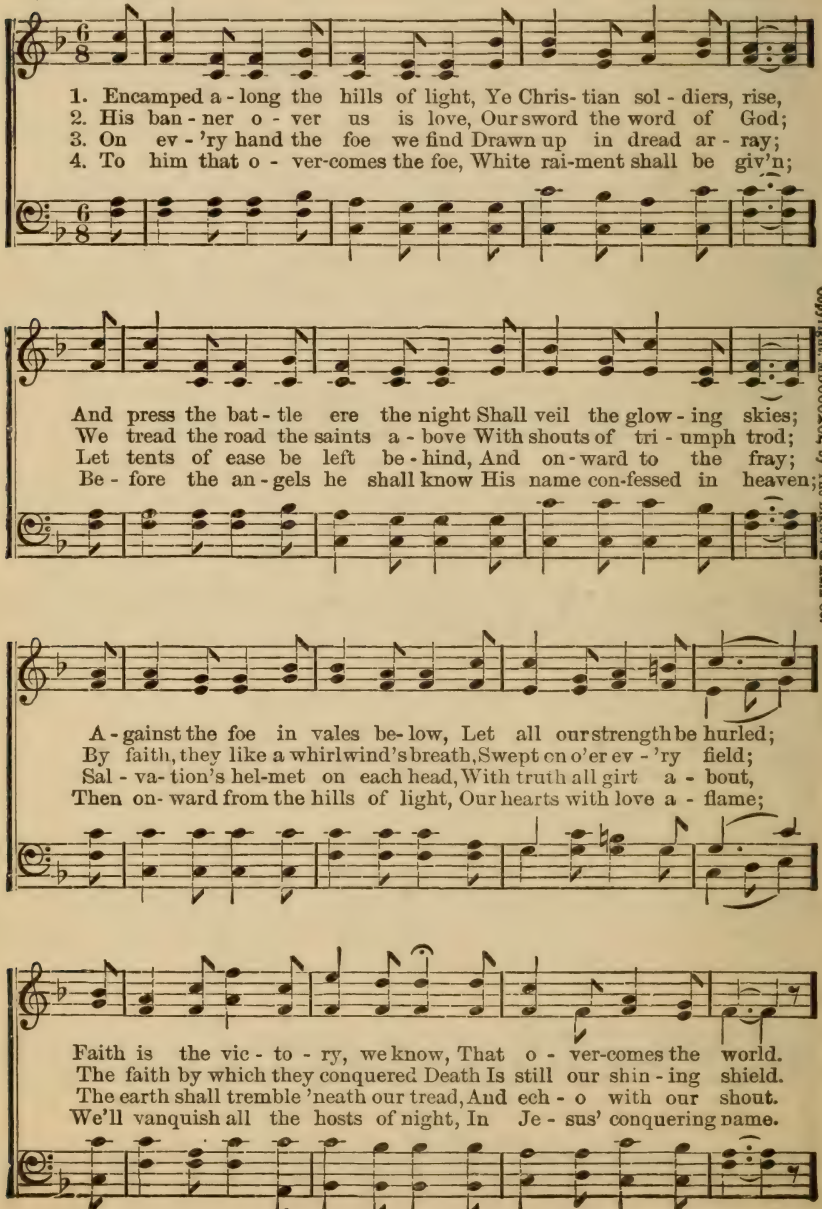
No. 524. Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Encamped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris- tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;
And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;
A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;
Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

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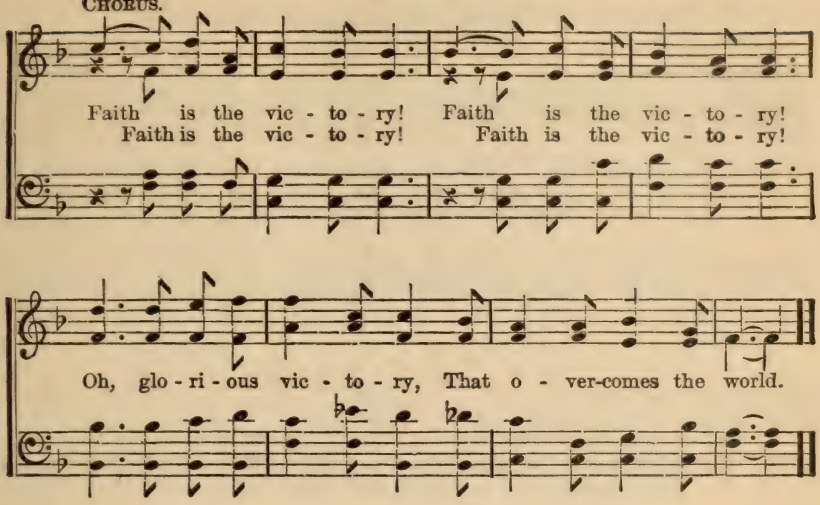
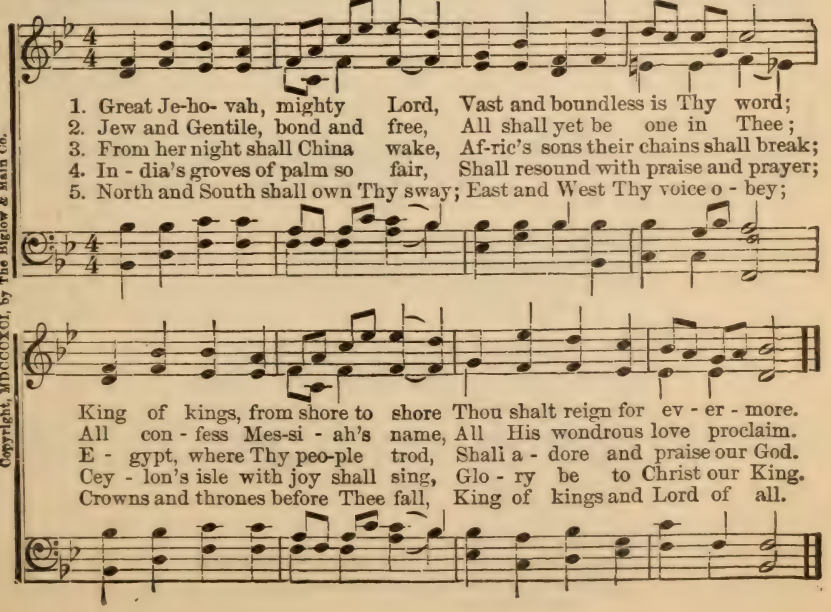
Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 525. Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—REV. 15: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Great Je-ho- vah, mighty Lord, Vast and boundless is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall China wake, Af-ric's sons their chains shall break;
4. In - dia's groves of palm so fair, Shall resound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway; East and West Thy voice o - bey;
King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign for ev - er - more.
All con - fess Mes-si - ah's name, All His wondrous love proclaim.
E - gypt, where Thy peo-ple trod, Shall a - dore and praise our God.
Cey - lon's isle with joy shall sing, Glo - ry be to Christ our King.
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.

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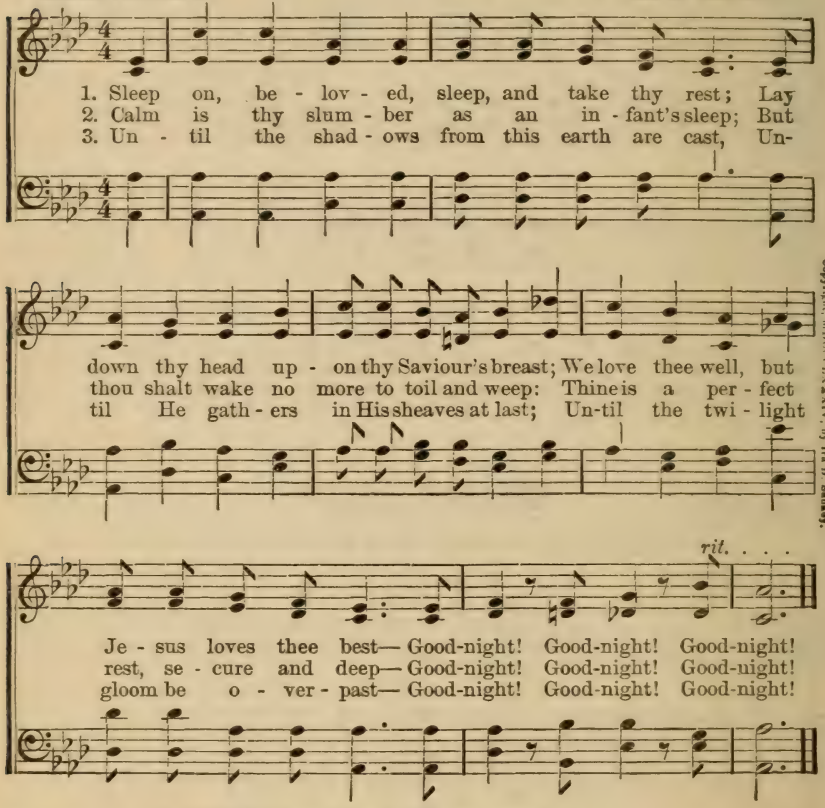
No. 526. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But
3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast, Un-
down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last; Un-til the twi - light
rit.
Je - sus loves thee best— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
rest, se - cure and deep— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
gloom be o - ver - past— Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

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4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

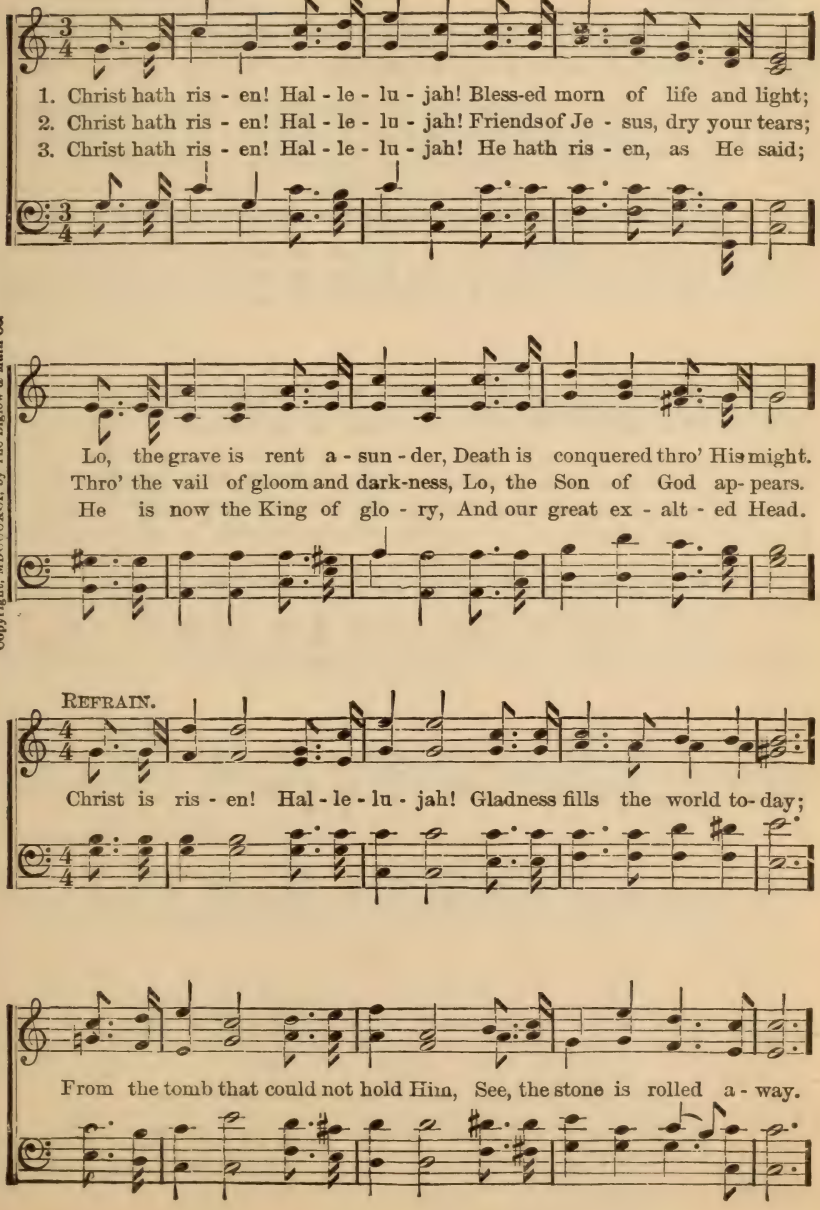
6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

No. 527. Christ is Risen.

"For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Bless-ed morn of life and light;
2. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Friends of Je - sus, dry your tears;
3. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! He hath ris - en, as He said;
Lo, the grave is rent a - sun - der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
Thro' the vail of gloom and dark-ness, Lo, the Son of God ap- pears.
He is now the King of glo - ry, And our great ex - alt - ed Head.
REFRAIN.
Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Gladness fills the world to- day;
From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a - way.

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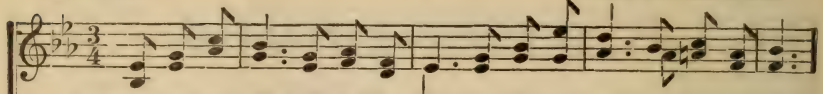
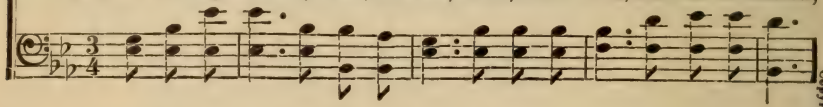
No. 528. In Jesus' Face.

"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

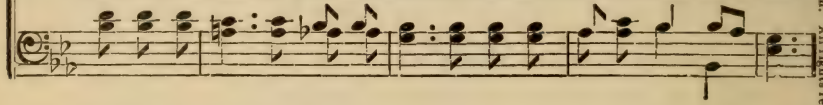
EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



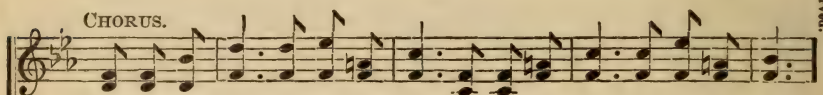
1. The liv - ing God, who by His might Spake but the word and there was light,
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, Has come from God, His work to do;
3. In Je-sus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through;
4. When darkness gives the soul distress, When sorrows on our pathway press,
5. Then come, ye wea - ry ones, and rest; Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed;



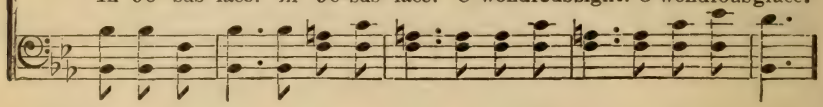
Hath promised now to show His grace To sin-ful men, in Je - sus' face.
He comes with power the soul to save, To give the vic -t'ry o'er the grave.
He will not leave us to de-feat, But make our vic - to - ry com-plete.
One look at Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Jesus' face.
With-in your heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Je- sus' face.



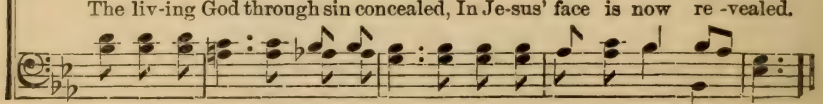
CHORUS.



In Je - sus' face! in Je-sus' face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!



The liv-ing God through sin concealed, In Je-sus' face is now re -vealed.



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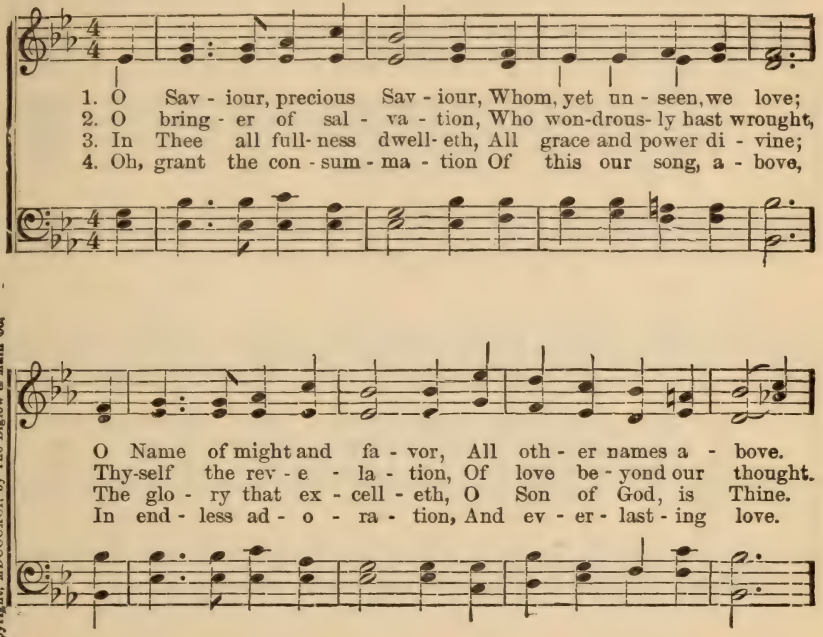
No. 529. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.


1. O Sav - iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous- ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full- ness dwell- eth, All grace and power di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song, a - bove,
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy-self the rev - e - la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS.
We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav-iour, Lord and King.

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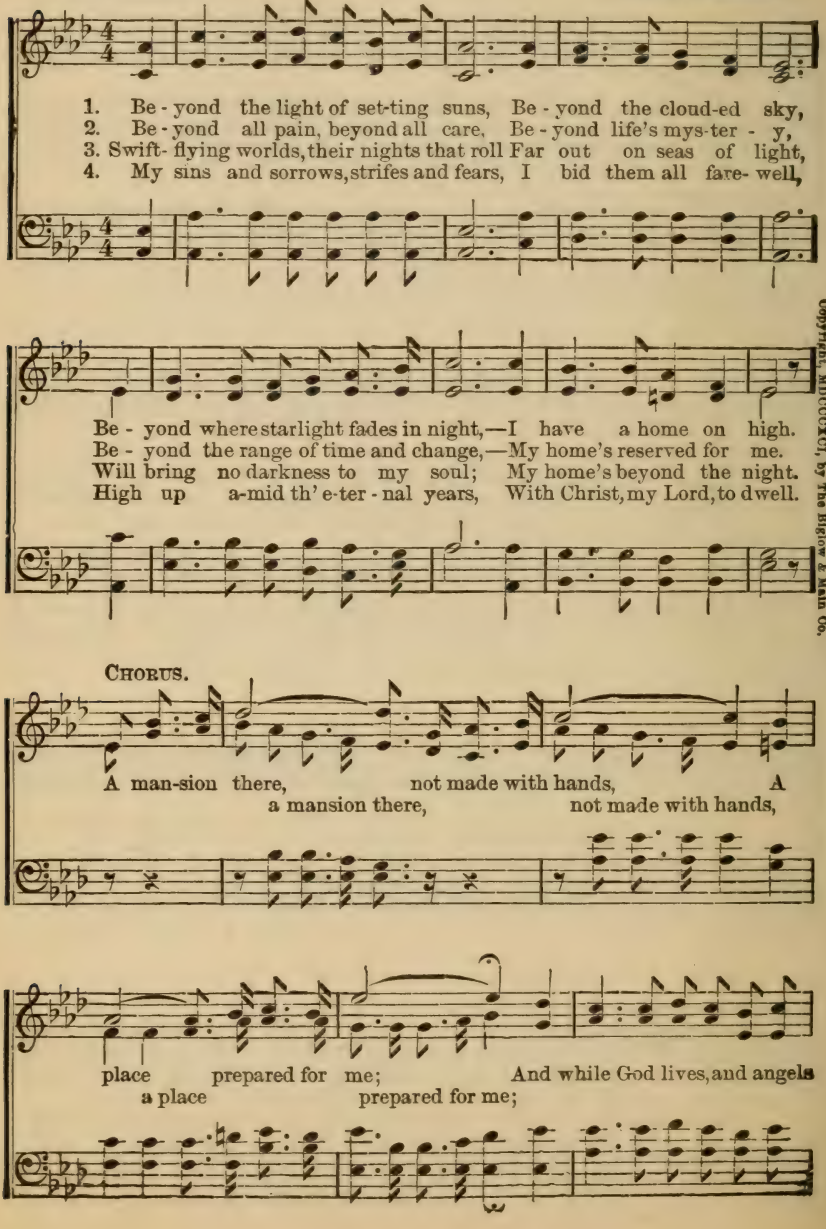
No. 530.

A Home on High.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

L. W. MANSFIELD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Be - yond the light of set-ting suns, Be - yond the cloud-ed sky,
2. Be - yond all pain, beyond all care, Be - yond life's mys-ter - y,
3. Swift- flying worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light,
4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare- well,
Be - yond where starlight fades in night,—I have a home on high.
Be - yond the range of time and change,—My home's reserved for me.
Will bring no darkness to my soul; My home's beyond the night.
High up a-mid th' e-ter - nal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.
CHORUS.
A man-sion there, not made with hands, A
a mansion there, not made with hands,
place prepared for me; And while God lives, and angels
a place prepared for me;

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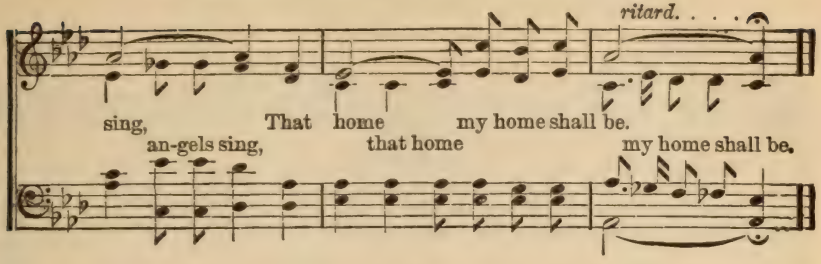
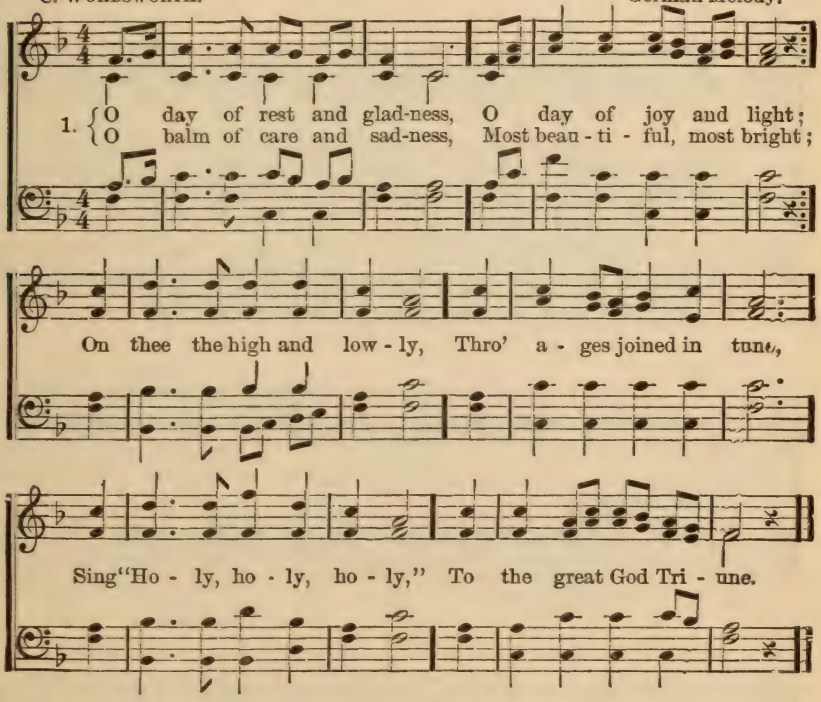
A Home on High.—Concluded.



No. 531. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16: 23.

C. WORDSWORTH. German Melody.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light;
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

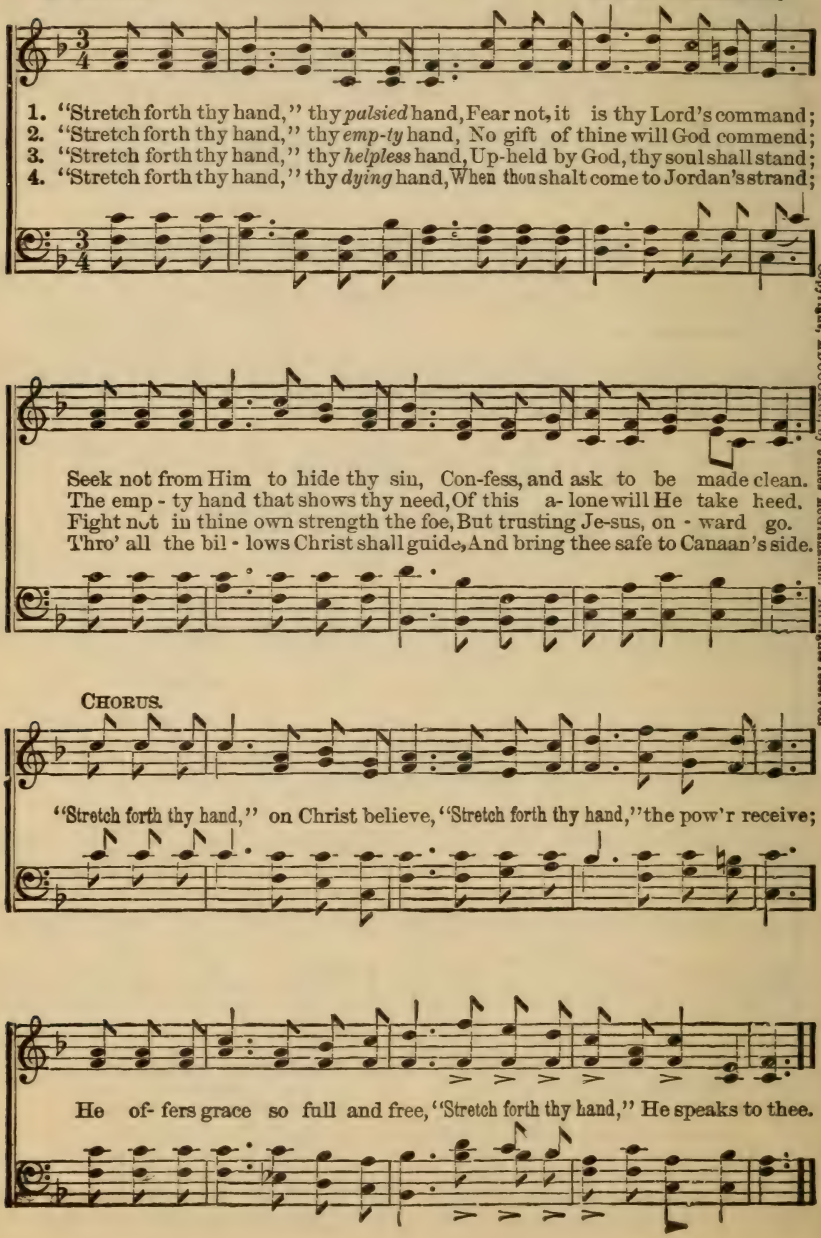
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 532. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

"And it was restored whole, like as the other.—MATT. 12: 13.

EL NATHAN. H. H. McGRANAHAN.


1. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *palsied* hand, Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;
2. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *emp-ty* hand, No gift of thine will God commend;
3. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *helpless* hand, Up-held by God, thy soul shall stand;
4. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy *dying* hand, When thou shalt come to Jordan's strand;
Seek not from Him to hide thy sin, Con-fess, and ask to be made clean.
The emp - ty hand that shows thy need, Of this a- lone will He take heed.
Fight not in thine own strength the foe, But trusting Je-sus, on - ward go.
Thro' all the bil - lows Christ shall guide, And bring thee safe to Canaan's side.
CHORUS.
"Stretch forth thy hand," on Christ believe, "Stretch forth thy hand," the pow'r receive;
He of- fers grace so full and free, "Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.

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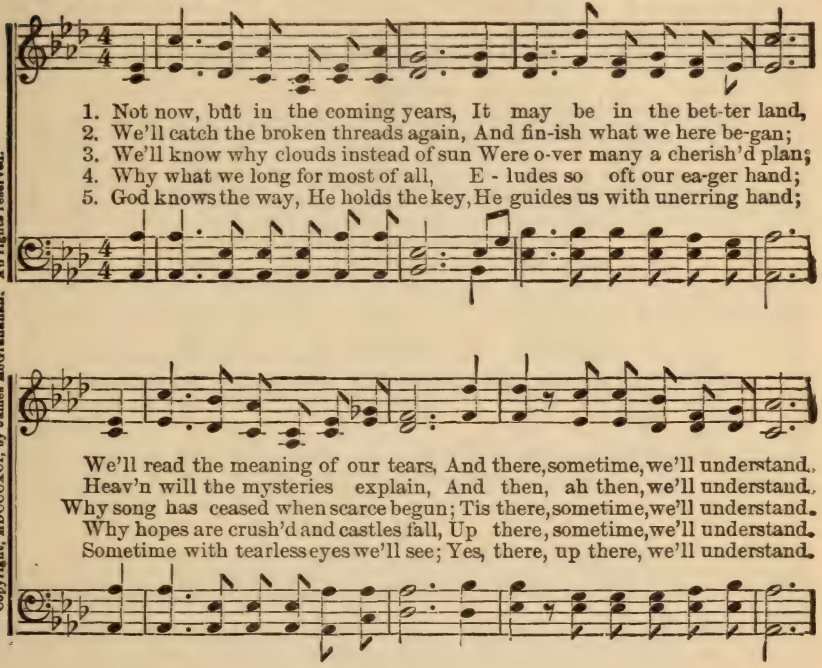
No. 533. Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13:7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherish'd plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand;
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

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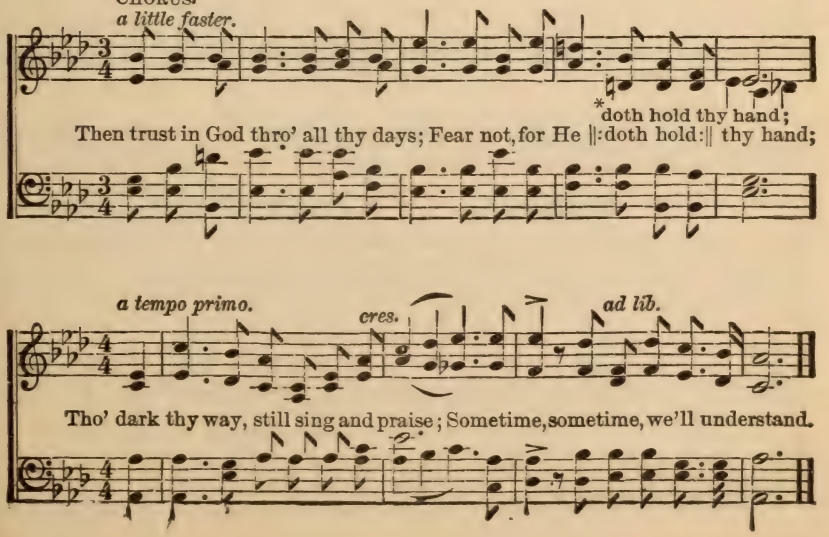
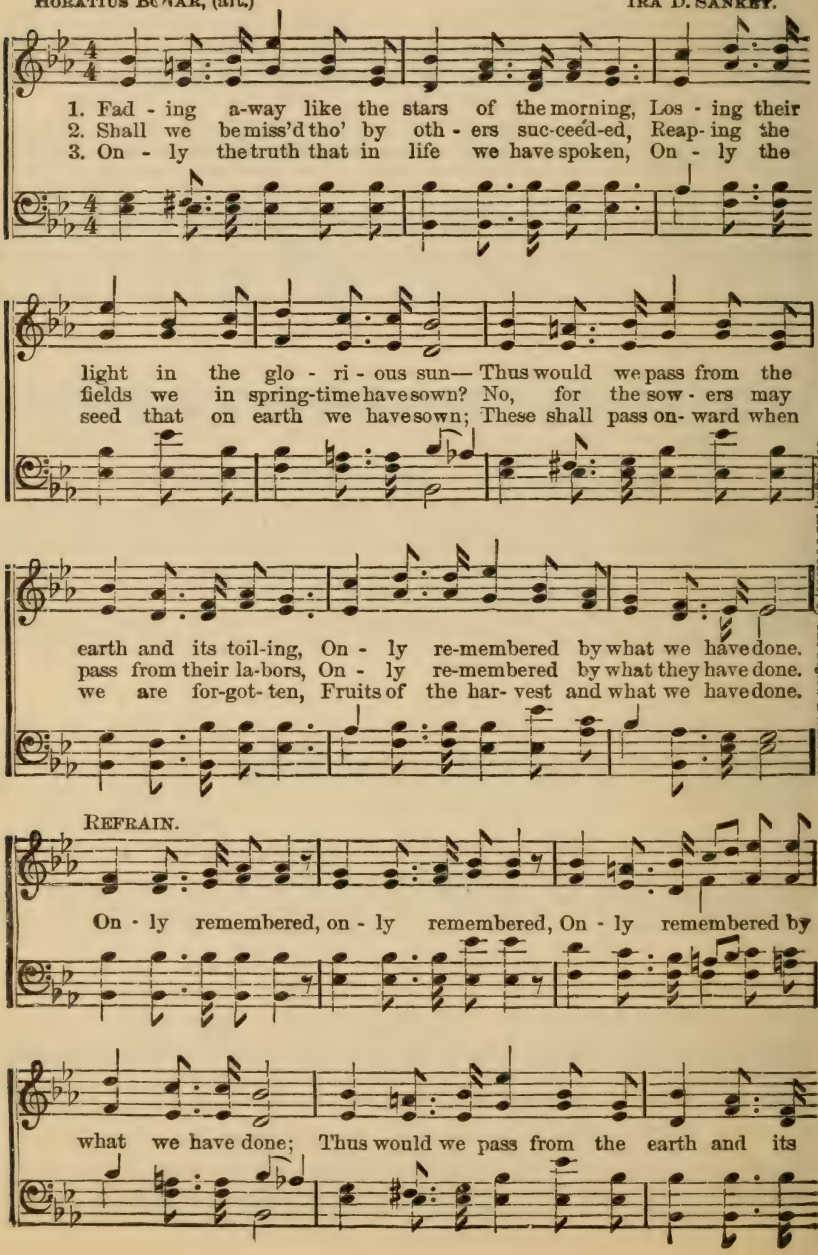
CHORUS.


a little faster.
*doth hold thy hand;
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He ‖:doth hold:‖ thy hand;
a tempo primo.
cres.
ad lib.
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

No. 534. Only Remembered.

"I will make thy name remembered."—Ps. 45: 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, (alt.) IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Fad - ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los - ing their
2. Shall we be miss'd tho' by oth - ers suc-ceed-ed, Reap - ing the
3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spoken, On - ly the
light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we pass from the
fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - ers may
seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass on- ward when
earth and its toil-ing, On - ly re-membered by what we have done.
pass from their la-bors, On - ly re-membered by what they have done.
we are for-got- ten, Fruits of the har- vest and what we have done.
REFRAIN.
On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by
what we have done; Thus would we pass from the earth and its

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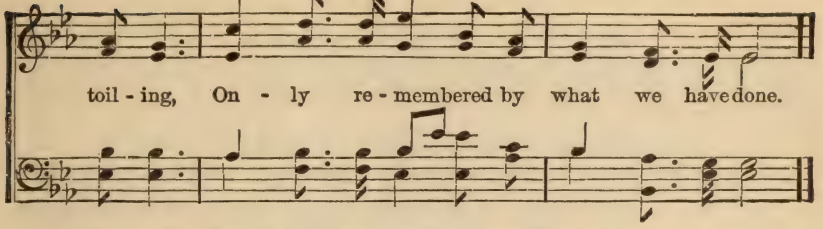
Only Remembered.—Concluded.

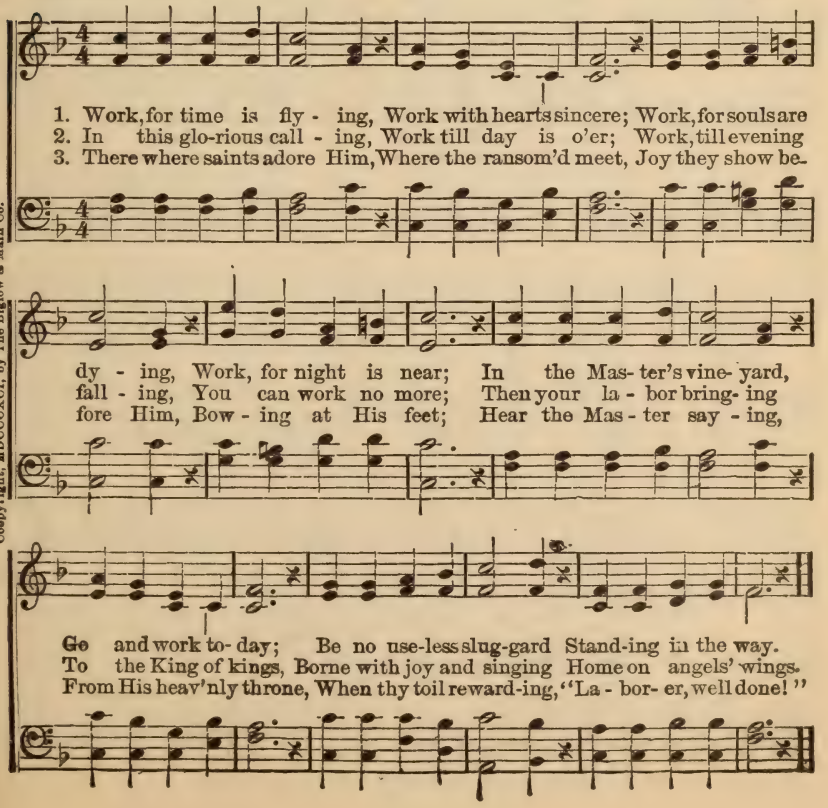


4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,
All be remembered by what they have done.

No. 535. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Work, for time is fly - ing, Work with hearts sincere; Work, for souls are
2. In this glo-rious call - ing, Work till day is o'er; Work, till evening
3. There where saints adore Him, Where the ransom'd meet, Joy they show be-
dy - ing, Work, for night is near; In the Mas- ter's vine- yard,
fall - ing, You can work no more; Then your la - bor bring- ing
fore Him, Bow - ing at His feet; Hear the Mas - ter say - ing,
Go and work to- day; Be no use-less slug-gard Stand-ing in the way.
To the King of kings, Borne with joy and singing Home on angels' wings.
From His heav'nly throne, When thy toil reward-ing, "La - bor- er, well done!"

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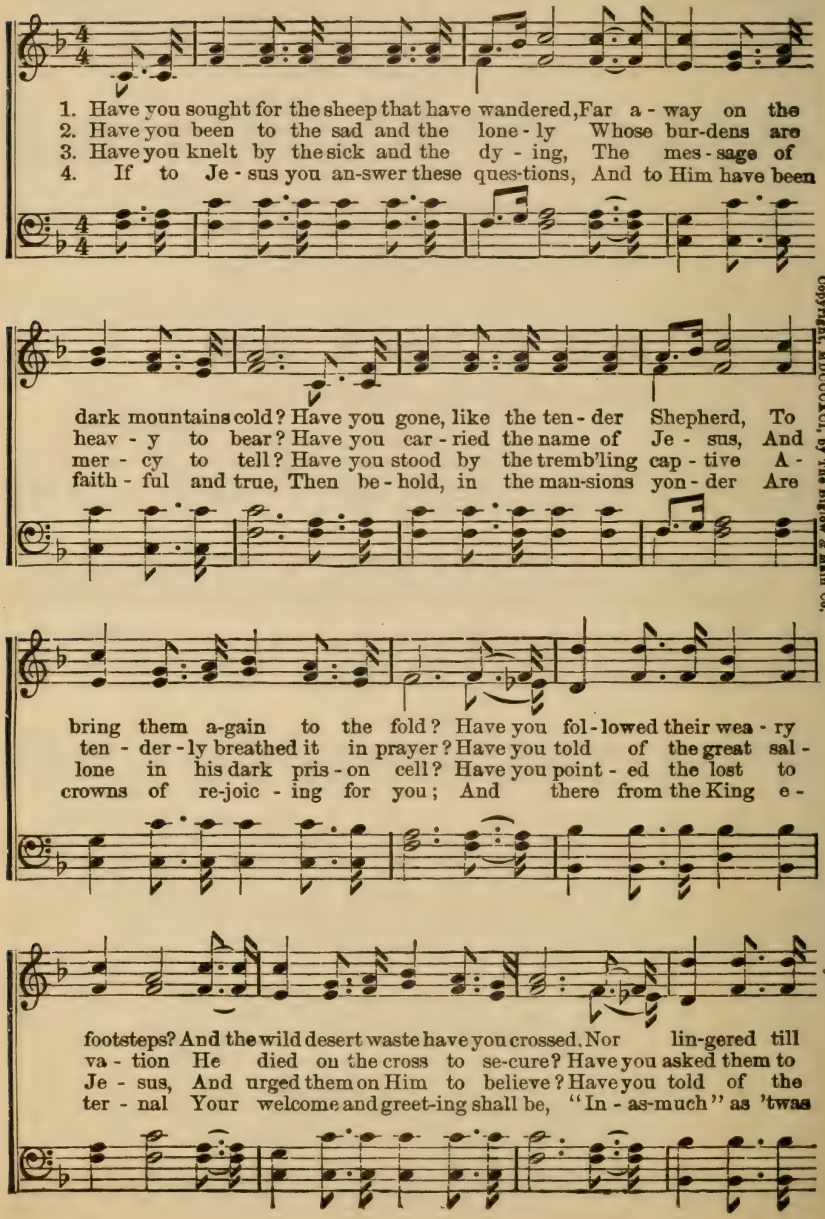
No. 536. Have You Sought?

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Eze. 34: 6.

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered, Far a - way on the dark mountains cold? Have you gone, like the ten - der Shepherd, To bring them a-gain to the fold? Have you fol - lowed their wea - ry footsteps? And the wild desert waste have you crossed, Nor lin-gered till
2. Have you been to the sad and the lone - ly Whose bur-dens are heav - y to bear? Have you car - ried the name of Je - sus, And ten - der - ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal - va - tion He died on the cross to se-cure? Have you asked them to
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dy - ing, The mes - sage of mer - cy to tell? Have you stood by the tremb'ling cap - tive A - lone in his dark pris - on cell? Have you point - ed the lost to Je - sus, And urged them on Him to believe? Have you told of the
4. If to Je - sus you an-swer these ques-tions, And to Him have been faith - ful and true, Then be - hold, in the man-sions yon - der Are crowns of re-joic - ing for you; And there from the King e - ter - nal Your welcome and greet-ing shall be, "In - as-much" as 'twas

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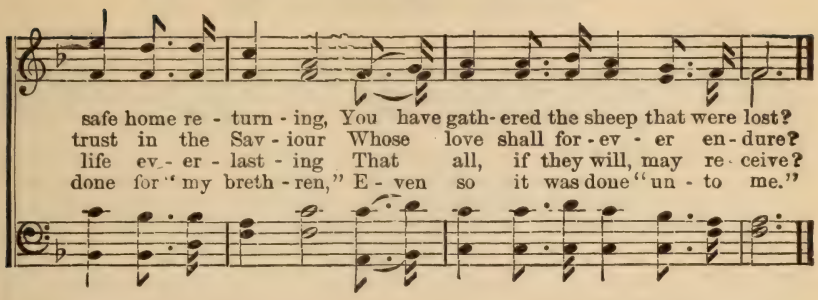
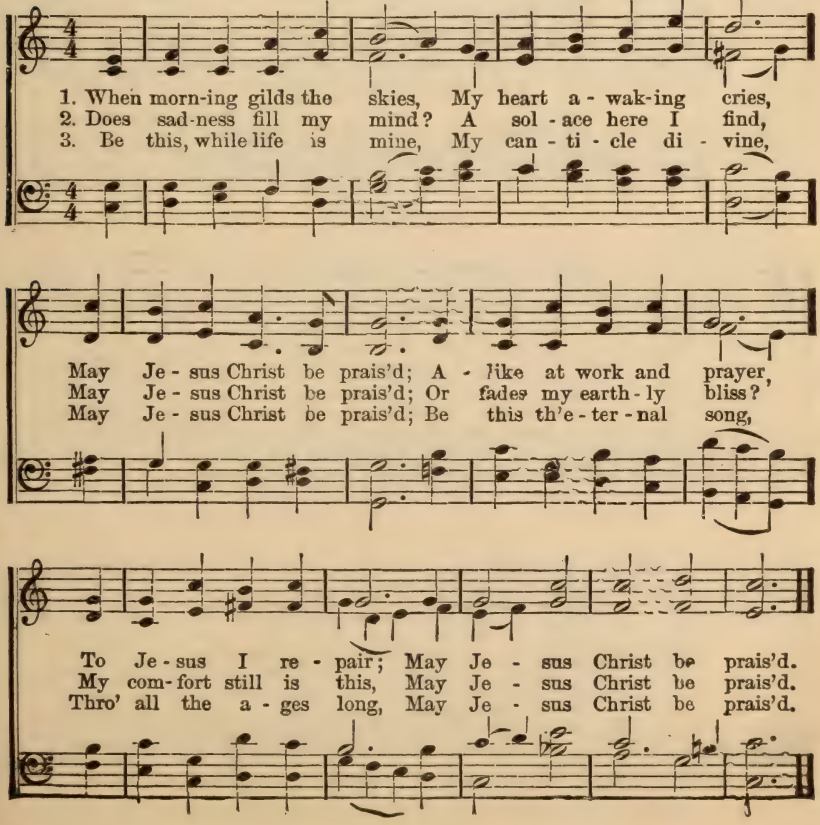
Have You Sought?—Concluded.


safe home re - turn - ing, You have gath - ered the sheep that were lost?
trust in the Sav - iour Whose love shall for - ev - er en - dure?
life ev - er - last - ing That all, if they will, may re - ceive?
done for "my breth - ren," E - ven so it was done "un - to me."

No. 537. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

"I will praise thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

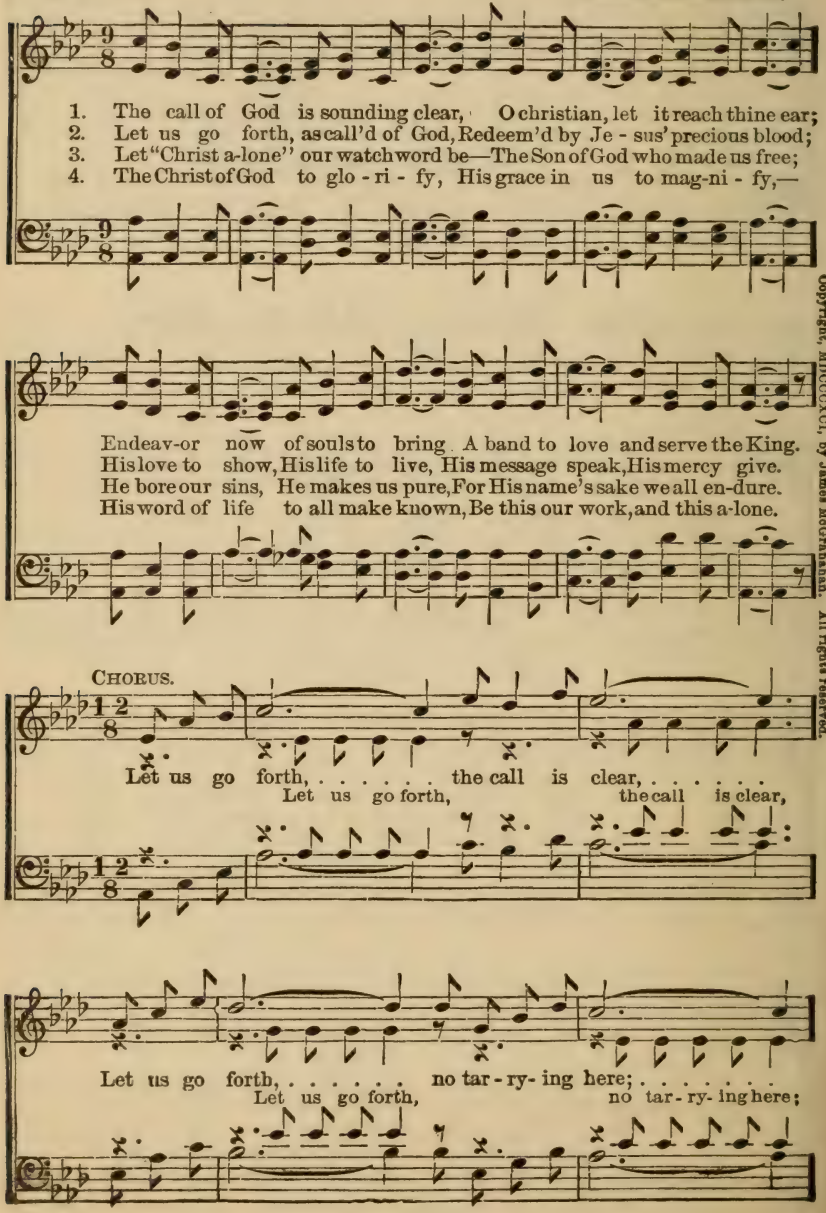
Rev. E. CASWALL. J. BARNBY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries,
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; A - like at work and prayer,
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Be this th'e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
Thro' all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.

No. 538.

Let us go Forth.

"Let us go forth unto him."—Heb. 13: 13.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. The call of God is sounding clear, O christian, let it reach thine ear;
2. Let us go forth, as call'd of God, Redeem'd by Je - sus' precious blood;
3. Let "Christ a-lone" our watchword be—The Son of God who made us free;
4. The Christ of God to glo - ri - fy, His grace in us to mag-ni - fy,—
Endeav-or now of souls to bring A band to love and serve the King.
His love to show, His life to live, His message speak, His mercy give.
He bore our sins, He makes us pure, For His name's sake we all en-dure.
His word of life to all make known, Be this our work, and this a-lone.
Chorus.
Let us go forth, ... the call is clear, ...
Let us go forth, the call is clear,
Let us go forth, ... no tar-ry-ing here; . . . . . .
Let us go forth, no tar-ry-ing here;

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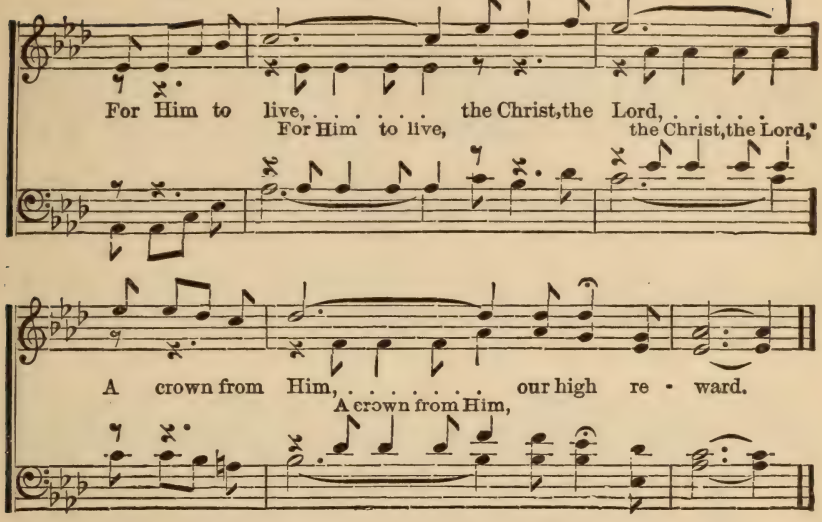
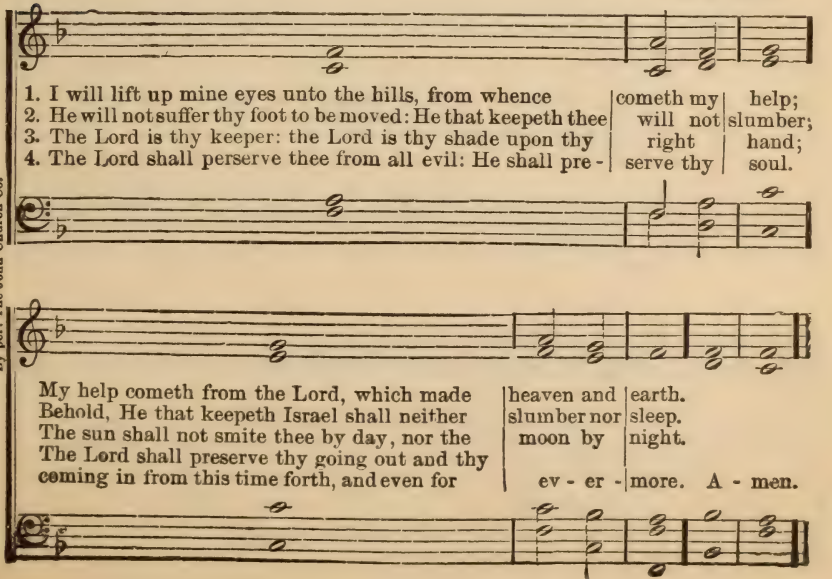
Let us go Forth.—Concluded.



No. 539. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

PSALM 121.

G. F. ROOT.


1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help;
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber;
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right | hand;
4. The Lord shall perserve thee from all evil: He shall pre - | serve thy | soul.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor | sleep.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy
coming in from this time forth, and even for | ev - er - | more. A - men.

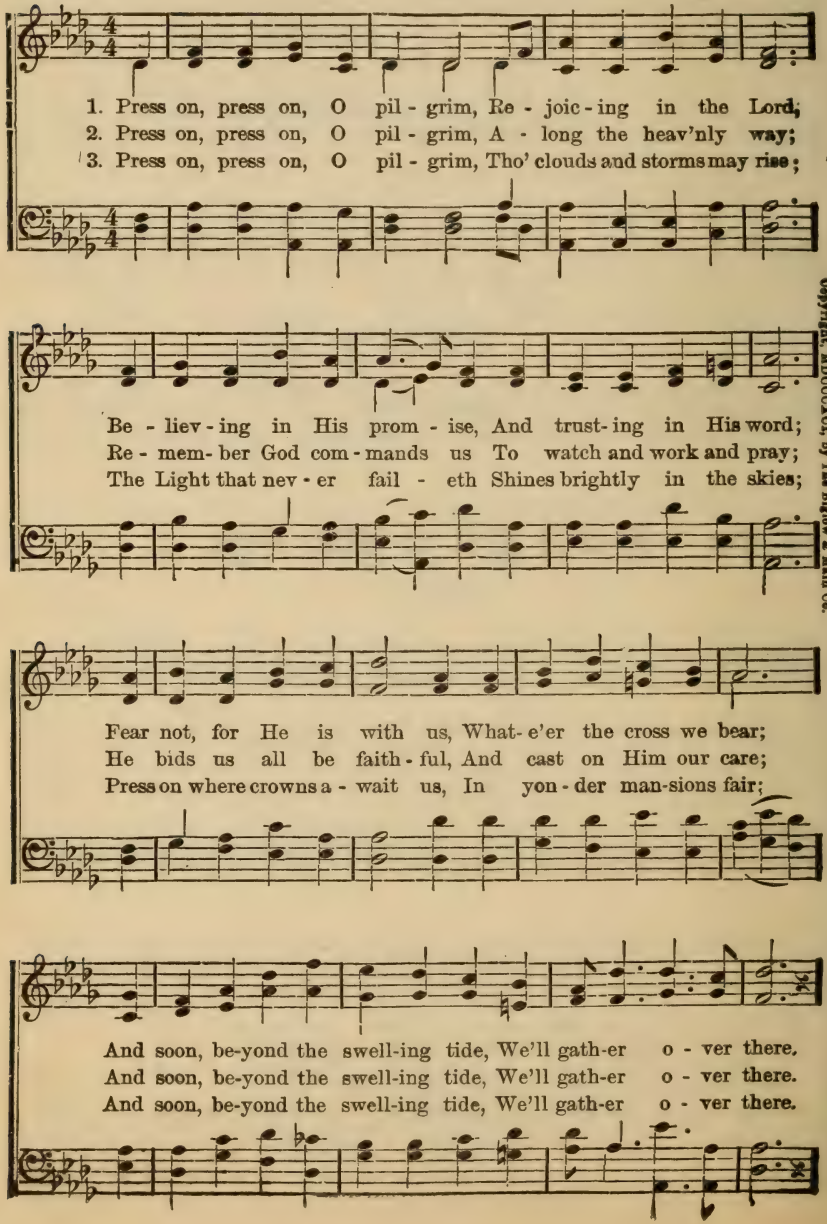
By per. The John Church Co.

No. 540.

Press On.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Isa. 27: 12.

F. J. C. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, Re - joic - ing in the Lord;
2. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, A - long the heav'nly way;
3. Press on, press on, O pil - grim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise;
Be - liev - ing in His prom - ise, And trust - ing in His word;
Re - mem - ber God com - mands us To watch and work and pray;
The Light that nev - er fail - eth Shines brightly in the skies;
Fear not, for He is with us, What - e'er the cross we bear;
He bids us all be faith - ful, And cast on Him our care;
Press on where crowns a - wait us, In yon - der man - sions fair;
And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.
And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.
And soon, be-yond the swell-ing tide, We'll gath-er o - ver there.

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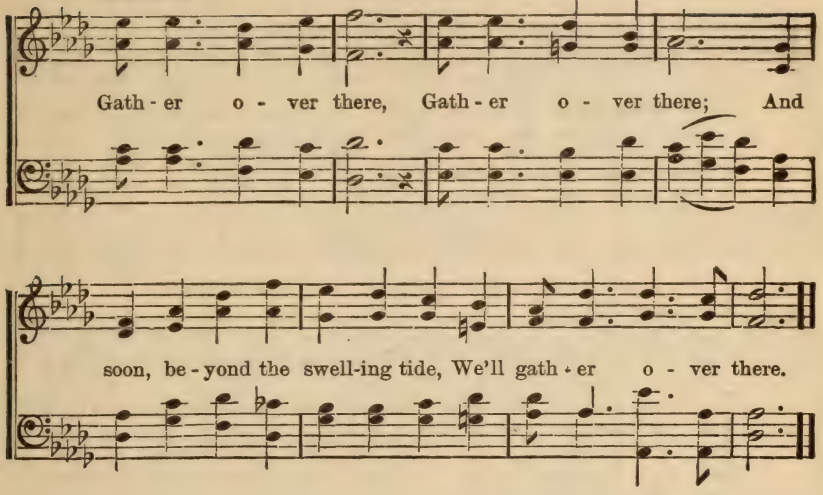
Press On.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 541. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Ps. 136: 1-26.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

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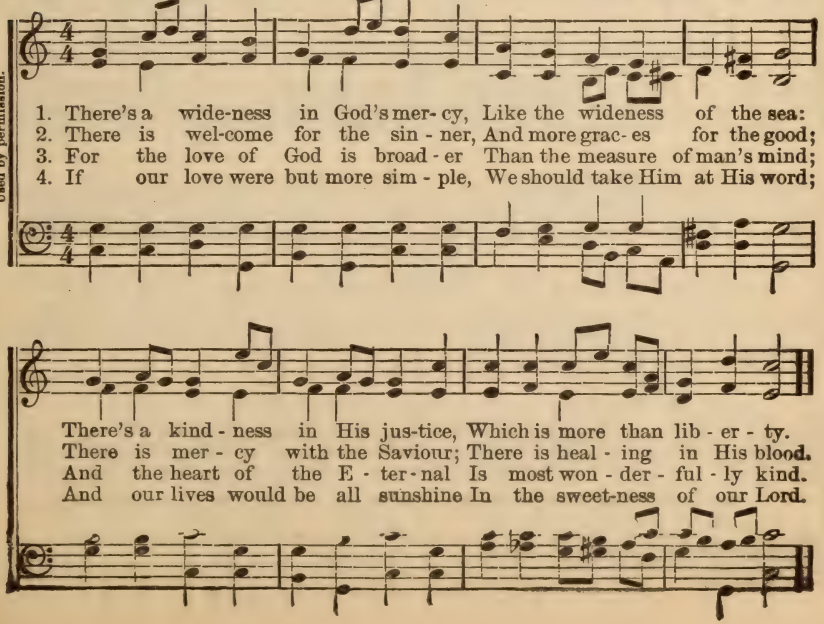
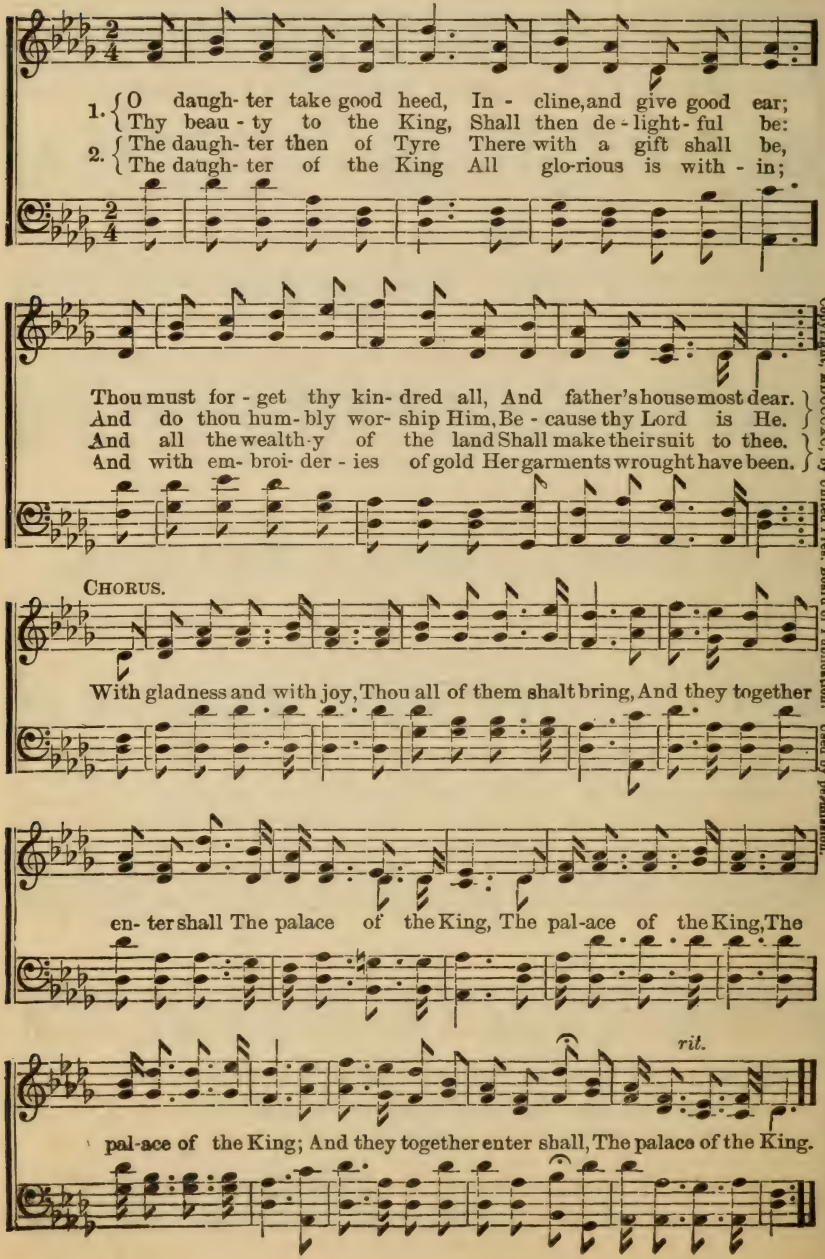

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer- cy, Like the wideness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac- es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind - ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 542. The Palace of the King.

PSALM 45: 10-17. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.


1. O daugh- ter take good heed, In - cline, and give good ear;
Thy beau - ty to the King, Shall then de - light - ful be:
2. The daugh- ter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be,
The daugh- ter of the King All glo-rious is with - in;
Thou must for - get thy kin- dred all, And father's house most dear.
And do thou hum- bly wor- ship Him, Be - cause thy Lord is He.
And all the wealth-y of the land Shall make their suit to thee.
And with em- broi- der - ies of gold Her garments wrought have been.
CHORUS.
With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shalt bring, And they together
en- ter shall The palace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The
rit.
pal-ace of the King; And they together enter shall, The palace of the King.

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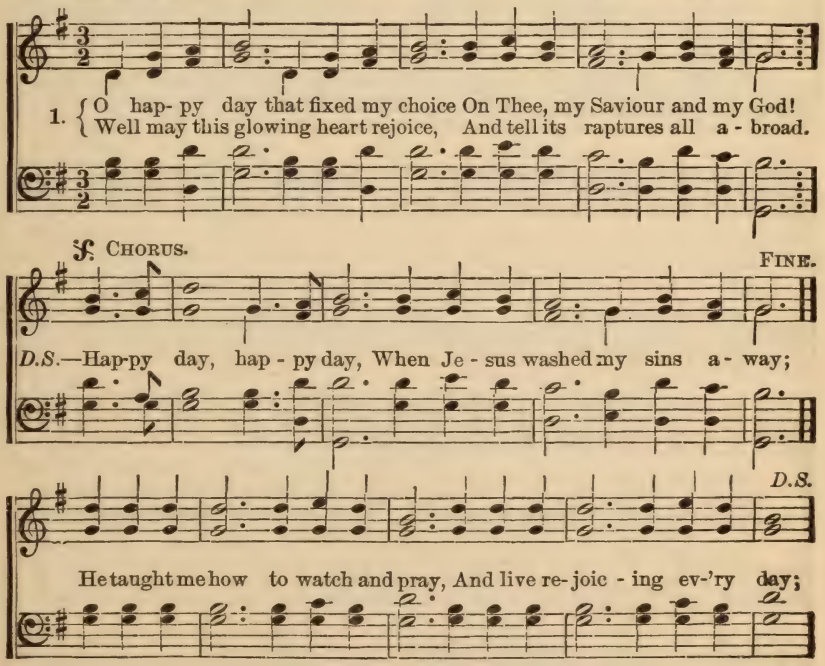
3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

4 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

No. 543. Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—PSA. 144: 15.

P. DODDRIDGE. From E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. O hap- py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.
CHORUS.
FINE.
D.S.—Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day;

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

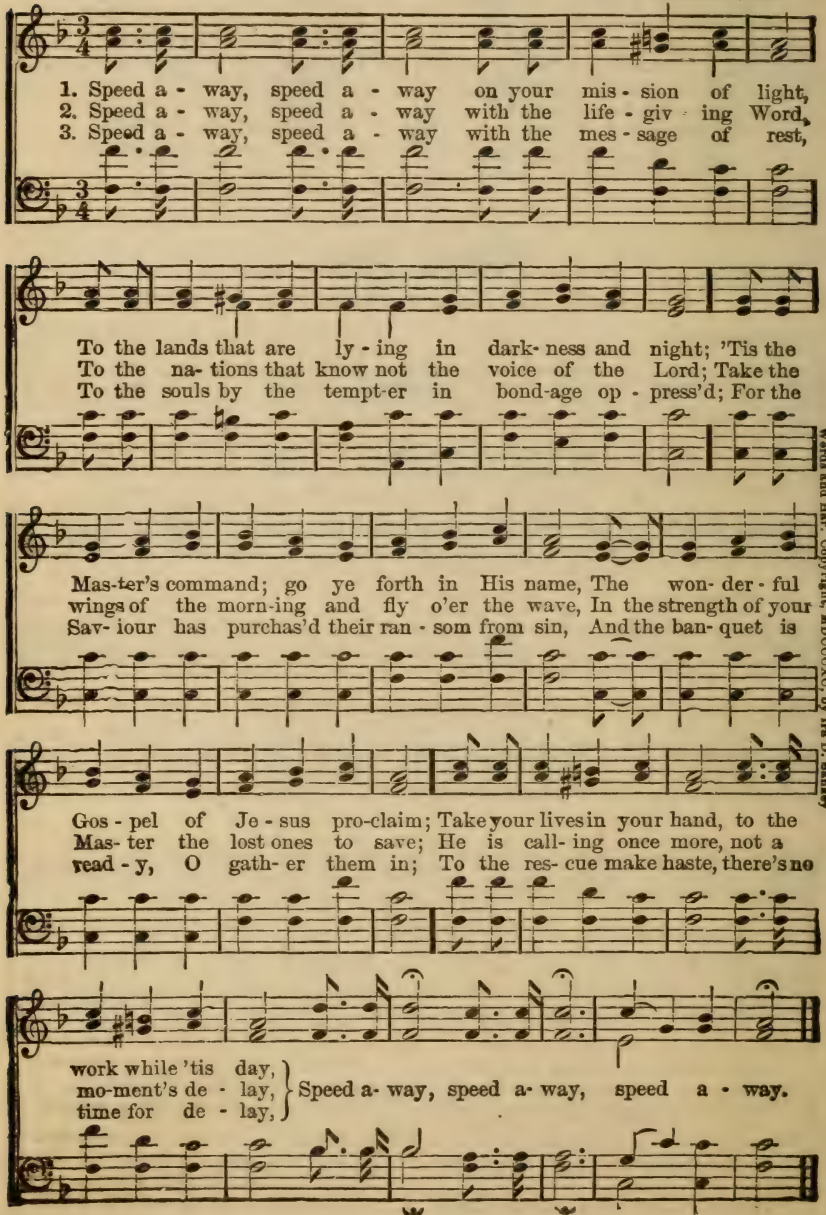
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 544. Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MARK 16: 15.

F. J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,
To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - press'd; For the
Mas - ter's command; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - iour has purchas'd their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is
Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no
work while 'tis day,
mo - ment's de - lay,
time for de - lay,
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

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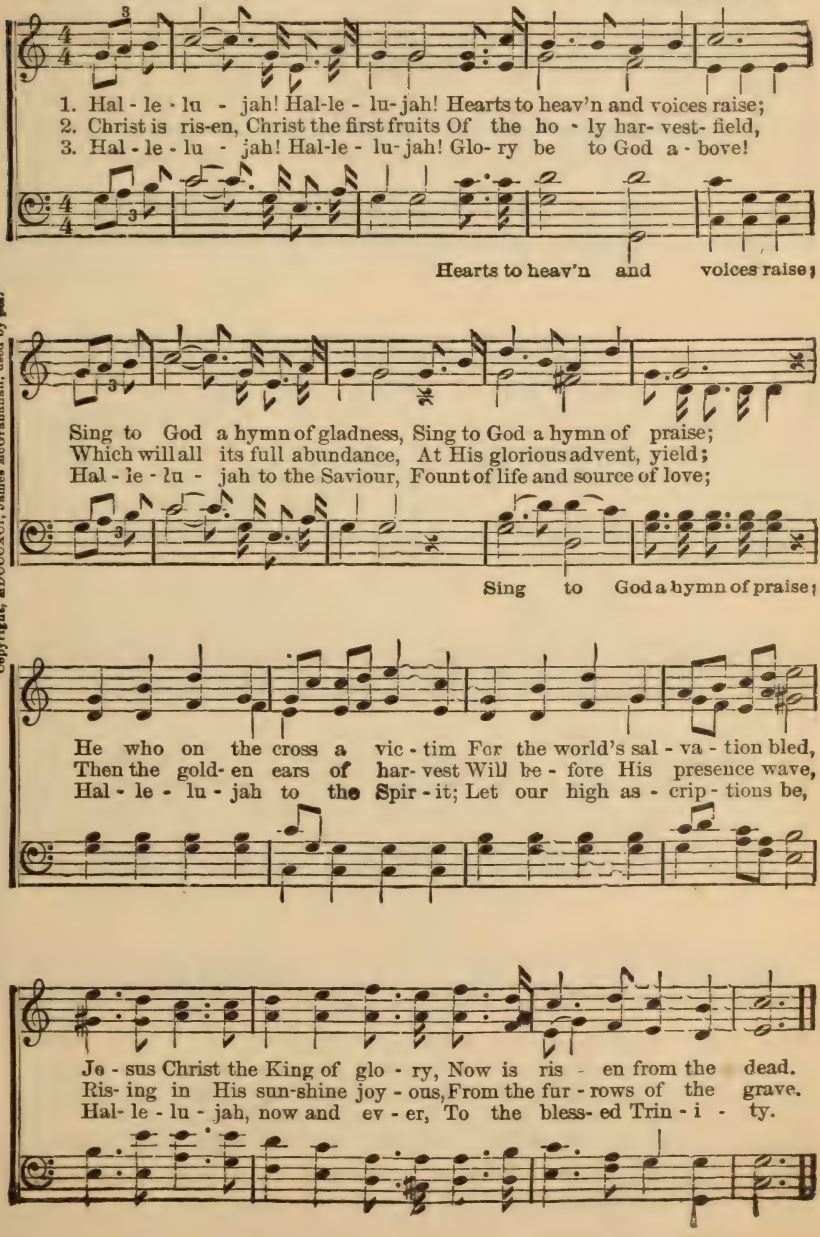
No. 545. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 Pet. 1: 3.

Bishop Wordsworth, alt. James McGranahan.


1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
2. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first fruits Of the ho - ly har- vest- field,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Glo- ry be to God a - bove!
Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
Which will all its full abundance, At His glorious advent, yield;
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Saviour, Fount of life and source of love;
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Then the gold- en ears of har- vest Will be - fore His presence wave,
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Spir - it; Let our high as - crip - tions be,
Je - sus Christ the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
Ris- ing in His sun-shine joy - ous, From the fur - rows of the grave.
Hal- le - lu - jah, now and ev - er, To the bless- ed Trin - i - ty.

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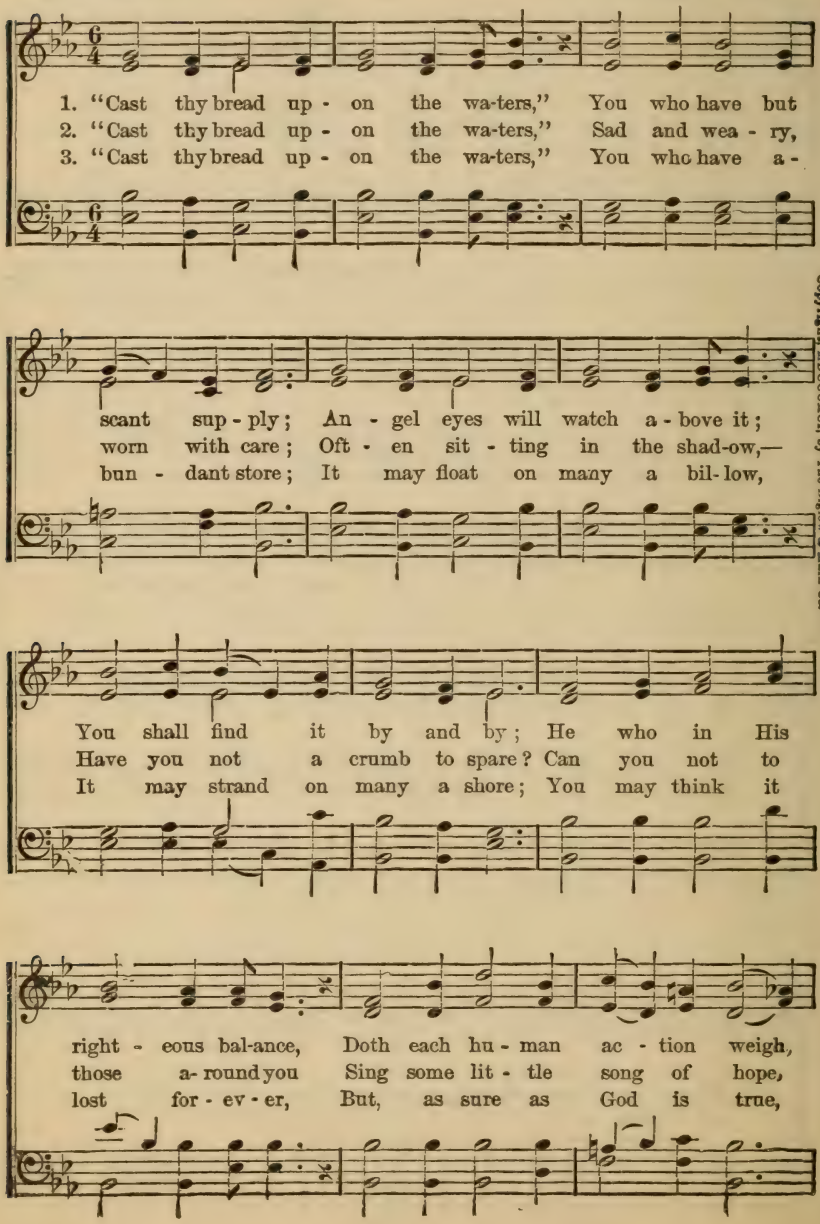
No. 546. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl.—11: 1.

R. Edgar. Ira D. Sankey.


1. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," You who have but
2. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," Sad and wea - ry,
3. "Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters," You who have a -
scant sup - ply; An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;
worn with care; Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow,—
bun - dant store; It may float on many a bil-low,
You shall find it by and by; He who in His
Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to
It may strand on many a shore; You may think it
right - eous bal-ance, Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,

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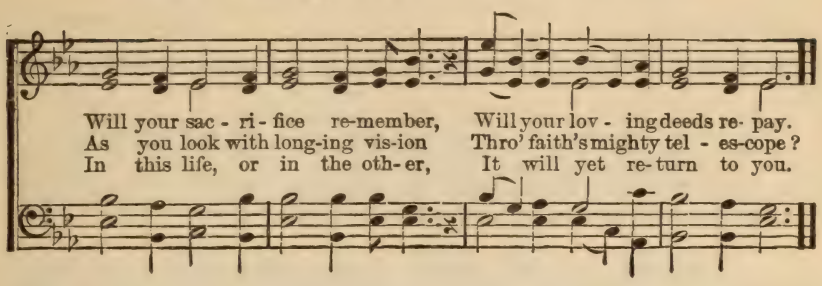
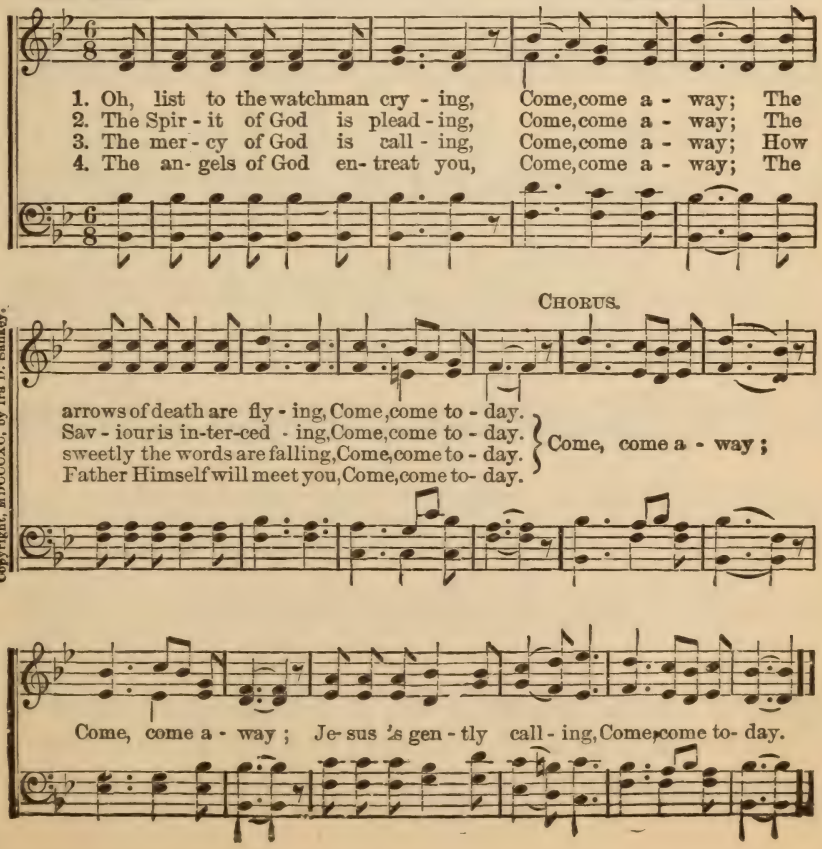

Will your sac - ri - fice re-member, Will your lov - ing deeds re- pay.
As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - es-cope?
In this life, or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.

No. 547. Come, Come Away.

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, list to the watchman cry - ing, Come, come a - way; The
2. The Spir - it of God is plead - ing, Come, come a - way; The
3. The mer - cy of God is call - ing, Come, come a - way; How
4. The an- gels of God en- treat you, Come, come a - way; The
CHORUS.
arrows of death are fly - ing, Come, come to - day.
Sav - iour is in-ter-ced - ing, Come, come to - day.
sweetly the words are falling, Come, come to - day.
Father Himself will meet you, Come, come to- day.
Come, come a - way;
Come, come a - way; Je- sus 's gen - tly call - ing, Come, come to- day.

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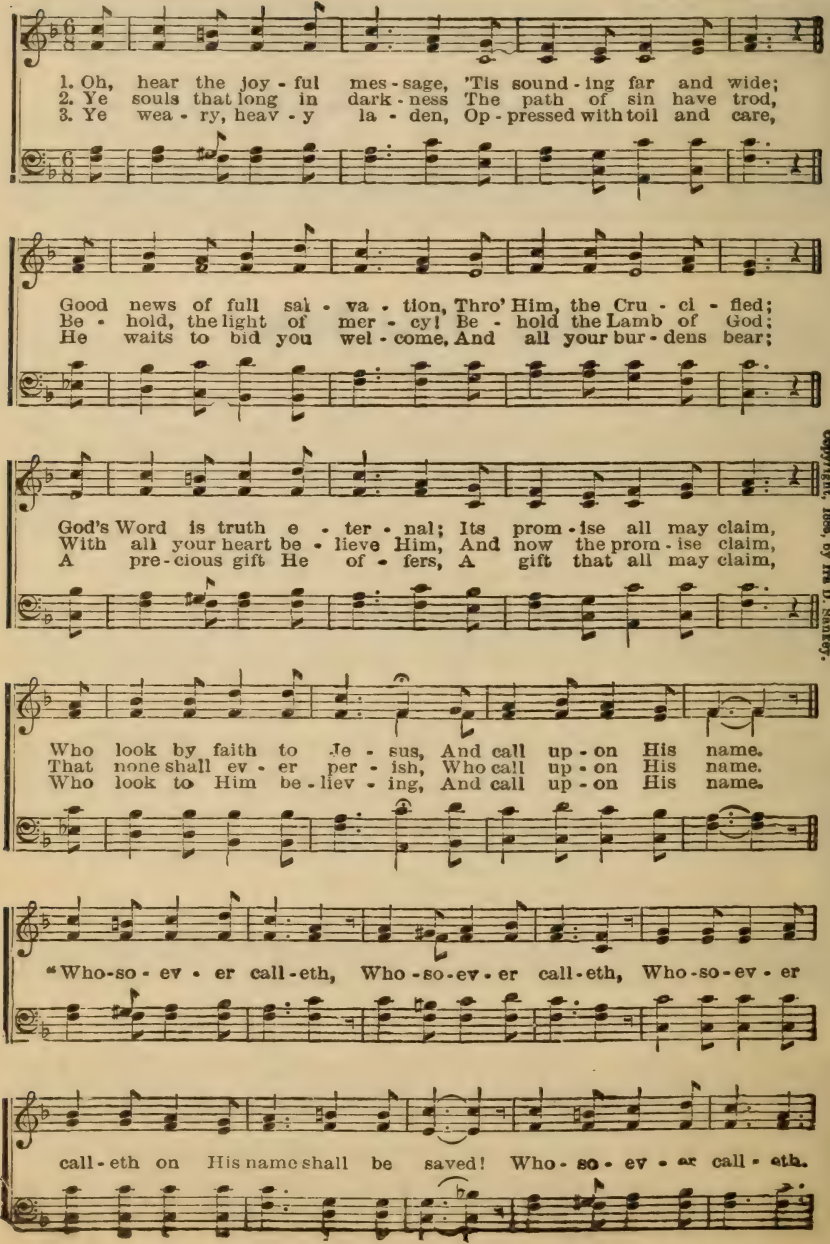
No. 548. Whosoever Calleth.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound - ing far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod,
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Op - pressed with toil and care,
Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied;
Be - hold, the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God;
He waits to bid you wel - come. And all your bur - dens bear;
God's Word is truth e - ter - nal; Its prom - ise all may claim,
With all your heart be - lieve Him, And now the prom - ise claim,
A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A gift that all may claim,
Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on His name.
That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on His name.
Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up - on His name.
"Who-so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er
call - eth on His name shall be saved! Who - so - ev - er call - eth.

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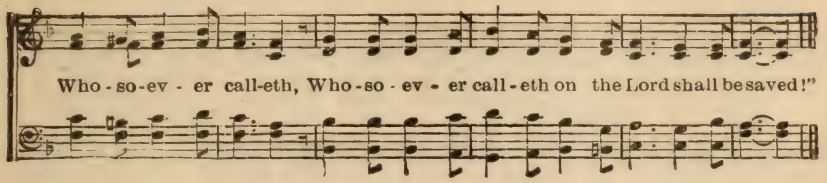
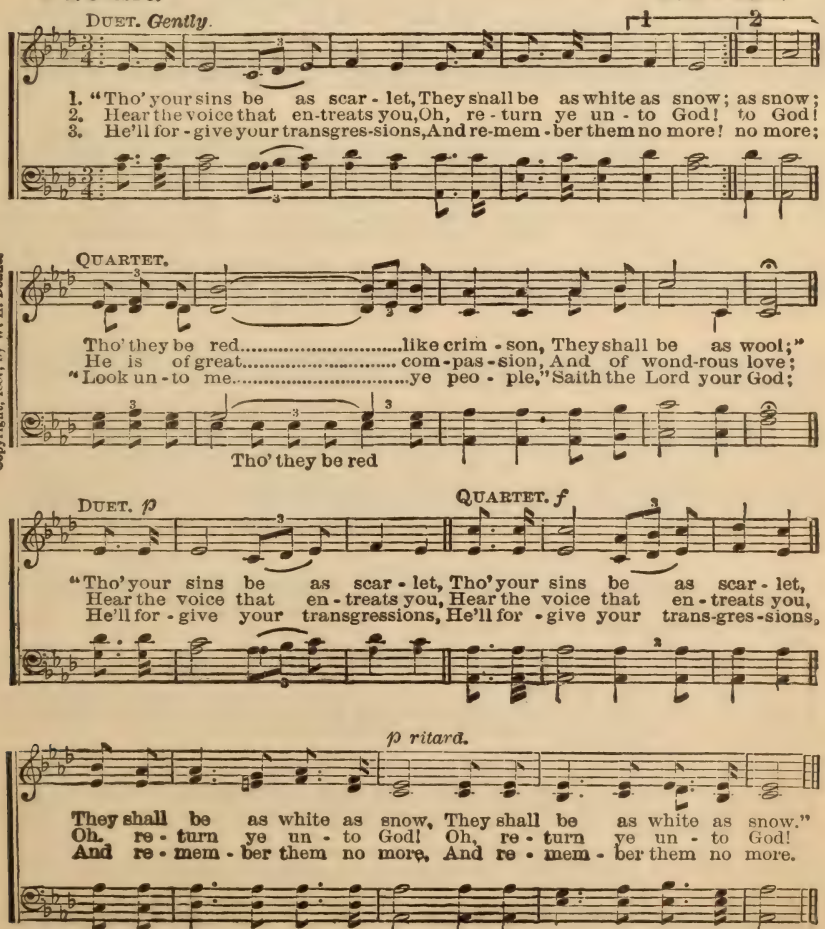


No. 549. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your transgres-sions, And re-mem - ber them no more! no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red.....like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great.....com-pas - sion, And of wond-rous love;
"Look un - to me.....ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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No. 550. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Ho, reap - ers in the whitened har - vest! Oft fee - ble, faint and few,
2. Too oft a - wea - ry and dis - cour - aged, We pour a sad complaint;
3. Re - joice, for He is with us al - way, Lo, e - ven to the end!

Come wait up - on the bless - ed Mas - ter, Our strength He will re - new.
Be - liev - ing in a *liv - ing* Sav - iour, Why should we ev - er faint?
Look up, take cour - age and go for - ward, All need - ed grace He'll send.

CHORUS. ISA. 40: 31.

"For they that wait up - on the Lord..... shall re - new.....
that wait up-on the Lord shall re - new.....

their strength,.....they shall mount up with wings,..... they shall
shall re-new their strength, they shall mount..... up with wings,

they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

rit. *a tempo.*

mount up with wings as ea - gles; They shall run ..... and not be
they shall run and

wea - - - - ry, they shall walk and not faint; They shall
not be wea - ry, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;

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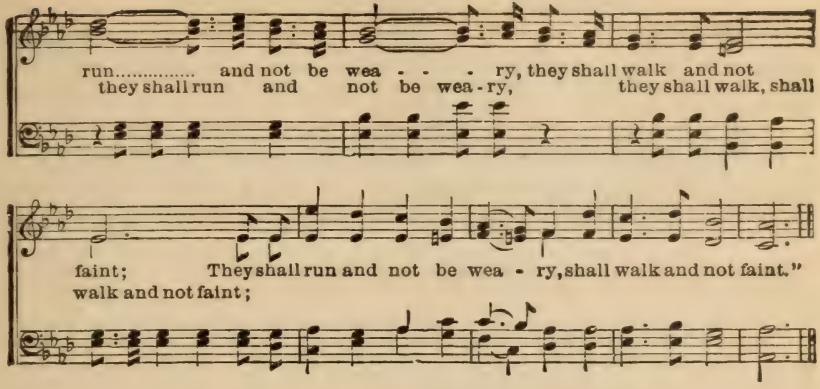
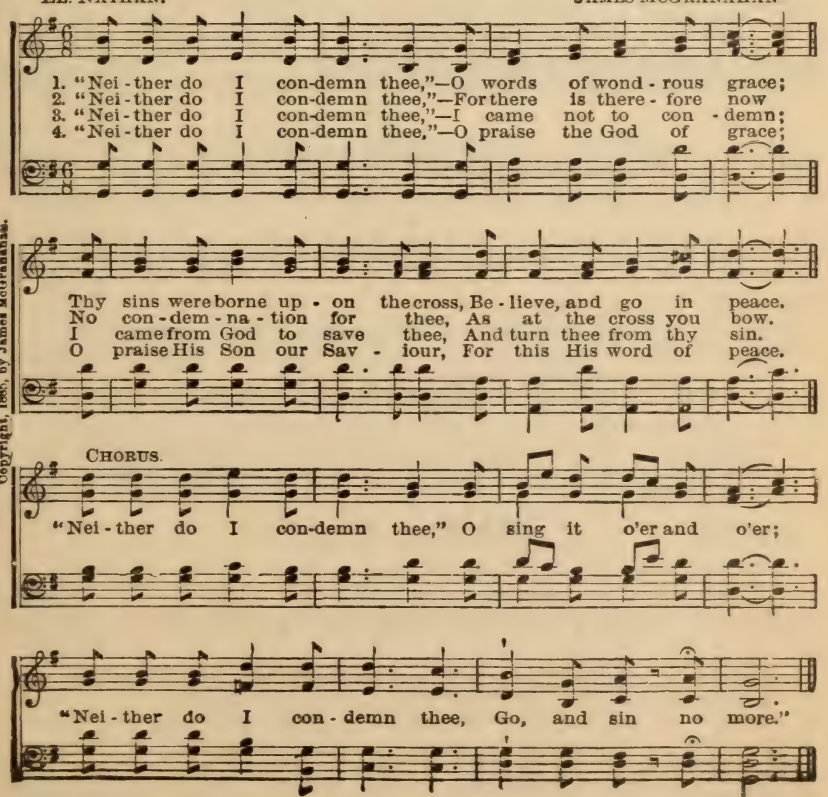
They that Wait.—Concluded.


run..... and not be wea - - - ry, they shall walk and not
they shall run and not be wea - ry, they shall walk, shall
faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint."
walk and not faint;

No. 551. Neither do I Condemn Thee.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—O words of wond - rous grace;
2. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—For there is there - fore now
3. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—I came not to con - demn;
4. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—O praise the God of grace;
Thy sins were borne up - on the cross, Be - lieve, and go in peace.
No con - dem - na - tion for thee, As at the cross you bow.
I came from God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.
O praise His Son our Sav - iour, For this His word of peace.
CHORUS.
"Nei - ther do I con-demn thee," O sing it o'er and o'er;
"Nei - ther do I con - demn thee, Go, and sin no more."

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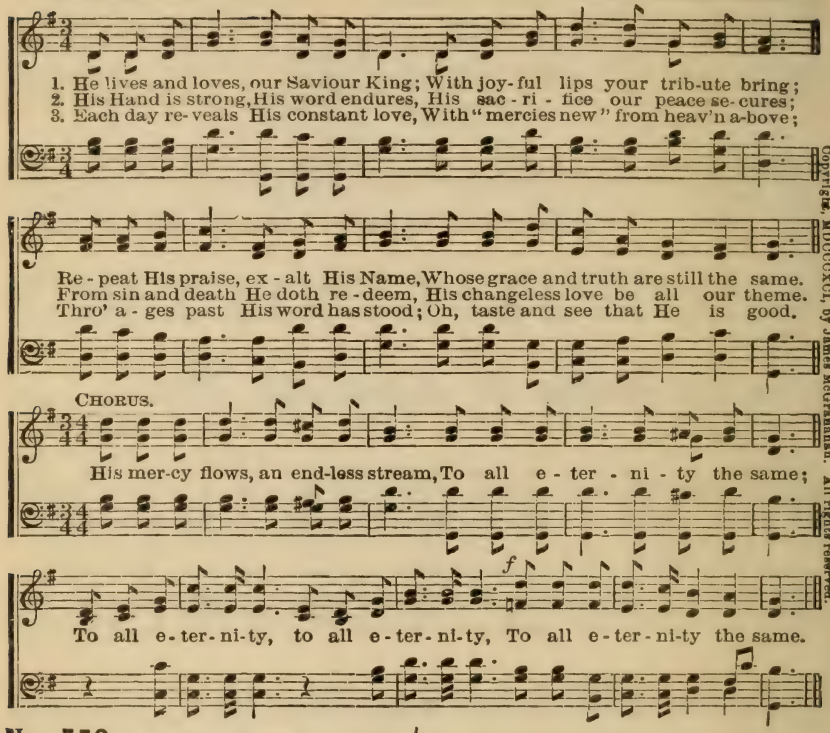
No. 552. Our Saviour King.

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. He lives and loves, our Saviour King; With joy-ful lips your trib-ute bring;
2. His Hand is strong, His word endures, His sac-ri-fice our peace se-cures;
3. Each day re-veals His constant love, With "mercies new" from heav'n a-bove;
Re-peat His praise, ex-alt His Name, Whose grace and truth are still the same.
From sin and death He doth re-deem, His changeless love be all our theme.
Thro' a-ges past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.
CHORUS.
His mer-cy flows, an end-less stream, To all e-ter-ni-ty the same;
f
To all e-ter-ni-ty, to all e-ter-ni-ty, To all e-ter-ni-ty the same.

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No. 553. His Mercy Flows.

1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'ns their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth,
Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.

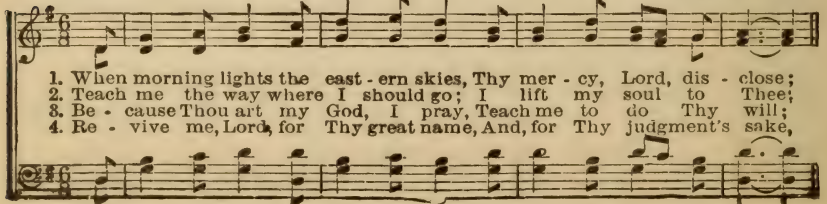
3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light;
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,
When in His wrath, their first-born died.

4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes;
Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

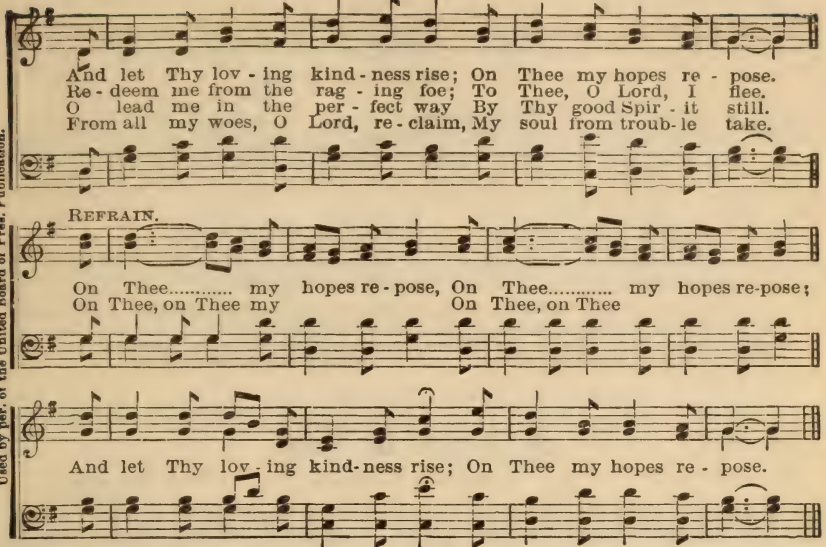
By permission.

No. 554. Morning Lights.

PSALM 143. (Metrical Version WILL H. YOUNG.


1. When morning lights the east-ern skies, Thy mer-cy, Lord, dis-close;
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Be-cause Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;
4. Re-vive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And, for Thy judgment's sake,

Morning Lights.—Concluded.


And let Thy lov - ing kind - ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.
Re - deem me from the rag - ing foe; To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
O lead me in the per - fect way By Thy good Spir - it still.
From all my woes, O Lord, re - claim, My soul from troub - le take.
REFRAIN.
On Thee..... my hopes re - pose, On Thee..... my hopes re-pose;
On Thee, on Thee my On Thee, on Thee
And let Thy lov - ing kind-ness rise; On Thee my hopes re - pose.

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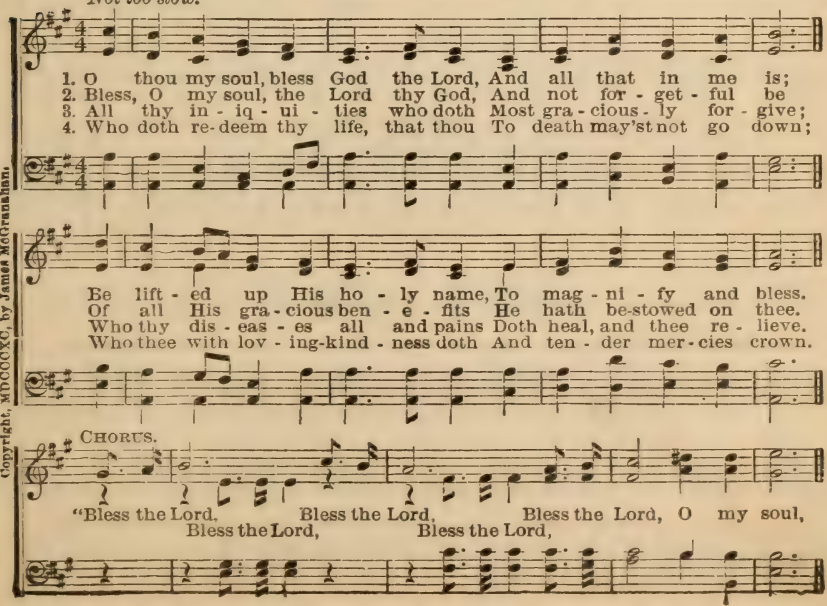
No. 555. Bless the Lord.

PSALM 103. (Metrical Version.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Not too slow.


1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
3. All thy in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra - cious - ly for - give;
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death may'st not go down;
Be lift - ed up His ho - ly name, To mag - ni - fy and bless.
Of all His gra - cious ben - e - fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis - eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
Who thee with lov - ing-kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.
CHORUS.
"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

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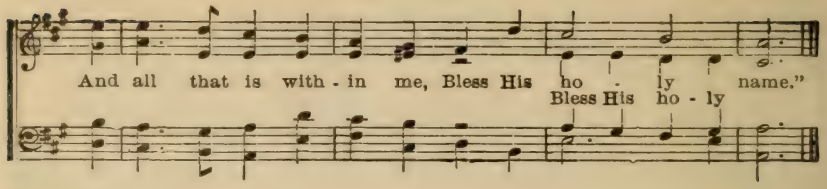
Bless the Lord.—Concluded.



No. 556. I'll Thee Exalt.

1 I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name forevermore.

2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.

3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record;
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men, of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

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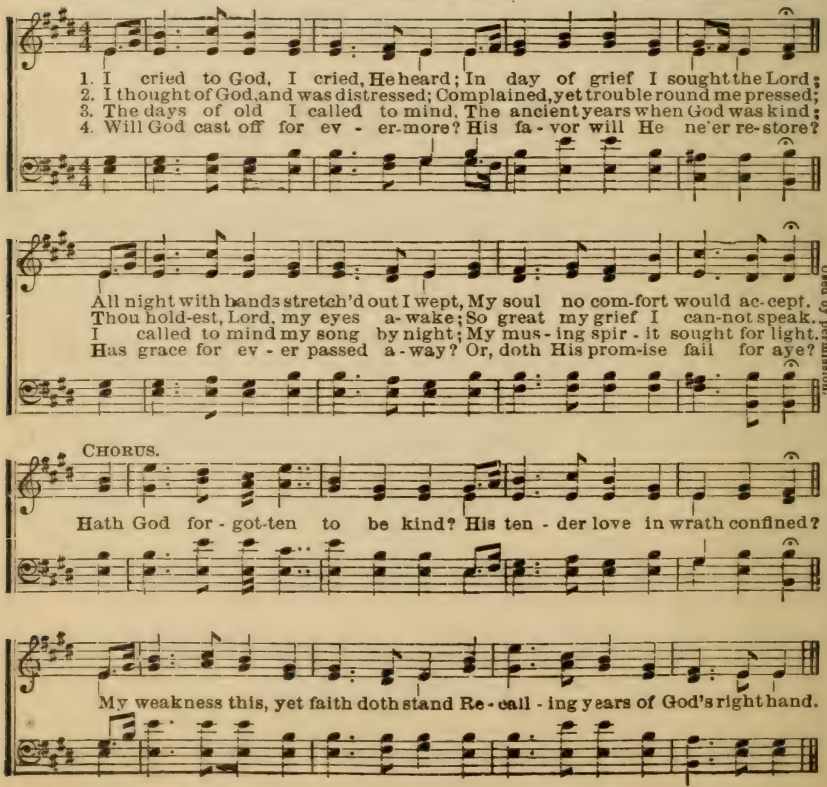
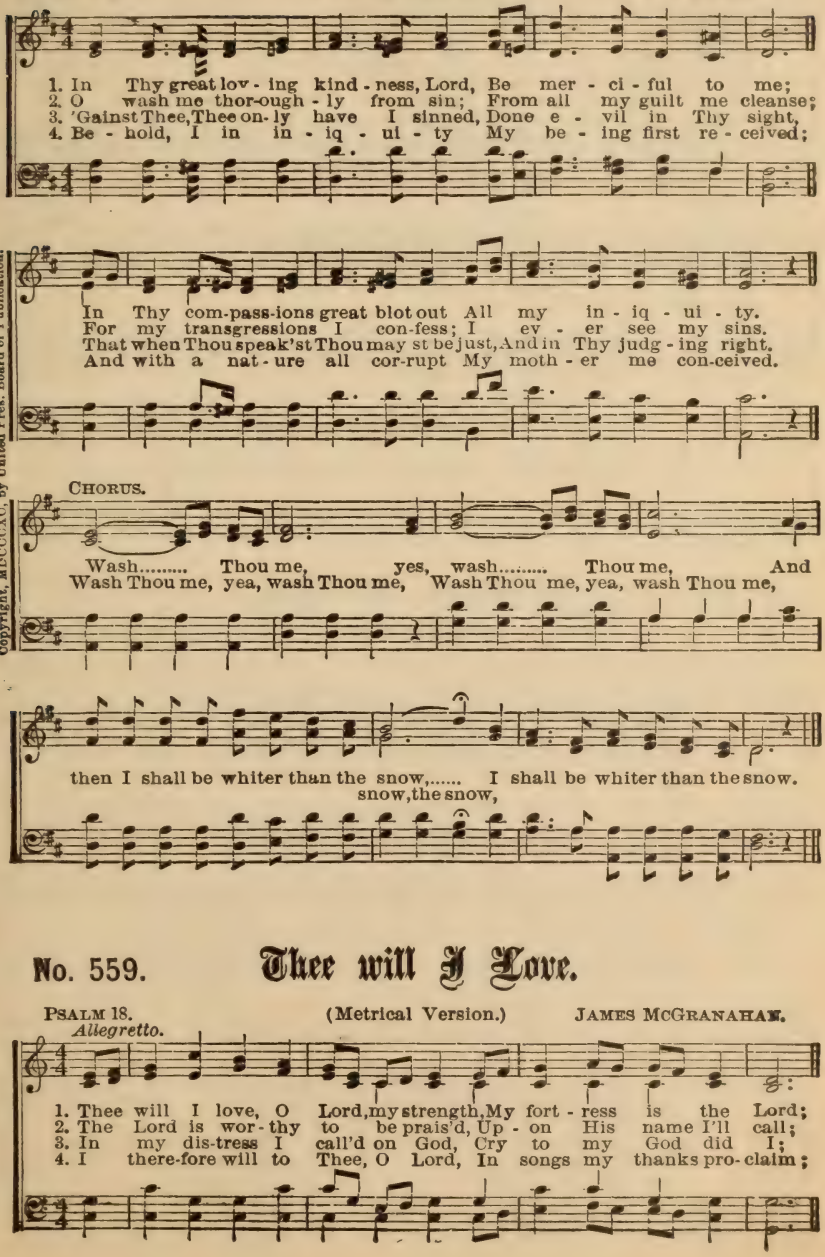
No. 557. I Cried to God.

PSALM 77. (Metrical Version.) W. S. MARSHALL.


1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for ev - er-more? His fa - vor will He ne'er re-store?
All night with hands stretch'd out I wept, My soul no com-fort would ac-cept.
Thou hold-est, Lord, my eyes a-wake; So great my grief I can-not speak.
I called to mind my song by night; My mus - ing spir - it sought for light.
Has grace for ev - er passed a-way? Or, doth His prom-ise fail for aye?
Used by permission.
CHORUS.
Hath God for - got-ten to be kind? His ten - der love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Re - call - ing years of God's right hand.

No. 558. Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51. (Metrical Version.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor-ough - ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on-ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, I in in - iq - ui - ty My be - ing first re - ceived;
In Thy com-pass-ions great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
For my transgressions I con-fess; I ev - er see my sins.
That when Thou speak'st Thou may st be just, And in Thy judg - ing right.
And with a nat - ure all cor-rupt My moth - er me con-ceived.
CHORUS.
Wash..... Thou me, yes, wash..... Thou me, And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,
then I shall be whiter than the snow,..... I shall be whiter than the snow.
snow, the snow,

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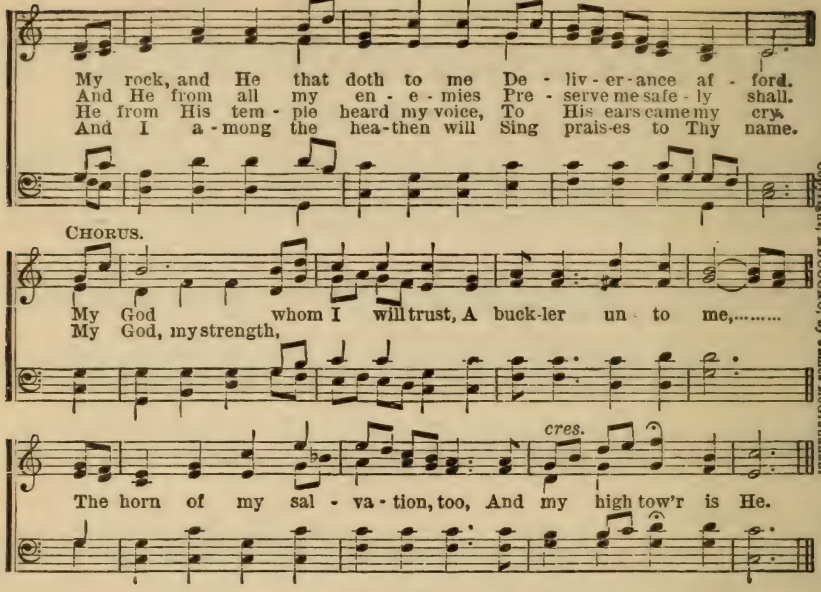
No. 559. Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18. (Metrical Version.) JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fort - ress is the Lord;
2. The Lord is wor - thy to be prais'd, Up - on His name I'll call;
3. In my dis-tress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I there-fore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks pro-claim;

Thee will I Love.—Concluded.


My rock, and He that doth to me De - liv - er - ance af - ford.
And He from all my en - e - mies Pre - serve me safe - ly shall.
He from His tem - ple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I a - mong the hea - then will Sing prais-es to Thy name.
CHORUS.
My God whom I will trust, A buck-ler un - to me,.....
My God, my strength,
cres.
The horn of my sal - va - tion, too, And my high tow'r is He.

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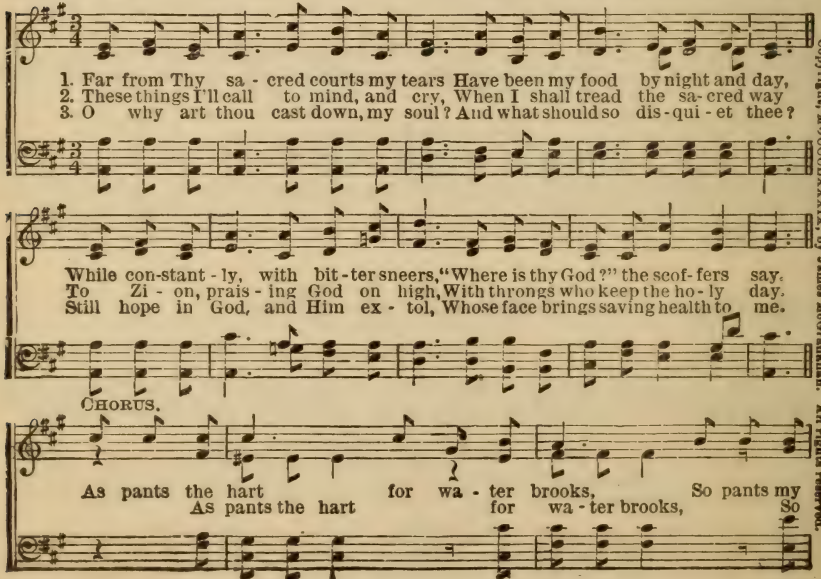
No. 560. As Pants the Hart.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 42. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Far from Thy sa - cred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sa-cred way
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so dis-qui - et thee?
While con-stant - ly, with bit - ter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scof-fers say.
To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high, With throngs who keep the ho - ly day.
Still hope in God, and Him ex - tol, Whose face brings saving health to me.
CHORUS.
As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my
As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So

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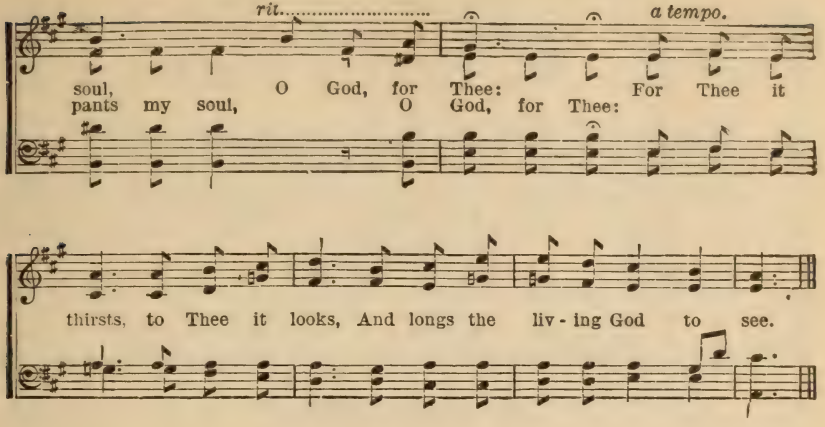
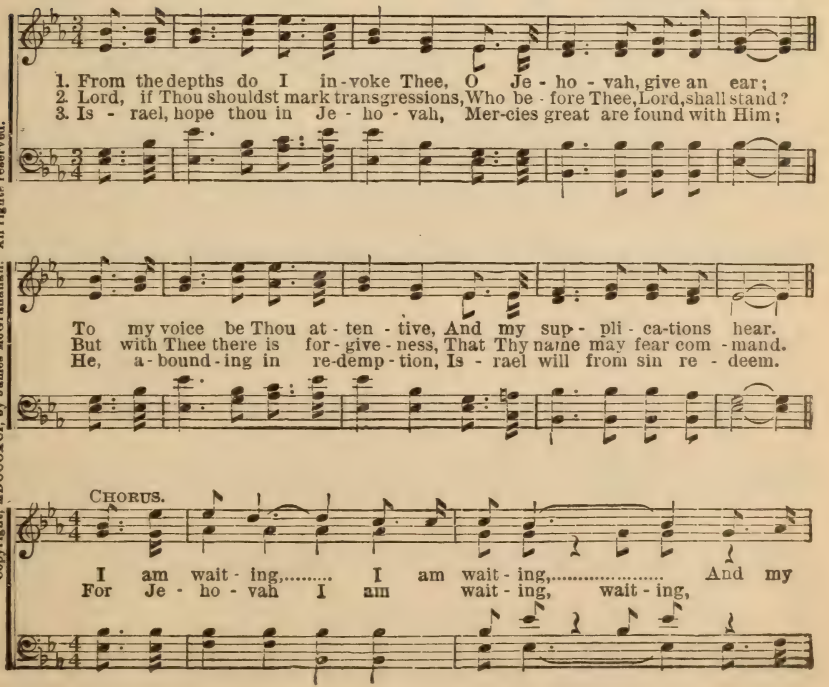
As Pants the Hart.—Concluded.


rit.
a tempo.
soul, O God, for Thee: For Thee it
pants my soul, O God, for Thee:
thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv - ing God to see.

No. 561. For Jehovah I am Waiting.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 130. WILBUR A. CHRISTY.


1. From the depths do I in - voke Thee, O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who be - fore Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mer-cies great are found with Him;
To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive, And my sup - pli - ca-tions hear.
But with Thee there is for - give - ness, That Thy name may fear com - mand.
He, a - bound - ing in re-demp - tion, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.
CHORUS.
I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing, And my
For Je - ho - vah I am wait - ing, wait - ing,

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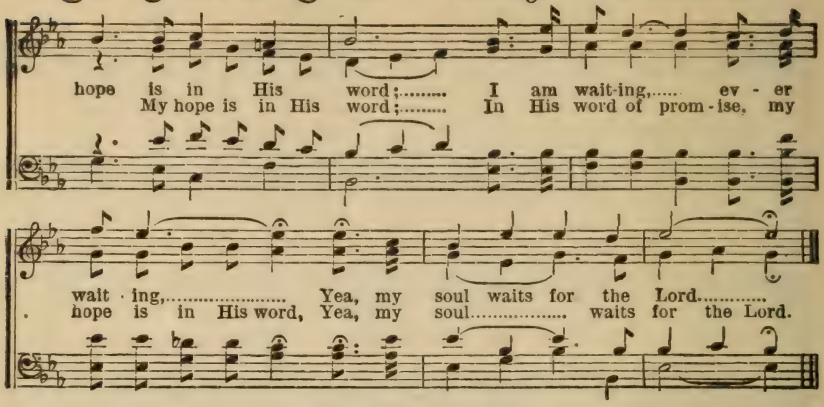
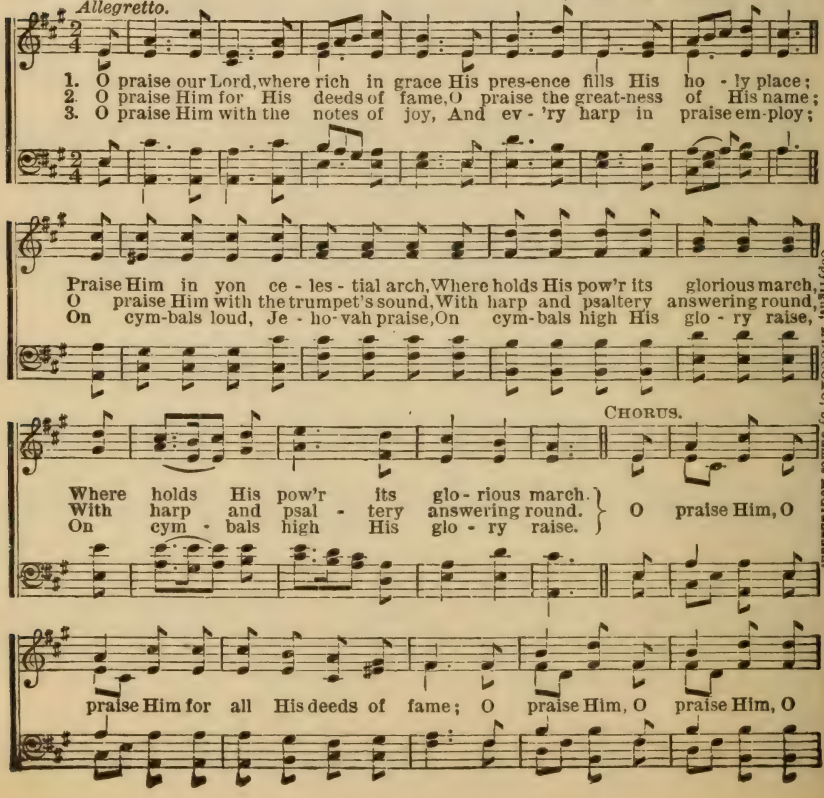
For Jehovah I am Waiting.—Concluded.


hope is in His word;..... I am wait-ing,..... ev - er
My hope is in His word;..... In His word of prom-ise, my
wait-ing,..... Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.....
hope is in His word, Yea, my soul..... waits for the Lord.

No. 562. O Praise Him.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 150. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His pres-ence fills His ho - ly place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the great-ness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And ev - 'ry harp in praise em-ploy;
Praise Him in yon ce - les - tial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march,
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round,
On cym-bals loud, Je - ho-vah praise, On cym-bals high His glo - ry raise,
CHORUS.
Where holds His pow'r its glo - rious march.
With harp and psal - tery answering round.
On cym - bals high His glo - ry raise.
O praise Him, O
praise Him for all His deeds of fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O

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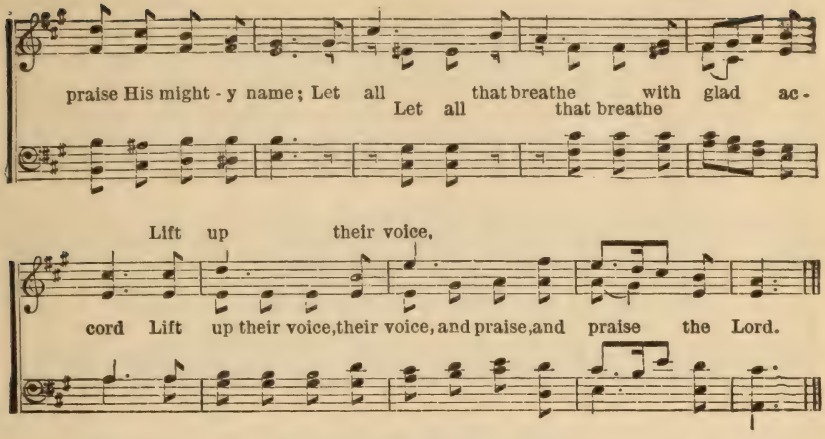
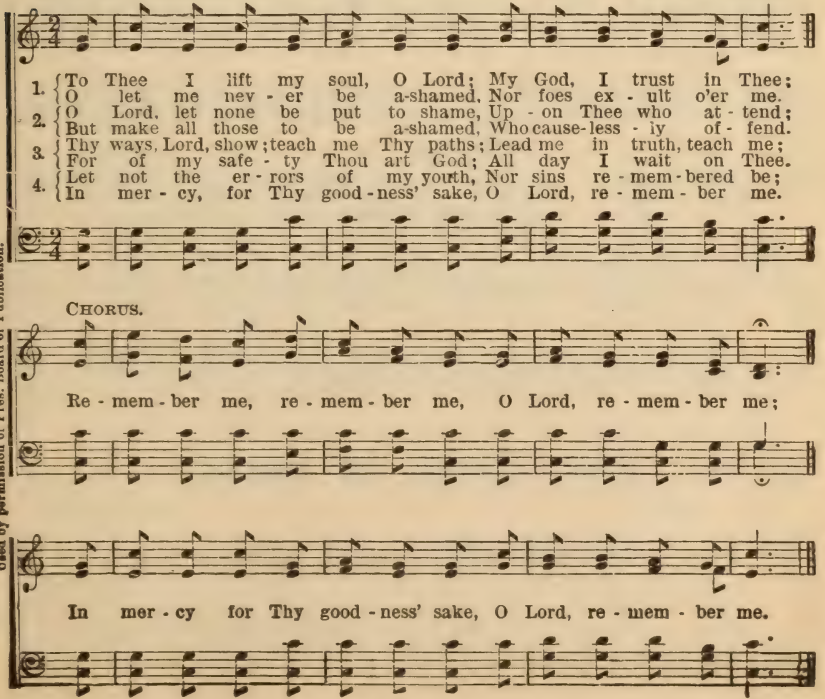

praise His might - y name; Let all that breathe with glad ac-
Let all that breathe
Lift up their voice,
cord Lift up their voice, their voice, and praise, and praise the Lord.

No. 563.

Remember Me.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 25. C. E. POLLOCK.


1. To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord; My God, I trust in Thee;
O let me nev - er be a-shamed, Nor foes ex - ult o'er me.
2. O Lord, let none be put to shame, Up - on Thee who at - tend;
But make all those to be a-shamed, Who cause-less - ly of - fend.
3. Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy paths; Lead me in truth, teach me;
For of my safe - ty Thou art God; All day I wait on Thee.
4. Let not the er - rors of my youth, Nor sins re - mem - bered be;
In mer - cy, for Thy good - ness' sake, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
CHORUS.
Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;
In mer - cy for Thy good - ness' sake, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

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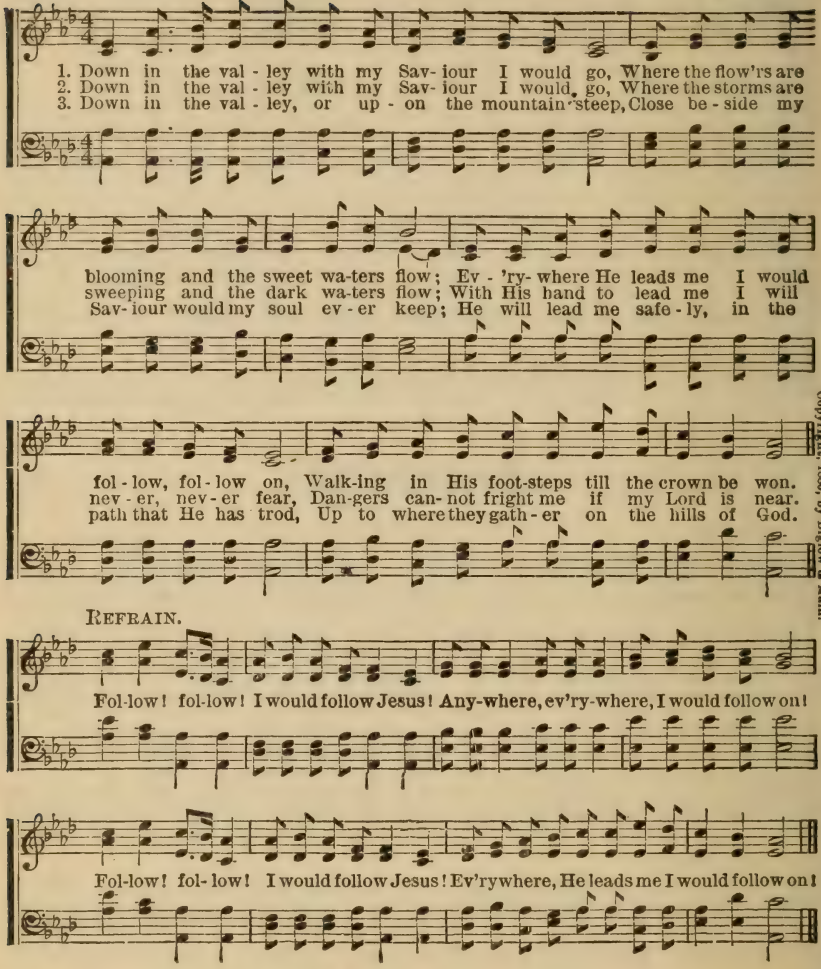
No. 564. Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my Sav-iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly, in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God.
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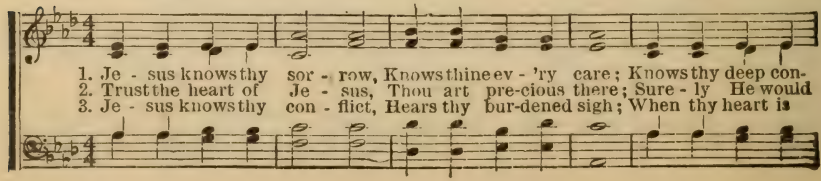
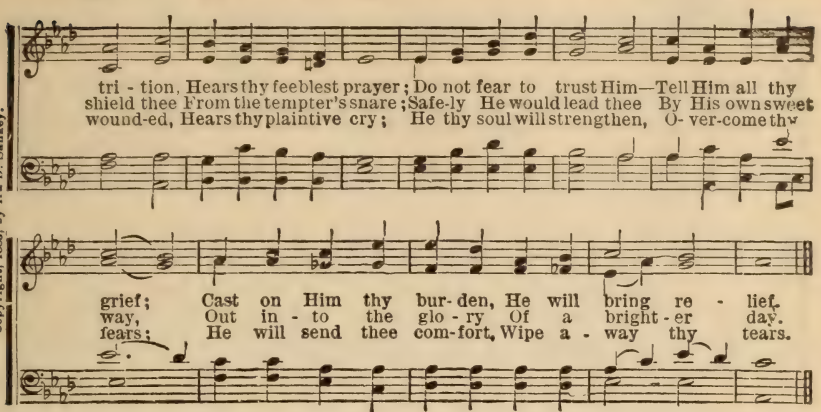
REFRAIN.
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Any-where, ev'ry-where, I would follow on!
Fol-low! fol- low! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

No. 565. Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Je - sus knows thy sor - row, Knows thine ev - 'ry care; Knows thy deep con-
2. Trust the heart of Je - sus, Thou art pre-cious there; Sure - ly He would
3. Je - sus knows thy con - flict, Hears thy bur-dened sigh; When thy heart is

Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.—Concluded.


tri - tion, Hears thy feeblest prayer; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy
shield thee From the tempter's snare; Safe-ly He would lead thee By His own sweet
wound-ed, Hears thy plaintive cry; He thy soul will strengthen, O- ver-come thy
grief; Cast on Him thy bur-den, He will bring re - lief.
way, Out in - to the glo - ry Of a bright - er day.
fears; He will send thee com-fort, Wipe a - way thy tears.

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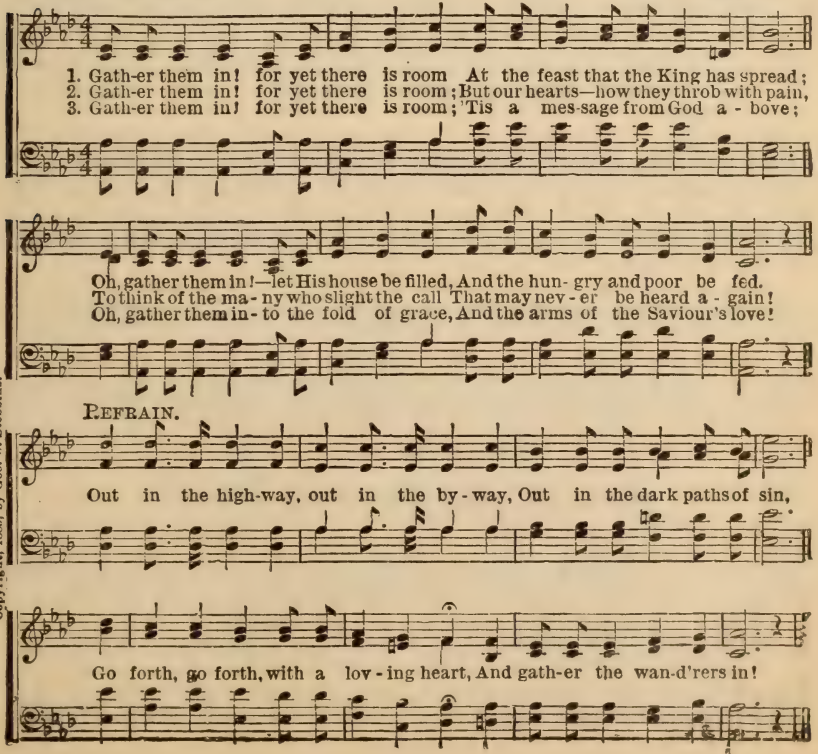
No. 566. Gather Them In.

F. J. Van Alstyne. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes-sage from God a - bove;
Oh, gather them in!—let His house be filled, And the hun- gry and poor be fed.
To think of the ma- ny who slight the call That may nev - er be heard a - gain!
Oh, gather them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!
REFRAIN.
Out in the high-way, out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin,
Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath-er the wan-d'rers in!

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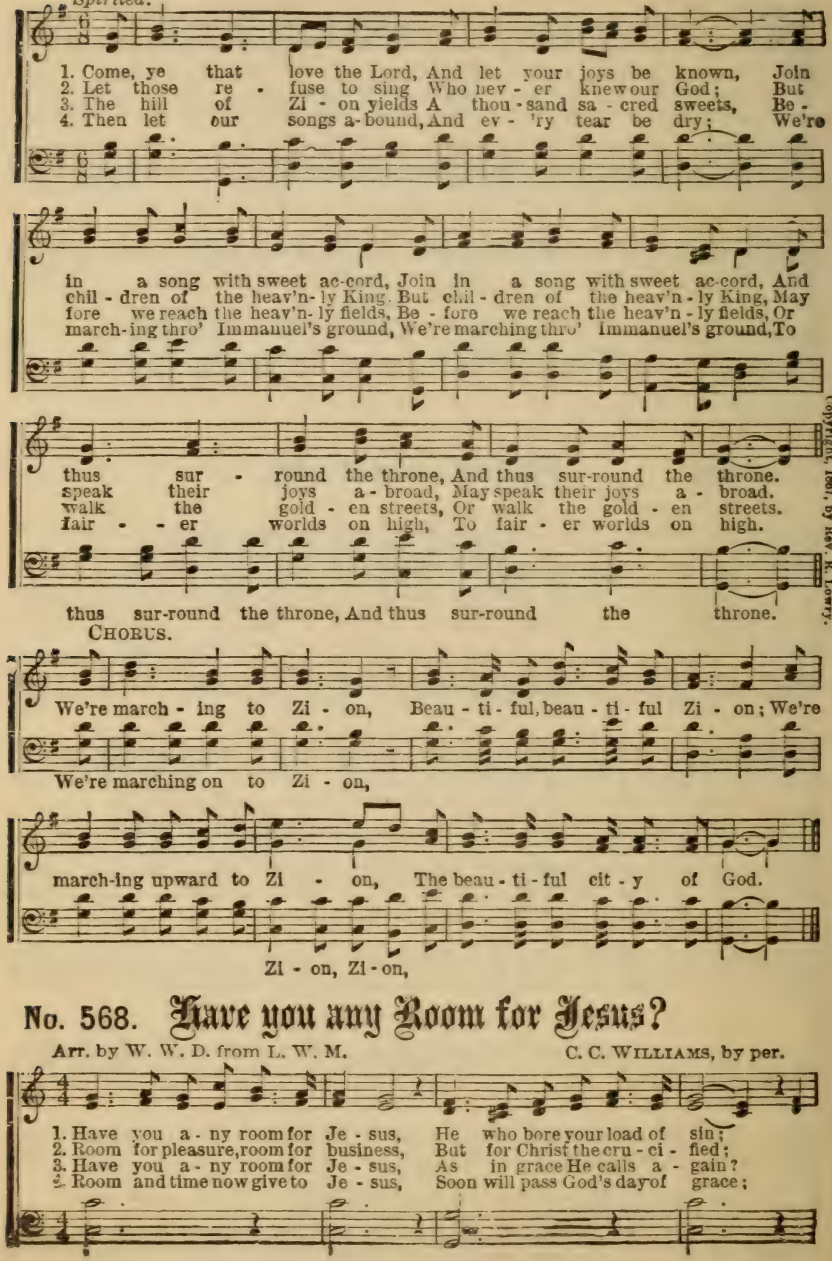
No. 567. We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. *Spirited.* REV. R. LOWRY.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King. But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
march-ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
march-ing upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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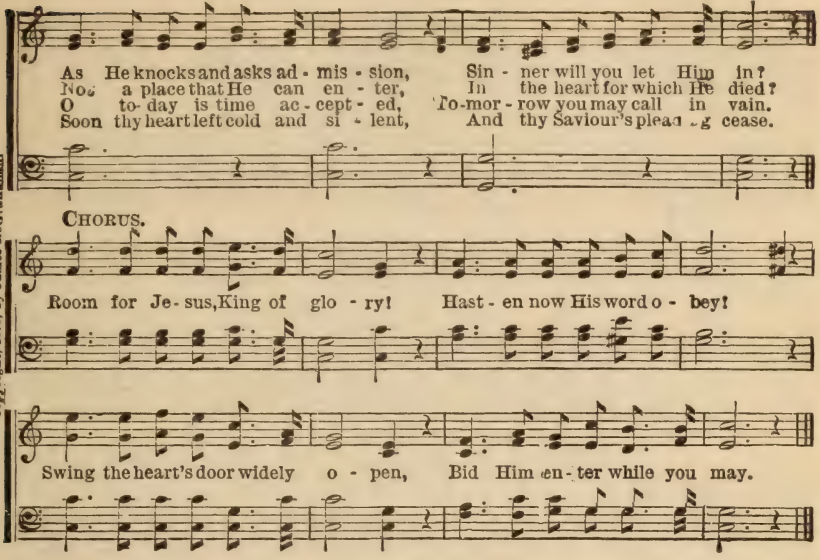
No. 568. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M. C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

Have you any Room, etc.—Concluded.


As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Now a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to-day is time ac - cept - ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's plead - ing cease.
CHORUS.
Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry! Hast - en now His word o - bey!
Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

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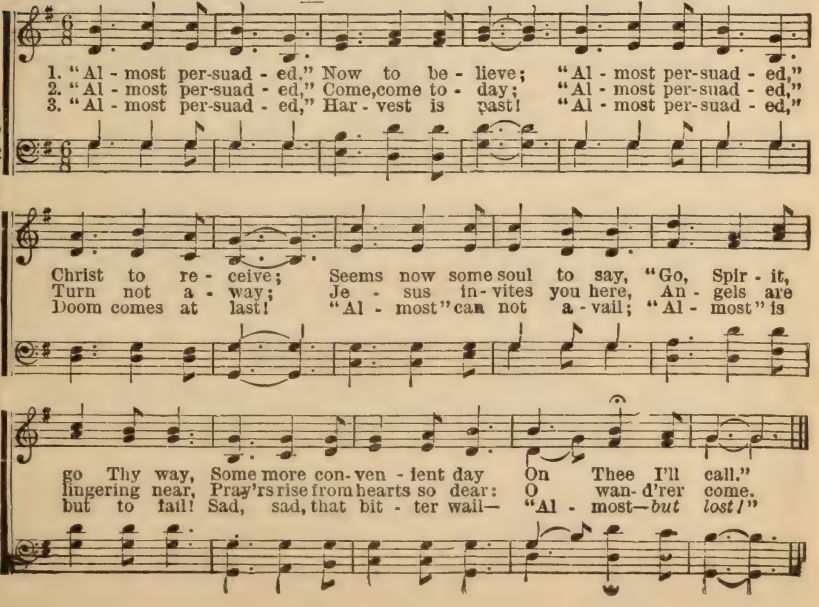
No. 569. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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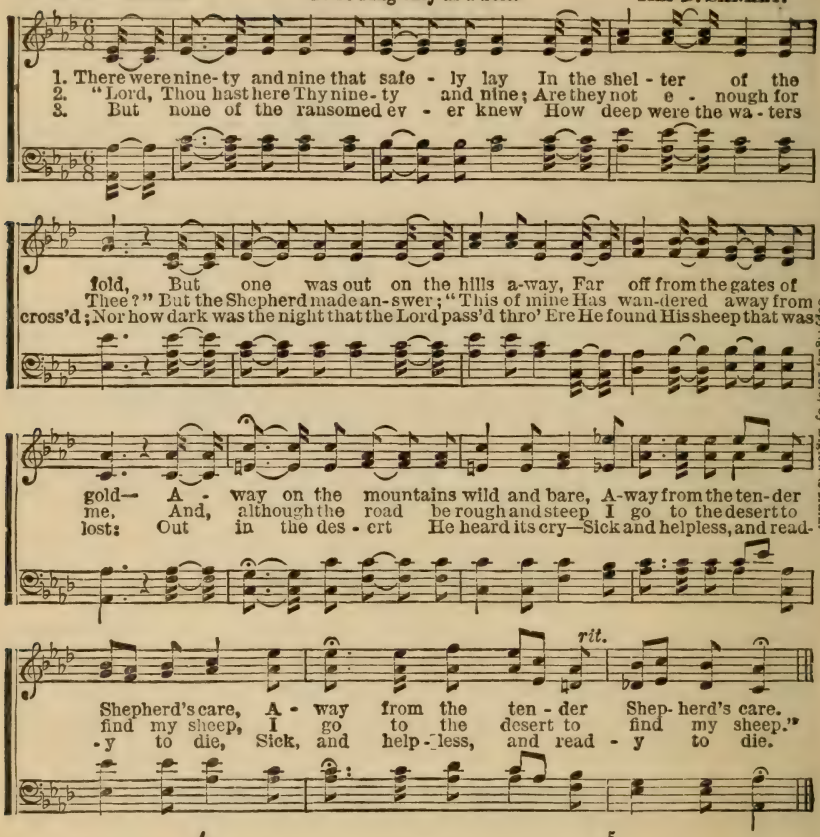
No. 570. The Ninety and Nine.

E. C. CLEPHANE. To be sung only as a Solo. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep- herd's care.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer; "This of mine Has wan-dered away from me, And, although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to find my sheep."
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost: Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—Sick and helpless, and read - y to die, Sick, and help - less, and read - y to die.
rit.

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4.

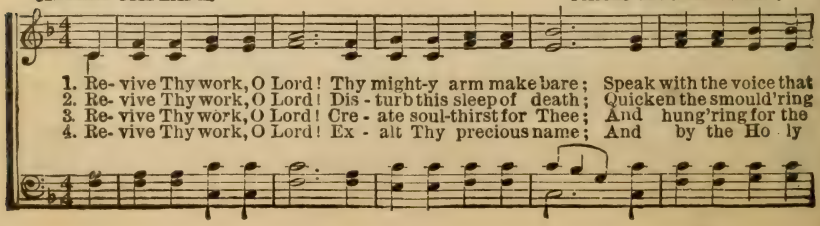
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5.

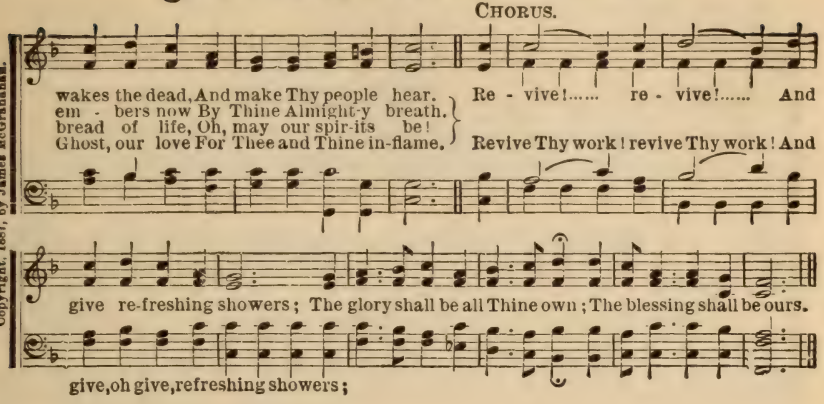
But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 571. Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Re- vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2. Re- vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quicken the smould'ring
3. Re- vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; And hung'ring for the
4. Re- vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy precious name; And by the Ho - ly

Revive Thy Work.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
em - bers now By Thine Almight-y breath.
bread of life, Oh, may our spir-its be!
Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in-flame.
Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And
Revive Thy work! revive Thy work! And
give re-freshing showers; The glory shall be all Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.
give, oh give, refreshing showers;

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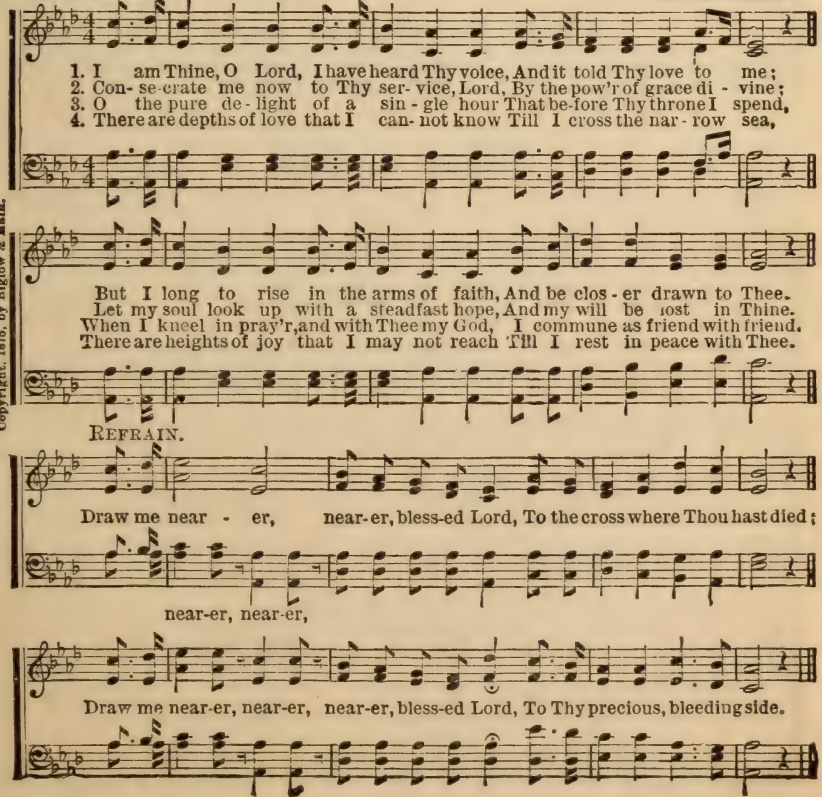
No. 572. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con- se-crate me now to Thy ser- vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can- not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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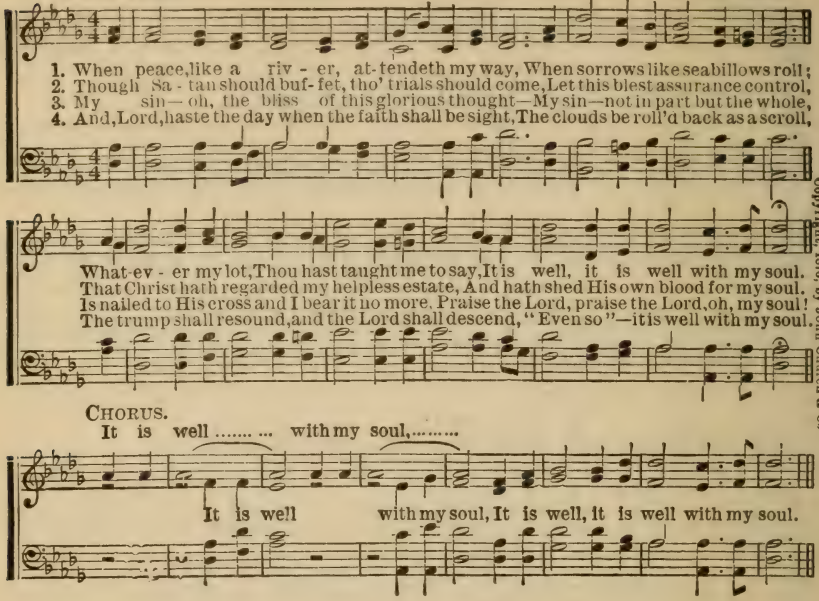
No. 573. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll;
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin — oh, the bliss of this glorious thought — My sin — not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well ..... with my soul, ...
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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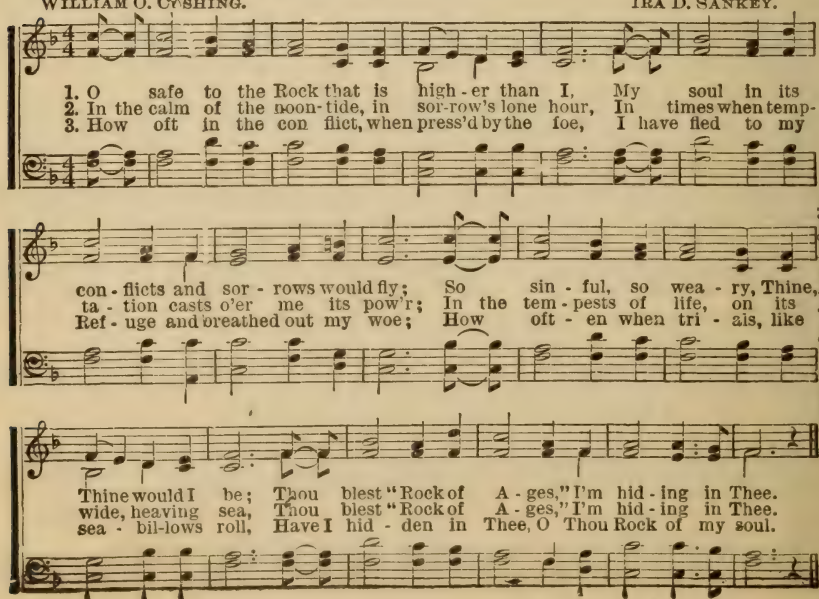
No. 574. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like
Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil-lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

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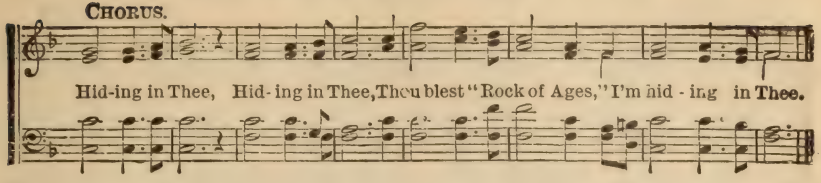
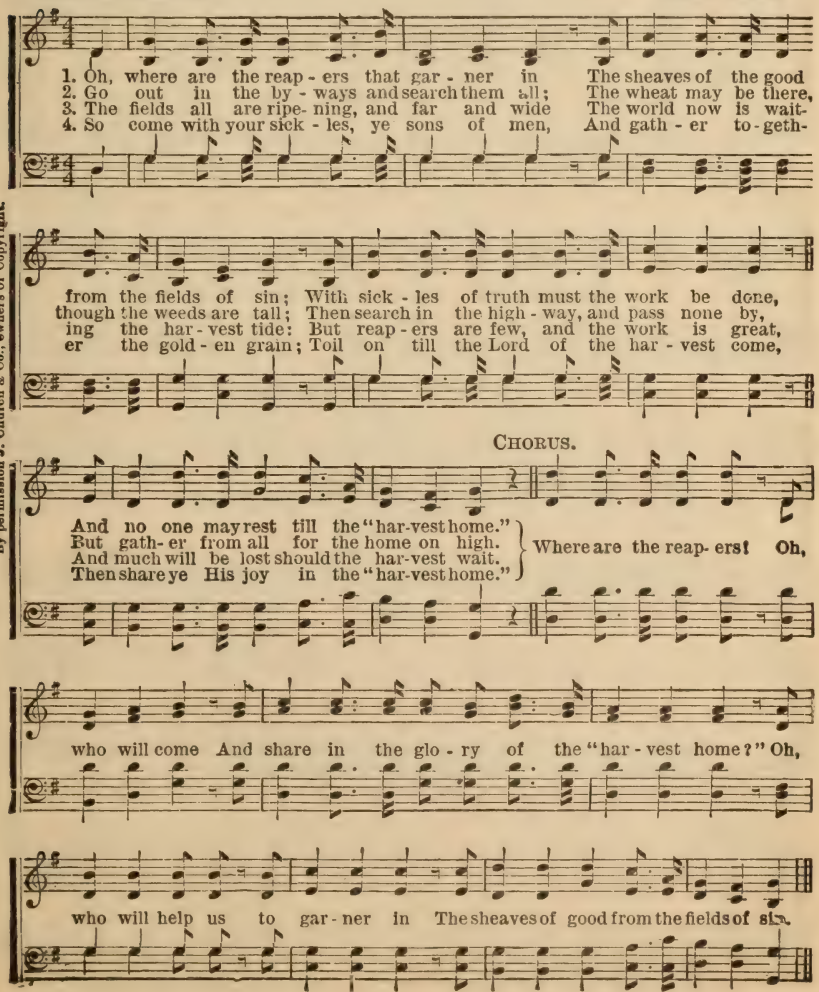
Hiding in Thee.—Concluded.



No. 575. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripe-ning, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-
from the fields of sin; With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,
CHORUS.
And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
But gath-er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."
Where are the reap-ers! Oh,
who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

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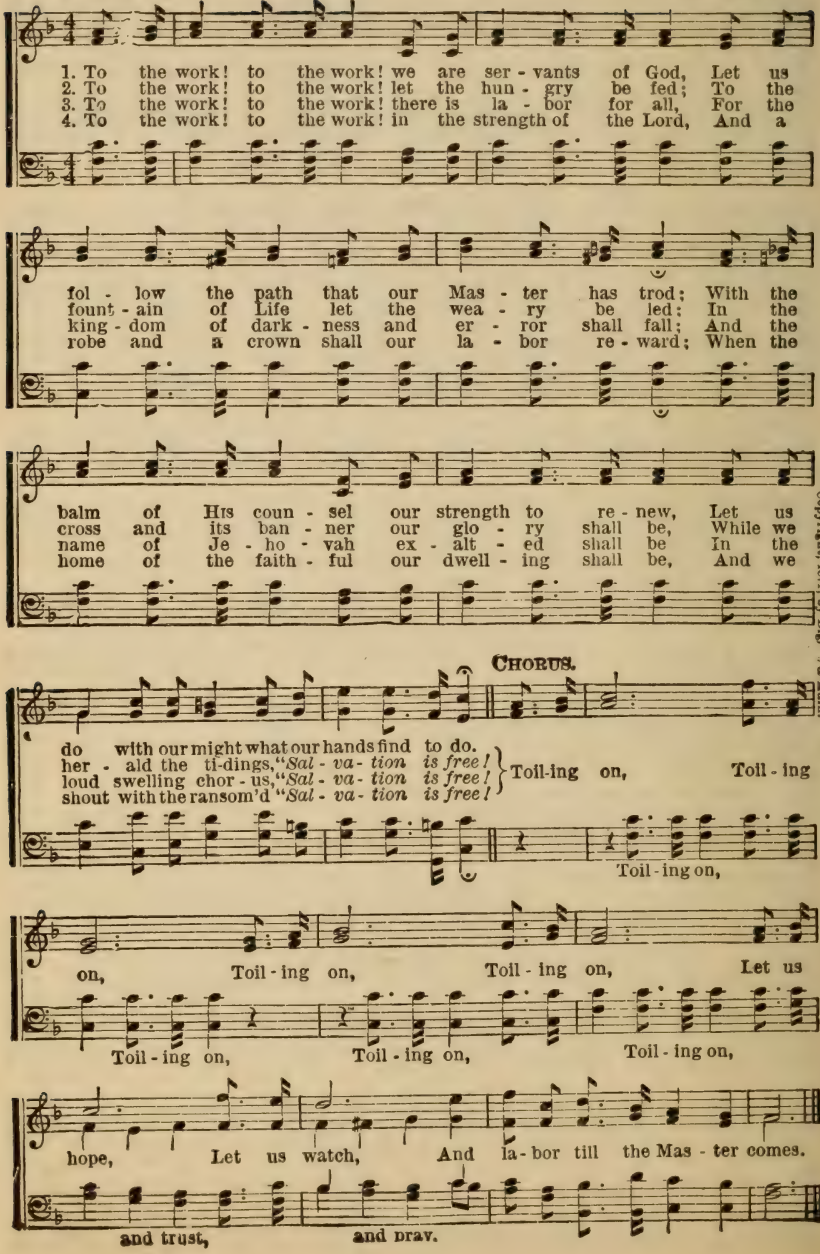
No. 576. To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we
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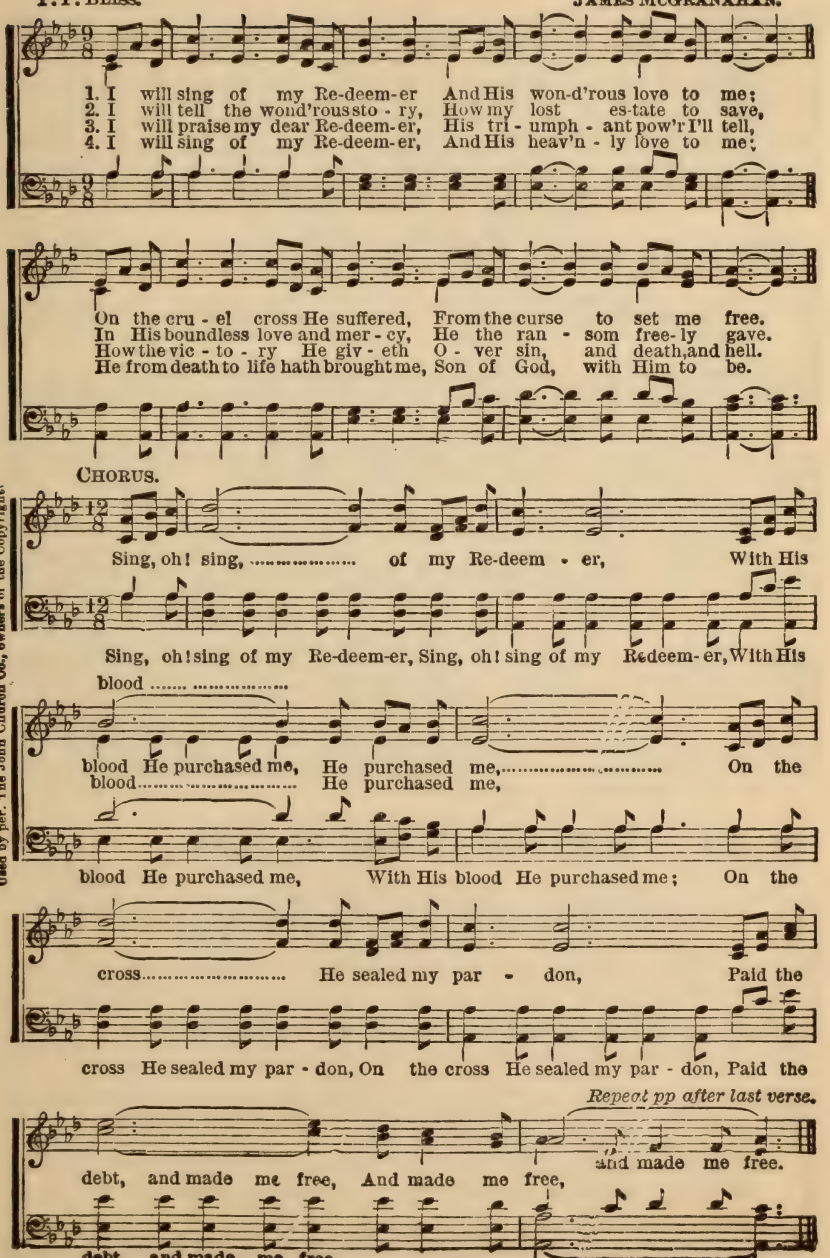
CHORUS.
do with our might what our hands find to do.
her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
loud swelling chor - us, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
shout with the ransom'd "Sal - va - tion is free!"
Toil-ing on, Toil - ing
Toil - ing on,
on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray.

No. 577. My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-d'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto - ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n - ly love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing, ... of my Re-deem - er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem- er, With His
blood .....
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, ... On the
blood ..... He purchased me,
blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the
cross ..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
Repeat pp after last verse.
debt, and made me free, And made me free,
and made me free.
debt, and made me free.

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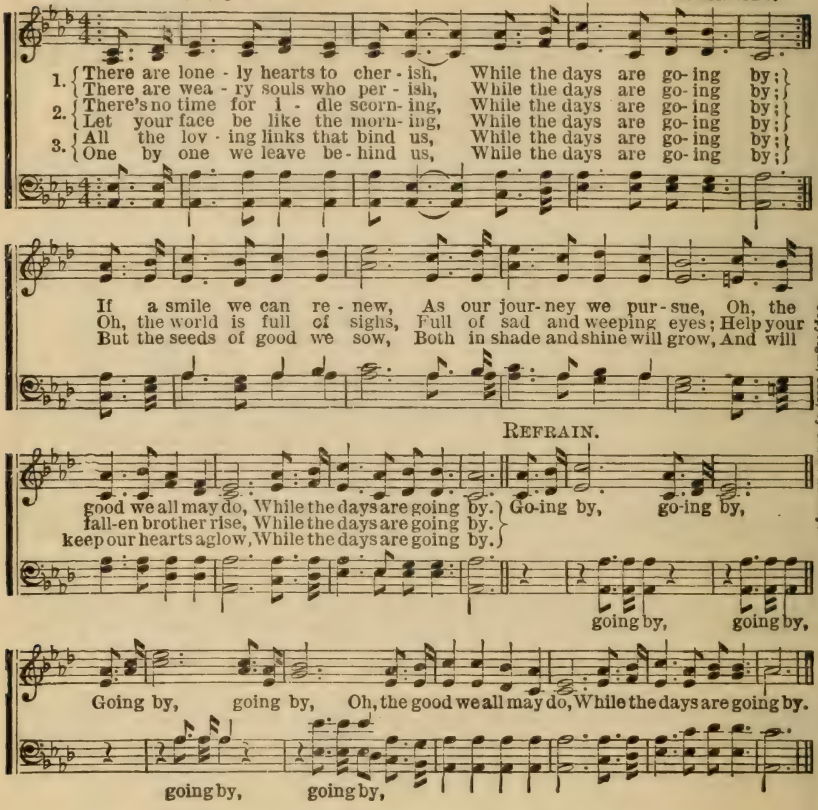
No. 578. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will
REFRAIN.
good we all may do, While the days are going by.
fall-en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.
Go-ing by, go-ing by,
going by, going by,
Going by, going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
going by, going by,

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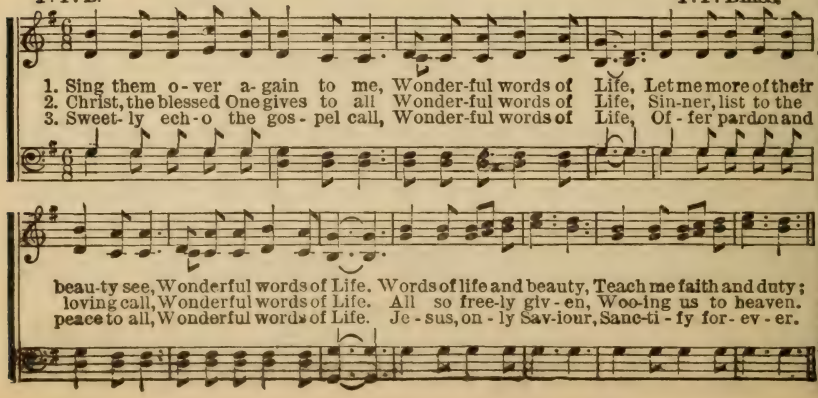
No. 579. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Wonder-ful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all Wonder-ful words of Life, Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Wonder-ful words of Life, Of-fer pardon and
beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;
loving call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heaven.
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je-sus, on-ly Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er.

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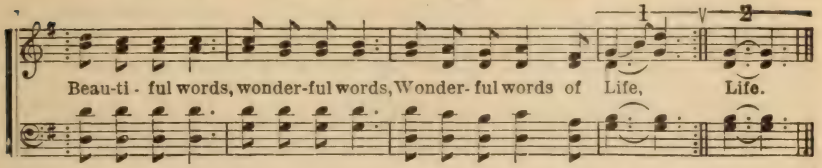
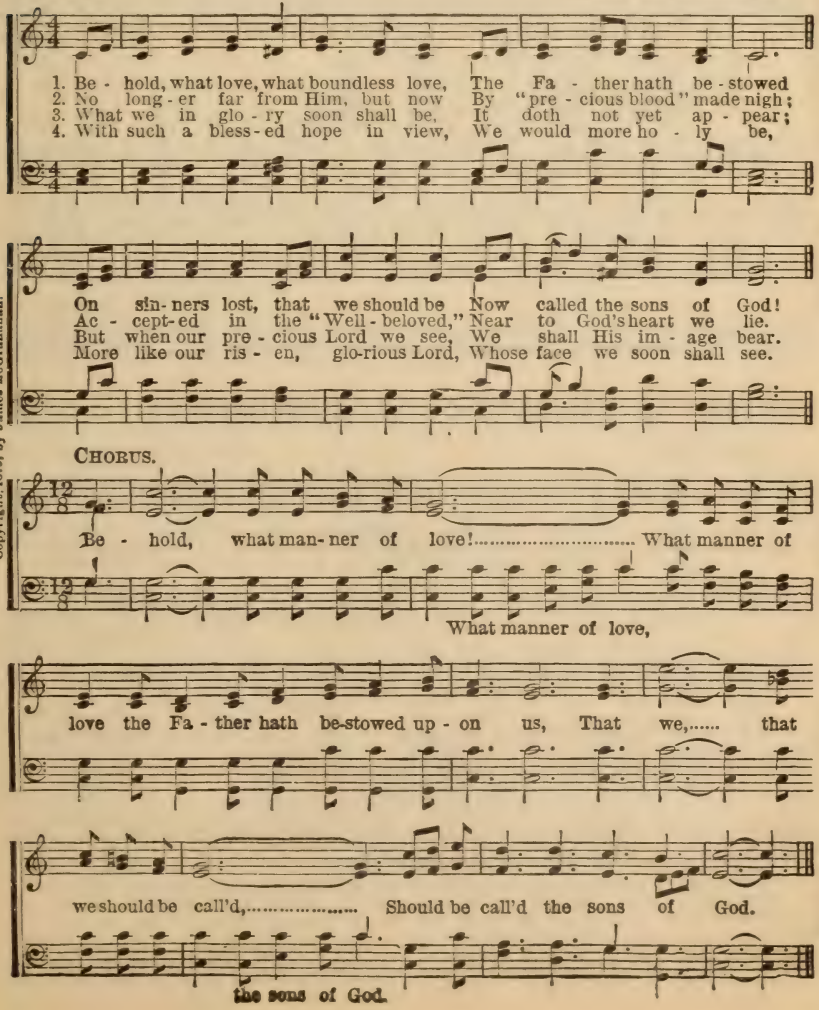


No. 580. Behold, what Love!

M. S. S. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,
On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.
CHORUS.
Be - hold, what man - ner of love!..... What manner of
What manner of love,
love the Fa - ther hath be-stowed up - on us, That we,..... that
we should be call'd,..... Should be call'd the sons of God.
the sons of God.

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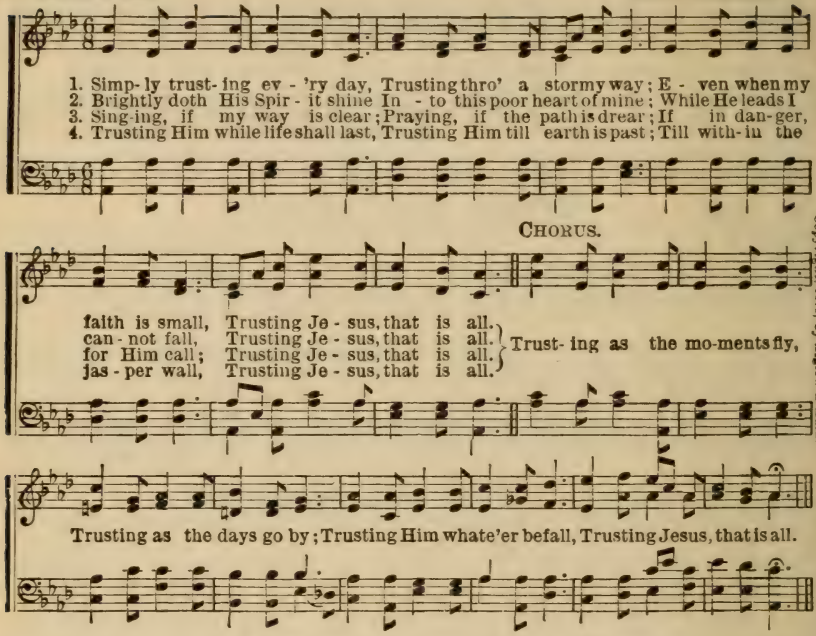
No. 581. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Simp-ly trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; E-ven when my
2. Brightly doth His Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in dan-ger,
4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till with-in the
CHORUS.
faith is small, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
can-not fall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
for Him call; Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
jas-per wall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly,
Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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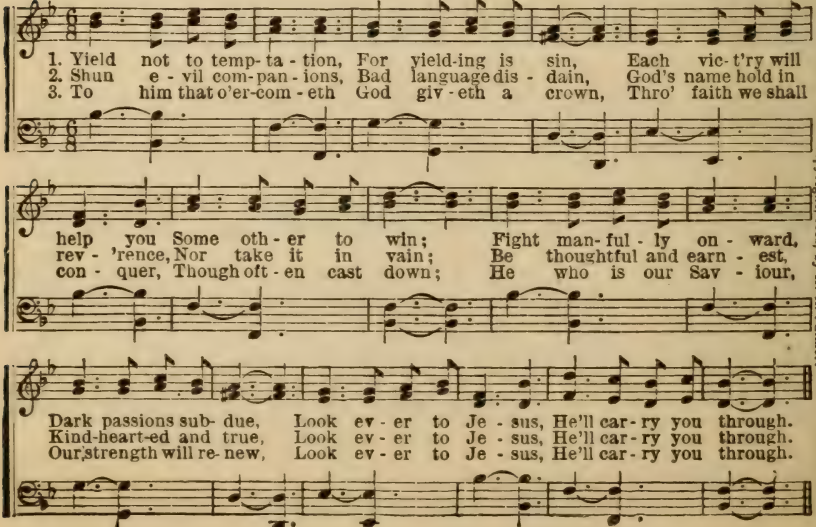
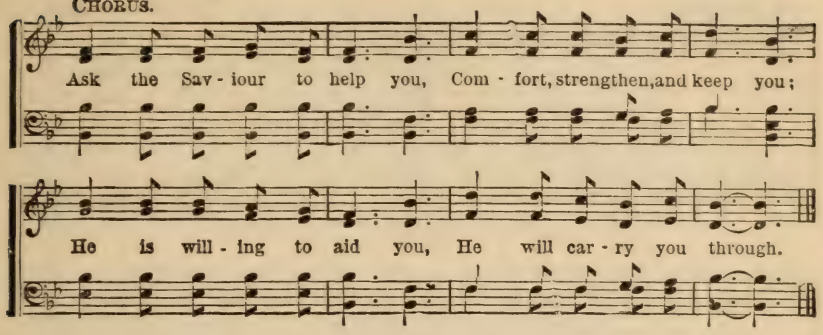
No. 582. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

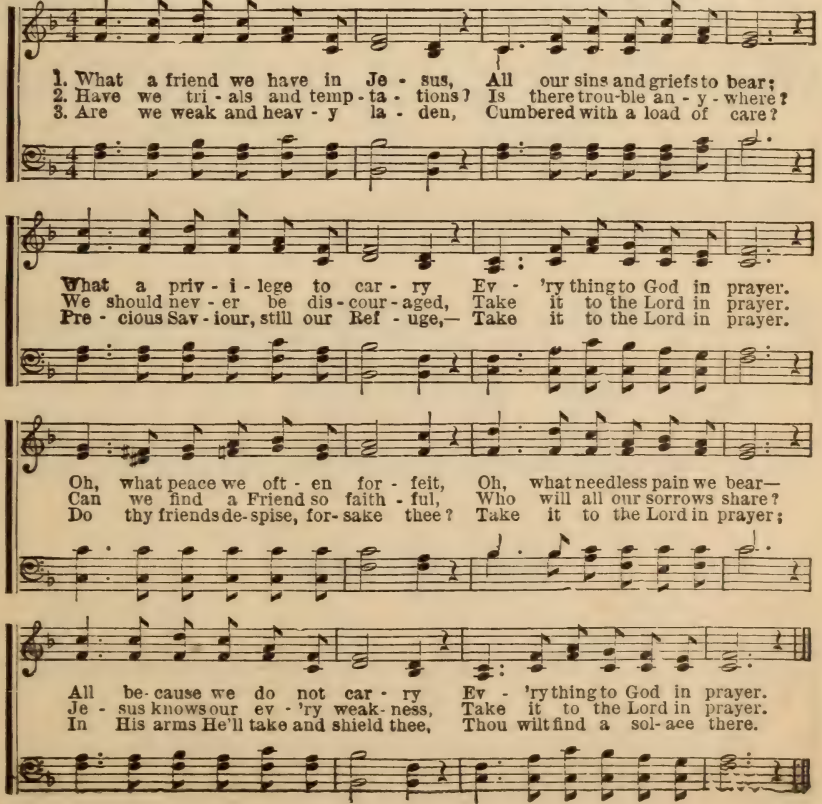

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Copyright, 1869, by H. R. Palmer.

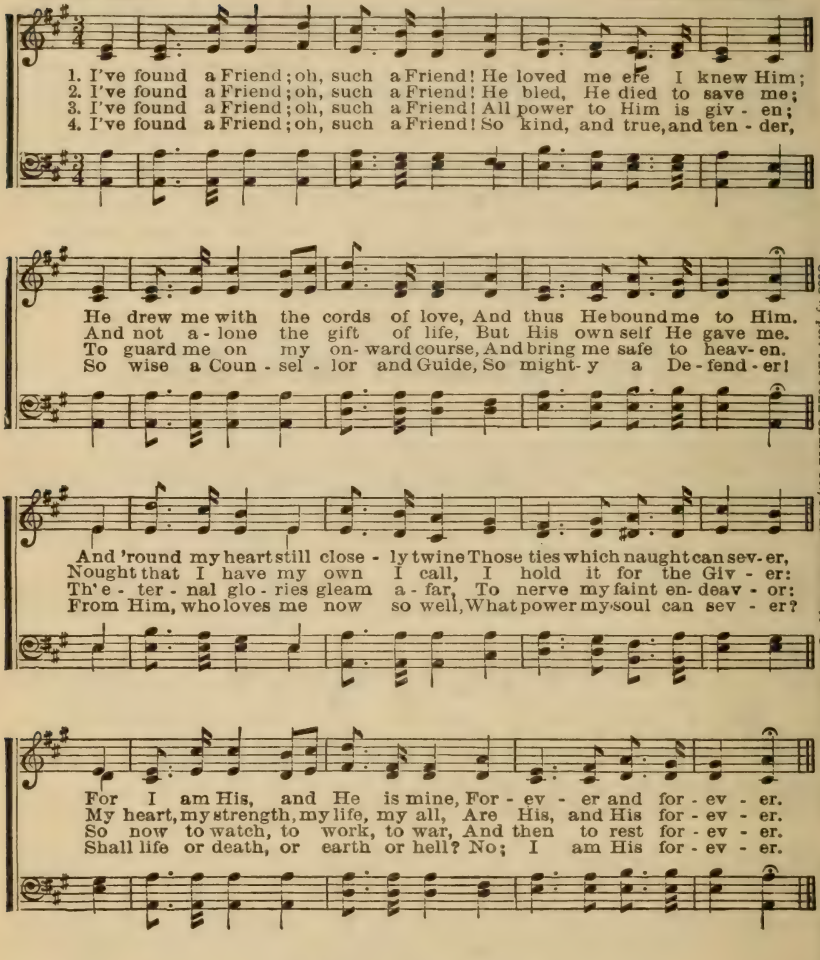
Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.



No. 583. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. Alt. Charles C. Converse, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 584. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on- ward course, And bring me safe to heav- en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might- y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev- er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en- deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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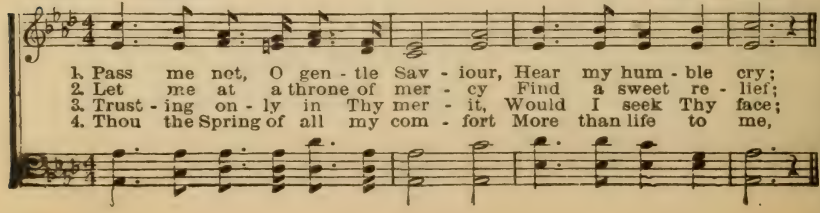
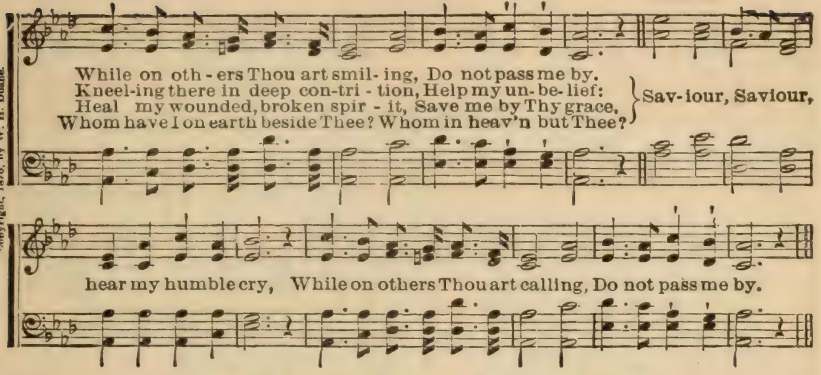
No. 585. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort More than life to me,

Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un-be-lief:
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav-iour, Saviour,
hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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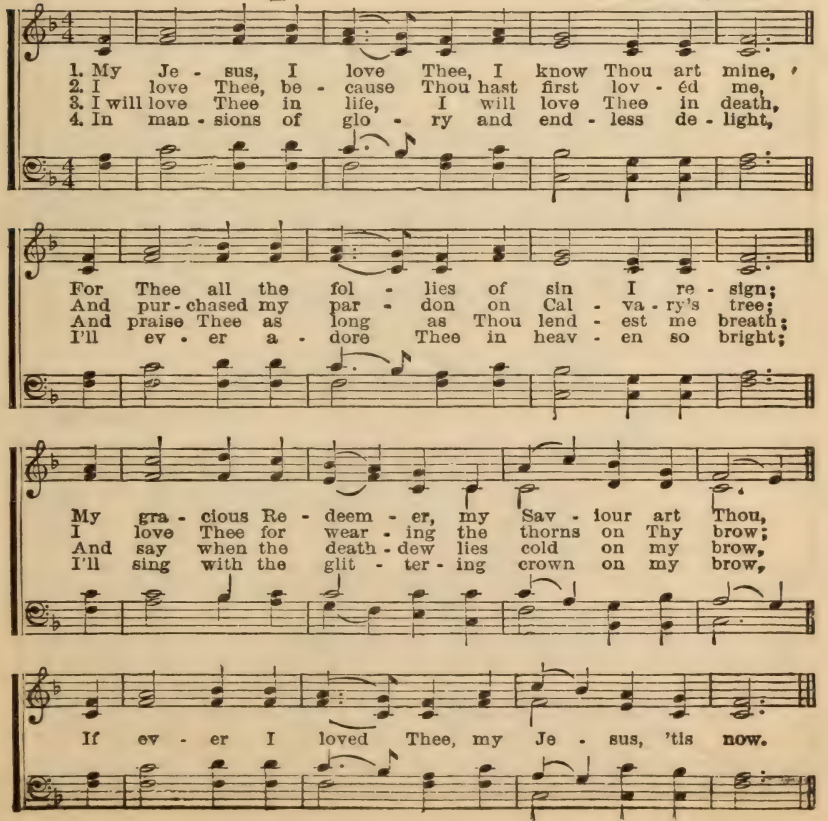
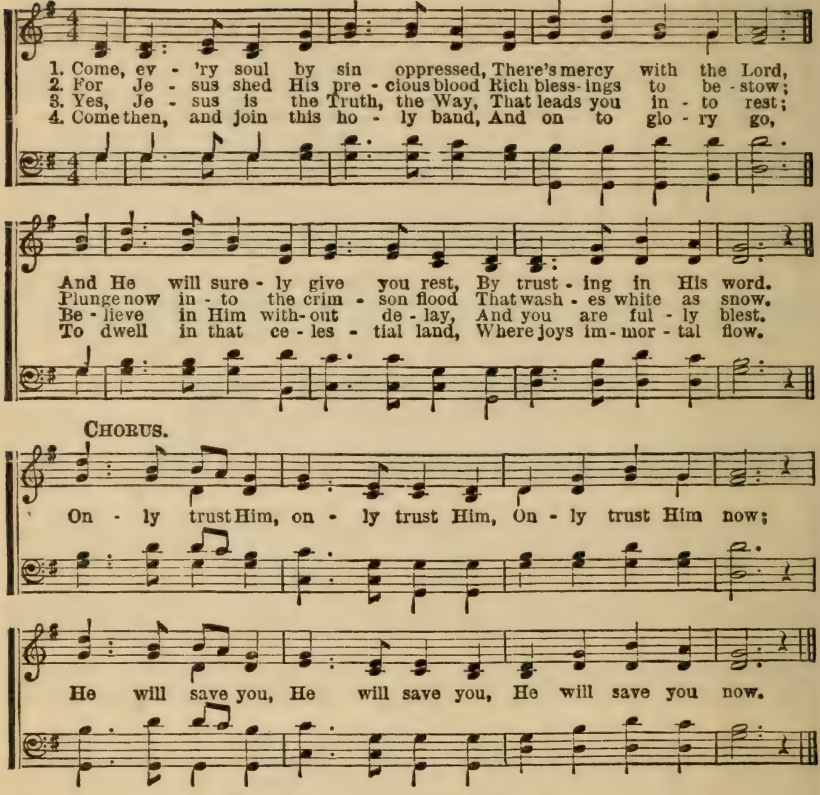
No. 586. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - éd me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

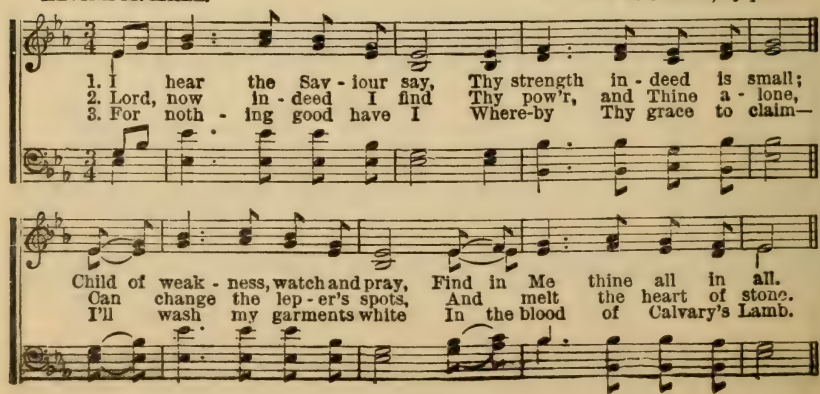
No. 587. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

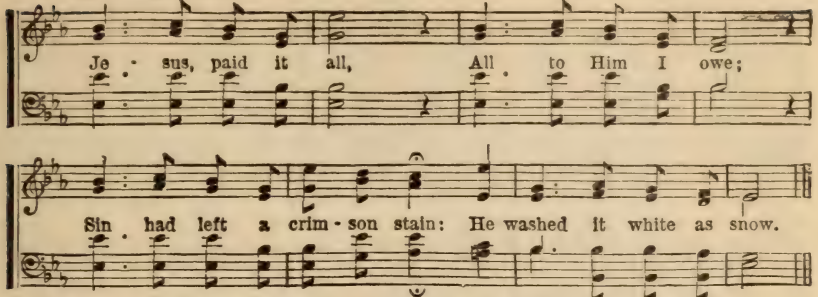
No. 588. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.


1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

All to Christ I Owe.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

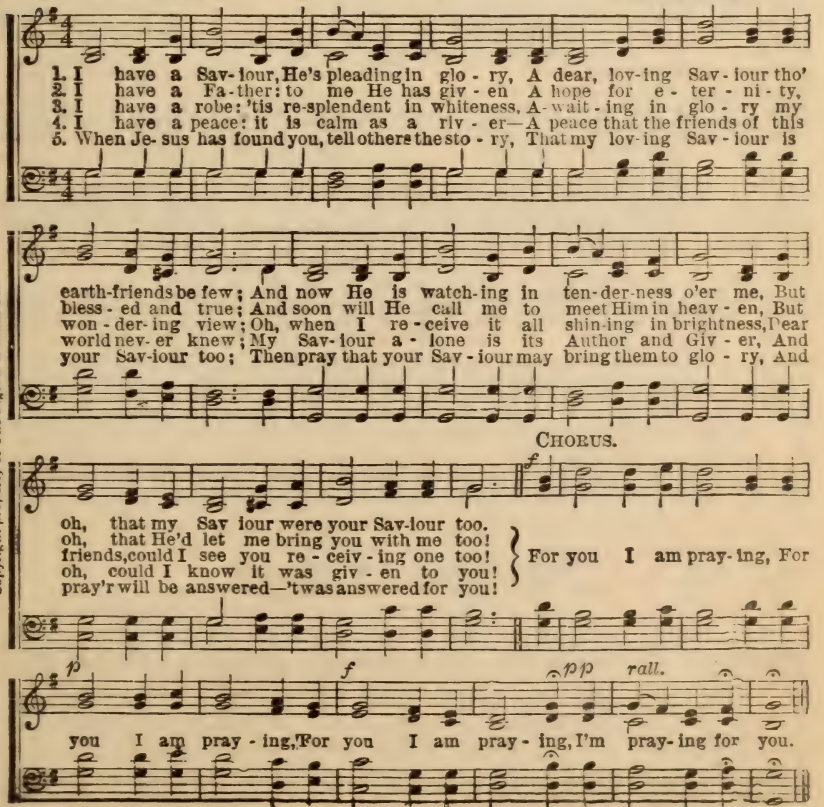


4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

No. 589. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, But
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world nev- er knew; My Sav-iour a - lone is its Author and Giv - er, And
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may bring them to glo - ry, And
CHORUS.
oh, that my Sav iour were your Sav-iour too.
oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
friends, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
For you I am pray-ing, For
you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

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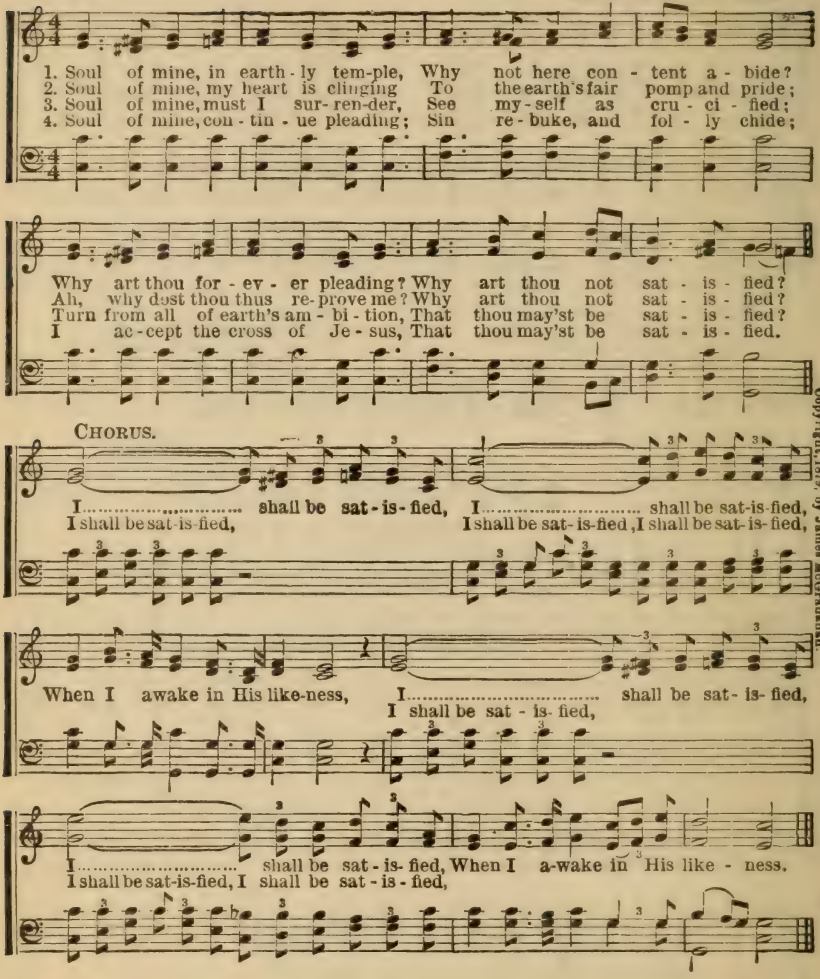
No. 590. I Shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;
Why art thou for-ev-er pleading? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.
CHORUS.
I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,
When I awake in His like-ness, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied,
I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

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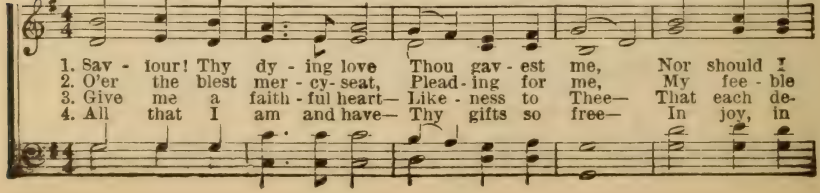
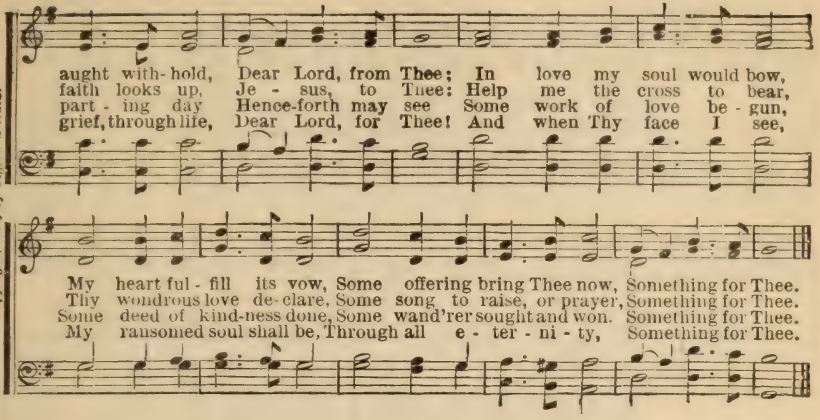
No. 591. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart— Like-ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

Something for Jesus.—Concluded.


aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won. Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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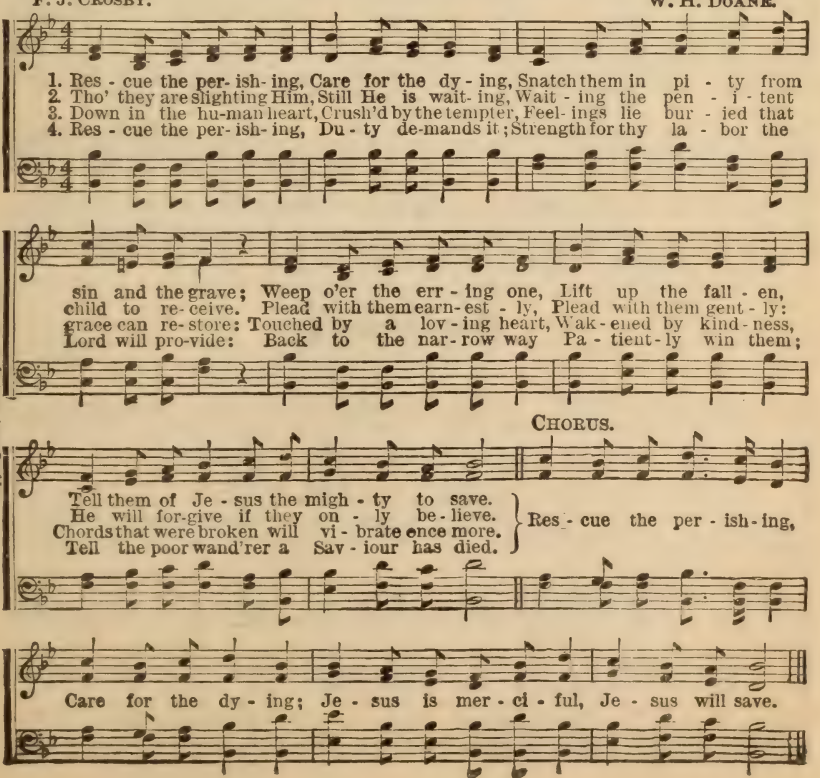
No. 592. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:
grace can re-store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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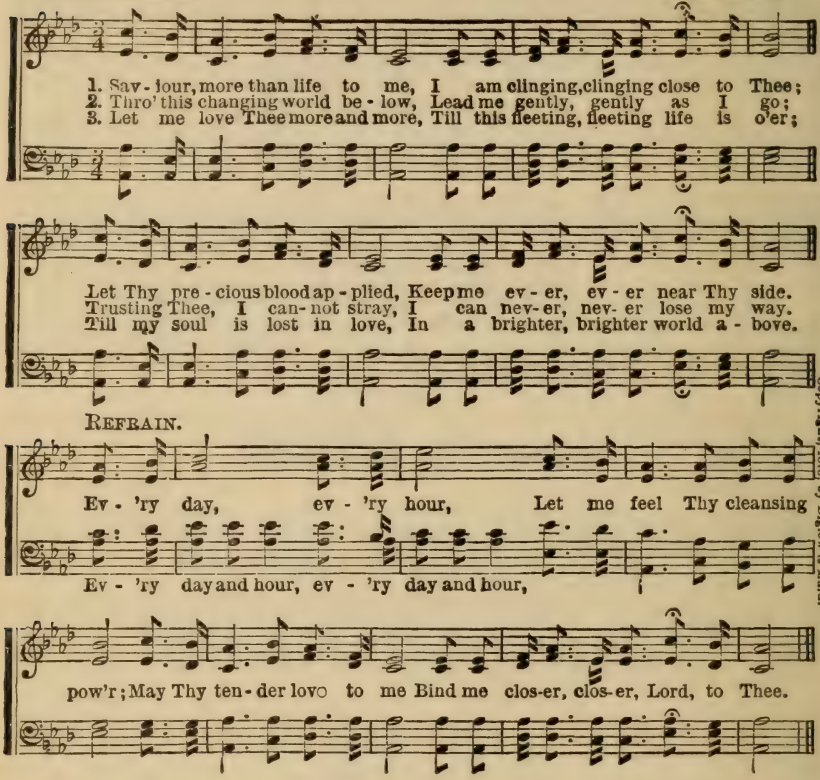
No. 593. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,
pow'r; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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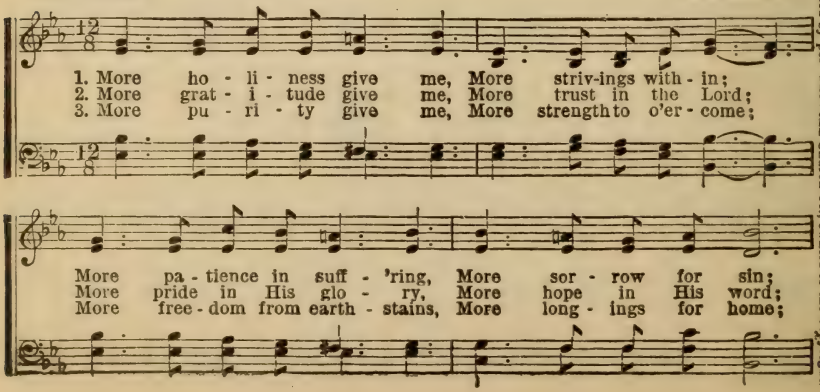
No. 594. My Prayer.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.


1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;
More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

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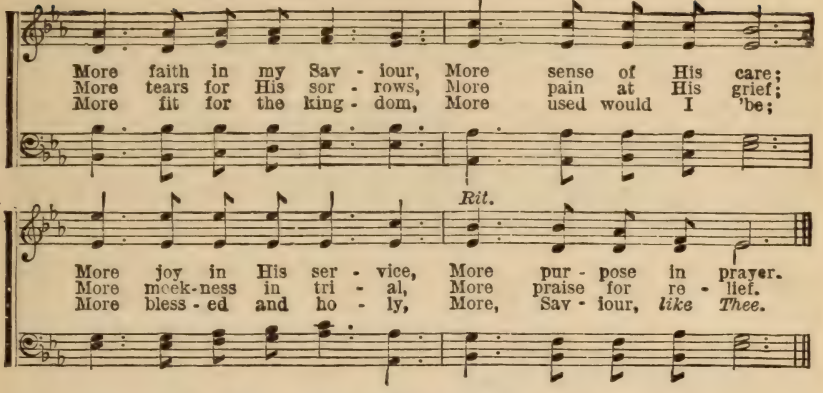
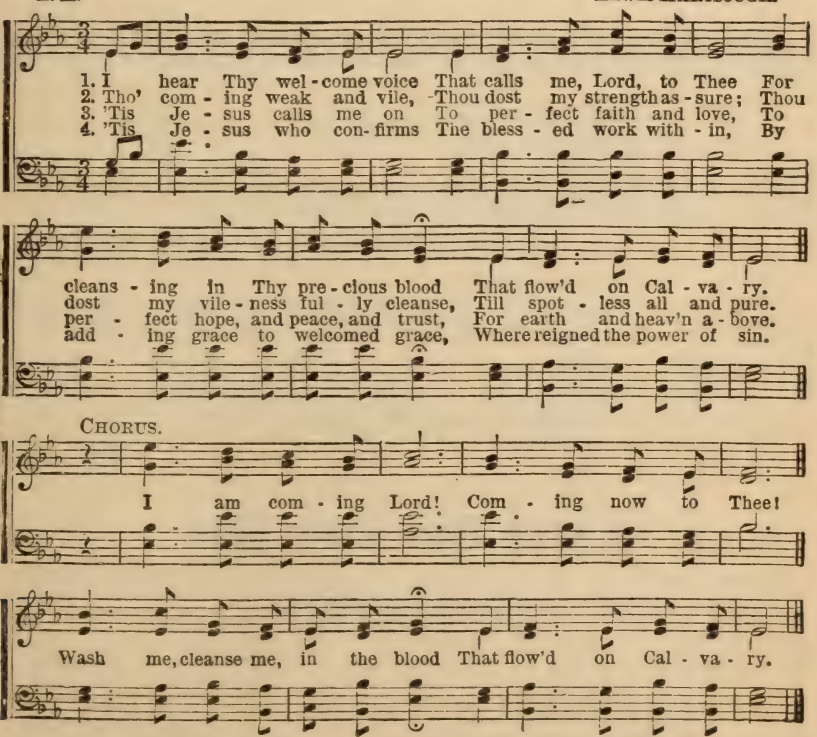
My Prayer.—Concluded.


More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;
Rit.
More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, like Thee.

No. 595. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By
cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
CHORUS.
I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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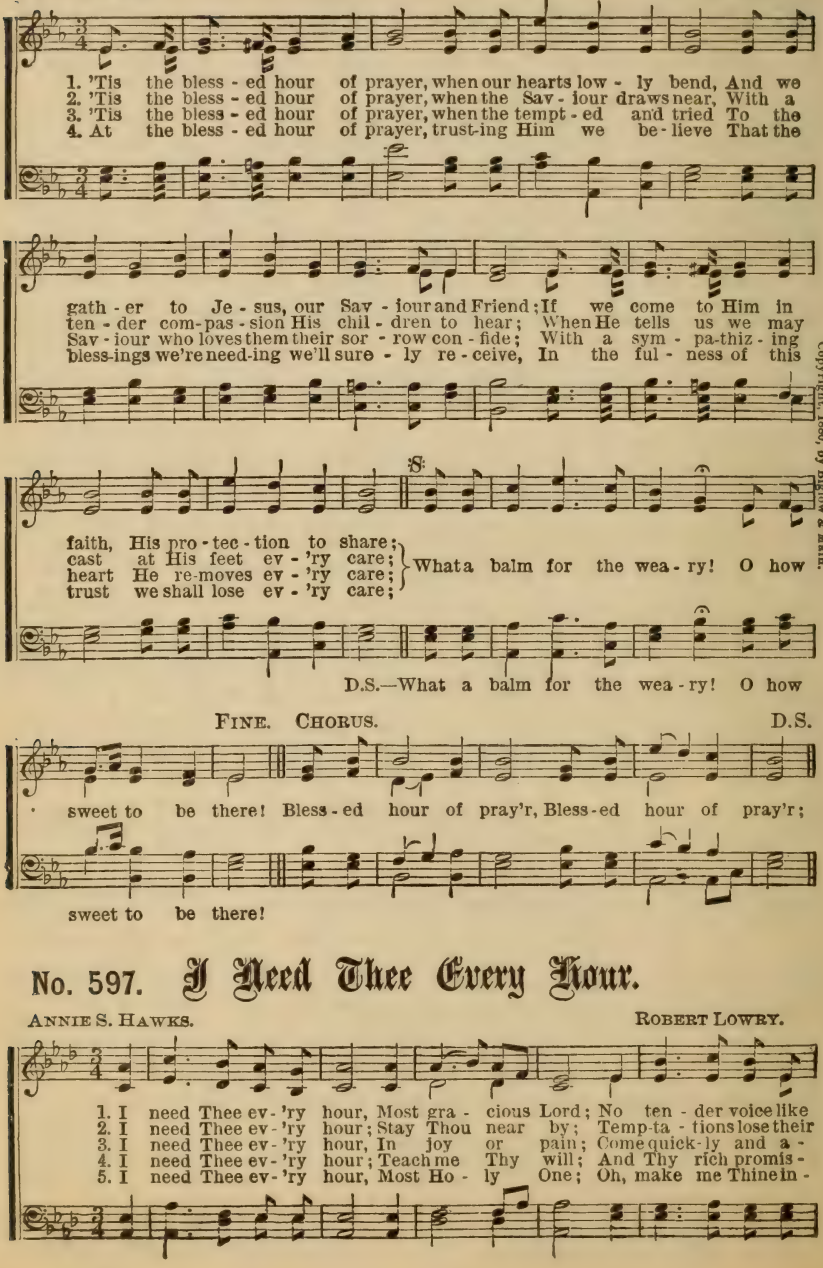
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 596. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com-pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - iour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless-ings we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the ful - ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share;
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care;
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care;
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;
What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;
sweet to be there!

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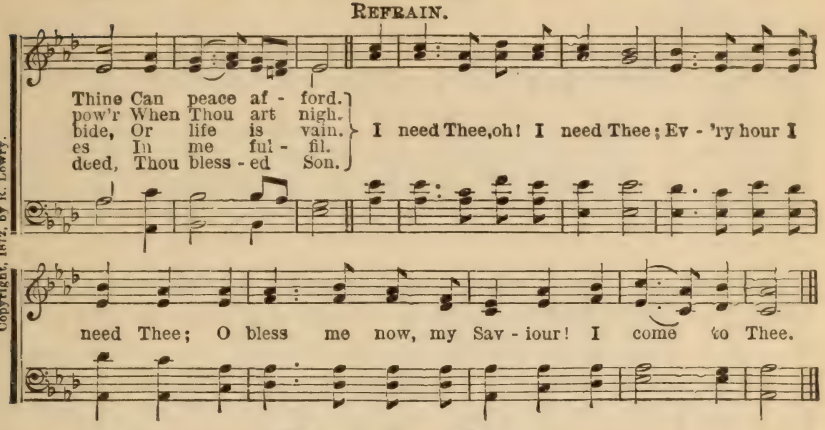
No. 597. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.
Thine peace af - ford.
Can pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fil.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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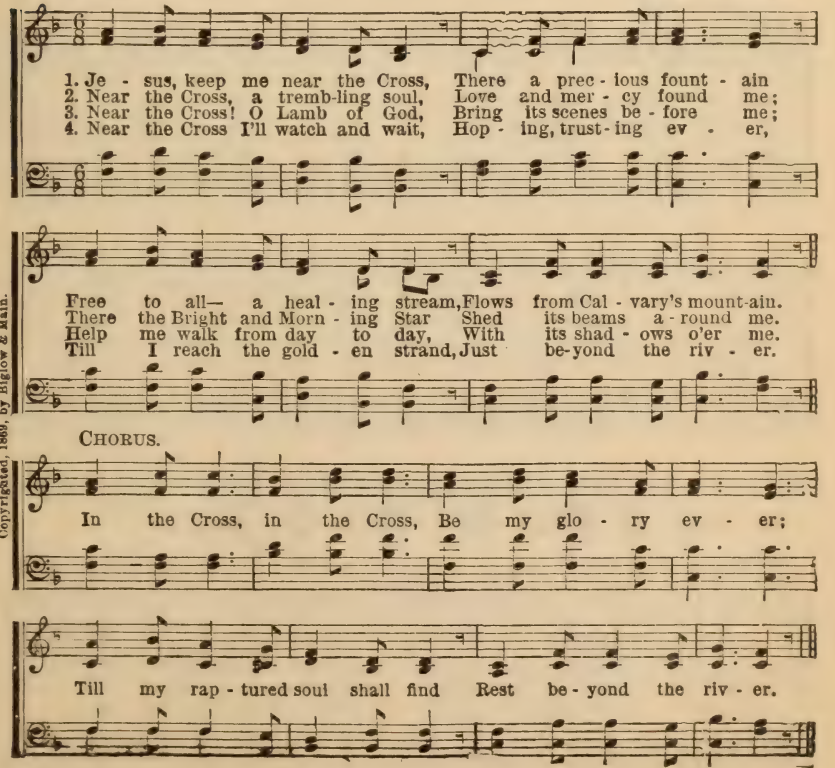
No. 598. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a prec - ious fount - ain
2. Near the Cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount-ain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.
CHORUS.
In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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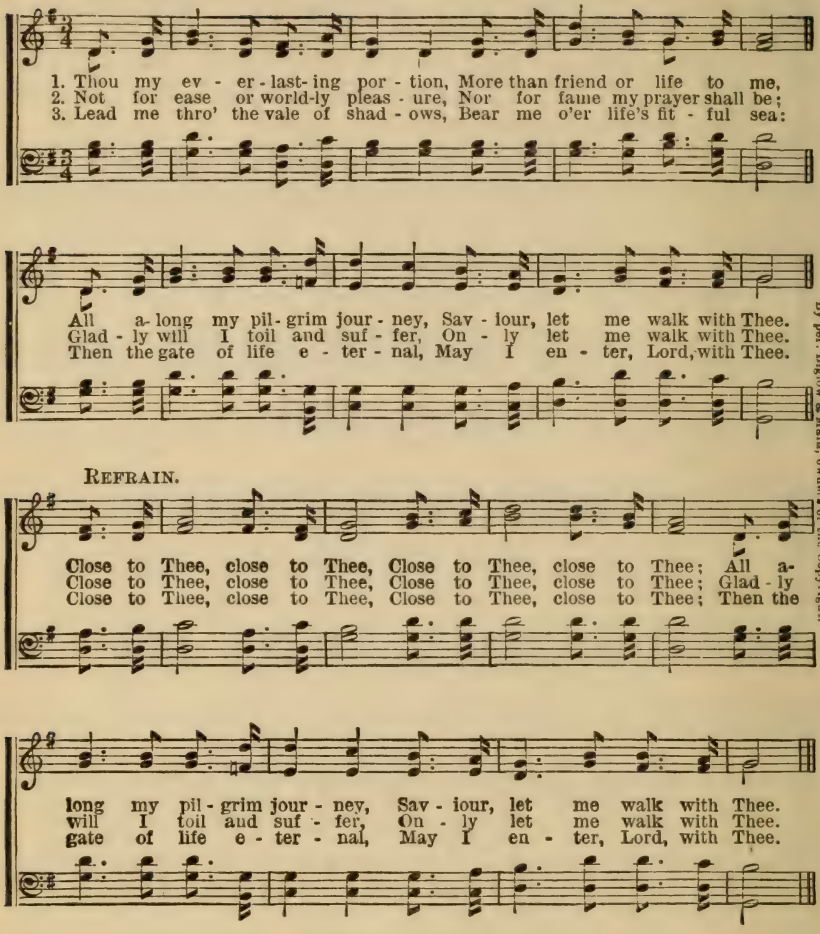
No. 599. Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a- long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a-
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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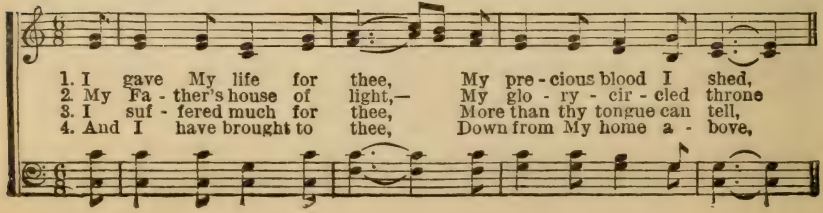
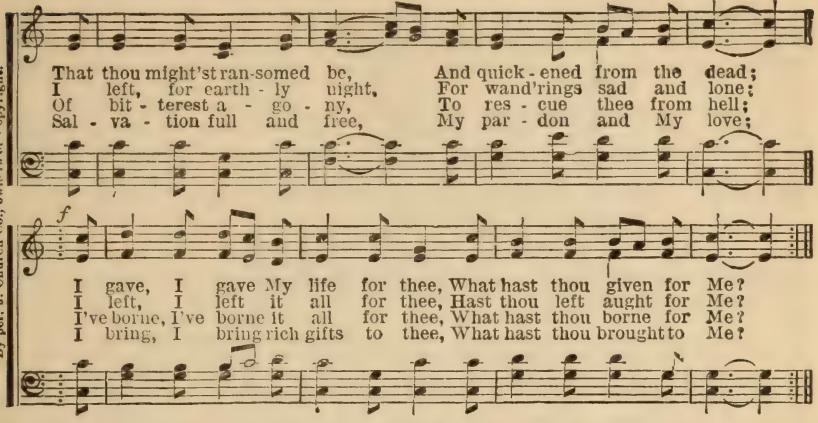
No. 600. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

I Gave My Life for Thee.—Concluded.


That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-terest a-go-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

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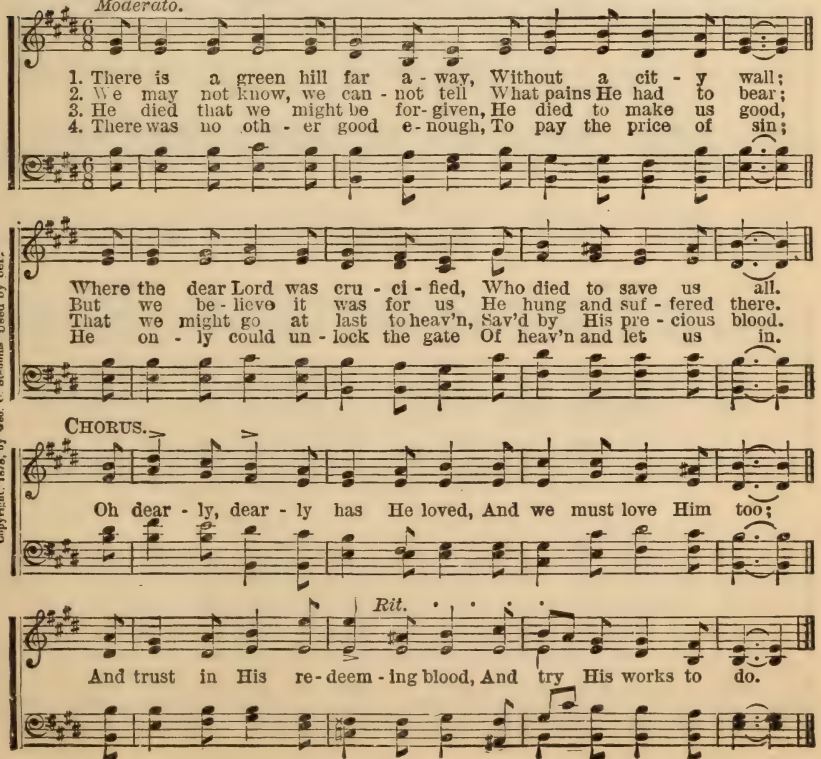
No. 601. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.


1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;
Rit.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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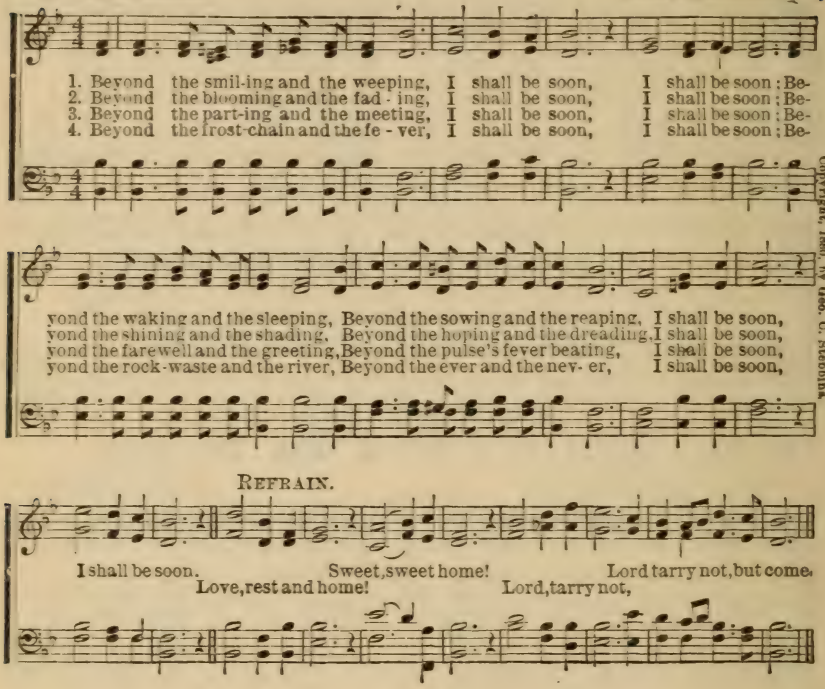
No. 602. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Beyond the smil-ing and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
2. Beyond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
3. Beyond the part-ing and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon,
yond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon,
yond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon,
yond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the nev-er, I shall be soon,
REFRAIN.
I shall be soon. Sweet, sweet home! Lord tarry not, but come.
Love, rest and home! Lord, tarry not,

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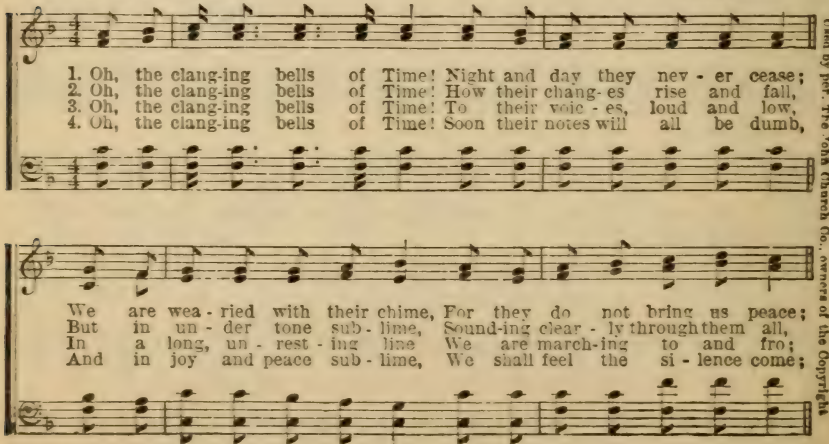
No. 603. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS.


1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev-er cease;
2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voic-es, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,
We are wea-ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un-der tone sub-lime, Sound-ing clear-ly through them all,
In a long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;

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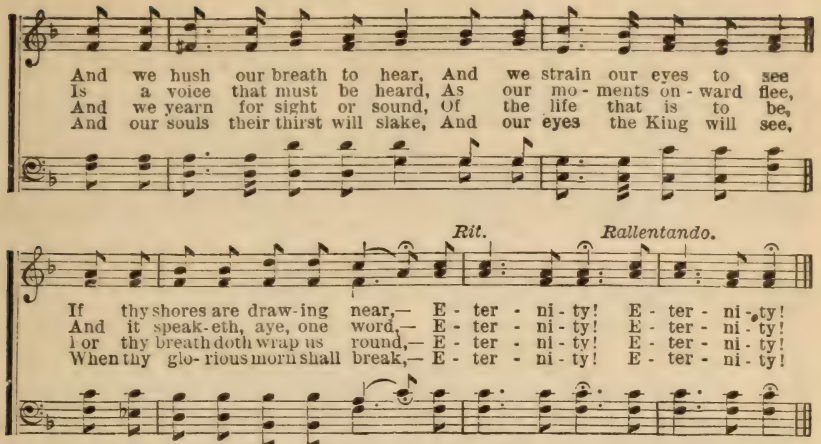
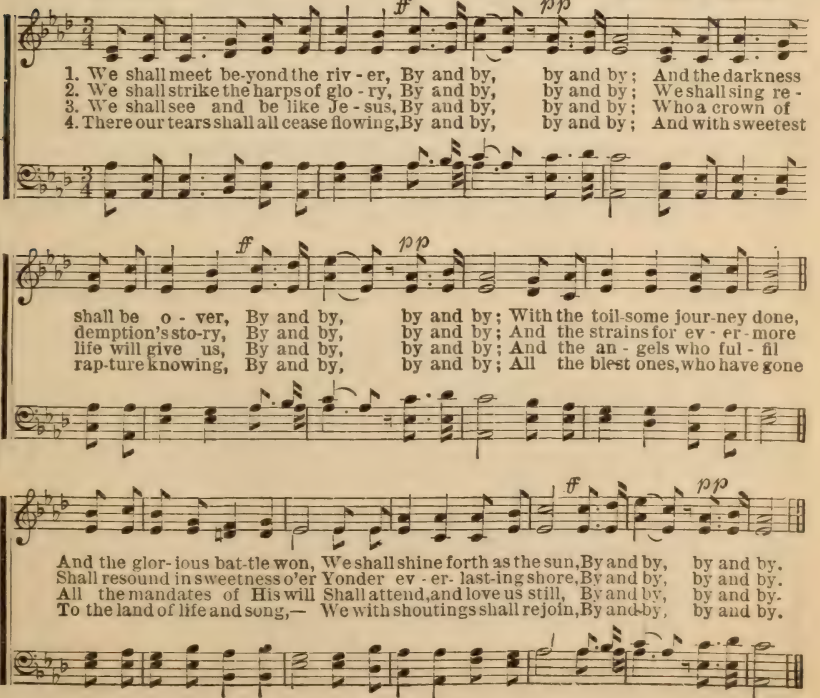
Eternity.—Concluded.


And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,
Rit.
Rallentando.
If thy shores are draw-ing near,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
And it speak-eth, aye, one word,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
Lo! thy breath doth wrap us round,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
When thy glo- rious morn shall break,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

No. 604. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.


ff
pp
1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest
shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toil-some jour-ney done,
demption's sto-ry, By and by, by and by; And the strains for ev - er - more
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil
rap-ture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone
And the glor-ious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev - er- last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
To the land of life and song,— We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by.

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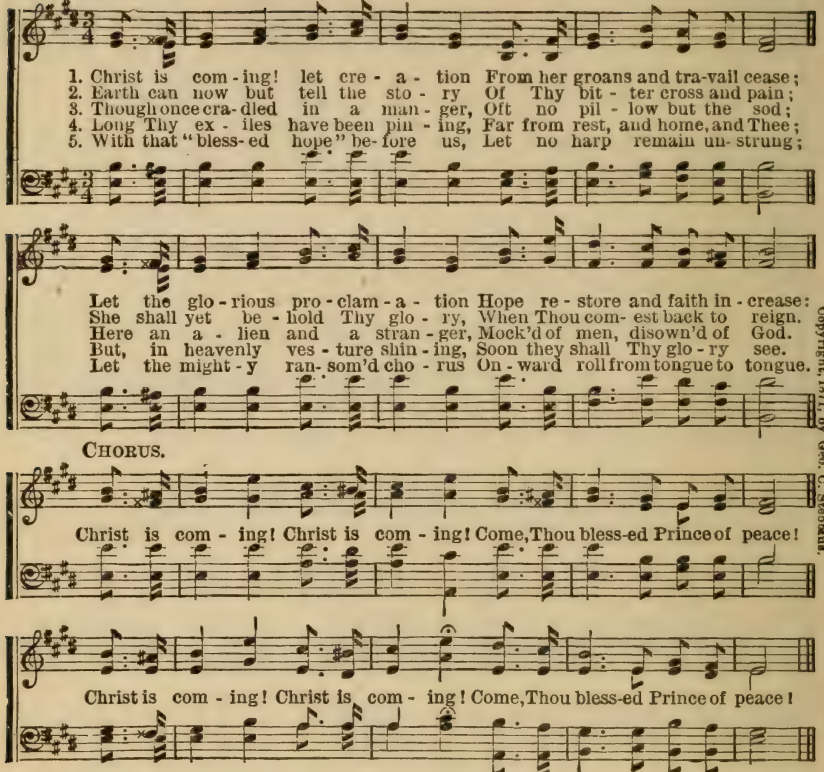
No. 605. Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and tra-vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cra-dled in a man - ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "bless-ed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp remain un-strung;
Let the glo - rious pro - clam - a - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease:
She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry, When Thou com- est back to reign.
Here an a - lien and a stran - ger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heavenly ves - ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran-som'd cho - rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue.
CHORUS.
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of peace!
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of peace!

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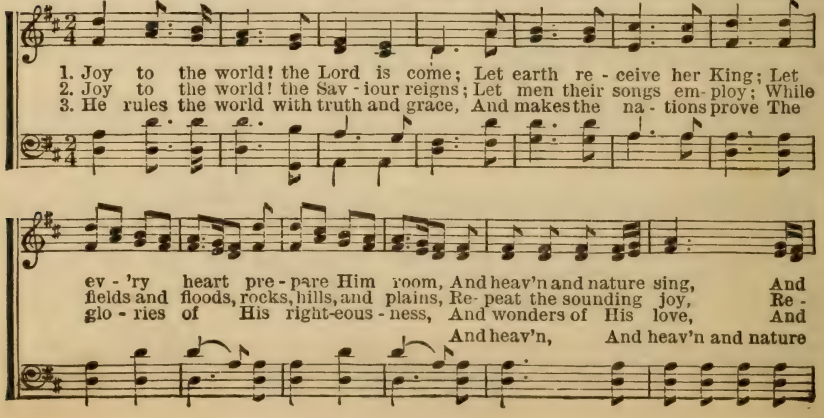
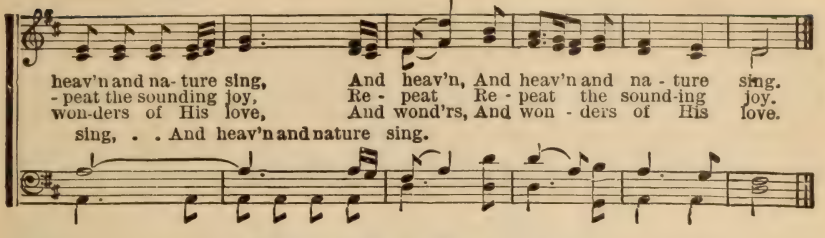
No. 606. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. fr GEO. F. HANDEL.

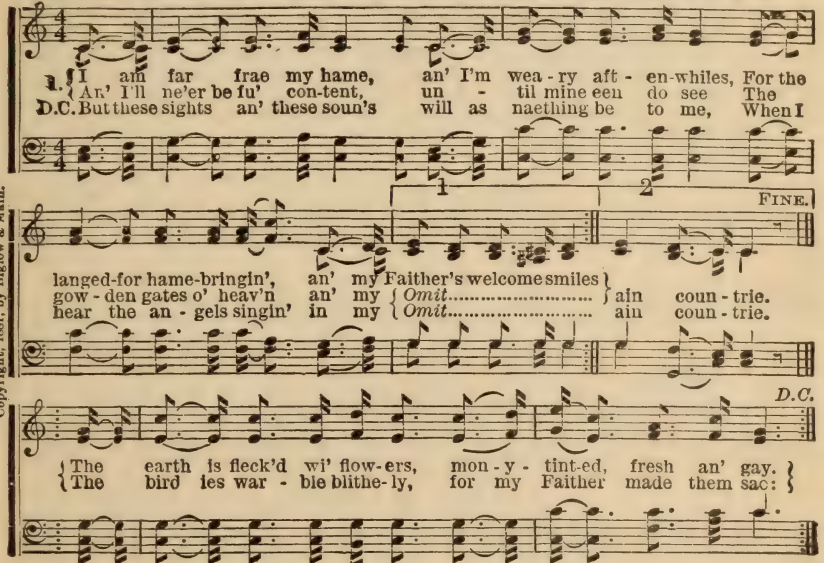

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

Joy to the World.—Concluded.


heav'n and na- ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
- peat the sounding joy, Re - peat Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of His love, And wond'rs, And won - ders of His love.
sing, . . And heav'n and nature sing.

No. 607. My Ain Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860—1881. Mrs. IONE T. HANNA, 1864. Har. by H. P. M.


1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I
1
2
FINE.
langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my Omit ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels singin' in my Omit ain coun - trie.
D.C.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon - y - tint-ed, fresh an' gay.
The bird ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Faither made them sae:

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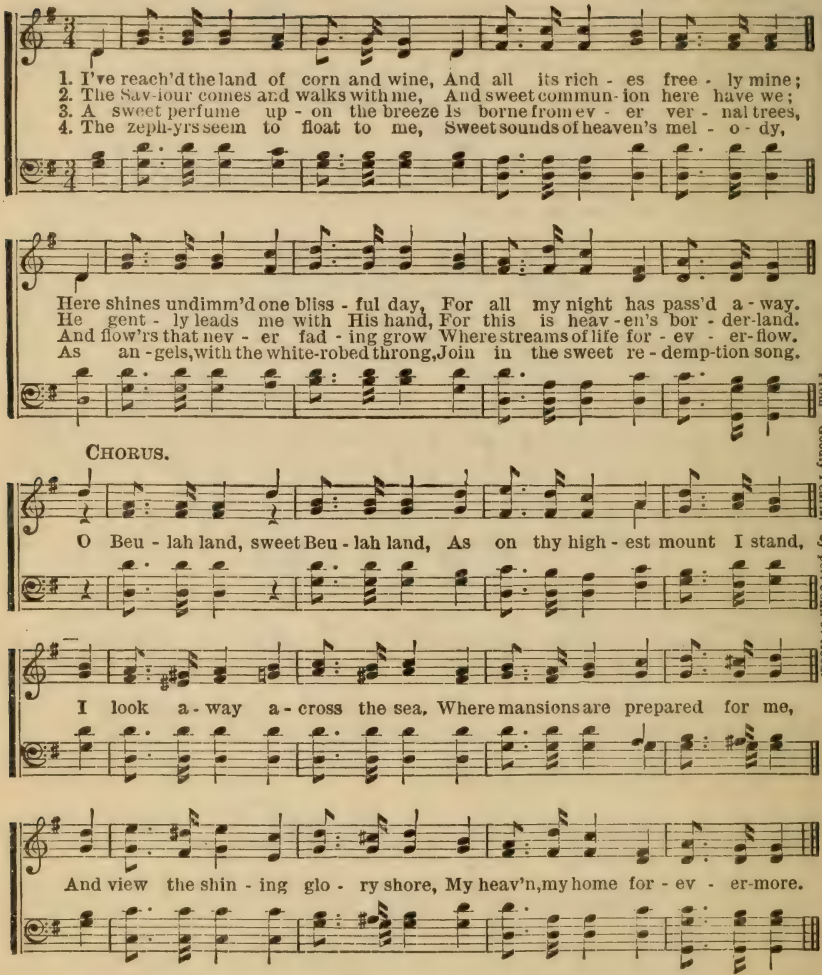
2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 608. Beulah Land.

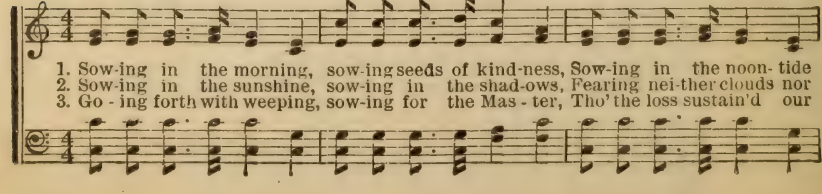
E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun- ion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er-flow.
As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more.

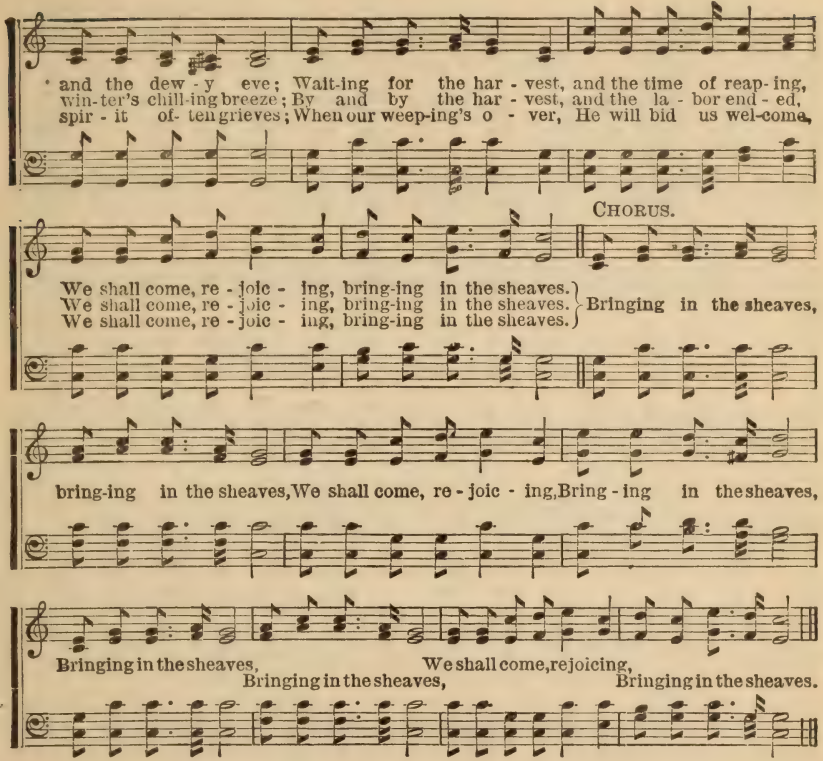
From "Goodly Pearls," by per. John J. Hood.

No. 609. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

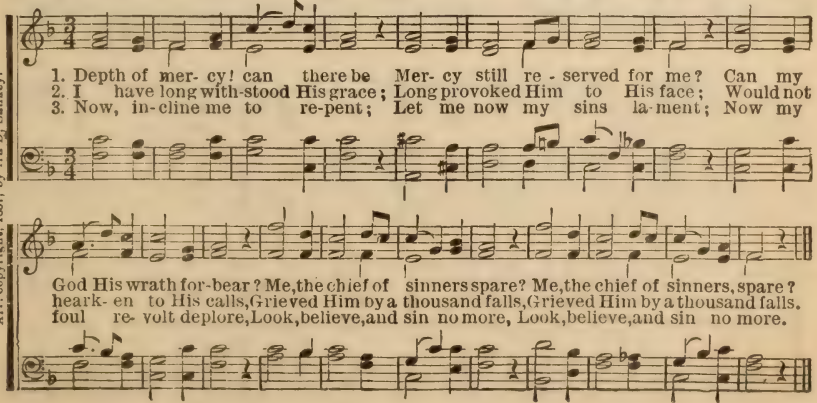

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon- tide
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor
3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.


and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap- ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it of- ten grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come,
CHORUS.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,
bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 610. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY. F. W. KÜCKEN. ARR. H. P. MAIN.


1. Depth of mer- cy! can there be Mer- cy still re - served for me? Can my
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not
3. Now, in- cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; Now my
God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners spare? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
heark- en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
foul re- volt deplore, Look, believe, and sin no more, Look, believe, and sin no more.

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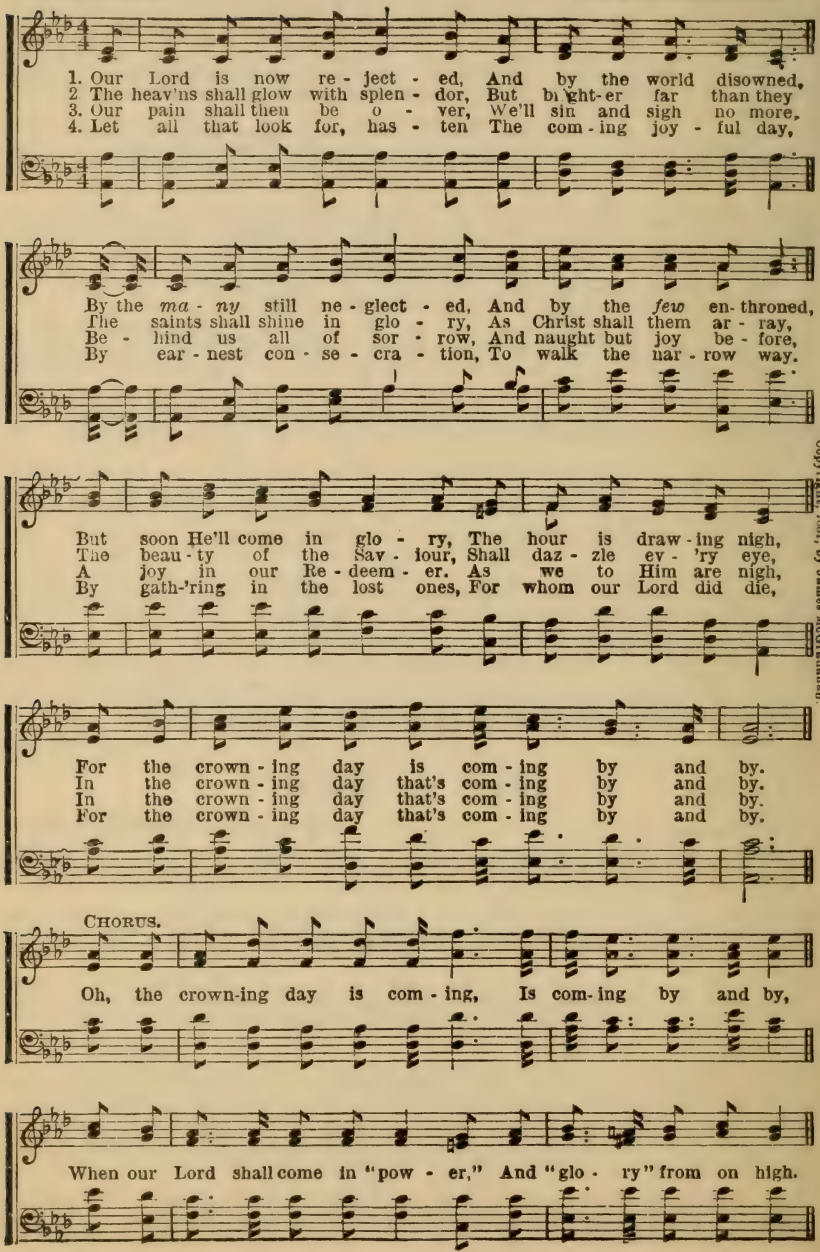
No. 611. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned,
2 The heav'ns shall glow with splen - dor, But bright-er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more.
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,
By the ma - ny still ne - glect - ed, And by the few en-throned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way.
But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye,
A joy in our Re - deem - er. As we to Him are nigh,
By gath-'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,
For the crown - ing day is com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
For the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
CHORUS.
Oh, the crown-ing day is com - ing, Is com-ing by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo - ry" from on high.

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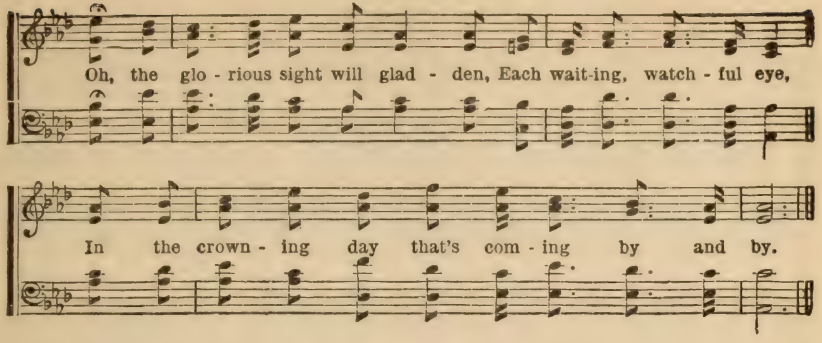
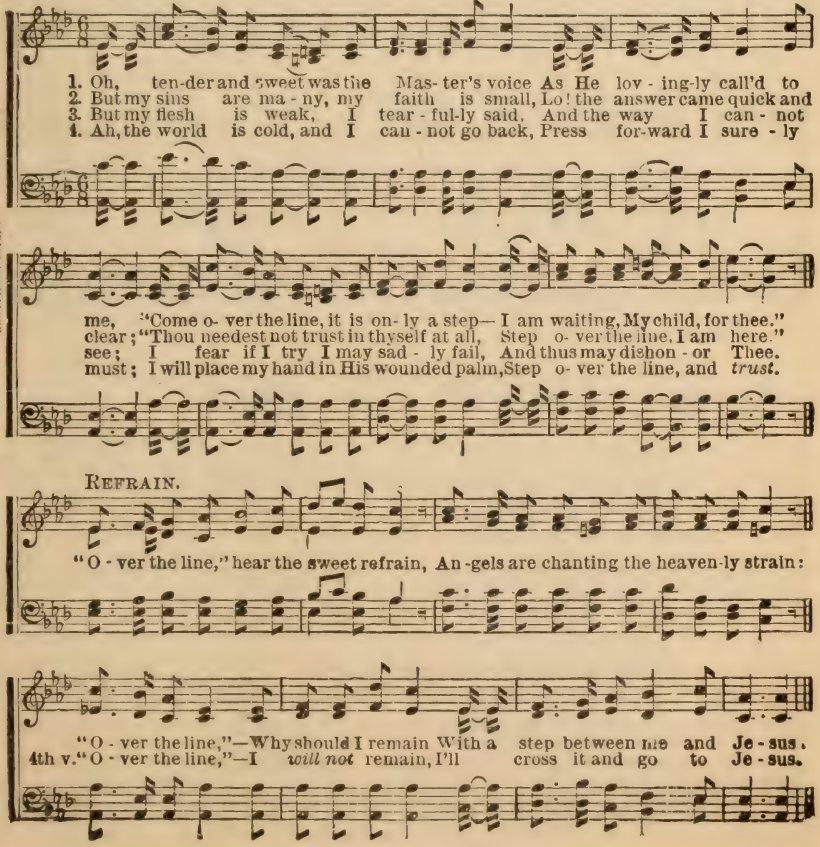
The Crowning Day.—Concluded.



No. 612. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS, by per.


1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Mas-ter's voice As He lov - ing-ly call'd to me, "Come o- ver the line, it is on- ly a step— I am waiting, My child, for thee."
2. But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came quick and clear; "Thou needest not trust in thyself at all, Step o- ver the line, I am here."
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful-ly said, And the way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus may dishon - or Thee.
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press for-ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His wounded palm, Step o- ver the line, and *trust*.
REFRAIN.
"O - ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, An -gels are chanting the heaven-ly strain:
"O - ver the line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je - sus.
4th v. "O - ver the line,"—I *will not* remain, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus.

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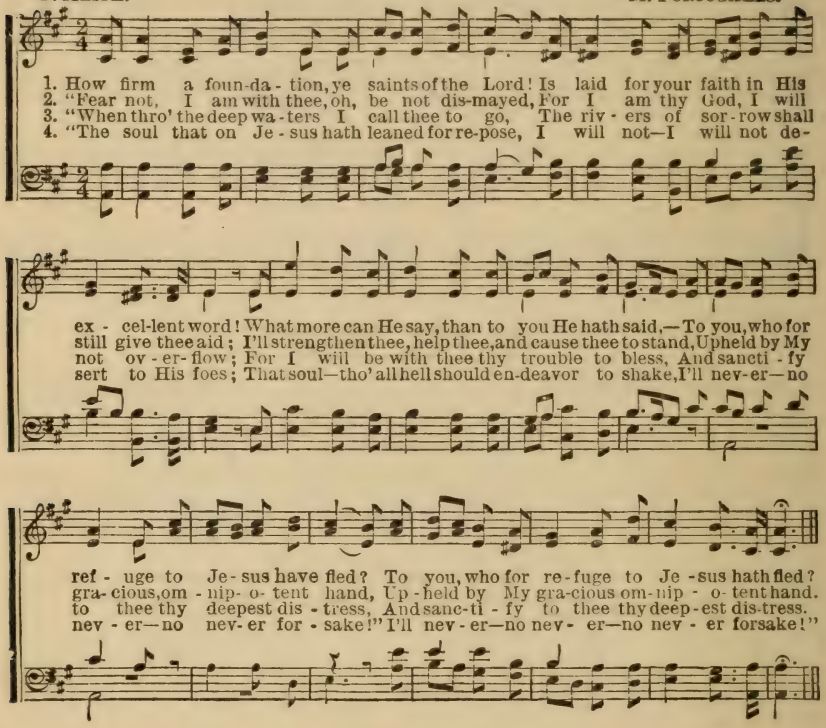
No. 613. How Firm A Foundation.

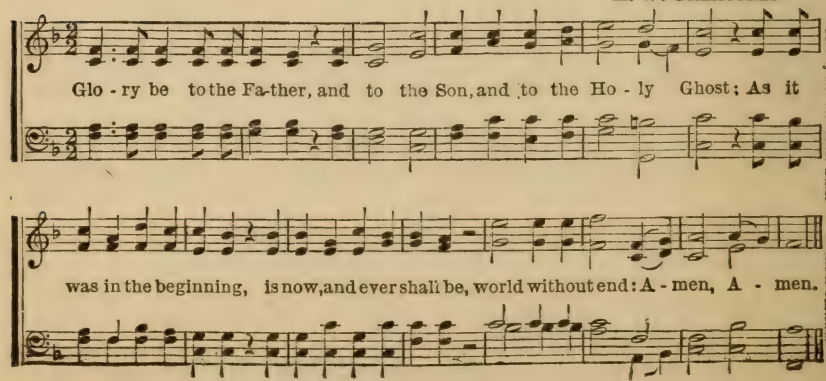
(PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.)

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
not ov-er-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti-fy
sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deavor to shake, I'll nev-er—no
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!" I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er forsake!"

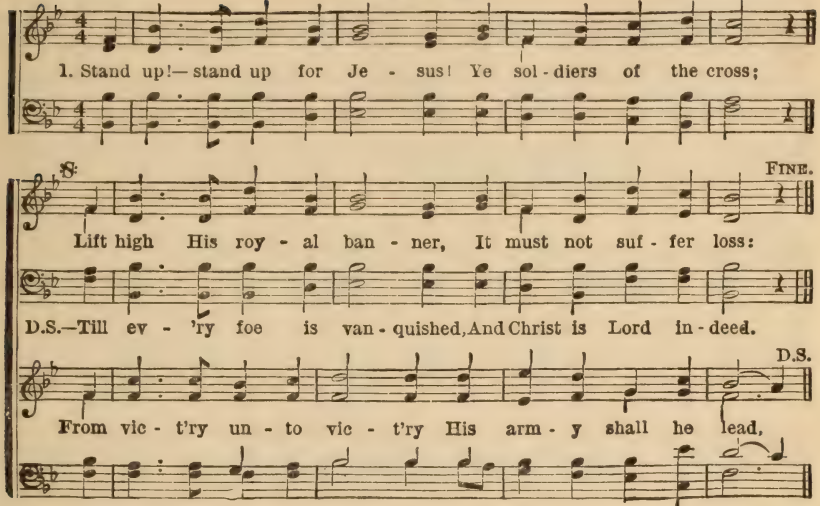
No. 614. Glory be to the Father.

H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A-men, A-men.

No. 615. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. (WEBB. 7.6.) G. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
S.
FINE.
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 616. The Morning Light. 7s. 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

S. F. SMITH.

No. 617. Sometimes a Light Surprises.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy comtemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

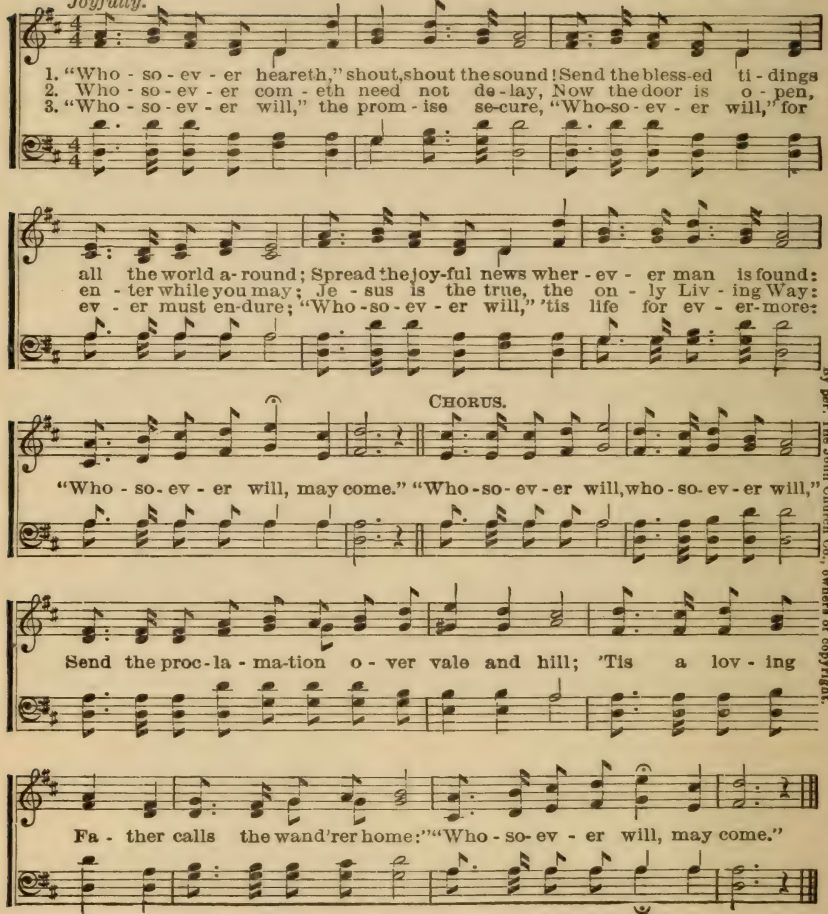
3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

No. 618. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. *Joyfully.* P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se-cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for
all the world a - round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er-more:
Chorus.
"Who - so - ev - er will, may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"
Send the proc - la - ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing
Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home:" "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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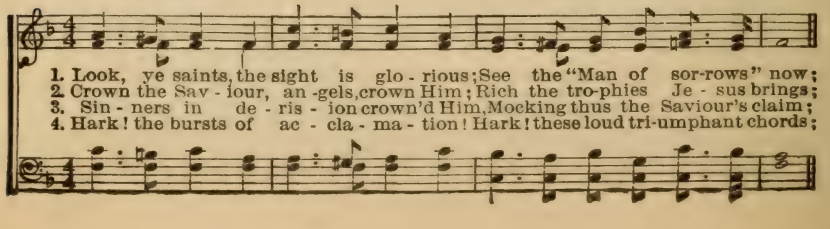
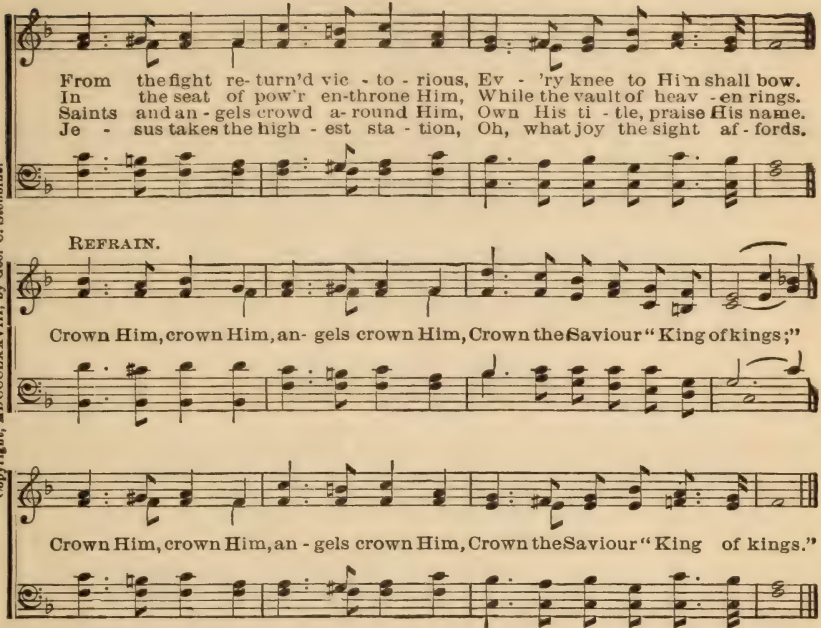
No. 619. Crown Him.

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud tri-umphant chords;

Crown Him.—Concluded.


From the fight re- turn'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Saints and an - gels crowd a- round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.
REFRAIN.
Crown Him, crown Him, an- gels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings;"
Crown Him, crown Him, an - gels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

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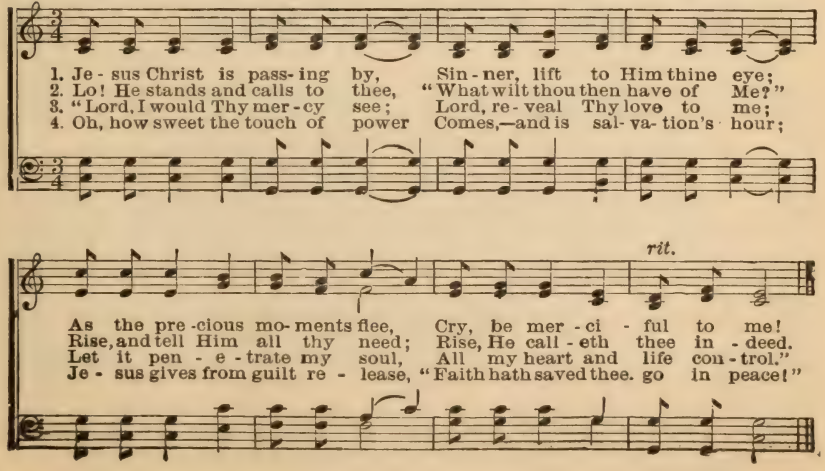
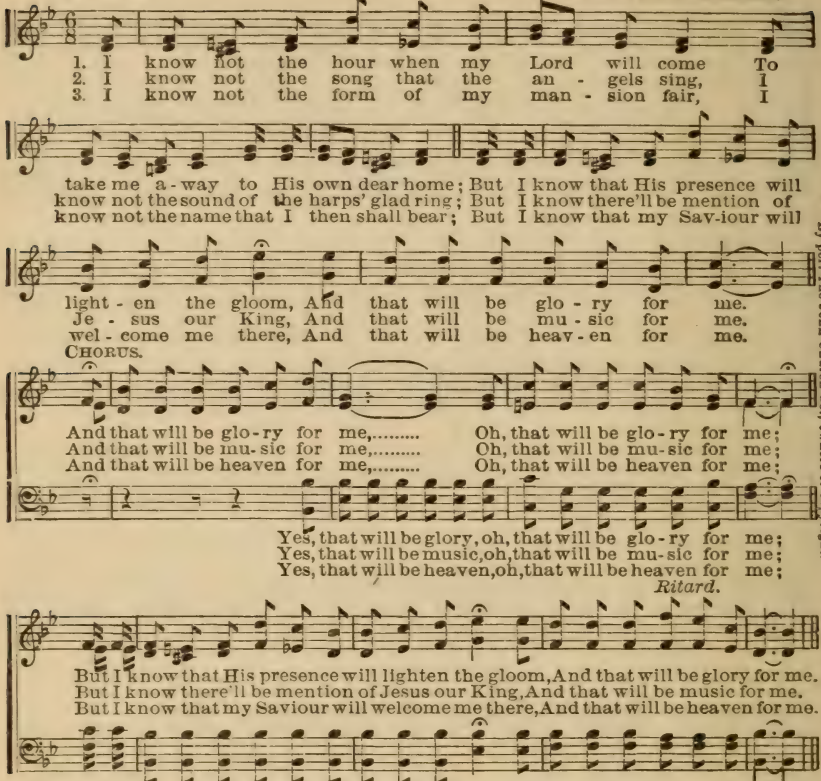
No. 620. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.


1. Je - sus Christ is pass- ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal- va- tion's hour;
rit.
As the pre - cious mo- ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee. go in peace!"

No. 621. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I
take me a - way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will
light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.
CHORUS.
And that will be glo-ry for me,..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me;
And that will be mu-sic for me,..... Oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
And that will be heaven for me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me;
Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glo-ry for me;
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be mu-sic for me;
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me;
Ritard.
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

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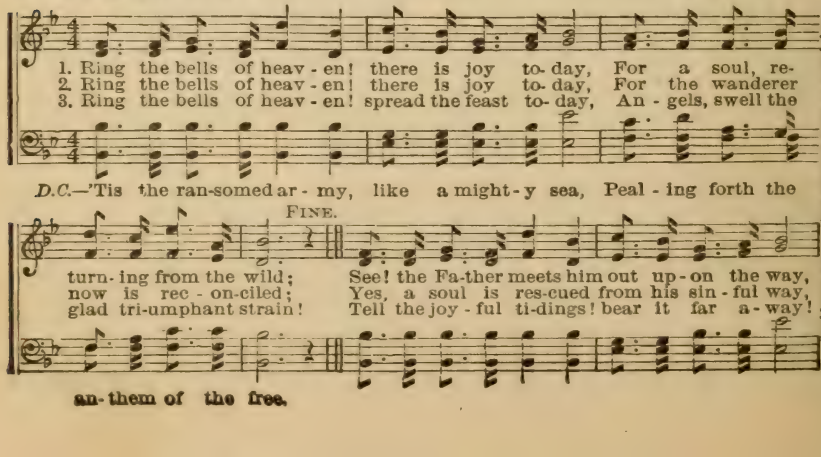
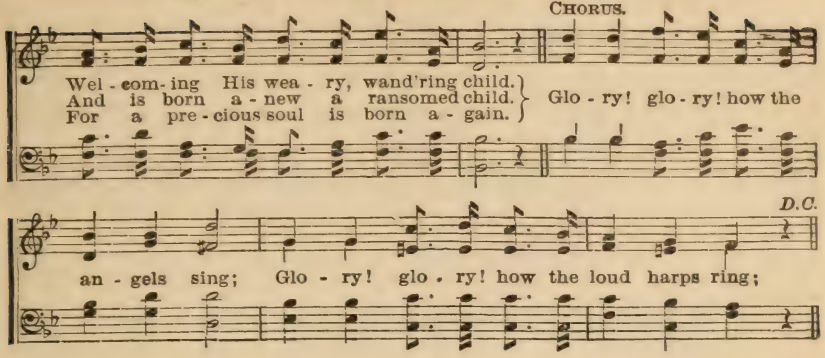
No. 622. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For a soul, re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An - gels, swell the
D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the
FINE.
turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is rec - on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin - ful way,
glad tri-umphant strain! Tell the joy - ful ti-dings! bear it far a - way!
an-them of the free.

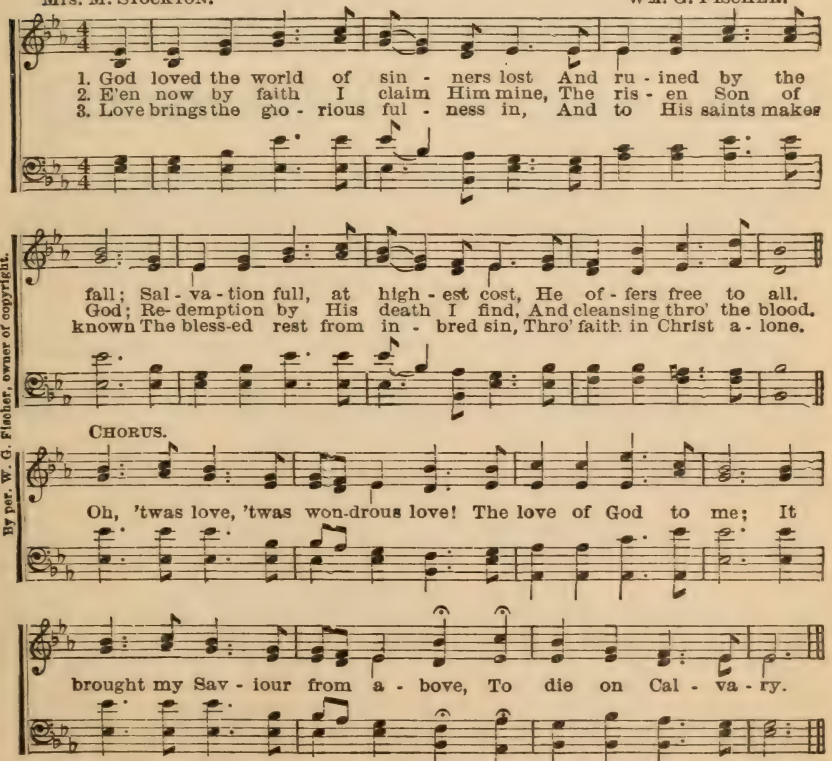
By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

Ring the Bells.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Wel - com-ing His wea - ry, wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ransomed child.
For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
D.C.
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo . ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 623. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes
fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
God; Re - demption by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
known The bless-ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
CHORUS.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love! The love of God to me; It
brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

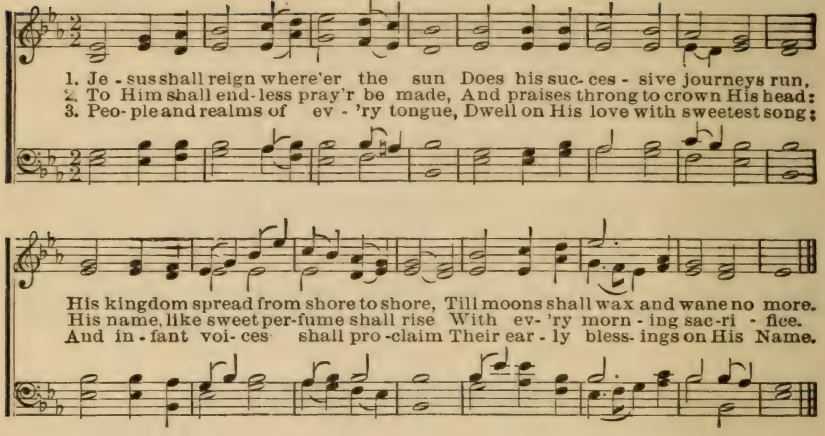
By per. W. G. Fischer, owner of copyright.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 624. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive journeys run,
2. To Him shall end- less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head:
3. Peo- ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev- 'ry morn - ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi- ces shall pro -claim Their ear - ly bless- ings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 625. Tune—Duke Street. L. M.

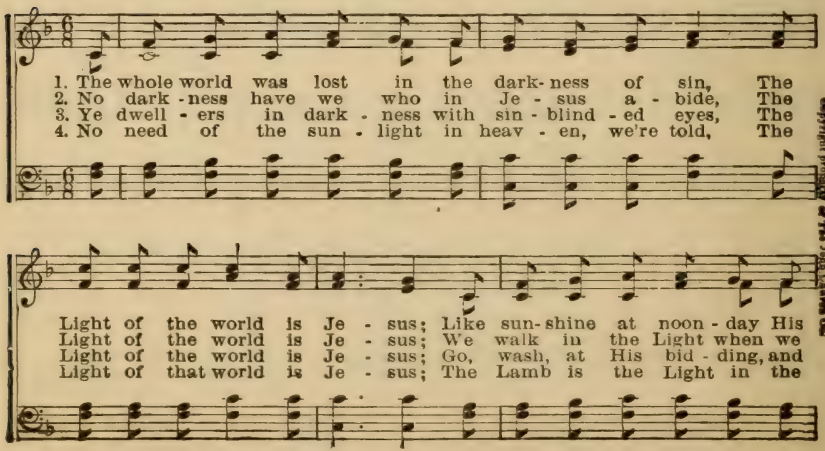
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

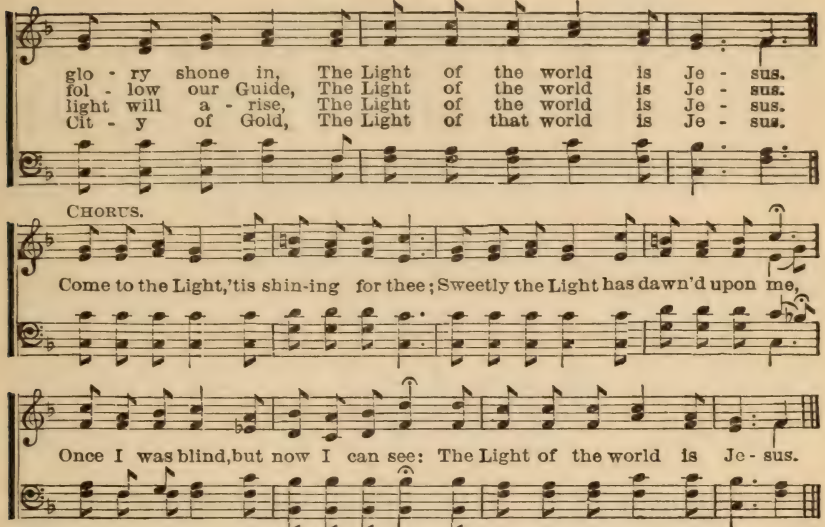
3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 626. The Light of the World is Jesus.

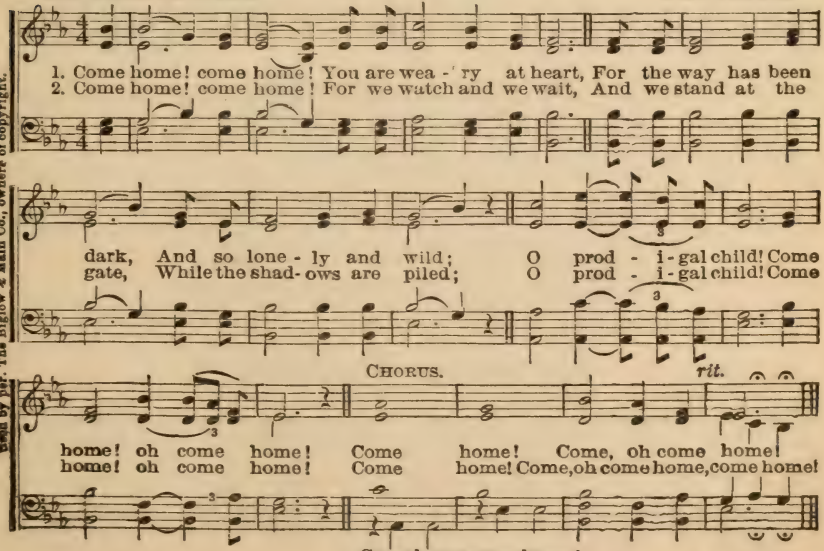
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark- ness of sin, The
2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness with sin - blind - ed eyes, The
4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The
Light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun- shine at noon - day His
Light of the world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we
Light of the world is Je - sus; Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and
Light of that world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the Light in the

The Light of the World.—Concluded.


glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Come to the Light,'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,
Once I was blind,but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 627. The Prodigal Child.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE.


1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
dark, And so lone - ly and wild; O prod - i-gal child! Come
gate, While the shad- ows are piled; O prod - i-gal child! Come
CHORUS.
rit.
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
home! oh come home! Come home! Come,oh come home,come home!
Come home,come home!

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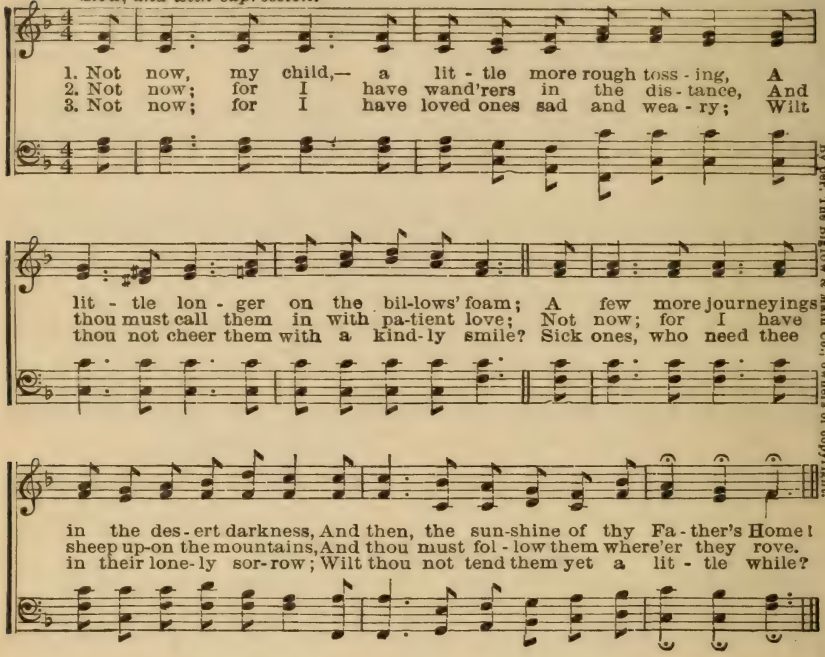
3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

No. 628. Not Now, My Child.

MRS. PENNEFATHER. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, and with expression.


1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
lit - tle lon - ger on the bil-lows' foam; A few more journeyings
2. Not now; for I have wand'rers in the dis - tance, And
thou must call them in with pa-tient love; Not now; for I have
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wea - ry; Wilt
thou not cheer them with a kind-ly smile? Sick ones, who need thee
in the des - ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa - ther's Home!
sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must fol - low them where'er they rove.
in their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?

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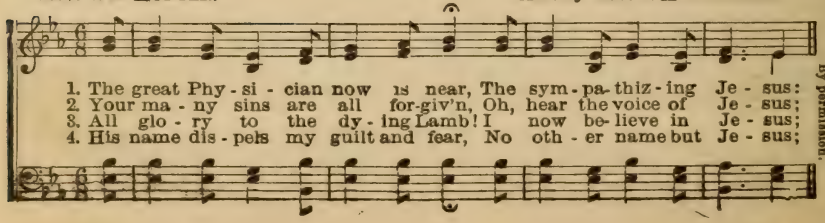
4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

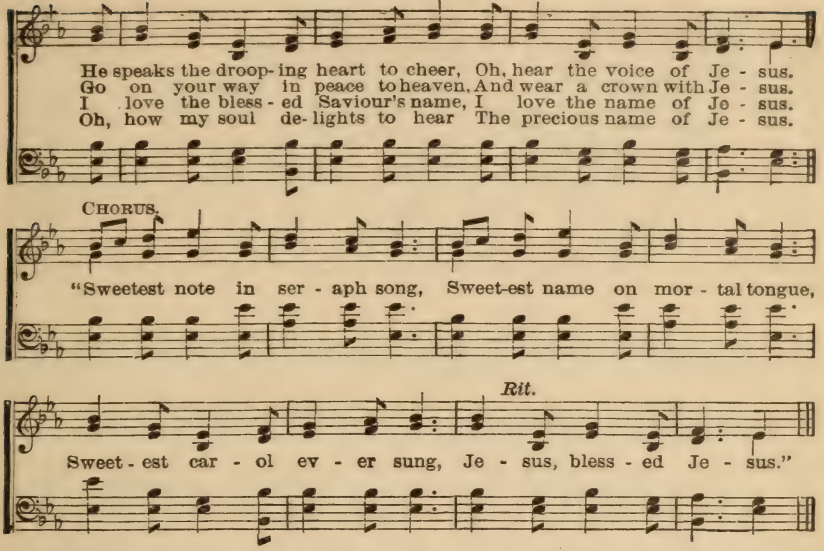
No. 629. The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus:
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

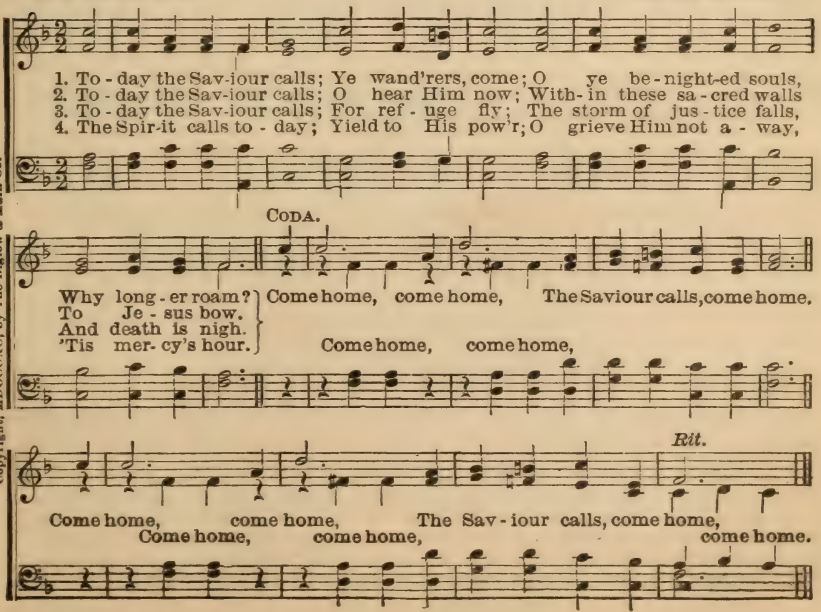
By permission.

The Great Physician.—Concluded.


He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,
Rit.
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 630. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. LOWELL MASON.


1. To - day the Sav-iour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls,
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls; O hear Him now; With-in these sa-cred walls
3. To - day the Sav-iour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus-tice falls,
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way,
CODA.
Why long-er roam? To Je - sus bow. And death is nigh. 'Tis mer-cy's hour.
Come home, come home, The Saviour calls, come home.
Come home, come home,
Rit.
Come home, come home, The Sav - iour calls, come home,
Come home, come home, come home.

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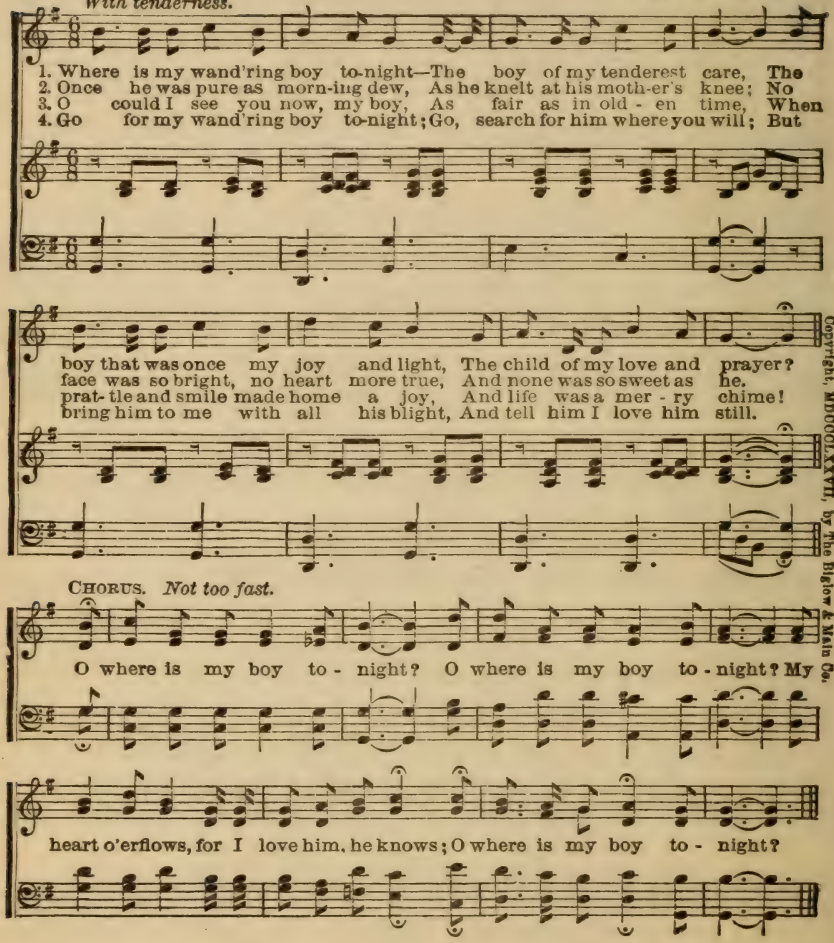
No. 631. Where is my Boy to-night?

R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY.

With tenderness.


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat- tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*
O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

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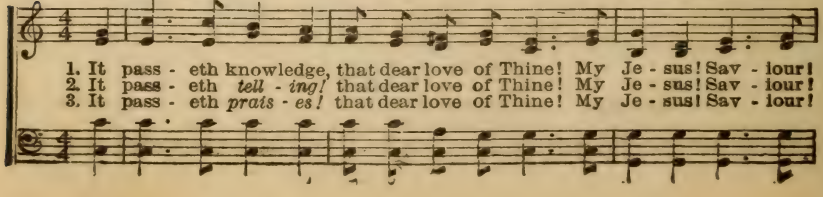
No. 632. It Passeth Knowledge.

MARY SHEKLETON. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. It pass - eth knowledge, that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
2. It pass - eth *tell - ing!* that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
3. It pass - eth *prais - es!* that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!

It Passeth Knowledge.—Concluded.

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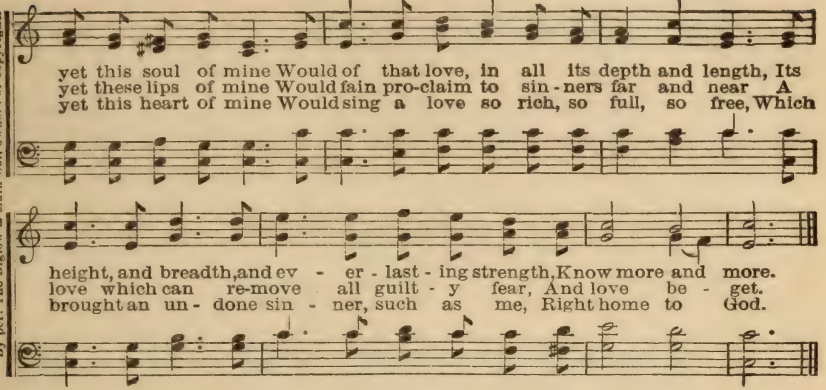

yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length, Its
yet these lips of mine Would fain pro-claim to sin-ners far and near A
yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free, Which
height, and breadth, and ev - er - last - ing strength, Know more and more.
love which can re-move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
brought an un - done sin - ner, such as me, Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

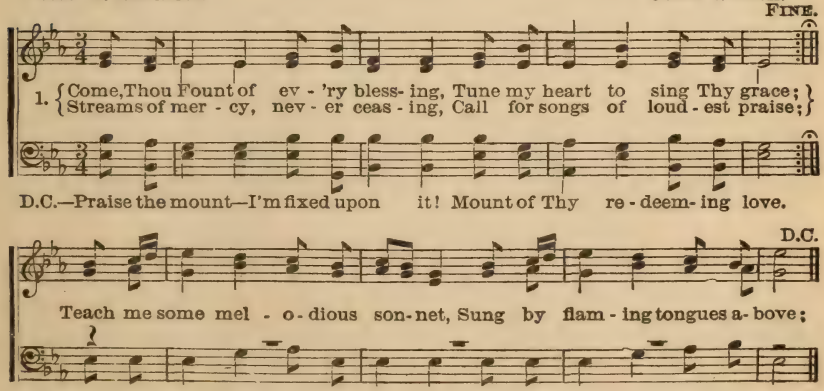
5 I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me.*"

6 Oh, *fill* me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 633. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.


FINE.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
D.C.
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

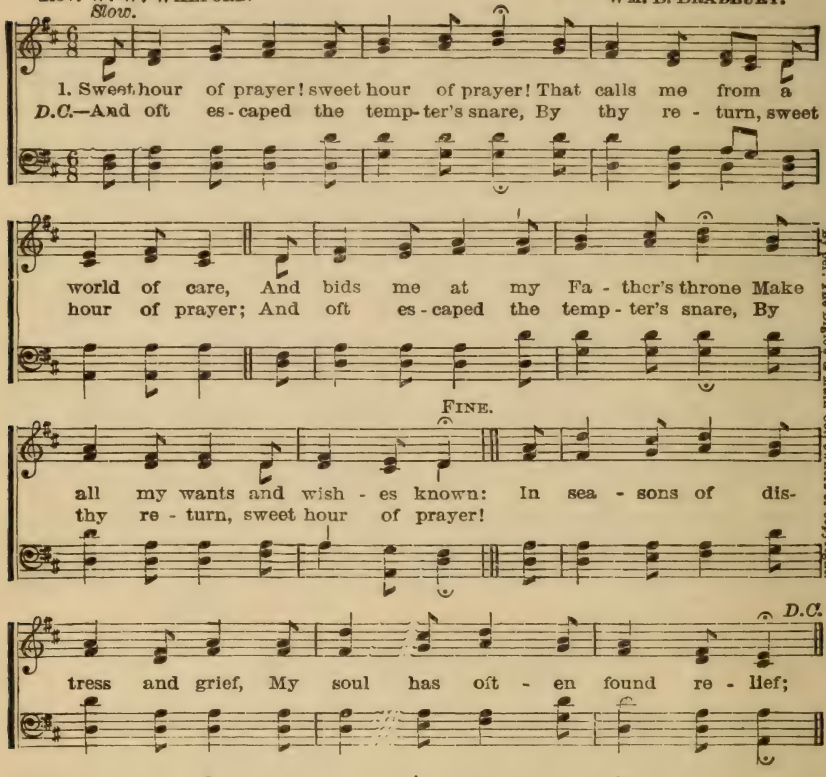
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 634. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D.C.—And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make
hour of prayer; And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By
FINE.
all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-
thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
D.C.
tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;

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2.

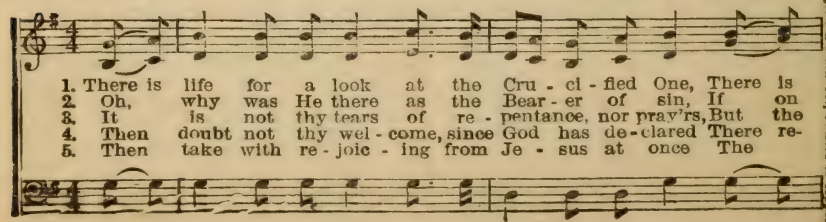
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 635. There is Life for a Look.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.


1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear-er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re-pentance, nor pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel-come, since God has de-clared There re-
5. Then take with re-joic-ing from Je-sus at once The

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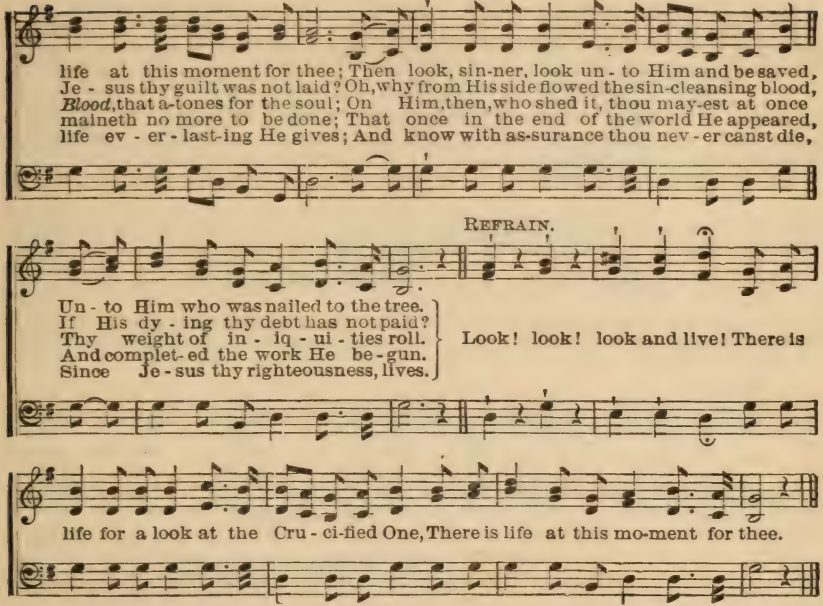
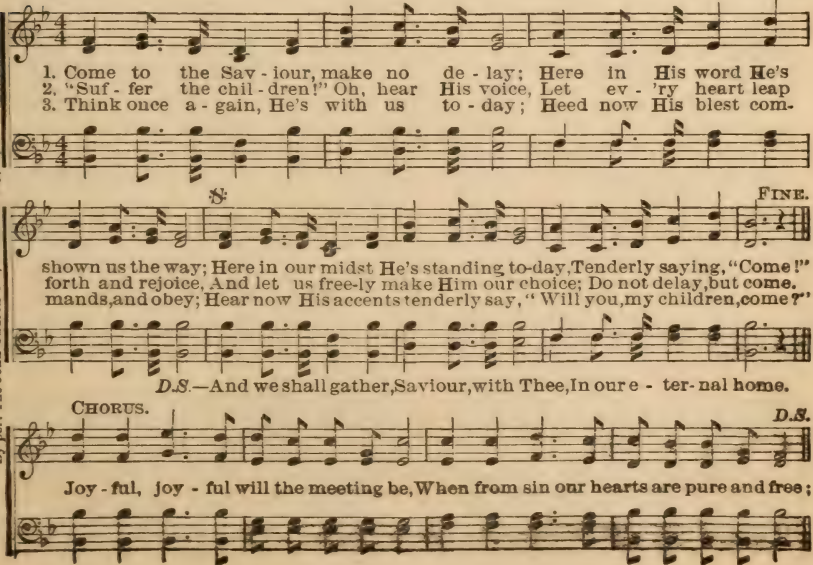
There is Life for a Look.—Concluded.


life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be saved,
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
Blood, that a-tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou may-est at once
maineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,
life ev - er - last-ing He gives; And know with as-surance thou nev - er canst die,
REFRAIN.
Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.
And complet-ed the work He be - gun.
Since Je - sus thy righteousness, lives.
Look! look! look and live! There is
life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One, There is life at this mo-ment for thee.

No. 636. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's
2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap
3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com-
S.
FINE.
shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"
forth and rejoice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come.
mands, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"
D.S.—And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter-nal home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

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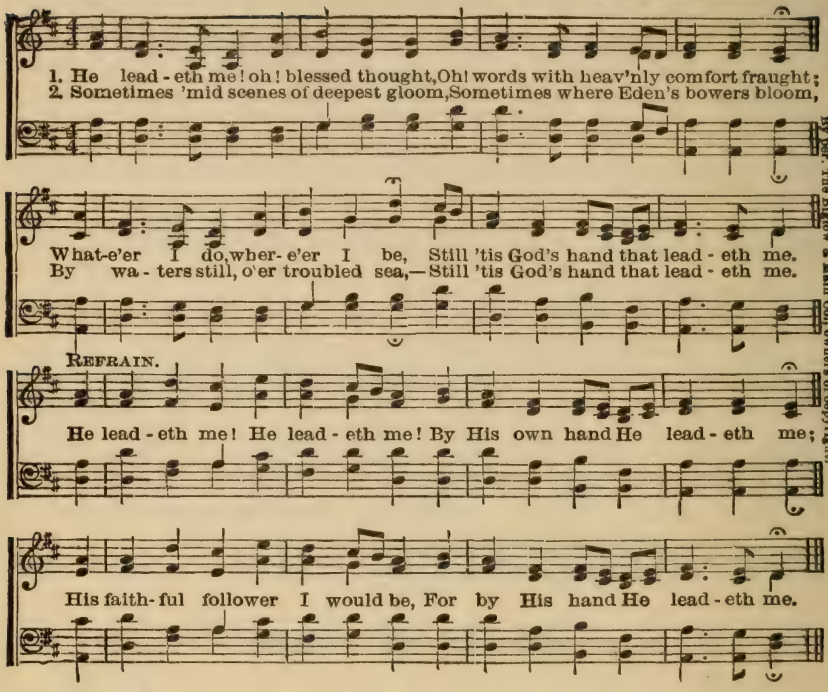
No. 637. He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
What-e'er I do, wher- e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,— Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Refrain.
He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith- ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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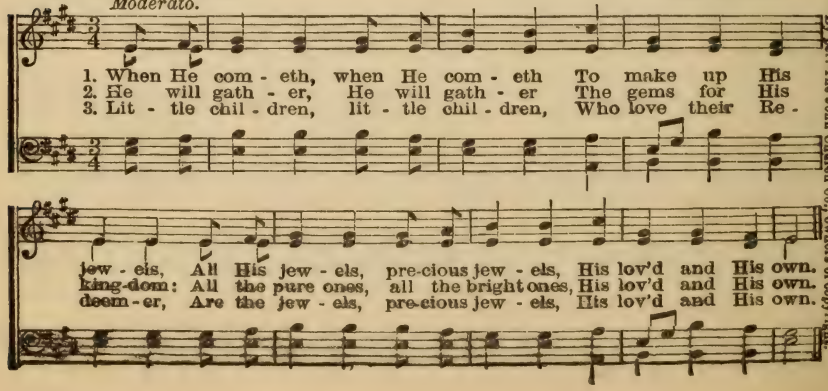
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 638. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re -
jew - els, All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
king-dom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
deem - er, Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

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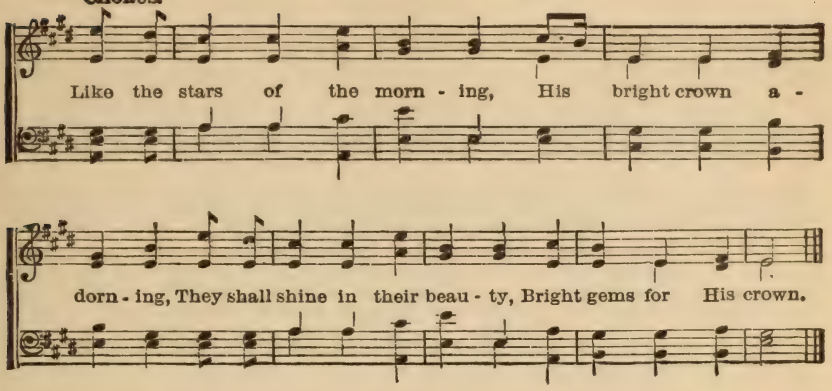
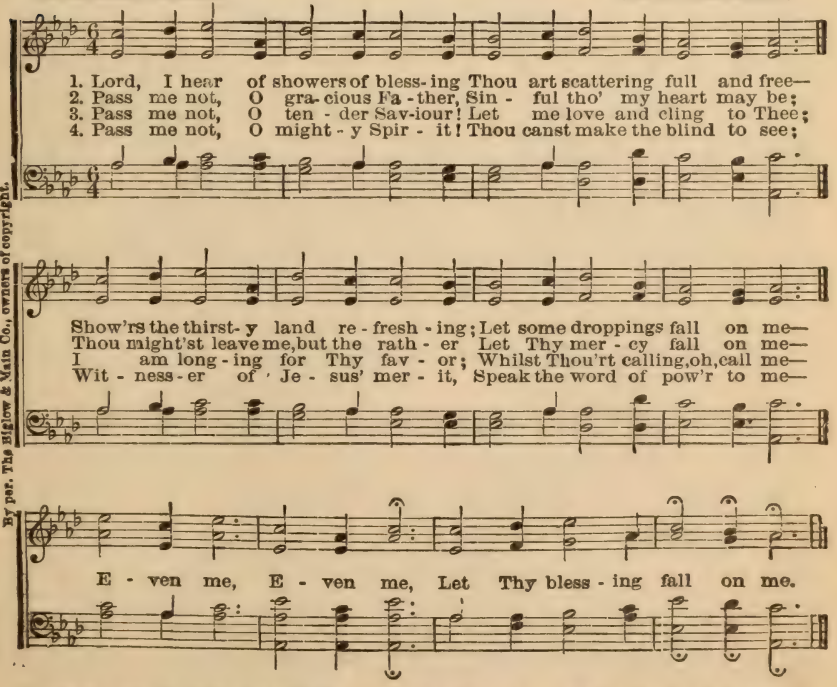
Jewels.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 639. Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long - ing for Thy fav - or; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

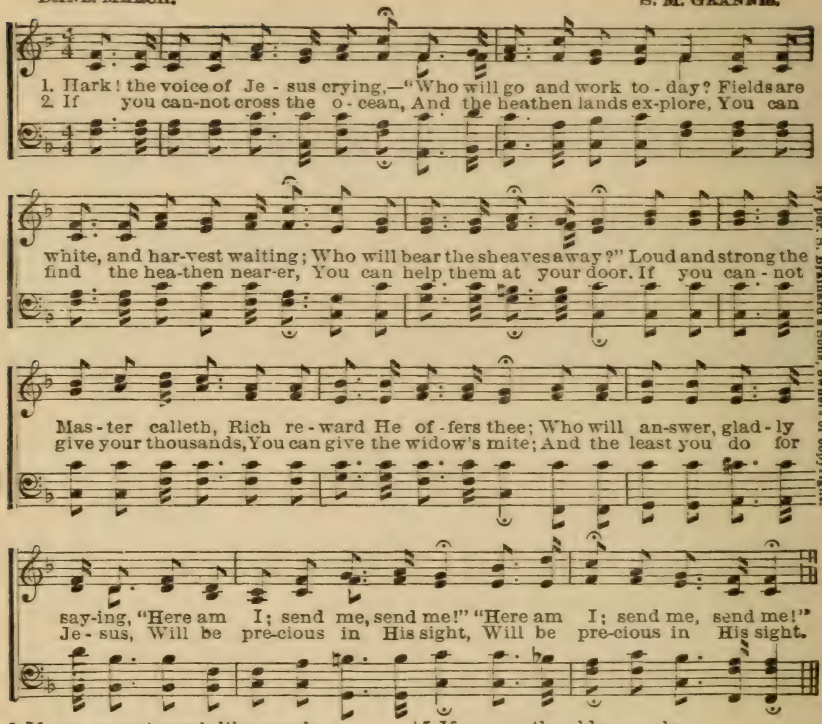
By per. The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me—

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

No. 640. Here am I; Send Me.

DANL. MARCH. S. M. GRANNIS.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus crying,—"Who will go and work to - day? Fields are
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore, You can
white, and har-vest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?" Loud and strong the
find the hea-then near-er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not
Mas-ter calleth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee; Who will an-swer, glad-ly
give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for
say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Je - sus, Will be pre-cious in His sight, Will be pre-cious in His sight.

By per. S. Brainard's Sons, owners of copyright.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

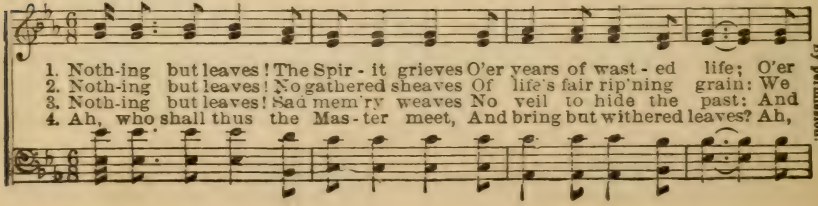
4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;—
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

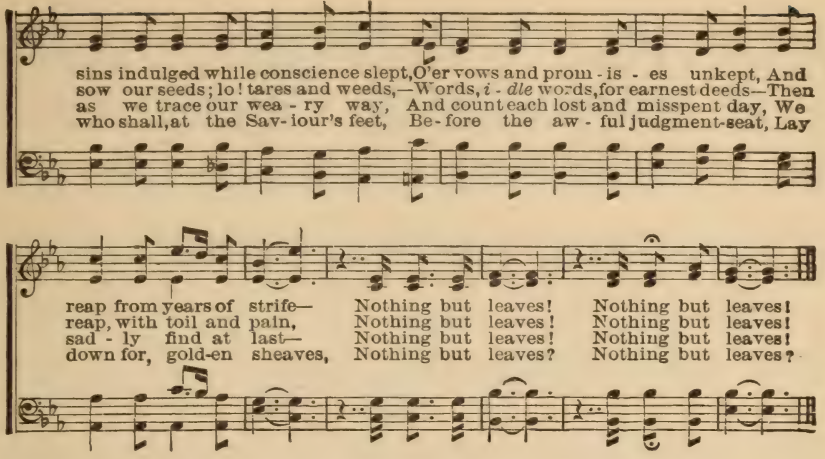
No. 641. Nothing but Leaves.

L. E. AKERMAN, alt. SILAS J. VAIL.


1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life; O'er
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip'ning grain: We
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

By permission.

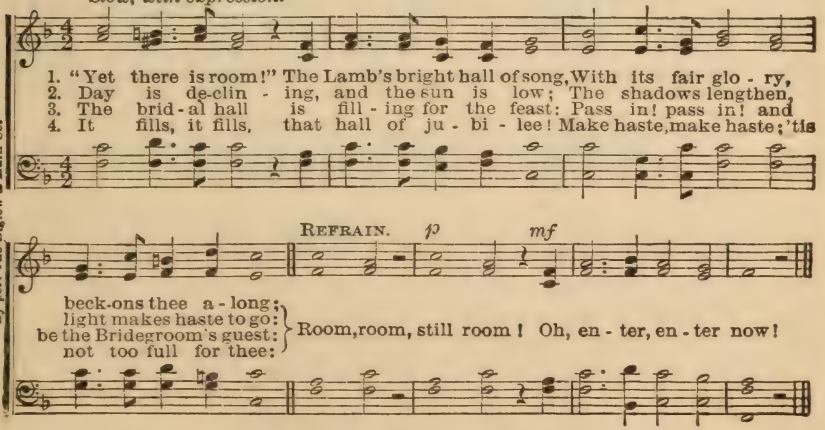
Nothing but Leaves.—Concluded.


sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es unkept, And
sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, i - dle words, for earnest deeds—Then
as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We
who shall, at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judgment-seat, Lay
reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
down for, gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves? Nothing but leaves?

No. 642. Yet There is Room.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, with expression.


1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de-clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows lengthen,
3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis
REFRAIN. p mf
beck-ons thee a - long;
light makes haste to go:
be the Bridegroom's guest:
not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

By per. The Biglow & Main Co.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

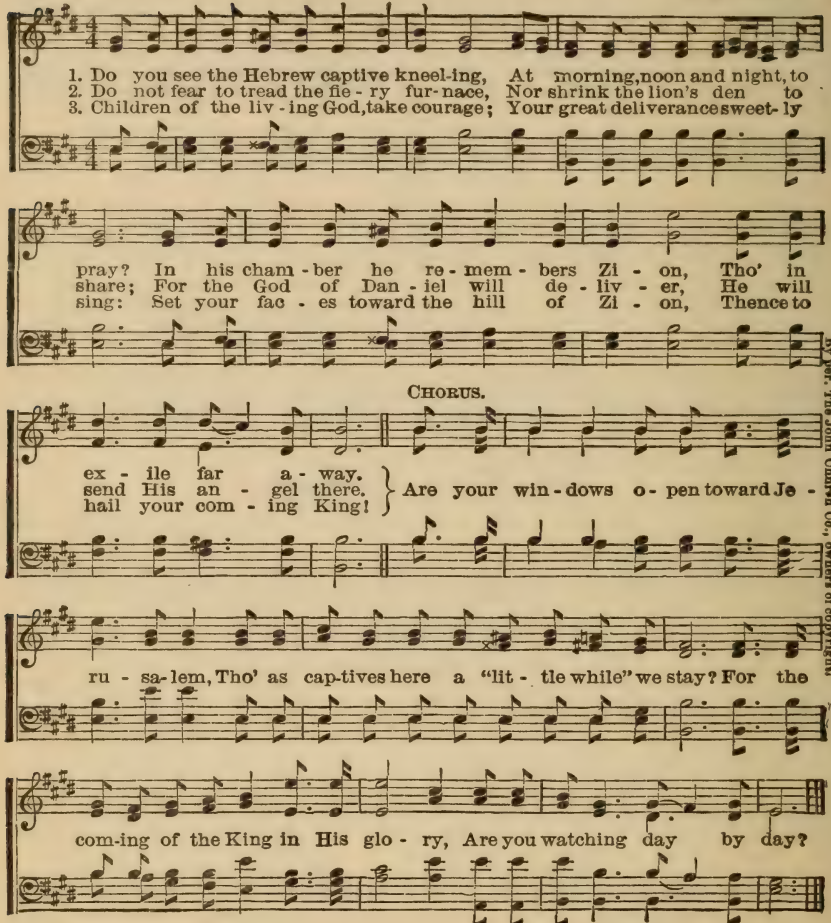
6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 643. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneel-ing, At morning, noon and night, to
2. Do not fear to tread the fie - ry fur-nace, Nor shrink the lion's den to
3. Children of the liv - ing God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweet- ly
pray? In his cham - ber he re - mem - bers Zi - on, Tho' in
share; For the God of Dan - iel will de - liv - er, He will
sing: Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to
Chorus.
ex - ile far a - way.
send His an - gel there.
hail your com - ing King!
Are your win - dows o - pen toward Je -
ru - sa-lem, Tho' as cap-tives here a "lit - tle while" we stay? For the
com-ing of the King in His glo - ry, Are you watching day by day?

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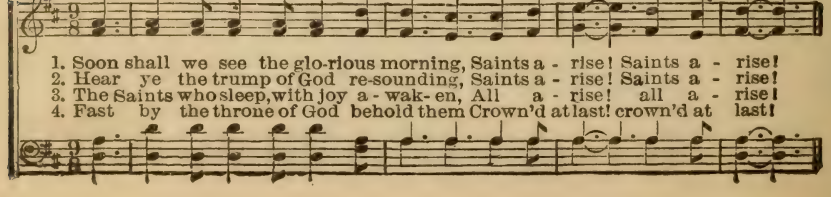
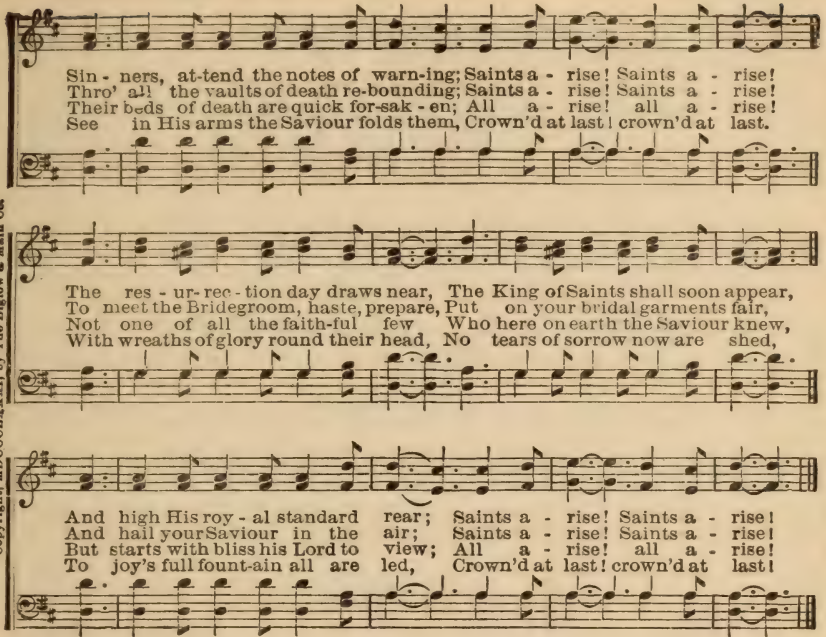
No. 644. The Glorious Morning.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Soon shall we see the glo-rious morning, Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sounding, Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
3. The Saints who sleep, with joy a - wak- en, All a - rise! all a - rise!
4. Fast by the throne of God behold them Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

The Glorious Morning.—Concluded.


Sin - ners, at-tend the notes of warn-ing; Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
Thro' all the vaults of death re-bounding; Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
Their beds of death are quick for-sak - en; All a - rise! all a - rise!
See in His arms the Saviour folds them, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last.
The res - ur-rec - tion day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon appear,
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bridal garments fair,
Not one of all the faith-ful few Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
With wreaths of glory round their head, No tears of sorrow now are shed,
And high His roy - al standard rear; Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
And hail your Saviour in the air; Saints a - rise! Saints a - rise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view; All a - rise! all a - rise!
To joy's full fount-ain all are led, Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

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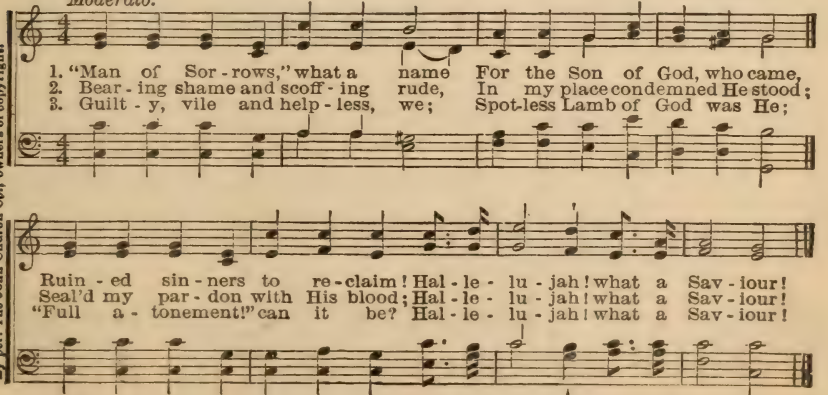
No. 645. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. *Moderato.* P. P. BLISS.


1. "Man of Sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
Ruin - ed sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Seal'd my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tonement!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

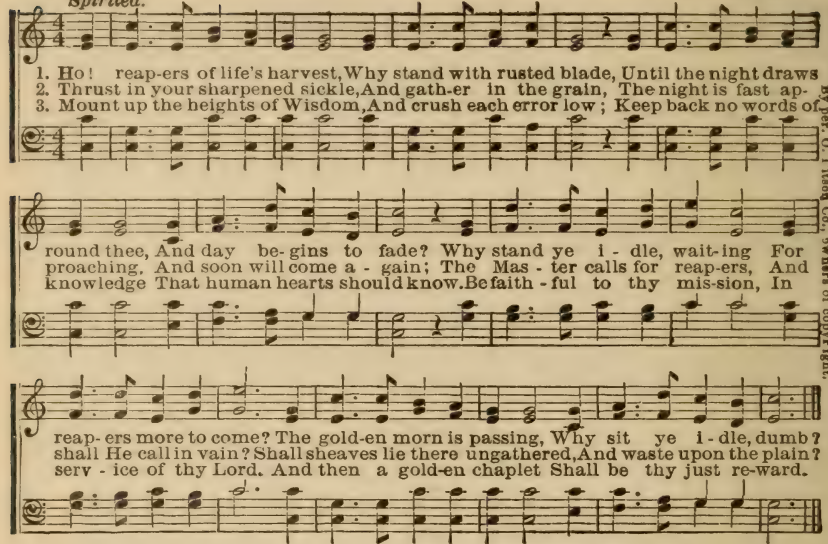
5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 646. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W.

Spirited.

I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Ho! reap-ers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws
round thee, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For
reap-ers more to come? The gold-en morn is passing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath-er in the grain, The night is fast ap-
proaching, And soon will come a-gain; The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of
knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In
serv-ice of thy Lord. And then a gold-en chaplet Shall be thy just re-ward.

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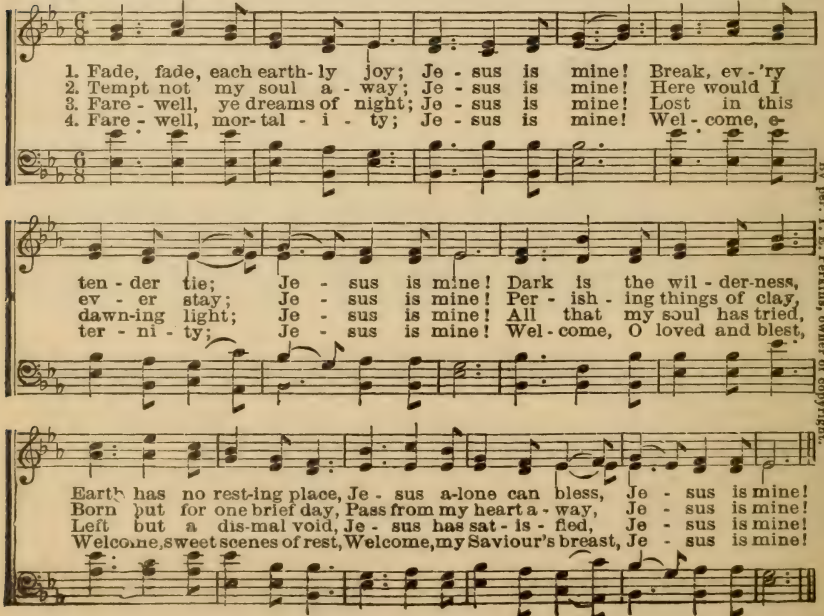
No. 647. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs C. J. BONAR.

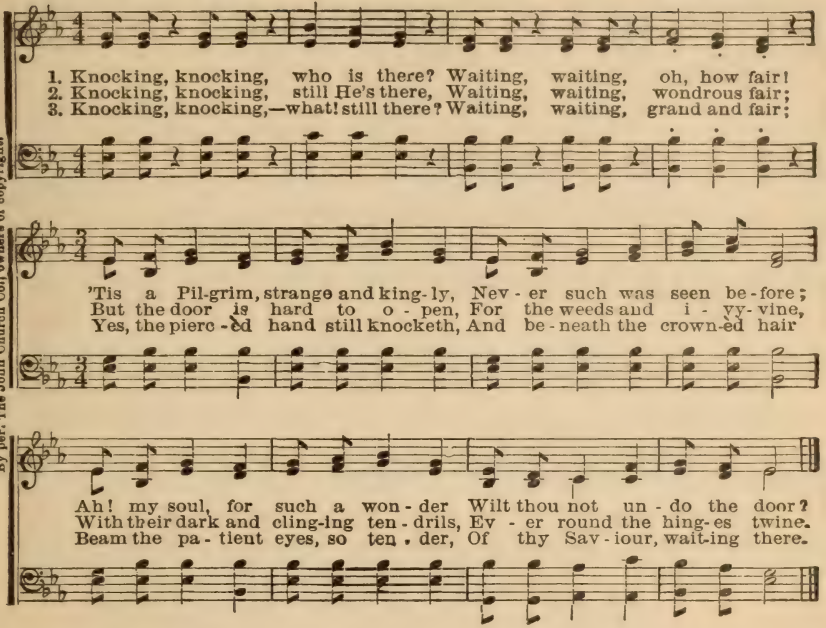
T. E. PERKINS.


1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty; Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-
ten-der tie; Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
ev-er stay; Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light; Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter-ni-ty; Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

By per. T. E. Perkins, owner of copyright.

No. 648. Knocking, Knocking.

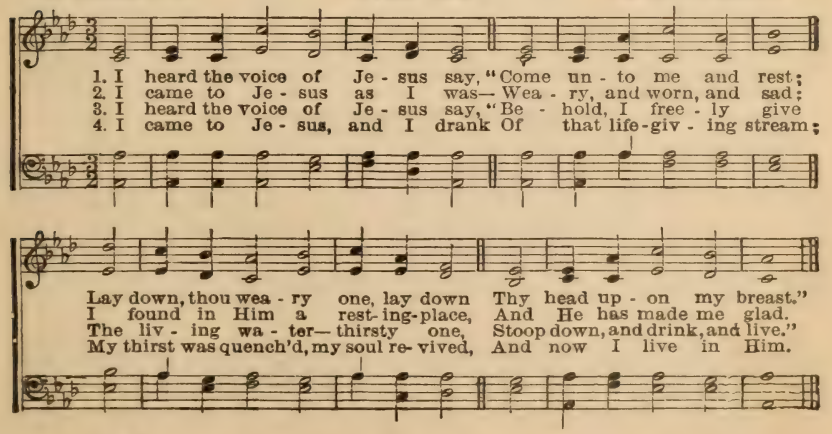
Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.


1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking,—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knocketh, And be-neath the crown-ed hair
Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour, wait-ing there.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

No. 649. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar, D.D. (EVAN. C.M.) Wm. H. Havergal.

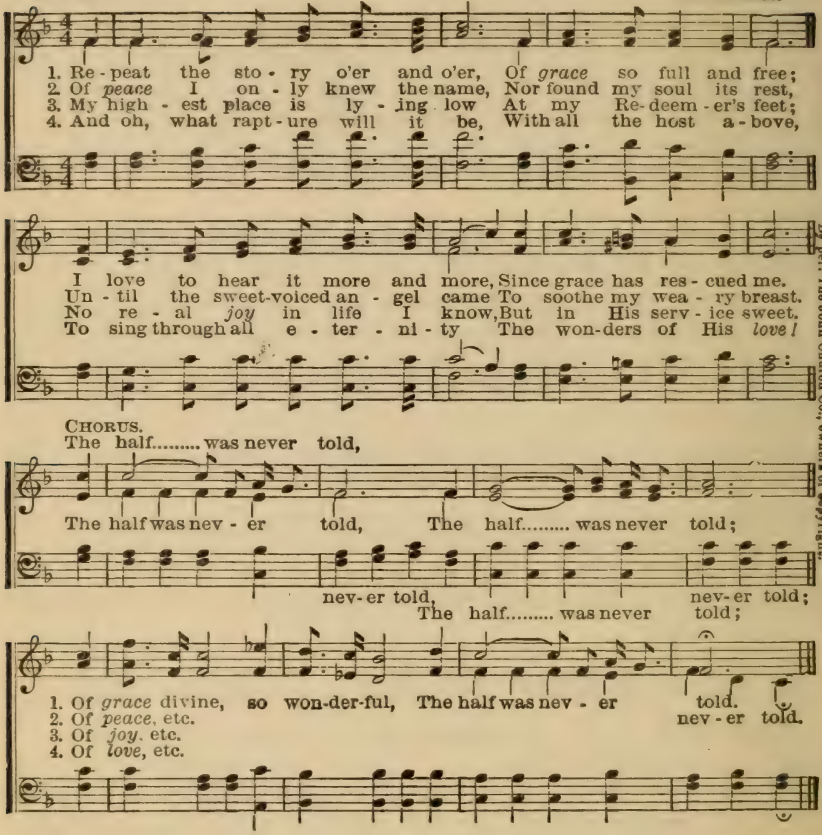

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I came to Je-sus as I was—Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
4. I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
The liv-ing wa-ter—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

No. 650. The Half was Never Told.

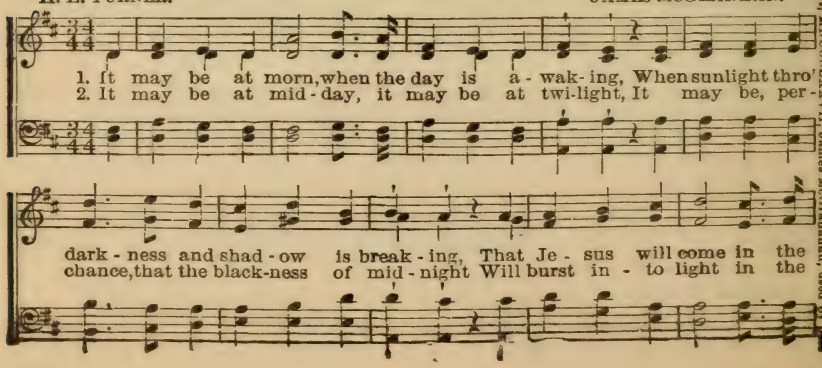
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem - er's feet;
4. And oh, what rapt - ure will it be, With all the host a - bove,
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al joy in life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet.
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won-ders of His love!
CHORUS.
The half..... was never told,
The half was nev - er told, The half..... was never told;
nev-er told, nev-er told;
The half..... was never told;
1. Of grace divine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev - er told.
2. Of peace, etc. nev - er told.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

No. 651. Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per -
dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the

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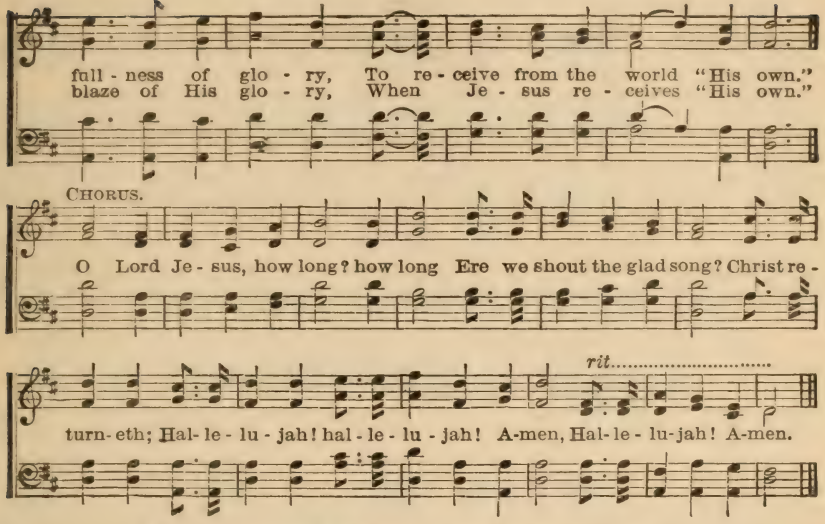
Christ Returneth.—Concluded.

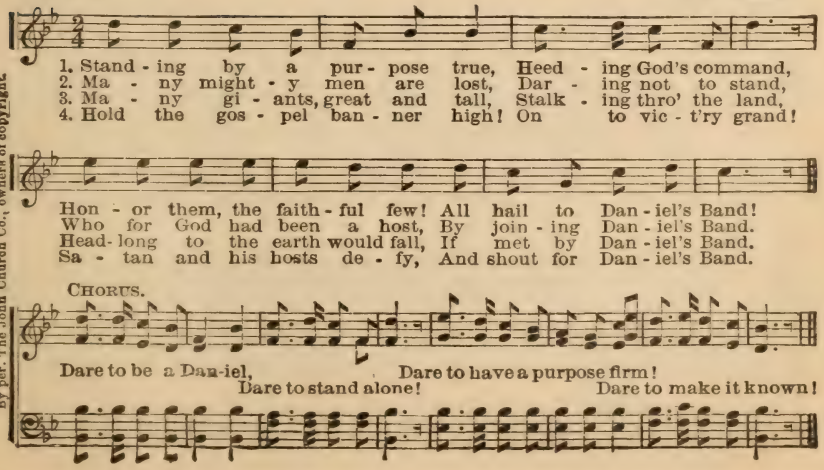

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re -
rit.....
turn- eth; Hal- le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

No. 652. Dare to be a Daniel.

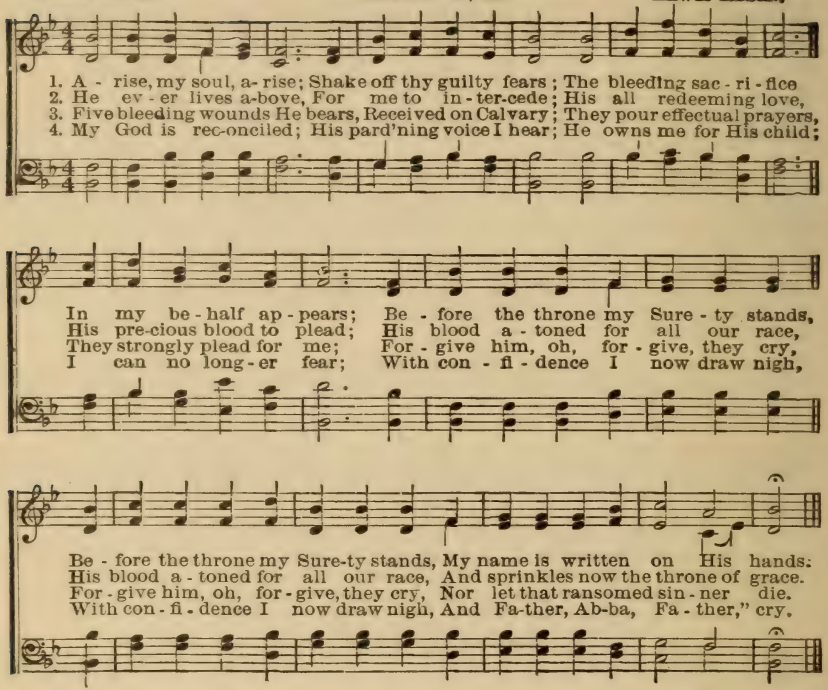
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's command,
2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!
Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band.
Head- long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band.
Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band.
CHORUS.
Dare to be a Dan-iel, Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to stand alone! Dare to make it known!

By per. The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

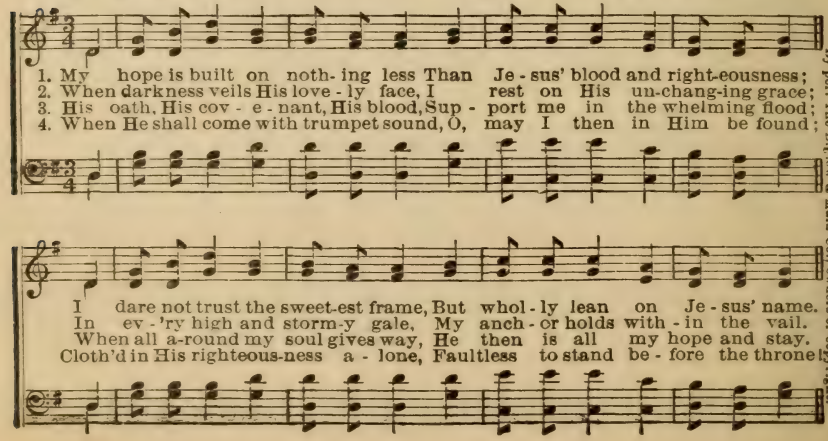
No. 653. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CH. WESLEY. (LENOX. 6s, 8s.) LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, my soul, a- rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac - ri - fice
In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all redeeming love,
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry,
4. My God is rec-onciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,
Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is written on His hands:
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 654. The Solid Rock.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on noth- ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eousness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My anch - or holds with - in the vail.
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood;
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in Him be found;
Cloth'd in His righteous-ness a - lone, Faultless to stand be - fore the throne!

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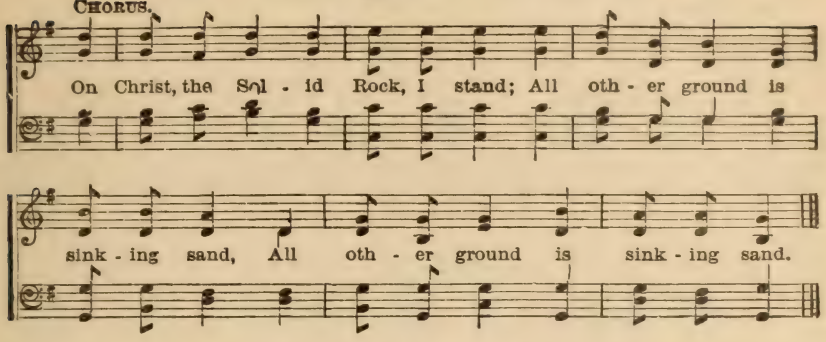
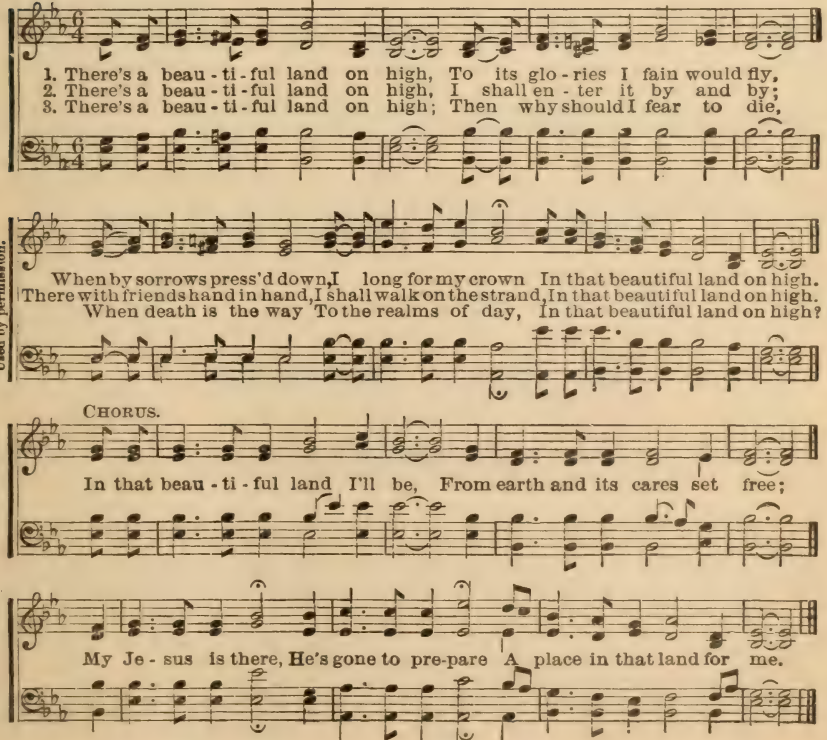
The Solid Rock.—Concluded.



No. 655. The Beautiful Land on High.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. U. BUTCHER.


1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and by;
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high; Then why should I fear to die,
When by sorrows press'd down, I long for my crown In that beautiful land on high.
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.
When death is the way To the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high?
CHORUS.
In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free;
My Je - sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.

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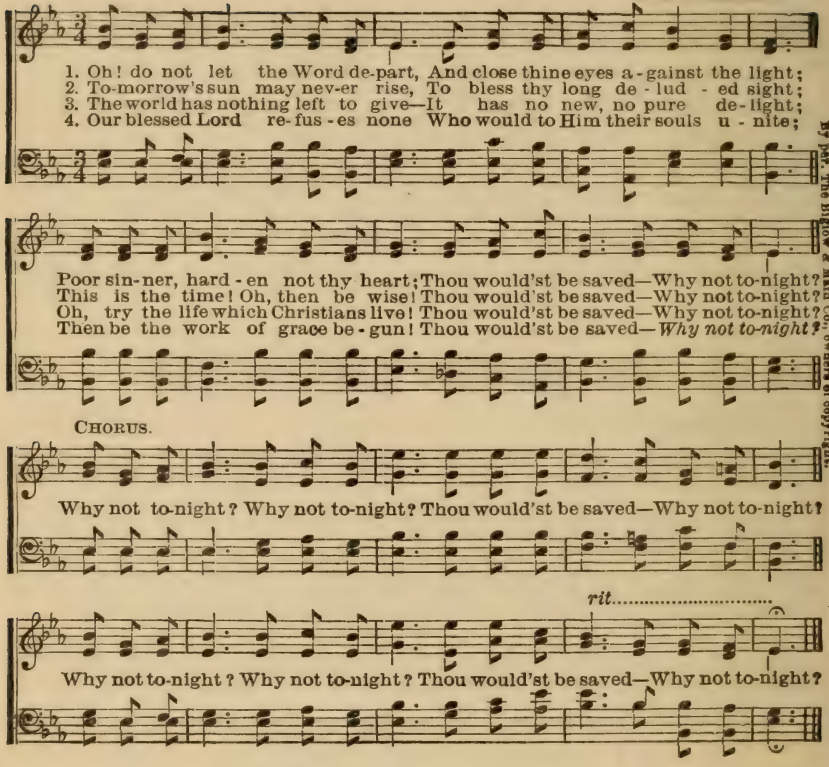
4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see how they're
waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their
chorus will ring,
In that beautiful land on high.

No. 656. Why not To-night?

ELIZA REED. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*
CHORUS.
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
rit.
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

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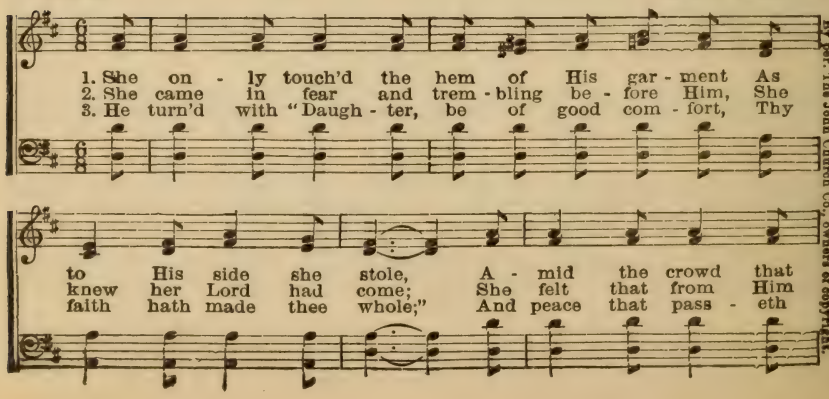
No. 657. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. She on-ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be-fore Him, She
3. He turn'd with "Daugh-ter, be of good com-fort, Thy
to His side she stole, A-mid the crowd that
knew her Lord had come; She felt that from Him
faith hath made thee whole;" And peace that pass-eth

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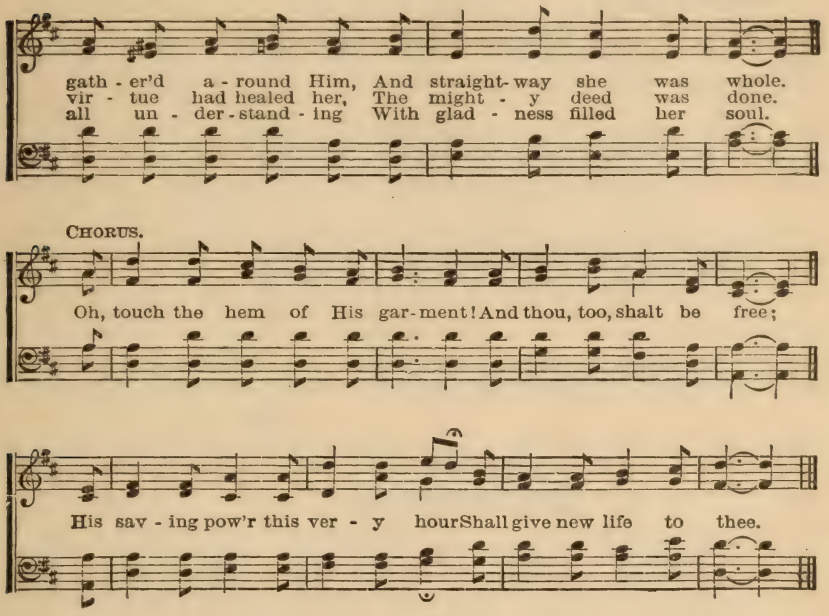
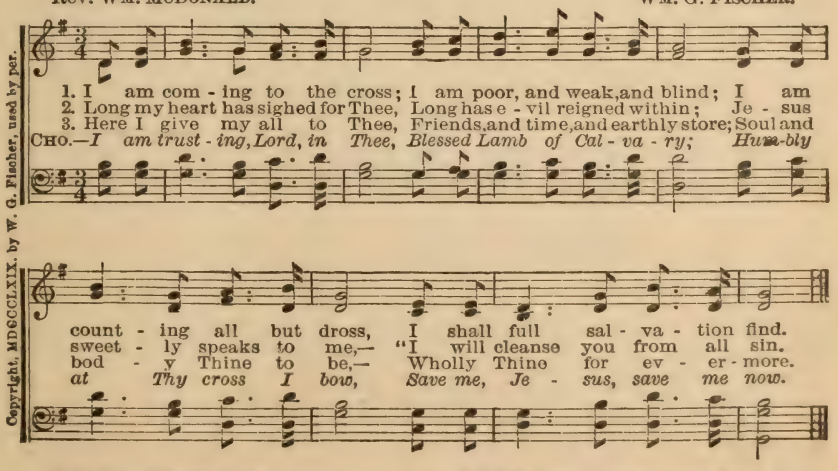
The Hem of His Garment.—Concluded.


gath - er'd a - round Him, And straight-way she was whole.
vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
all un - der-stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.
CHORUS.
Oh, touch the hem of His gar-ment! And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 658. I am Coming to the Cross.


Rev. WM. McDONALD.
WM. G. FISCHER.
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je - sus
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum-bly
count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin.
bod - y Thine to be,— Wholly Thine for ev - er - more.
at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

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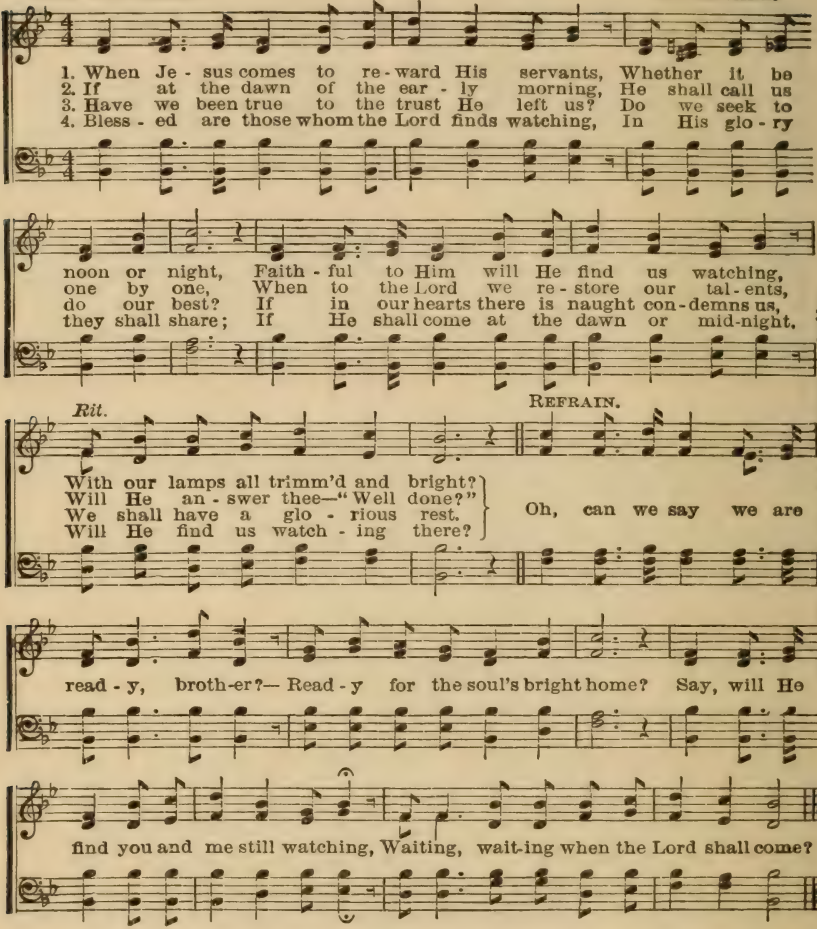
4 In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 659. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night.
Rit.
REFRAIN.
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an - swer thee—"Well done?"
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
Oh, can we say we are
read - y, broth-er?— Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He
find you and me still watching, Waiting, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

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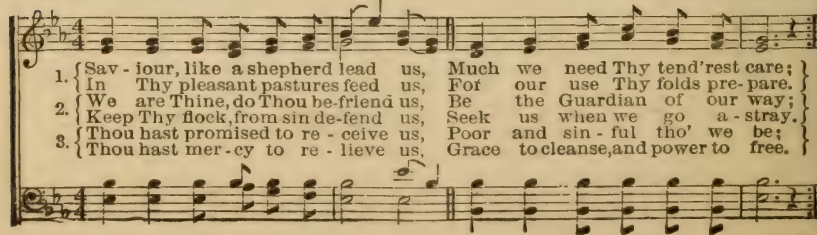
No. 660. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

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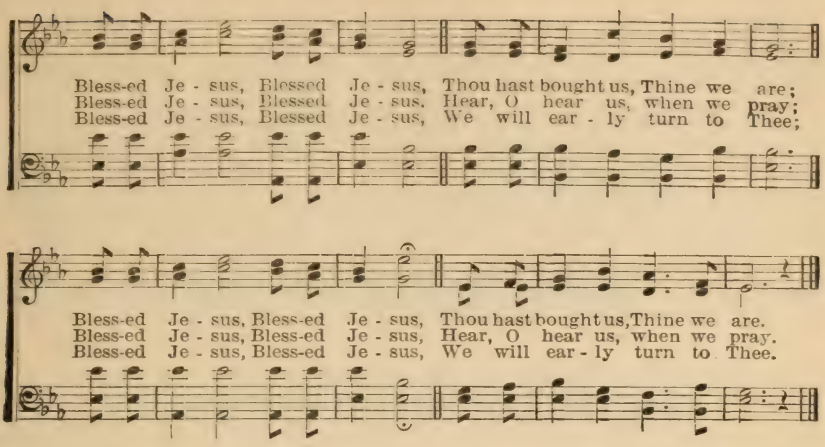
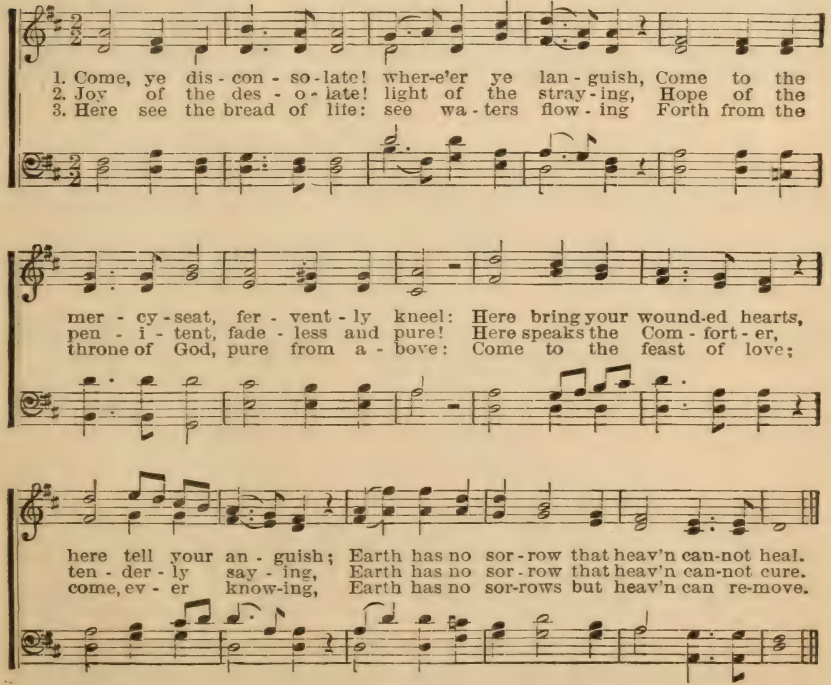
Saviour, Like a Shepherd.—Concluded.


Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

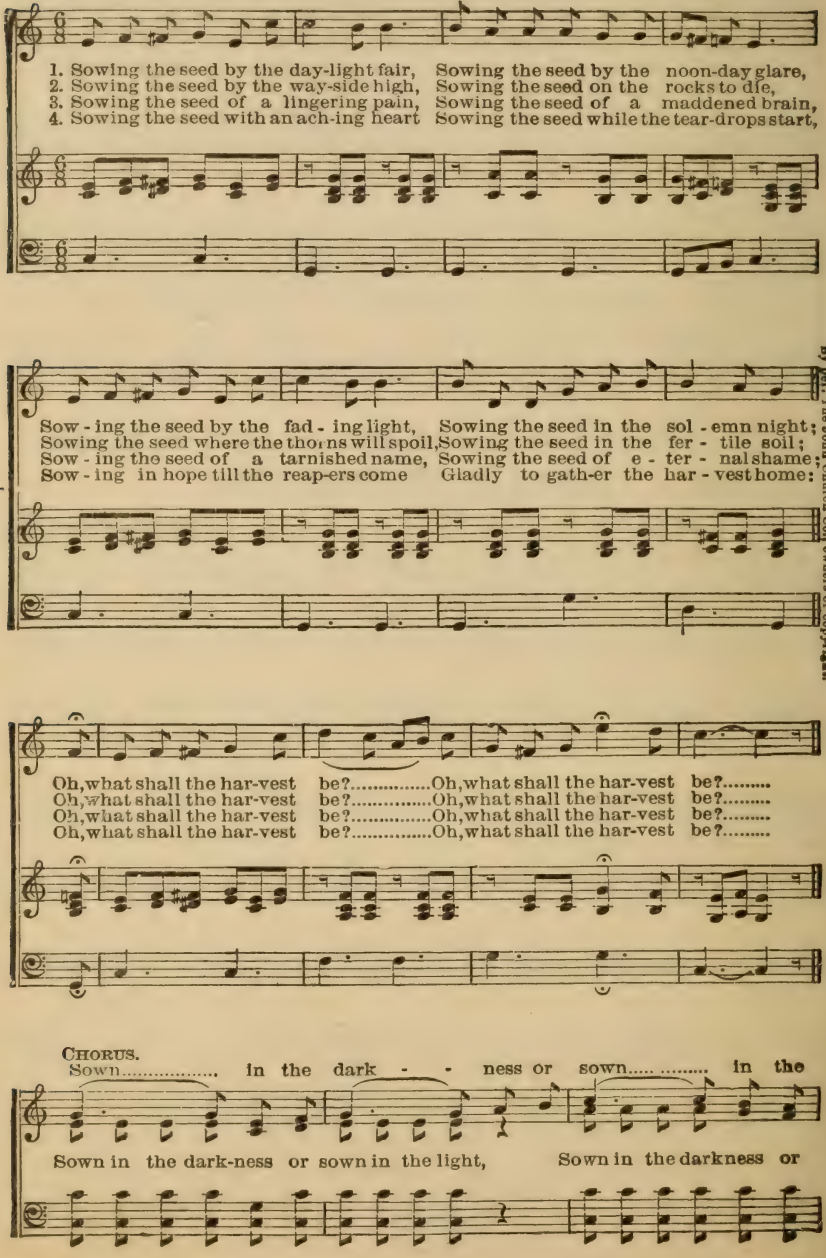
No. 661. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can-not cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move.

No. 662. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Miss EMILY S. OAKEY. P. P. BLISS.


1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sowing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow - ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow - ing in hope till the reap-ers come Gladly to gath-er the har - vest home:
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....
CHORUS.
Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

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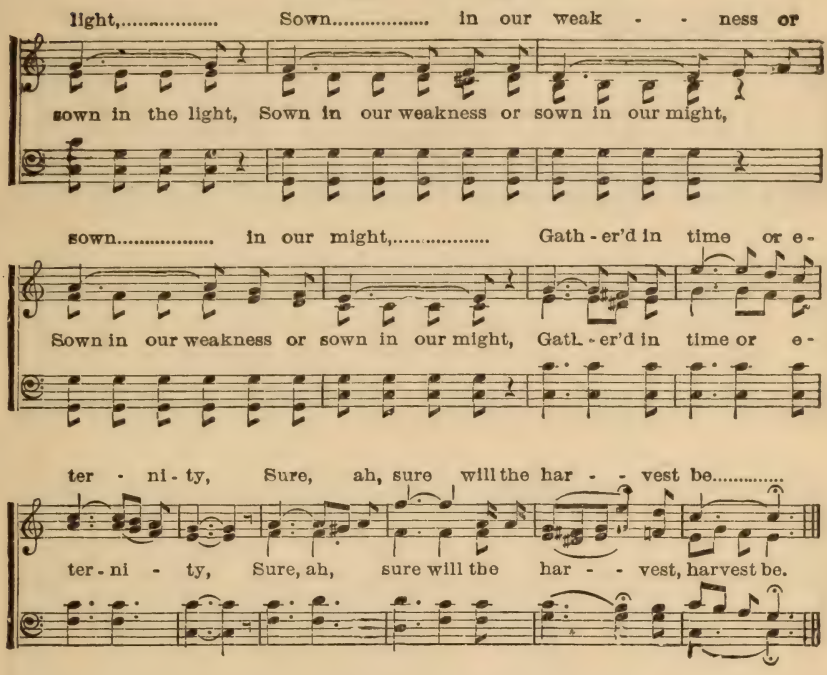
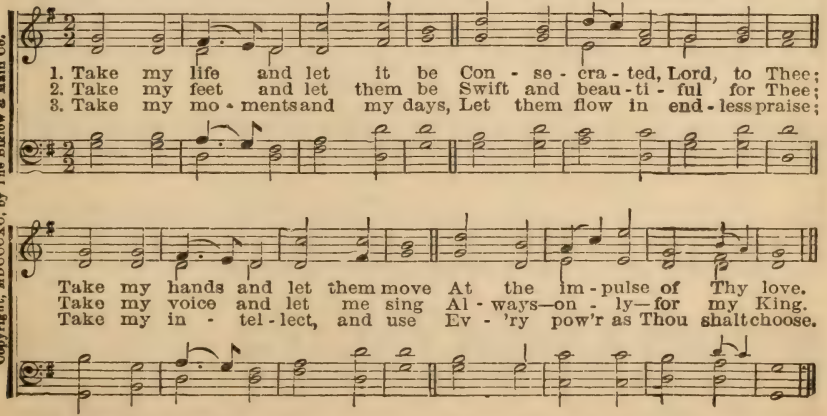
What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.


light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
sown..... in our might,..... Gath - er'd in time or e -
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - er'd in time or e -
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be.....
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be.

No. 663. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways—on - ly—for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

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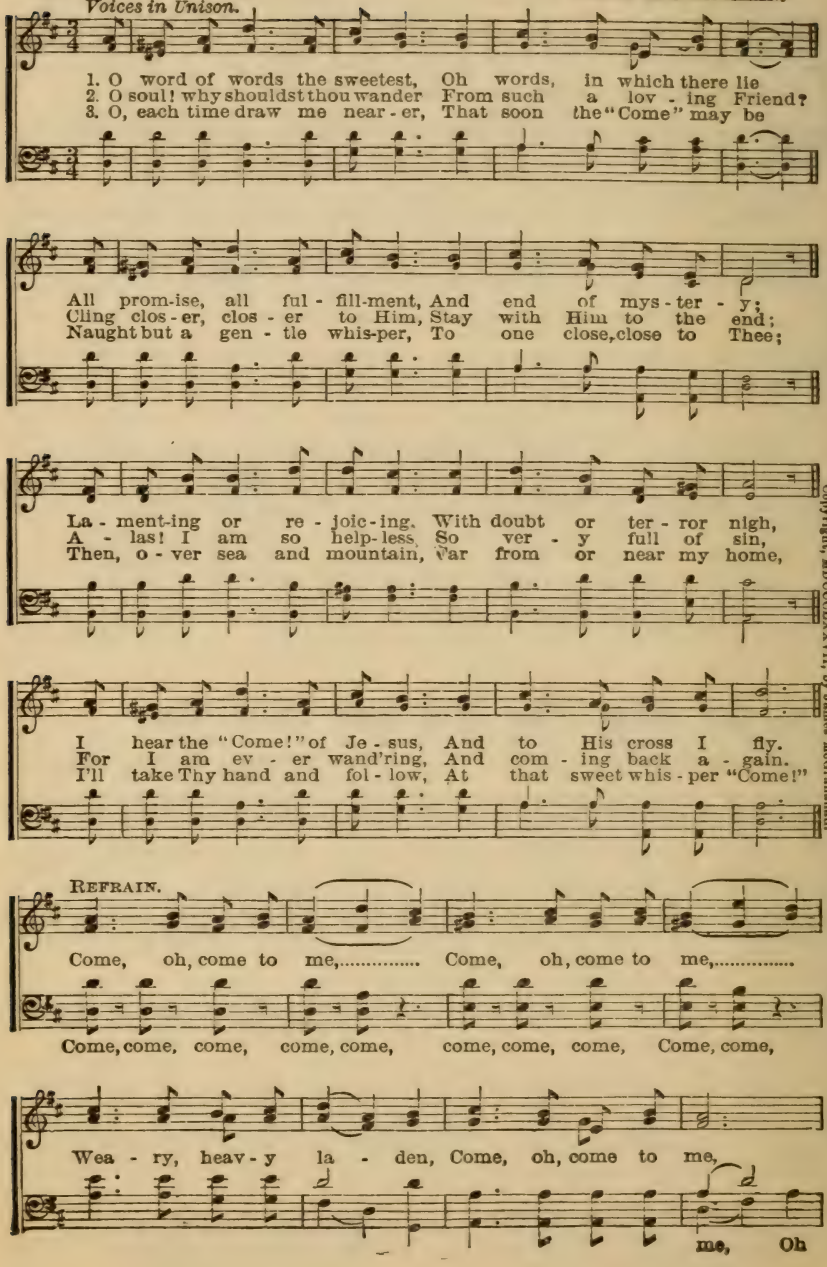
4 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 664. "Come."

Mrs. JAS. G. JOHNSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Voices in Unison.

1. O word of words the sweetest, Oh words, in which there lie
2. O soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. O, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be
All prom-ise, all ful - fill-ment, And end of mys - ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to Him, Stay with Him to the end;
Naught but a gen - tle whis-per, To one close, close to Thee;
La - ment-ing or re - joic-ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help-less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from or near my home,
I hear the "Come!" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whis - per "Come!"
REFRAIN.
Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,
Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me,
me, Oh

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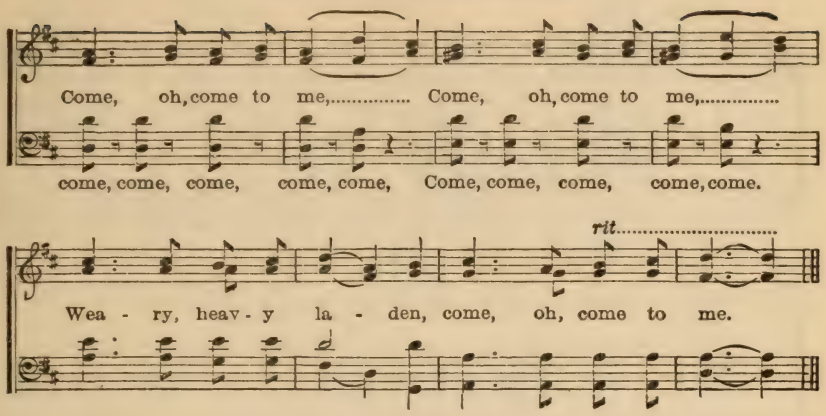
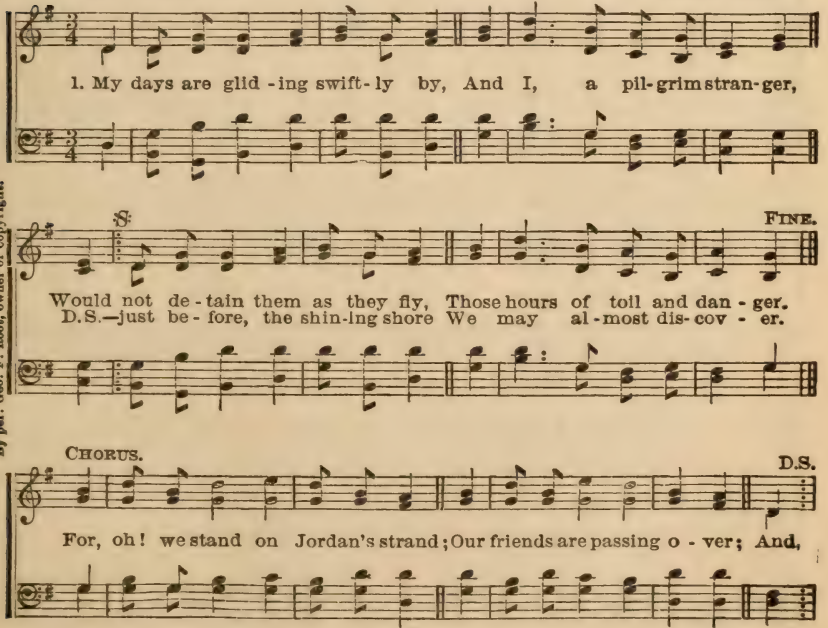
"Come."—Concluded.


Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....
come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come.
rit.....
Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come, oh, come to me.

No. 665. The Shining Shore.

Rev. DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.

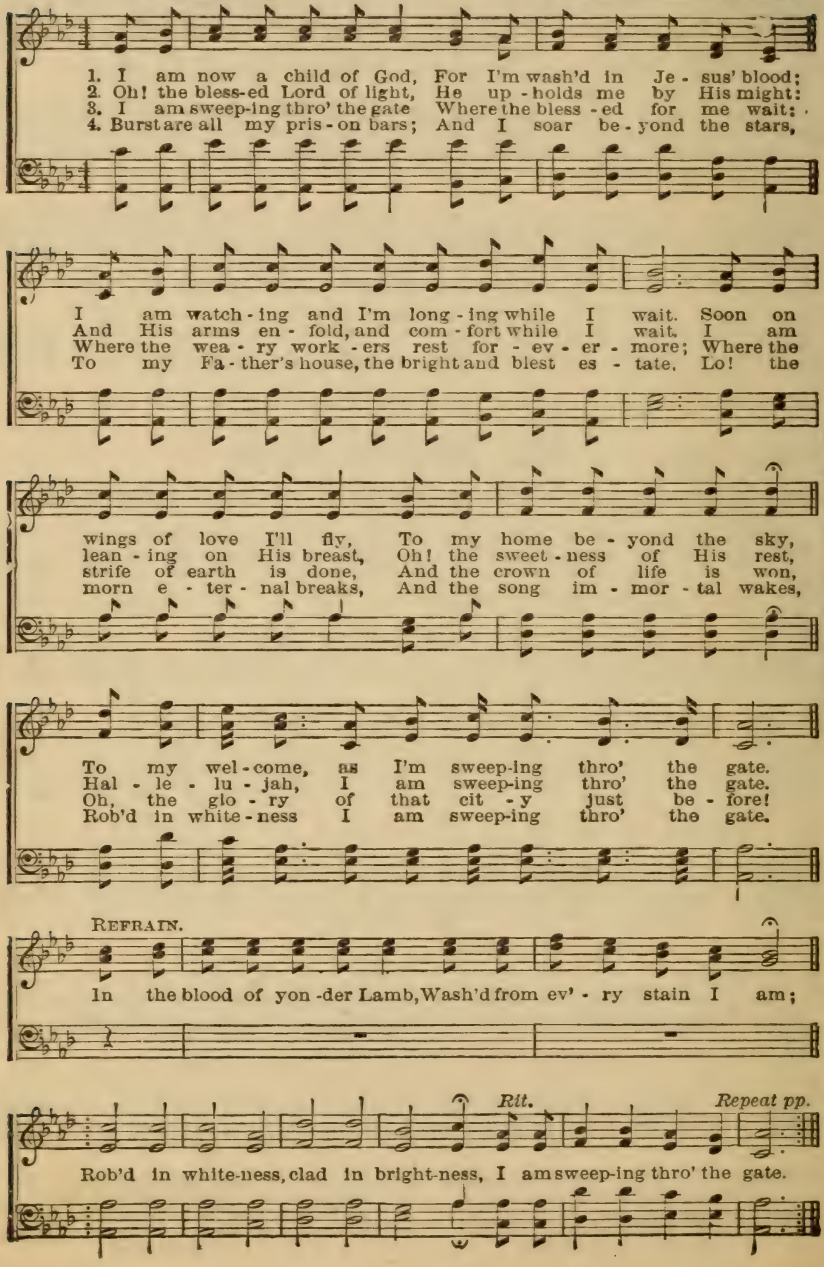

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
S.
FINE.
Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
D.S.—just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis- cov - er.
CHORUS.
D.S.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o - ver; And,

By per. Geo. F. Root, owner of copyright.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For, oh! we stand, etc.

No. 666. I am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might:
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate Where the bless - ed for me wait;
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars; And I soar be - yond the stars,
I am watch - ing and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on
And His arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am
Where the wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the
To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the
wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,
lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,
To my wel - come, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
Rob'd in white - ness I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.
REFRAIN.
In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from ev' - ry stain I am;
Rit.
Repeat pp.
Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.

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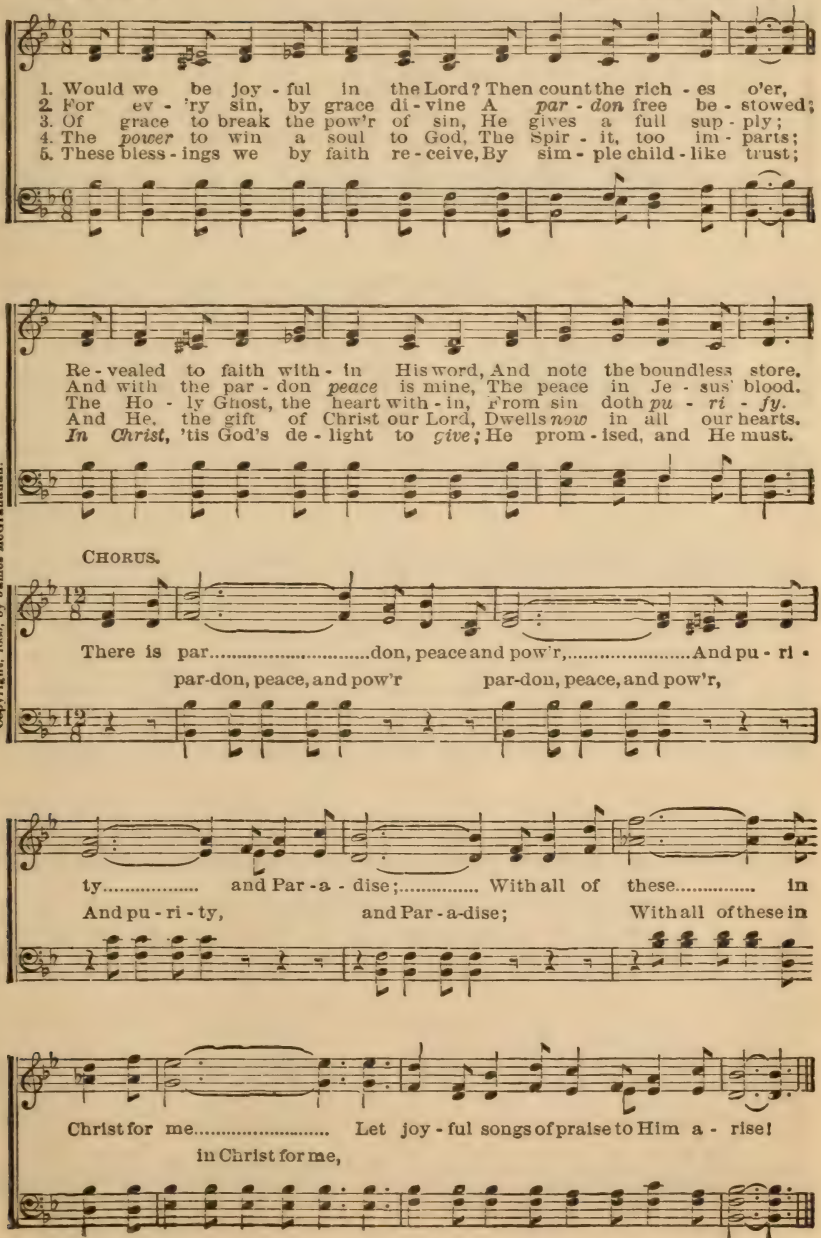
No. 667. Pardon, Peace and Power.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A *par - don* free be - stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too im - parts;
5. These bless - ings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;
Re - vealed to faith with - in His word, And note the boundless store.
And with the par - don *peace* is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth *pu - ri - fy.*
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de - light to *give;* He prom - ised, and He must.
CHORUS.
There is par.....don, peace and pow'r,.....And pu - ri -
par-don, peace, and pow'r par-don, peace, and pow'r,
ty..... and Par - a - dise;..... With all of these..... in
And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a-dise; With all of these in
Christ for me..... Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!
in Christ for me,

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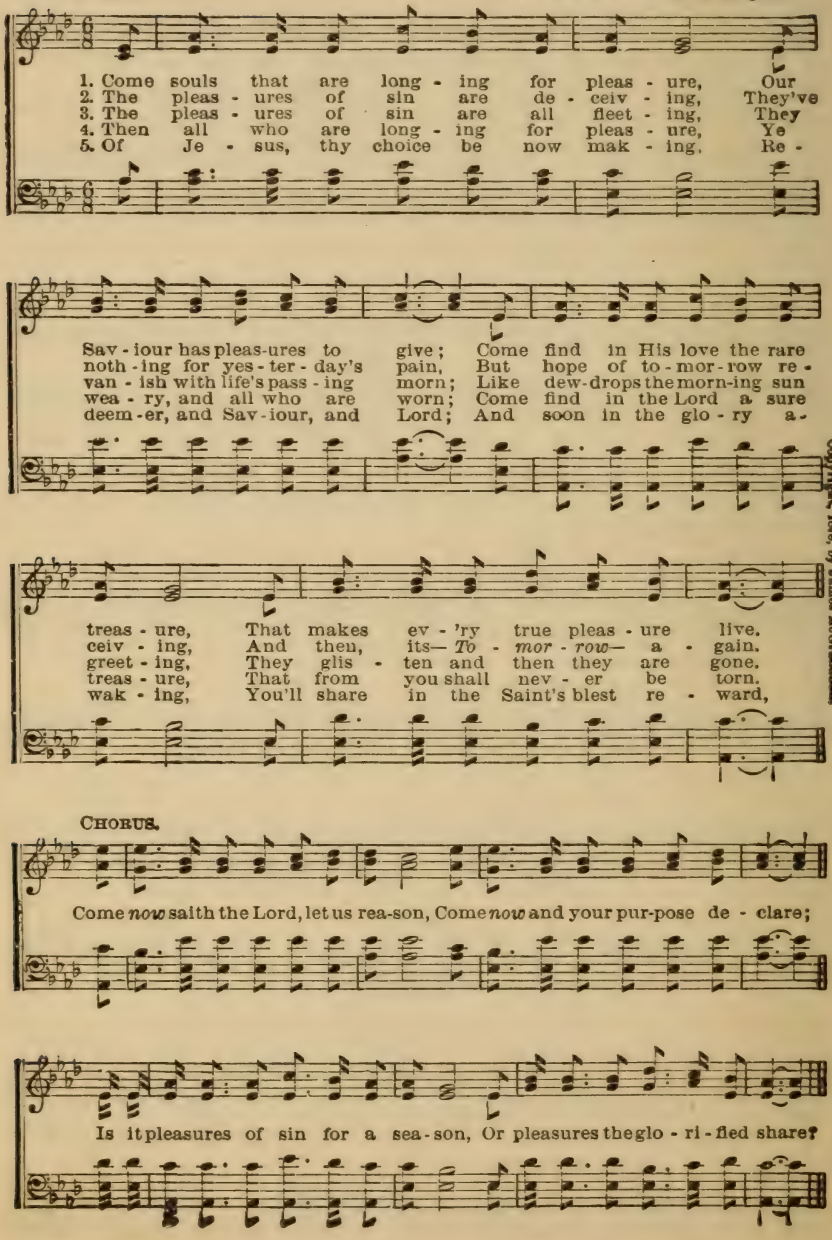
No. 668. Come now saith the Lord.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Come souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our
2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've
3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They
4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye
5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing, Re -
Sav - iour has pleas-ures to give; Come find in His love the rare
noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor - row re -
van - ish with life's pass - ing morn; Like dew-drops the morn-ing sun
wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure
deem - er, and Sav - iour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -
treas - ure, That makes ev - 'ry true pleas - ure live.
ceiv - ing, And then, its— *To - mor - row—* a - gain.
greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.
treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.
wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward,
CHORUS.
Come *now* saith the Lord, let us rea-son, Come *now* and your pur-pose de - clare;
Is it pleasures of sin for a sea - son, Or pleasures the glo - ri - fied share?

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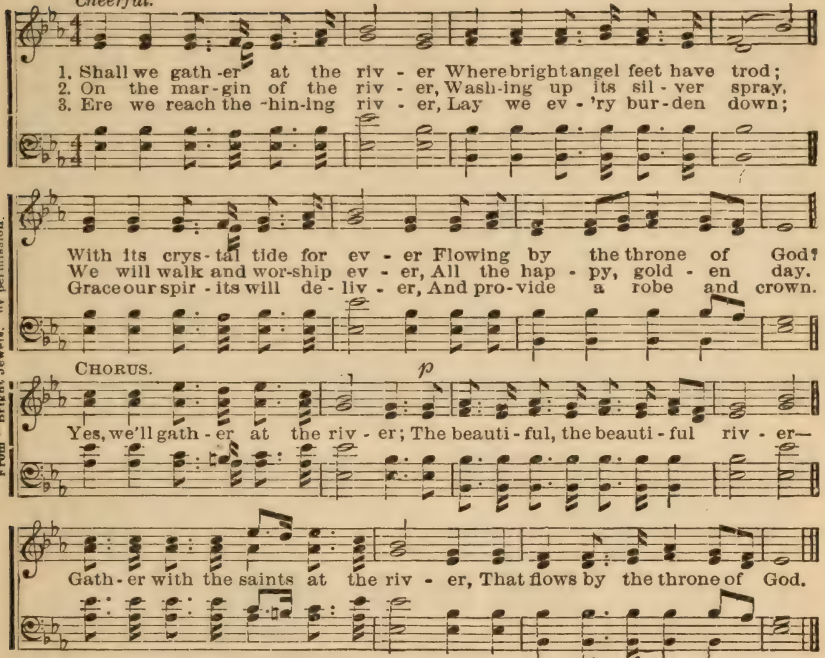
No. 669. Beautiful River.

R. LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
With its crys-tal tide for ev-er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
CHORUS.
p
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er; The beauti-ful, the beauti-ful riv-er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God.

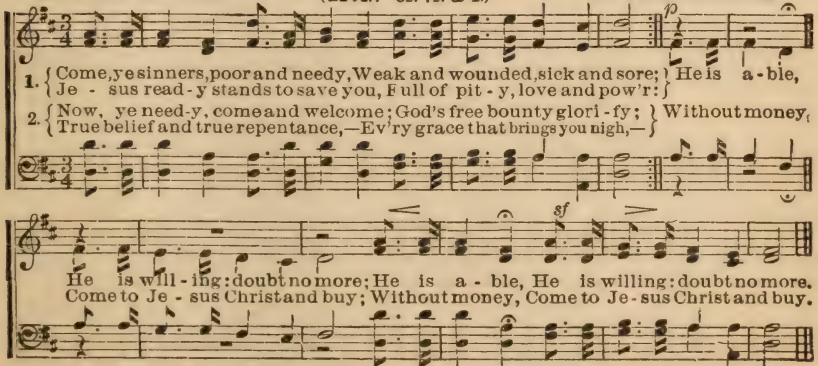
From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

No. 670. Come, Ye Sinners.

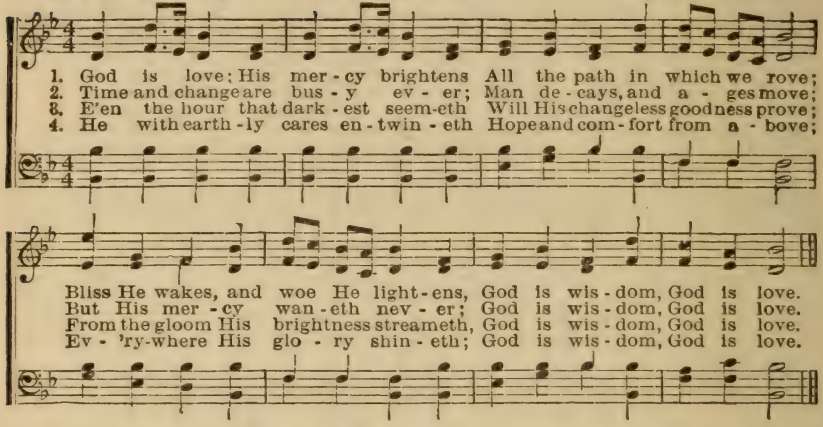
Rev. JOHN NEWTON. (ZION. 8s. 7s. & 4.) Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.


p
1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; } He is a-ble,
{ Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r: }
2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glori-fy; } Without money,
{ True belief and true repentance,—Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,— }
sf
He is will-ing: doubt no more; He is a-ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
Come to Je-sus Christ and buy; Without money, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 671. God is Love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. (WILMOT. 8s, 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens, God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

No. 672. Tune—Duke St. L. M. No. 624.

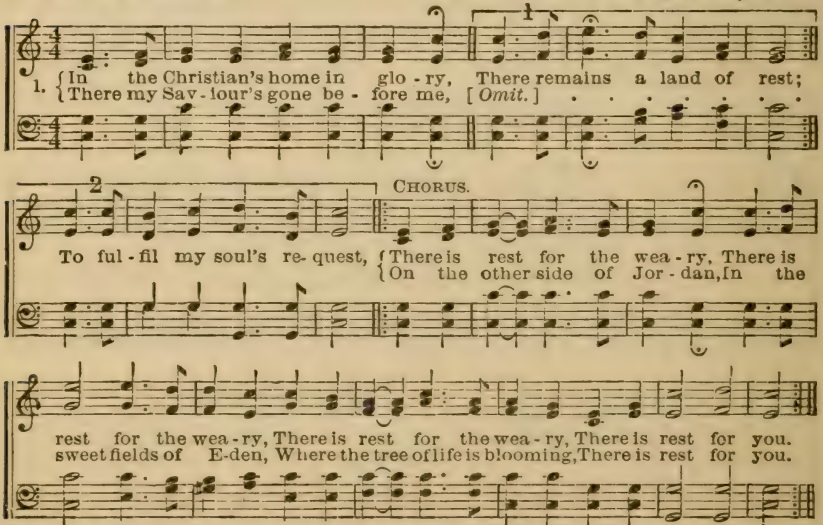
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 673. Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. Y. HARMER. Rev. WM. MCDONALD, 1857.

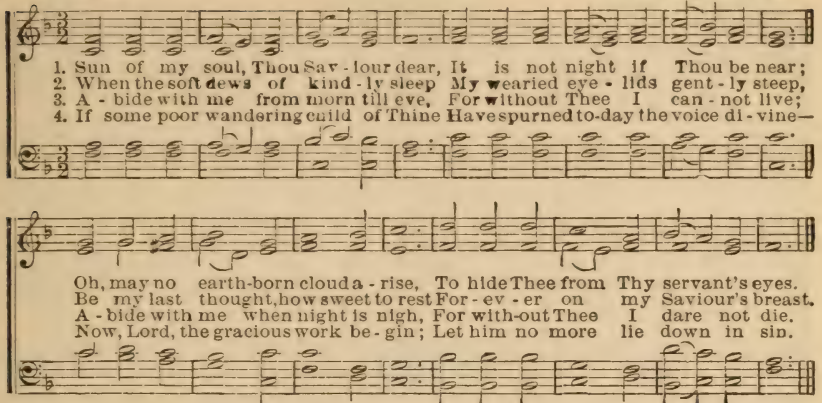

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, [Omit.]
CHORUS.
To ful - fil my soul's re - quest, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the
rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Sing, Oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

No. 674. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. PETER RITTER, 1798.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice di - vine—
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 675. Tune—Lenox. 6s, 8s. No. 653.

1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love come down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

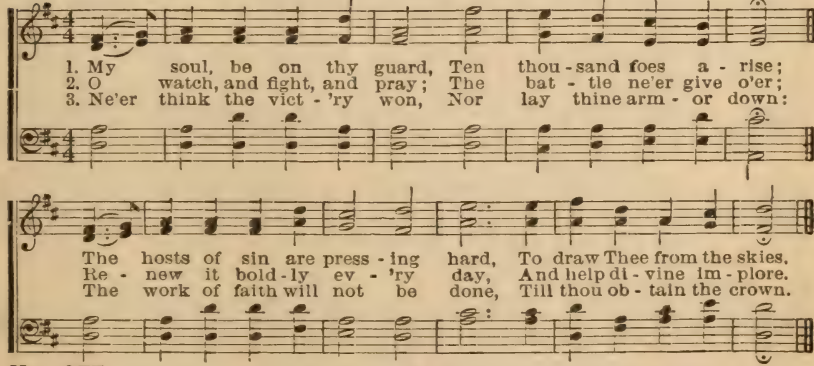
3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

No. 676. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down:
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

No. 677. Tune—Christmas. C. M. No. 693.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

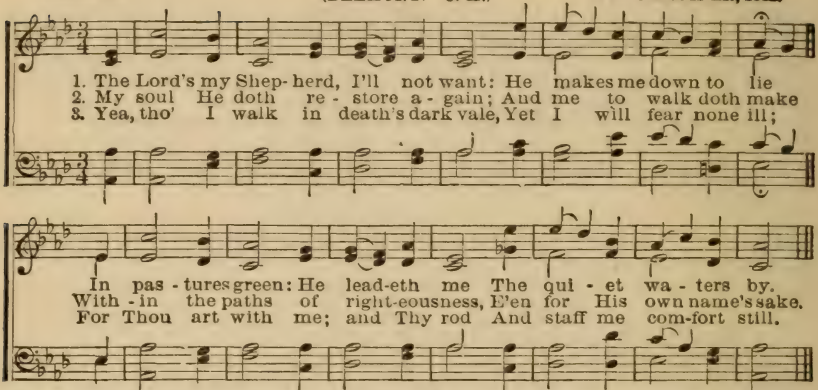
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

No. 678. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Psalm 23. (BELMONT. C. M.) WM. GARDINER, 1812.


1. The Lord's my Shep- herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;
In pas - tures green: He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 679. Tune—Belmont. C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

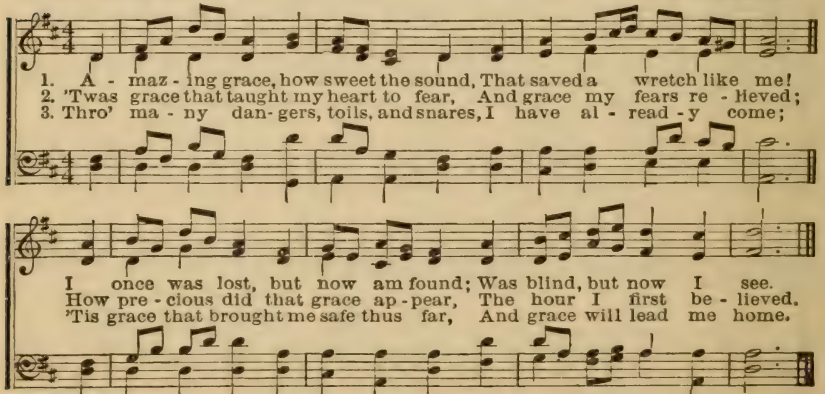
3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

No. 680. Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. SAMUEL STANLEY.


1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan- gers, toils, and snares, I have al - ready come;
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

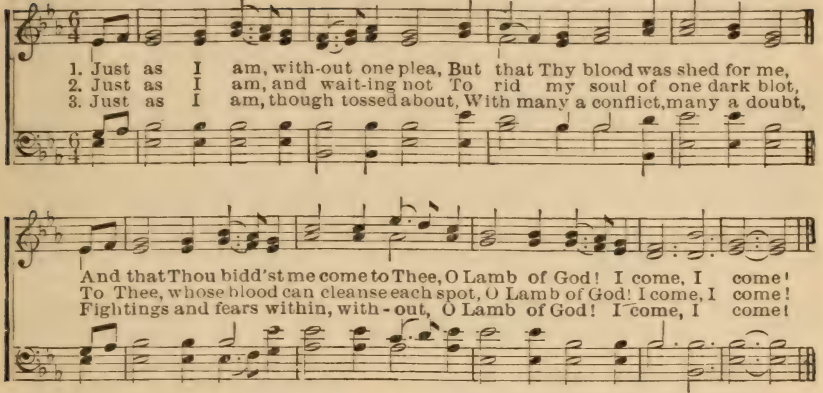
No. 681. Tune—Marlow. C. M. Key G.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

No. 682. Just as I Am.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 683. Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

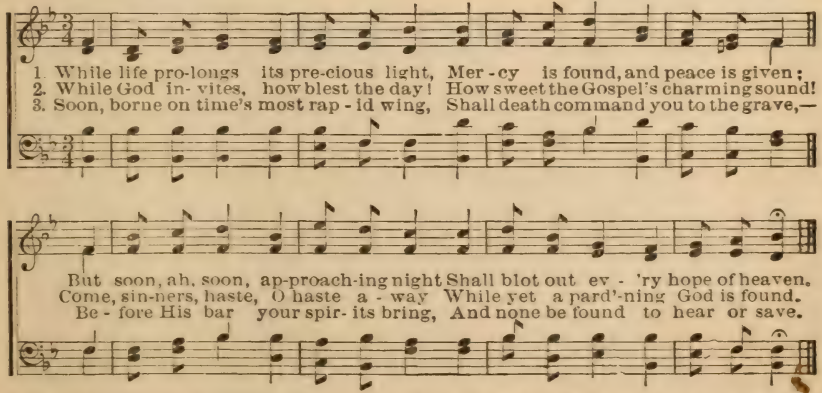
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

No. 684. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

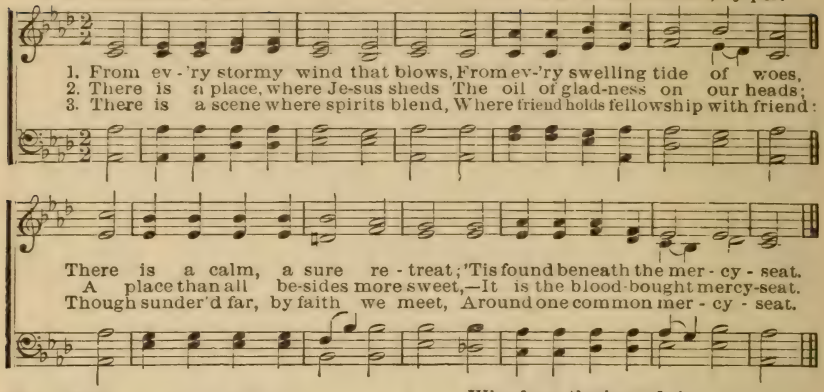

1. While life pro-longs its pre-cious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given;
2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rap-id wing, Shall death command you to the grave,—
But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev-'ry hope of heaven.
Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a-way While yet a pard'-ning God is found.
Be-fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 685. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place, where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet, Around one common mer - cy - seat.

No. 686. Tune—No. 600.

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!

3 O cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

No. 687. Tune—St. Thomas. S. M. No. 692.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

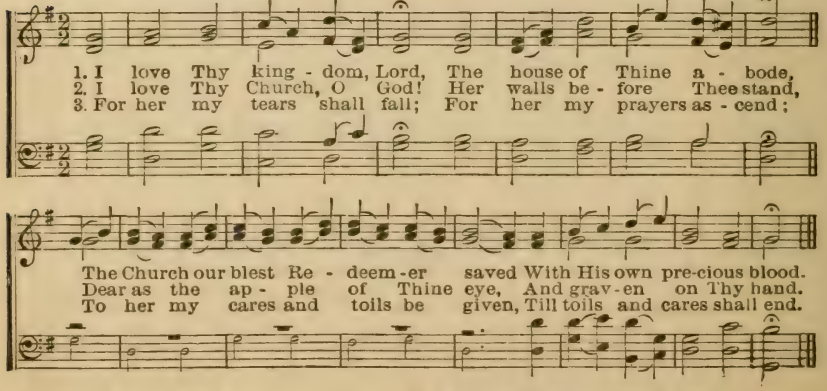
2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

No. 688. Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. SAMUEL STANLEY.

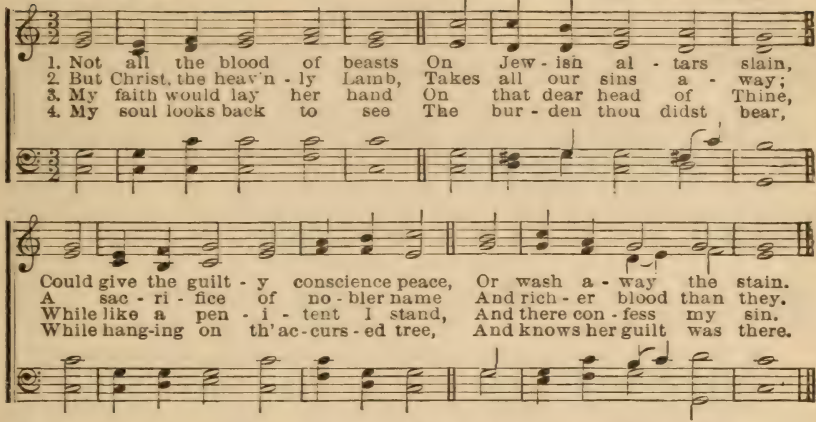

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 689. Boylston. • S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
While hang-ing on th' ac - curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

No. 690. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1. How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON.

No. 691. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th' earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

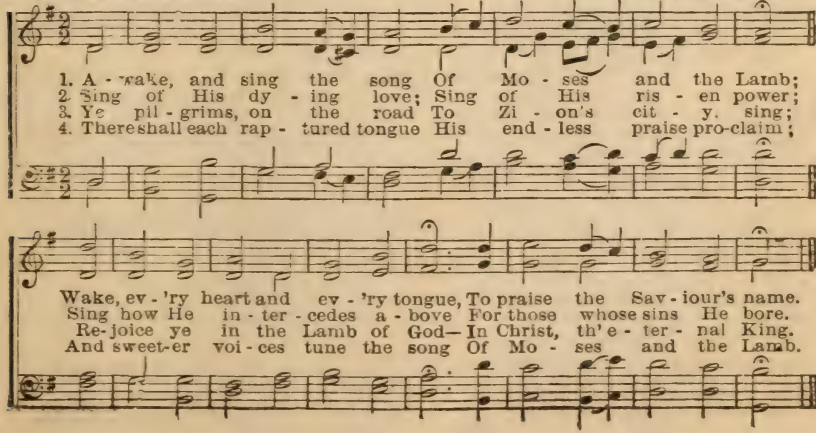
3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all;
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!

4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

PSALM 67.

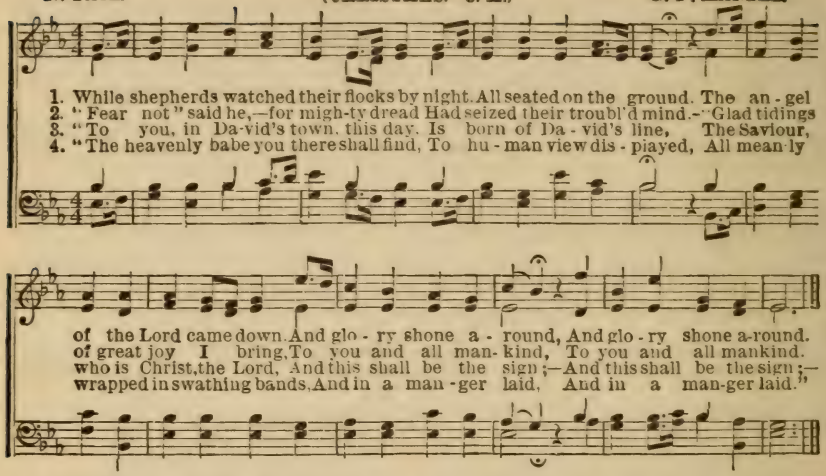
No. 692. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. WM. HAMMOND. G. F. HANDEL.


1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - en power;
3. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on's cit - y, sing;
4. There shall each rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro-claim;
Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Re-joice ye in the Lamb of God—In Christ, th' e - ter - nal King.
And sweet-er voi - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

No. 693. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night. All seated on the ground. The an - gel
2. "Fear not" said he,—for migh-ty dread Had seized their troubl'd mind.—"Glad tidings
3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day. Is born of Da - vid's line, The Saviour,
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find, To hu - man view dis - played, All mean-ly
of the Lord came down. And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a-round.
of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind, To you and all mankind.
who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—And this shall be the sign;—
wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man - ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

No. 694. Tune—Asmon. C. M. Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 695. Tune—Mear. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, O let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

AMON.

No. 696. Tune—Rathbun. No. 698.

1 O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good-things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

PSALM 103.

No. 697. Tune—Wilmot. 8s. 7s. No. 671.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

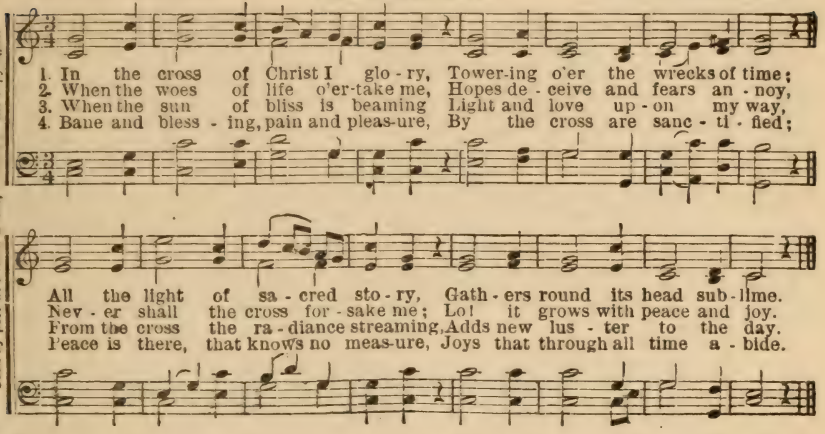
3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

REV. ELIAS [illegible].

No. 698. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it grows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

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No. 699. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman.
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Through the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city.—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight.
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one.
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too, have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

MISS MARY P. GRIFFIN.

No. 700. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation.
Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high.
Lest for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

No. 701. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

REV. JOHN BAKEWELL.

No. 702. Tune—Autumn. 8s. 7s. No. 283.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same.
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee.
Gracious One of Bethany.

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

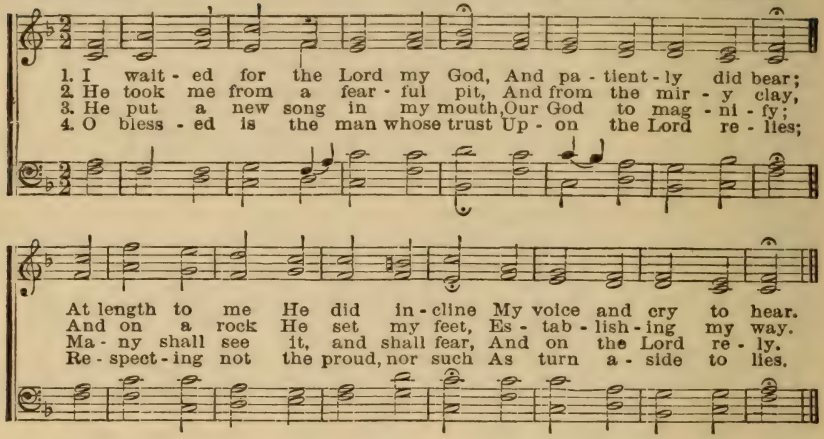
4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

No. 703. I Waited for the Lord.

(DUNDEE. C. M.)

40th PSALM. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.


1. I wait - ed for the Lord my God, And pa - tient - ly did bear;
2. He took me from a fear - ful pit, And from the mir - y clay,
3. He put a new song in my mouth, Our God to mag - ni - fy;
4. O bless - ed is the man whose trust Up - on the Lord re - lies;
At length to me He did in - cline My voice and cry to hear.
And on a rock He set my feet, Es - tab - lish - ing my way.
Ma - ny shall see it, and shall fear, And on the Lord re - ly.
Re - spect - ing not the proud, nor such As turn a - side to lies.

No. 704. Tune—Ward. L.M. No. 384.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

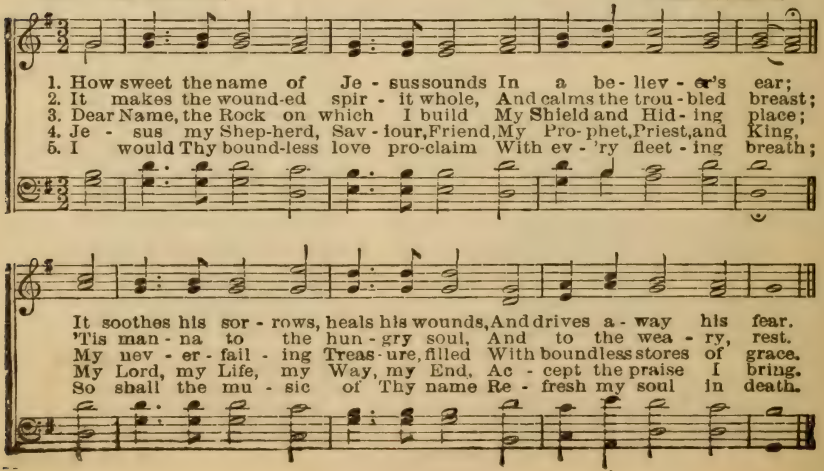
4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

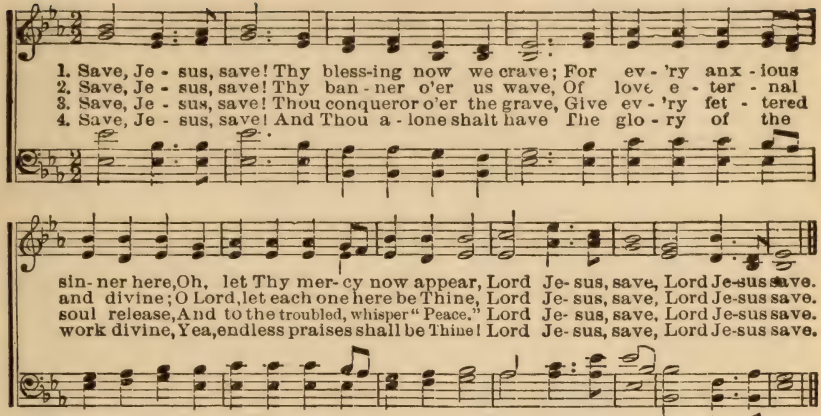
No. 705. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build My Shield and Hid - ing place;
4. Je - sus my Shep-herd, Sav - iour, Friend, My Pro - phet, Priest, and King,
5. I would Thy bound-less love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
So shall the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 706. Save, Jesus, Save!

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.


1. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy bless-ing now we crave; For ev - 'ry anx - ious
2. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy ban - ner o'er us wave, Of love e - ter - nal
3. Save, Je - sus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give ev - 'ry fet - tered
4. Save, Je - sus, save! And Thou a - lone shalt have The glo - ry of the
sin - ner here, Oh, let Thy mer - cy now appear, Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je-sus save.
and divine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je-sus save.
soul release, And to the troubled, whisper "Peace." Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je-sus save.
work divine, Yea, endless praises shall be Thine! Lord Je - sus, save, Lord Je-sus save.

No. 707. Tune—Arlington. C. M. No. 705.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly foe.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

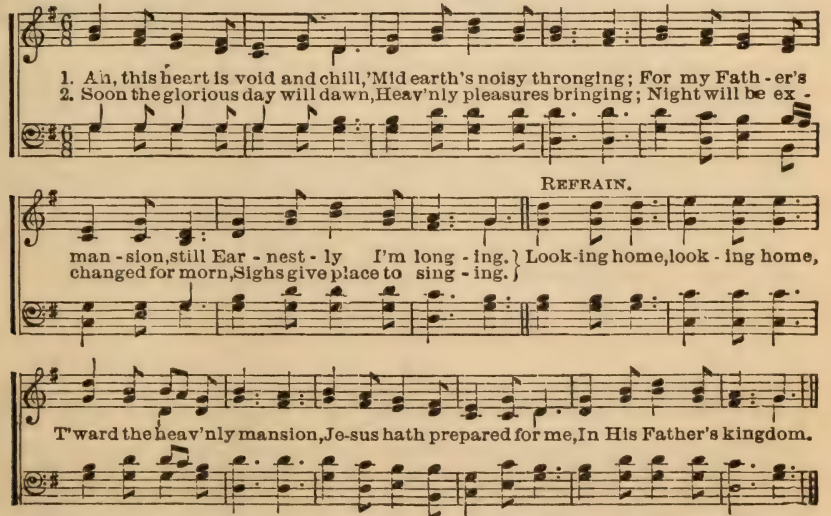
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

REV. W. H. BATHURST.

No. 708. "Looking Home."

K. J. T. SPITTA. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

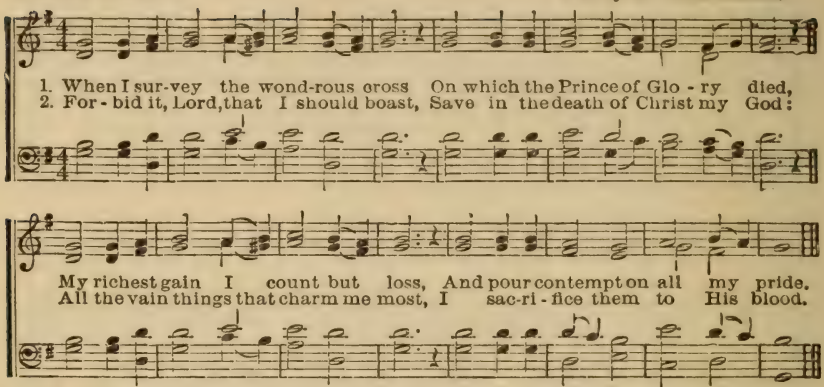

1. Ah, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging; For my Fath - er's
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heav'nly pleasures bringing; Night will be ex -
REFRAIN.
man - sion, still Ear - nest - ly I'm long - ing. } Look-ing home, look - ing home,
changed for morn, Sighs give place to sing - ing. }
T'ward the heav'nly mansion, Je-sus hath prepared for me, In His Father's kingdom.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.—

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

No. 709. Hamburg. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

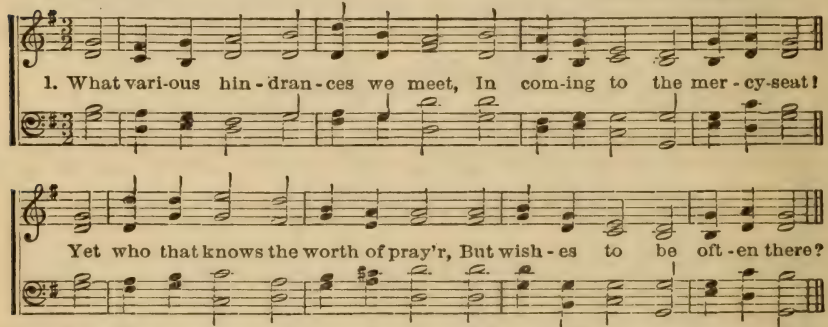

1. When I sur-vey the wond-rous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 710. Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

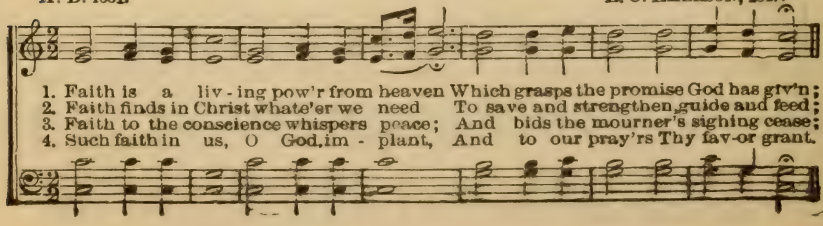

1. What vari-ous hin - dran - ces we meet, In com-ing to the mer - cy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish - es to be oft - en there?

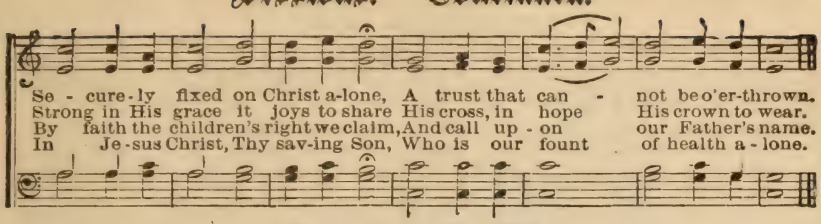
2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 711. Sessions. L. M.

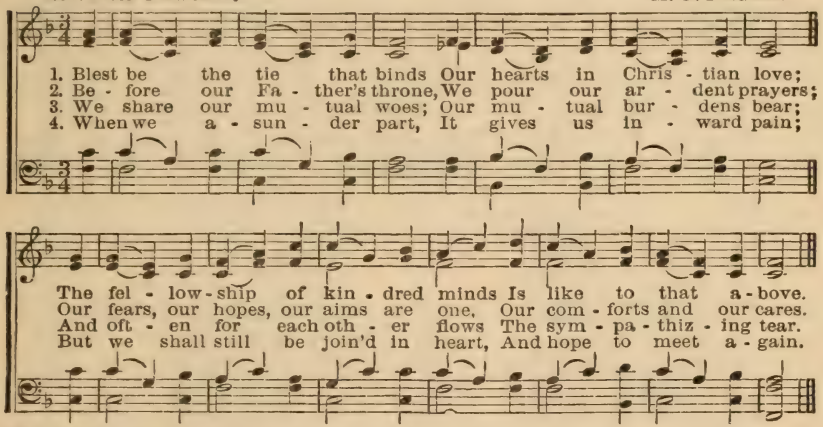
A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON, 1847.


1. Faith is a liv - ing pow'r from heaven Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
3. Faith to the conscience whispers peace; And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
4. Such faith in us, O God, im - plant, And to our pray'rs Thy fav-or grant.


Se - cure-ly fixed on Christ a-lone, A trust that can - not be o'er-thrown.
Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
By faith the children's right we claim, And call up - on our Father's name.
In Je-sus Christ, Thy sav-ing Son, Who is our fount of health a - lone.

No. 712. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 713. Tune—Boylston. S. M. No. 689.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

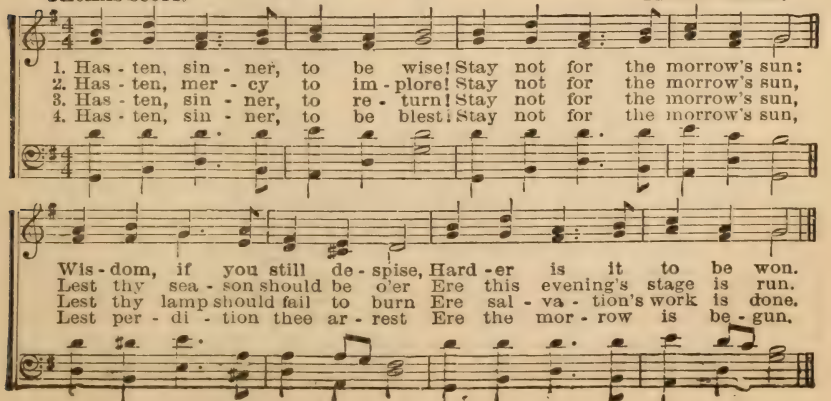
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep!
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

No. 714. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

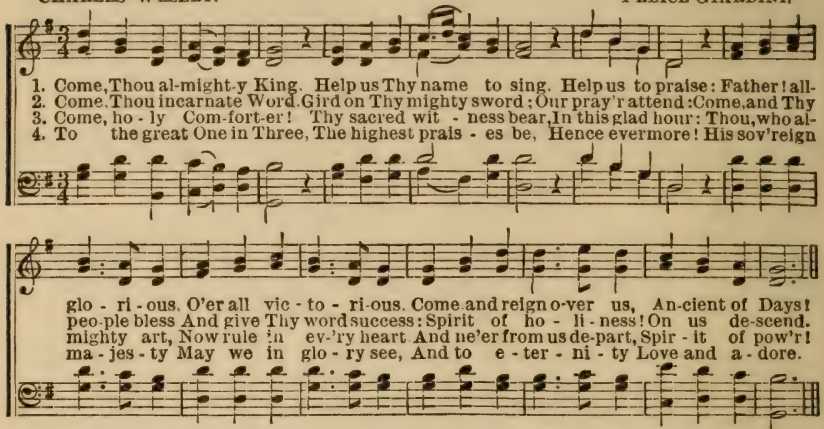
THOMAS SCOTT. IGNAZ PLEYEL.


1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Wis - dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage is run.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

No. 715. Come, Thou Almighty King.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou al-might-y King. Help us Thy name to sing. Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort-er! Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo-ple bless And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us de-scend.
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 716. Tune—Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THOS. KELLY.

No. 717. Tune—Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine, have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

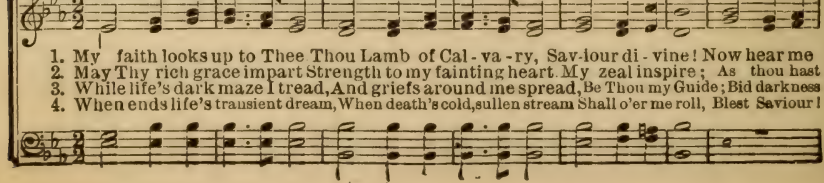
4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

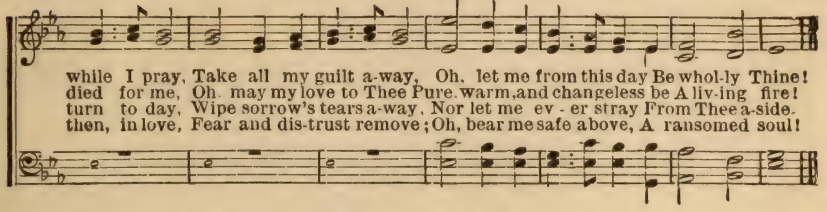
MATTHEW BRIDGES.

No. 718. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER, D.D. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.

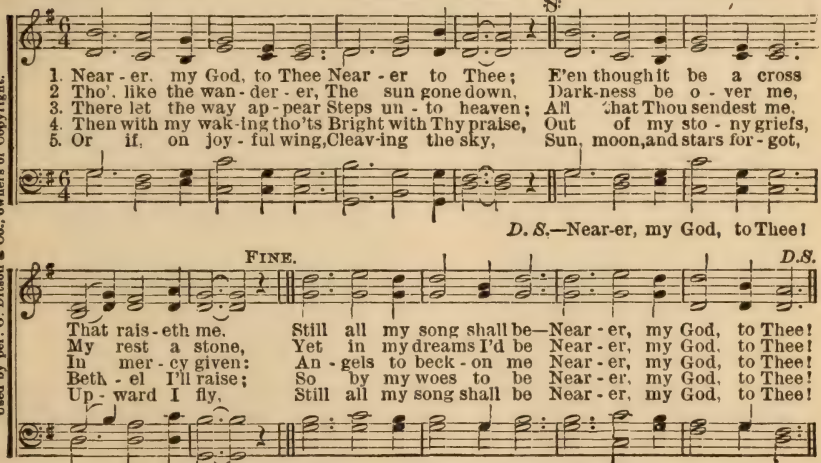

1. My faith looks up to Thee Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour!

My Faith Looks up to Thee.—Concluded.


while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

No. 719. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY, 6s, 4s.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2 Tho', like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee!
FINE.
D.S.
That rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

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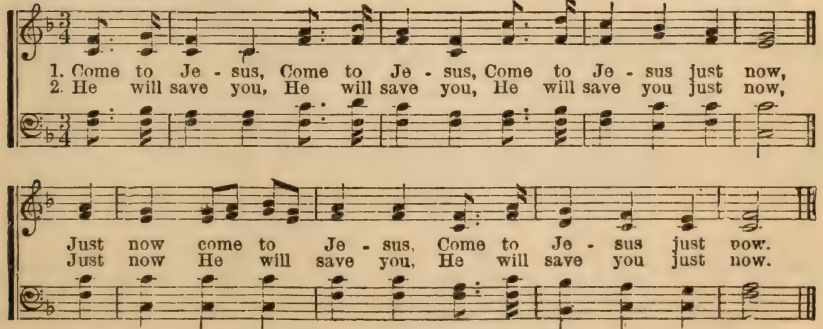
No. 720. Come to Jesus Just Now.

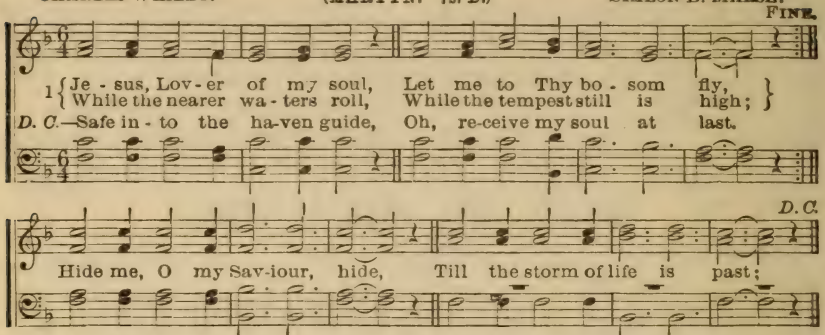
E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.


1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now,
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you'll trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.

No. 721. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTYN. 7s, D.) SIMEON B. MARSH.


FINE.
1 { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 722. Tune—Martyn. 7s, D.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

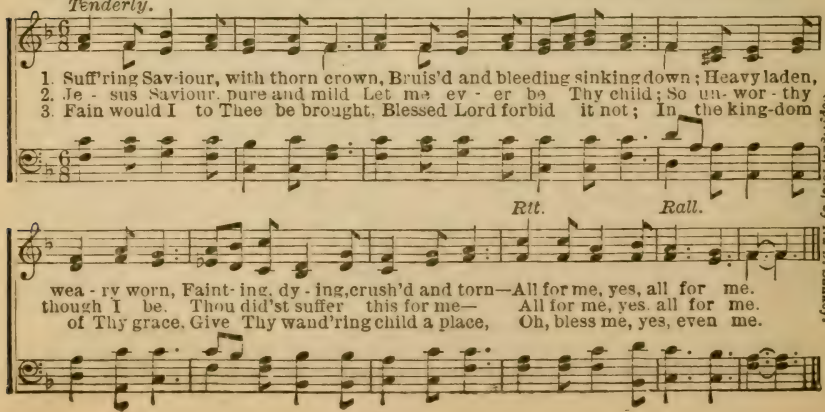
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live!
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, Why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 723. All for Me.

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


Tenderly.
1. Suff'ring Sav-iour, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding sinking down; Heavy laden,
2. Je - sus Saviour, pure and mild Let me ev - er be Thy child; So un- wor - thy
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord forbid it not; In the king-dom
Rit.
Rall.
wea - ry worn, Faint- ing, dy - ing, crush'd and torn—All for me, yes, all for me.
though I be. Thou did'st suffer this for me— All for me, yes, all for me.
of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

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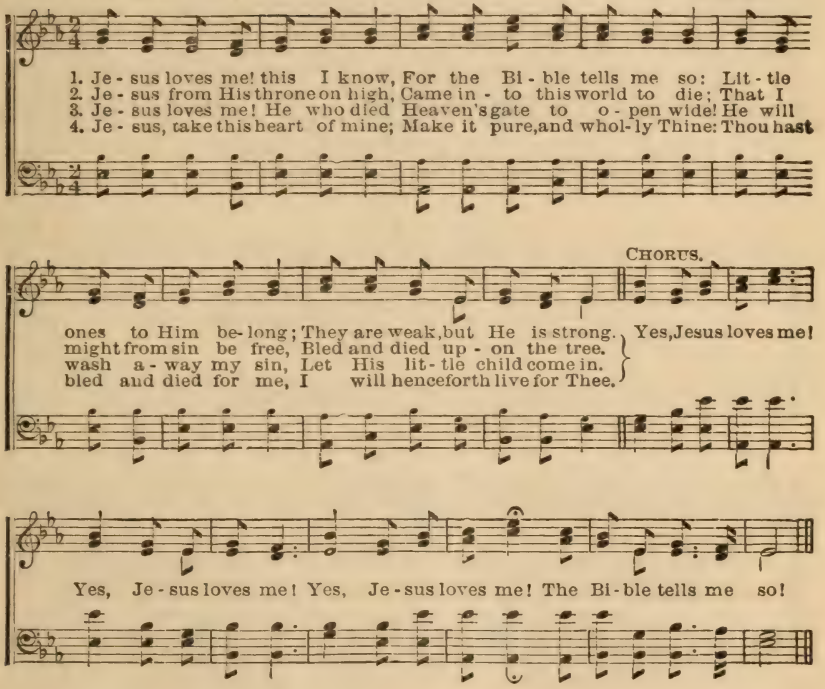
No. 724. Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide! He will
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol - ly Thine: Thou hast
CHORUS.
ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me!
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.
Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

No. 725. Tune—Italian Hymn. No. 715.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood,
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name—
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. ALLEN, alt.

No. 726. (Tune, No. 19.)

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy, and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

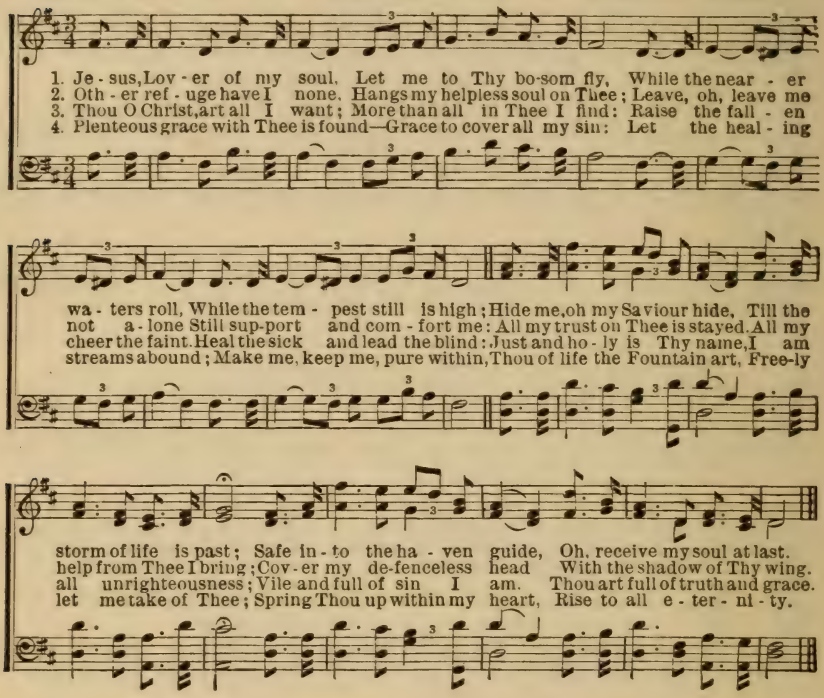
4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

5 And this I shall find
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

REV. JOHN CASWELL.

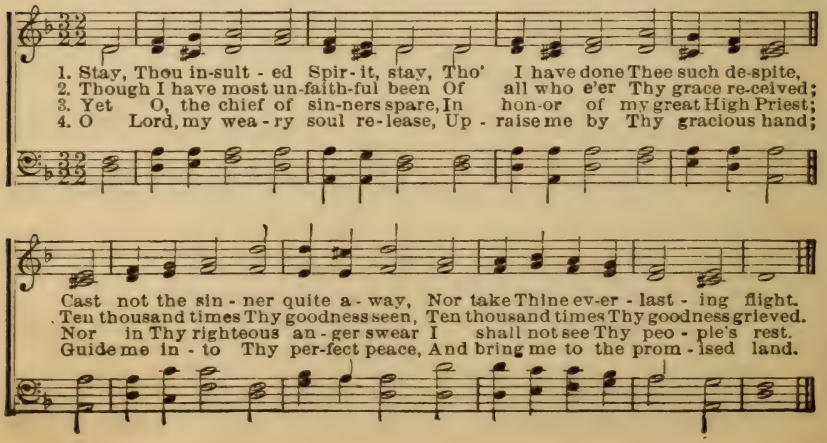
No. 727. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul. Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none. Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin: Let the heal - ing
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the
not a - lone Still sup-port and com - fort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed. All my
cheer the faint. Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free-ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am. Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - nl - ty.

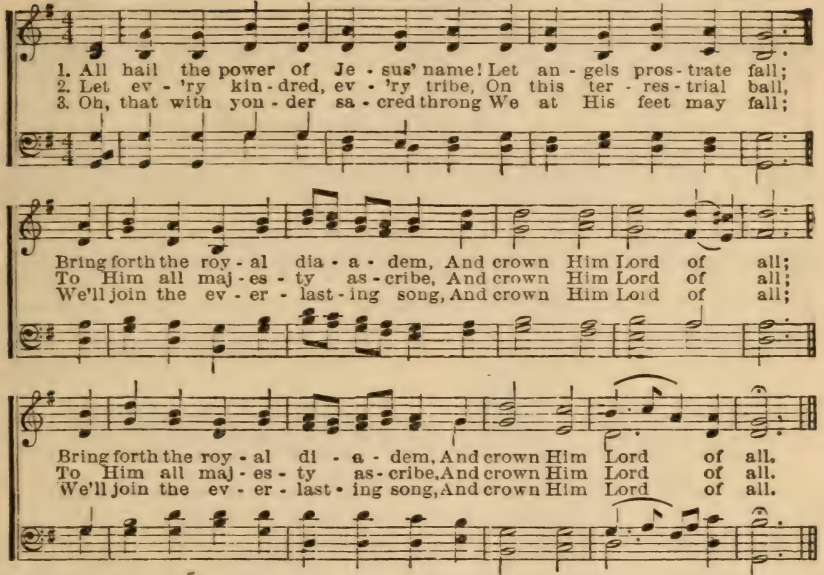
No. 728. Windham. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. DANIEL READ, 1785.


1. Stay, Thou in-sult - ed Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de-spite,
2. Though I have most un-faith-ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace re-ceived;
3. Yet O, the chief of sin-ners spare, In hon-or of my great High Priest;
4. O Lord, my wea - ry soul re-lease, Up - raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Cast not the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev-er - last - ing flight.
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.
Nor in Thy righteous an - ger swear I shall not see Thy peo - ple's rest.
Guide me in - to Thy per-fect peace, And bring me to the prom - ised land.

No. 729. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 730. Tune—Coronation. C. M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

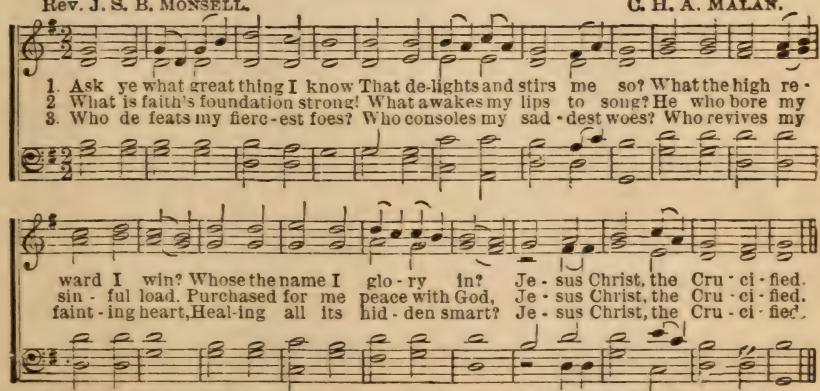
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 731. Hendon. 7s.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.

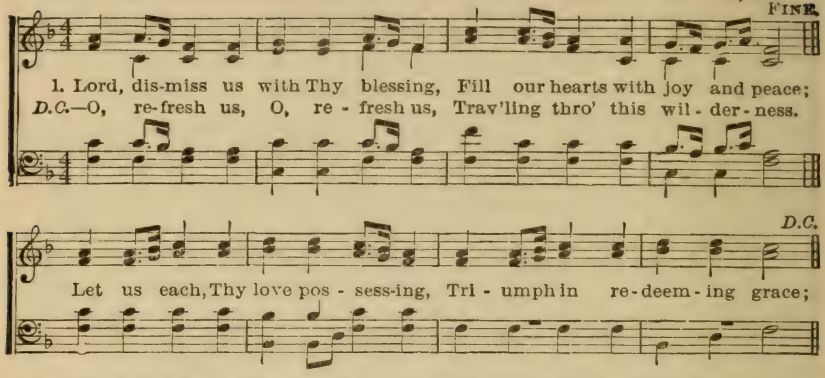

1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de-lights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2 What is faith's foundation strong! What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de feats my fiere-est foes? Who consoles my sad-dest woes? Who revives my
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
sin - ful load. Purchased for me peace with God, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
faint - ing heart, Heal-ing all its hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

No. 732. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. (GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. & 4s.) J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1752.

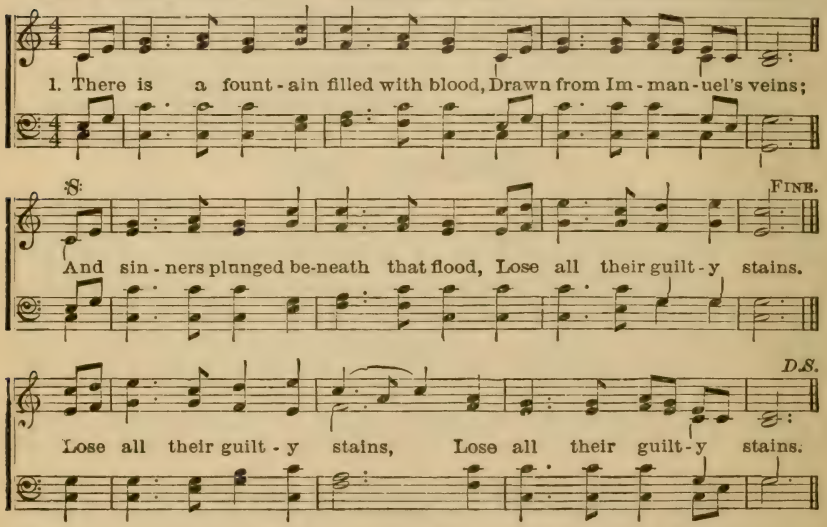

FINE.
1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D.C.—O, re-fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
D.C.
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re-deem - ing grace;

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

No. 733. There is a Fountain.

Rev. WILLIAM COWPER. (COWPER. C. M.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
S.
FINE.
And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

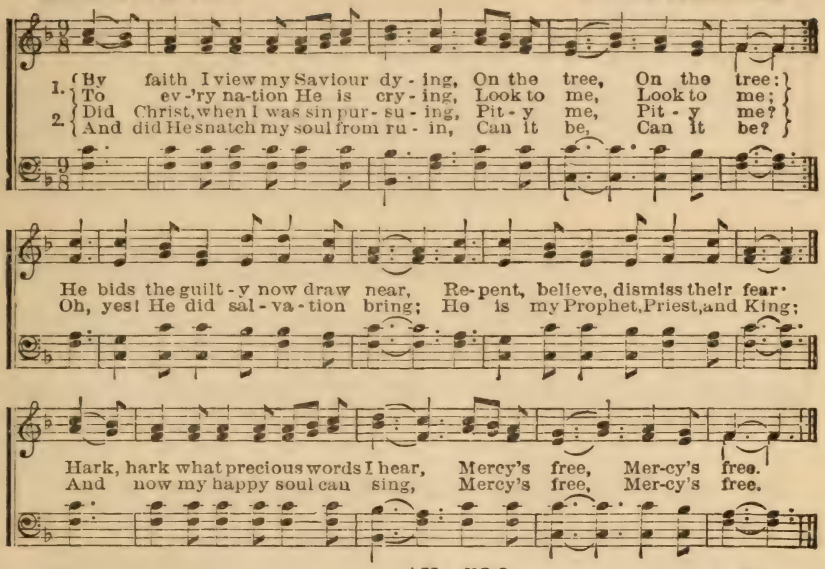
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 734. Mercy's Free.

RICHARD JUKES, 1842. From D. F. E. AUBER.


1. By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree:
To ev-'ry na-tion He is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me;
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pit - y me, Pit - y me?
And did He snatch my soul from ru - in, Can it be, Can it be?
He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re-pent, believe, dismiss their fear·
Oh, yes! He did sal - va - tion bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
Hark, hark what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mer-cy's free.
And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, Mer-cy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 735. Tune—Belmont. C. M. No. 678.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean:
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 736. Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
|: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to Thee,
God has promised needful grace
|: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
|: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
|: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

WM. F. LLOYD.

No. 737. Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

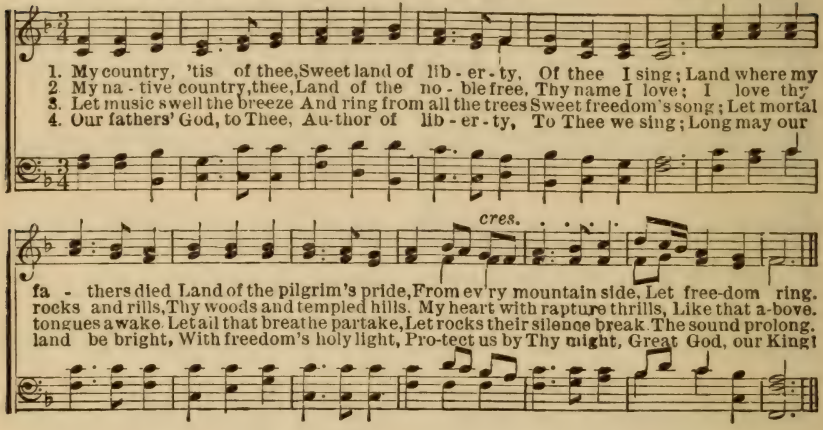
3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

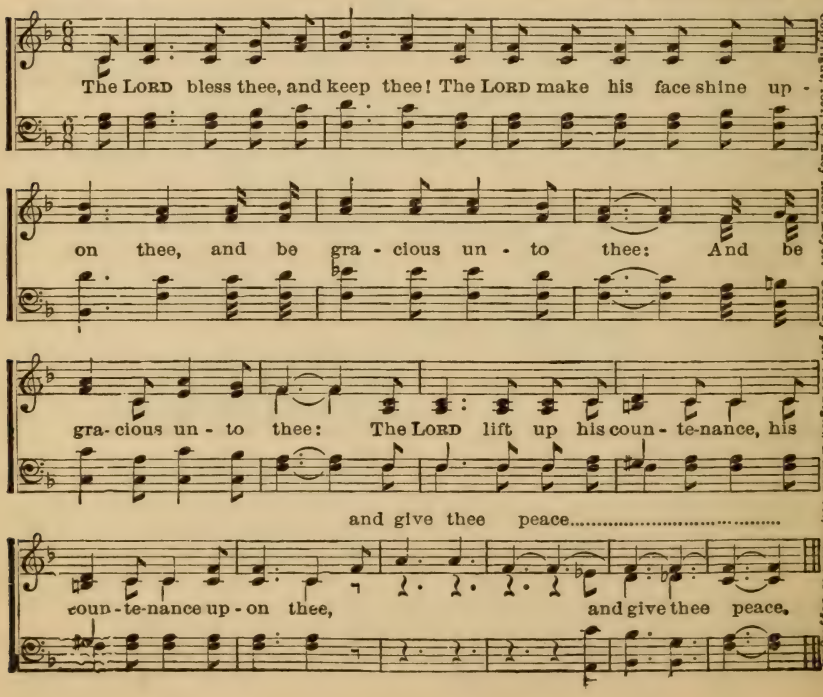
No. 738. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D.D., 1832. (AMERICA. 6s. 4s.) H. CAREY, 1743.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2 My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
cres.
fa - thers died Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills. My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake. Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 739. The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee.

(Written for Mr. MOODY'S Schools at Northfield, Mass.)

NUM. 6: 24-26. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The LORD bless thee, and keep thee! The LORD make his face shine up -
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gra - cious un - to thee: The LORD lift up his coun - te-nance, his
and give thee peace.....
coun - te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

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